

The
Emigrant



A. JAGER

19 1908

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Dear Sir

Herewith I send you a copy
of my Book. (The Emigrant.)

Yours & Co.

A. Jager



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WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

The **PACIFIC OUTLOOK**, the most widely circulated and popular weekly paper in Southern California, says:

"Since our greatly-beloved and worldwide honored Mark Twain, the prince of American humorists, wrote the books which will live in American literature centuries after hundreds of his contemporaries shall have been forgotten—books which have made thousands of gloomy hearts cheerful—we have not read a book which strikes a chord so closely in unison with his as 'The Emigrant,' being the life, experience and humorous adventures of Adolph Jager. This book is an autobiography. But unlike most biographical works it vibrates with human interest from cover to cover. The manuscript has passed through the hands of the writer, who prophesies for the work a strong demand."

The **LOS ANGELES EVENING EXPRESS**, the oldest and mostly read evening paper in Southern California, says:

"A. Jager has written a book of travels and adventures which is now offered to the public. The author is a German with a keen sense of humor, who has traveled over the greater portion of the civilized world, and after accumulating a fair share of the world's goods, has come to Southern California to make his home.

"Mr. Jager has found enough excitement during his career, including a delightful little romance, to fill his book without having to resort to fiction. He gives some interesting facts concerning Australia, and the book is very interesting reading from beginning to end."

The **LOS ANGELES HERALD**, the oldest Morning paper in Los Angeles, says:

"Not since the writings of the great American humorist, Mark Twain, appeared has there any book come under our observation that has such quaint humor and human interest tales than 'The Emigrant,' by A. Jager.

"The book is a resumé of incidents and facts in the life of Mr. Jager, from his boyhood up, and the true-to-life yarns related make the book interesting reading from cover to cover."

THE EMIGRANT

The Life, Experience and Humorous Adventures of A. Jager, Emigrant to South America in 1882, to Australia in 1885, and to California in 1908

By A. JAGER

Illustrated



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PRINTING COMPANY

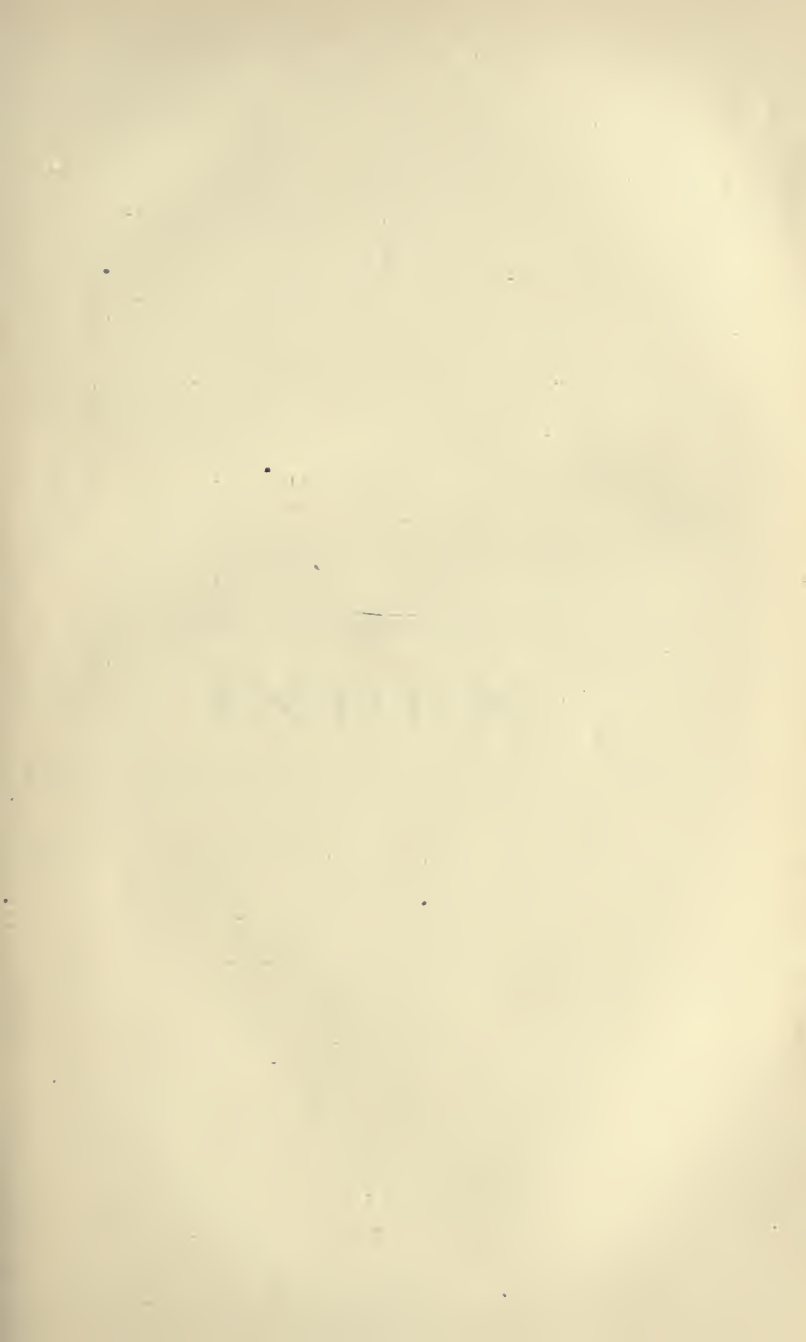
1908

THE EMERALD

Gift. The author

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PREFACE

To the Public:

Broadly speaking, the reader of a book seeks, it may be presumed, either amusement or knowledge that may be turned to profitable use personally. The author of this book hopes that a fair measure of both will be found by many people who may read it.

After a fairly stirring, diversified and adventurous life in pursuit of prosperity, the Author, while still in his prime, several years ago achieved his object and retired from business.

Of two or three primary aims of this effort the first is to encourage and stimulate as many as possible of his fellow-men in various countries to such enterprise and resolute effort, well directed, as will bring them much increased prosperity and, he trust, all around benefits. At the same time he also hopes the book will afford interest and amusement in itself, of such a nature (*though strictly accurate as to facts*) as are specially provided by books of mere fiction and those of humor.

It embodies actual real-life occurrences, travels and adventures; the lights and shades of a genuine love-story or stories (as also a few other love-affairs); humorous incidents and yarns; and, not least a solid practical lesson almost throughout on *working* and *forcing* one's way from very poor circumstances up to a fare share of wealth, and indicating how many thousands of others may do fully as well or even better—with every hint, information and ad-

vice possible in the space available. Such a book, though mainly life-history of a mere working-man—and as such at an initial disadvantage as against that of a notable personage—should it appear to the author, commend itself to a great number of people. As to another primary motive; the author is not of that class of men often adverted to by newspapers as coming to other countries, doing well, and then going away with little or nothing to say in favor of the land where they filled their pockets. On the contrary, he has gradually acquired a great interest in and no little attachment towards the country he has lived so long and has made so many kind friends, and as some little return—the best he can see in his power—for what Australia has done for him, he desires to give effect to an idea which struck him years ago that by publishing his life and experiences he might do his humble share in inducing intending emigrants to select Australia as their future home or field of enterprise.

Coming as he did from a densely inhabited part of Europe, he could not help noticing in his travels in the Australian states that they were sparsely populated. Vividly remembering, too, the everywhere swarming guns and bayonets of his native land and of her neighbors, it most forcibly struck him (especially after the China-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars as nearly everybody here must have been struck) how easy it would be for the teeming millions of Eastern Asia, when provided with European weapons and training to overrun that continent, so thinly inhabited—probably not more than one adult male to defend at least four square miles!

A far larger population will soon be necessary even for mere defensive purposes; it is fully as necessary as a means of general prosperity, and is recognized throughout Aus-

tralia as one of the first objects of statesmanship. The question of today there is an immigration scheme on a large scale. Land users will be especially welcomed.

As the author knows from experience that official pamphlets are seldom read, it occurred to him that a book such as this might attract attention to and interest in that new land—so little known in the older countries.

With the object of avoiding the slightest offense or annoyance to anybody, all personal names have been changed and certain other precautions taken. It may be added that it was necessary in giving the author's life to be duly candid—to speak as to a confidential friend—hence one reason and plea for the insertion of a few facts that some might think unnecessary—but without which point, much interest and even public utility might have been lost.

THE AUTHOR,
Melbourne, Australia, February, 1907.



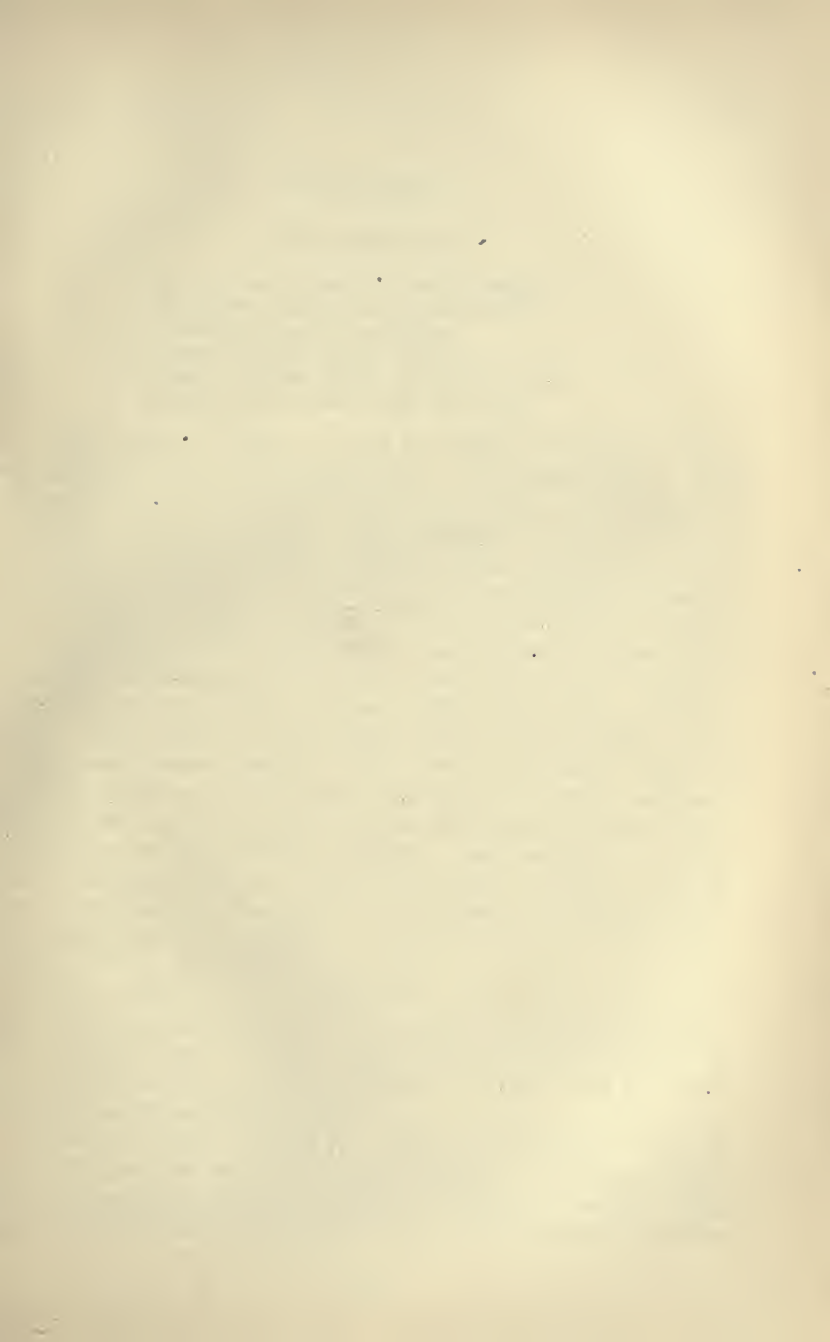
PART I

1777



YOURS TRULY, A. JAGER.





CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

"To all the world I give my hand,
 My heart—I give to my native land,
 I seek her good, her glory;
 I honor every nation's name,
 Respect their virtue and their fame,
 But I love the land that bore me."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says an English great philosopher-poet; not that there is *only* one such touch of nature—there are, in fact, many common to us all, though, to avoid being tiresome, we need not particularize. One instance only—to each, memory has its fascinations, its roseate glamour, more especially memories of the halcyon days of youth. Have we not all vivid mental impressions of sunny hours, and pleasant scenes, and fragrant perfumes, and joyous doings, in times when the world to us was fresh and beautiful and a fairy wonderland? No matter in what land, the sun has shone on all alike; everywhere the sky has been gloriously blue, or equally glorious with spring and summer clouds; in every land grass, and trees, and flowers beautify the face of Nature more or less; waters shimmer and sparkle to coolly lave youthful feet, to tempt the thirsty mouth with delicious refreshing draughts, or to afford luxurious immersion and natatorial pleasure. Youth is happy almost anywhere, for is it not itself a joy?

Come with me to my boyhood's home, and share in my frolics, adventures, and even in some of my boyish troubles; you should have a real good time if we could but go through those days again together. I must first give you some idea of the place itself.

From the wild, romantic "Giant Mountains" between Austria and Germany flow many streams which gradually join in one main river—the Elbe. Passing through forest and moorland this beautiful river finds its way into the fer-

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tile valleys and plains of Germany, ever growing in volume by the addition of numerous tributaries, and its whole course and basin a mass of picturesque rural scenery, richly encrusted with a multitude of prosperous villages and towns, and many large cities. The region is one of the finest and most famous in the world; it was the chief cradle of your British race. In the last ninety miles of its course before reaching the North Sea, the Elbe gradually widens into a noble estuary of great width; its shores exhibiting all the magnificence and advantages that civilization and prosperity can bestow. On the northern bank are the great seaports of Hamburg and Altona, very near neighbors, and for many miles this bank is here bordered by a continuous mass of shipping from all countries, the masts and spars of which suggest a winding belt of pine plantation; while behind them rises gradually a seemingly interminable mass of buildings of all varieties and ages. Thickly interspersed are a great number of stately edifices and towering spires, and from myriad chimneys and funnels of every type ascend plumes of smoke to form the usual canopy of every huge city. The commingled rattling, roaring, whirring, whistling, and multitudinous other sounds which combine in the diapason from every vast camp of industry and commerce almost deafen the ear; and river and land are alive, the one with steamers and craft of all kinds, the other with incessant trains and trams—everything that goes on wheels, and nearly everything that goes on feet, crutches, or anything else.

West of Altona, and four or five miles from Hamburg itself, is the outlying village of Ottensen. It is about one and a half miles, perhaps, inland from the river-side—a quaint, old-fashioned place it is, or was as I remember it, and there it has rather lazily stood for centuries, no doubt. It was, in my boyhood, a queer jumble of buildings, mostly of brick and of ancient patterns, with steep red-tile roofs and projecting windows; but here and there were a few farm-house-like cottages with straw-thatched roofs. The latter were probably the original nucleus of the village, when it consisted of a group of small farms, some of which still sturdily retained much of their farm-like

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character and accessories—a veritable “rus in urbe.” The former, the tiled-roof brick edifices, were doubtless either the result of the domestic ambitions of some of the more prosperous earlier inhabitants of these little farm houses, of the desire to provide new home-nests on the family homestead for the sons and daughters as they each settled in marriage; or else of the gradual sediment of rural residences and small business places from the advancing tide of civilization and speculation which spread from the neighboring cities of Altona and Hamburg. Growing in some such desultory fashion, the village of Ottensen had become a clump of architectural and municipal irregularity, though picturesque in mass and in many of its details. It contained about five thousand inhabitants, as officially stated. Some of its side streets were but narrow lanes with no footpaths; small fields or paddocks still survived here and there; and on the northwestern side of the village was a small lake, or very large pond, of water—a great convenience to surrounding farmers, and a delightful playing resort for boys. There were no shops worth mentioning, only a few very small nondescript stores, where children could buy such little indulgences as lollies, nuts, and various trifles in the way of toys or school requisites, and their elders might in an emergency obtain some little domestic or personal necessity—such, for instance, as needles, pins, cotton, tape, pipes for the men, and perhaps an occasional loaf of bread, candles, bacon, and other similar sundries. There was not even a cobbler’s shop; for though, naturally, there was the indispensable functionary himself, he was so well known that he needed no window display, but carried out his share of catering for the public needs in his private, if humble, drawing-room—for such it was entitled to be called, seeing that it was his reception room for his numerous visitors and an arena of local wit and gossip, vieing in this respect with the smithy, without which no farming village would be at all complete.

The country around Ottensen was level, and the soil most fertile, thickly dotted with farms producing every kind of useful crop, with alternating tracts of rich meadow

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land, where cattle waded often knee-deep in grass and clover to yield the choicest milk and butter, or fattening for the most epicurean markets of Europe. In the distance eastwards and northwards outlying fringes of forest showed in soft air-veiled patches. The roads, lanes, and field fences were formed largely of hedges of hawthorn, blackberry and gorse, with occasional lines or tree-sentries of elm, beech, oak, poplar, and other common European trees. Fruit orchards, of course, abounded, and few were the more isolated residences where luxuriant old-fashioned gardens did not fill the eye with glowing color, and make fragrant the delicious air with sweet perfume. Such was Ottensen and its vicinity in my boyhood.

This little old-world village had, of course, given home-shelter to many generations of that ever-living romance, Humanity, which is much the same everywhere—laughing, romping, mischievous and not infrequently painfully howling childhood; youthful “Romeos” and “Juliets” of every type and variety of fate; manhood and womanhood loving, hating, toiling, idling, hoping, despairing, often broken-hearted; all the romances, comedies, tragedies and common-places of life had habited the apartments of the old houses, crossed the thresholds of their doors, gazed upon the outer world from their window-casements. Where, indeed, is the town or village, especially those of any antiquity, that is not at once a library and theatre of associations of deepest universal interest?

In a small, two-story tenement, in one of the narrower streets of this village my parents, a young married couple by the name of “Jager,” were residing in the year 1853—the year of my birth. It was the bright early morning of the bustling modern day of the world. The great Exhibition of London had just been held; railways and steamships were coming into general use; gold had just been discovered in Australia, and the gold fever was at its height; it was just before the outbreak of the Crimean War.

Frosty winter had departed, and the pleasant month of May was re-clothing the fields and gardens with spring flowers and herbage when I was born, so that my arrival

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on this mundane scene was to this extent under happy auspices. I was christened Adolph, a favorite German name. But my parents were in comparatively poor circumstances, aggravated, no doubt, by the fact that my father, a cigar-maker by trade, was in ill-health from some time before his marriage. Very soon after my birth, as I am told, he died of that dread disease, consumption. But though my parents were only struggling workers, their industry and honesty gained respect, and in that at least I may rejoice in inheriting a good name. I am far from being ashamed of my humble extraction, for I hold that neither high birth nor inherited wealth is any just cause of individual pride; though I freely admit that one born to riches has great advantages to start with, and that I myself should have been glad, at least in early life, if I had been so fortunately placed. But we are never given any choice in such matters, nor even consulted as to being here at all! Where, then, is the personal credit or discredit in the accident of birth position? I quite fail to see that any one has fair cause to be proud unless because he or she has personally done something of a meritorious nature, whether it be the performance of some noble deed, the achievement of deserved distinction, or merely the faithful fulfilment of duty, great or small.

CHAPTER II.

INFANCY.

My lot as a child may have been rather hard, as compared with some, but I pity all those who have no fond memory of a mother. My mother had generally to work away from home—at some private house, or at some shop or factory, perhaps in Altona or Hamburg. I remember well how, when I was still in the short frocks of infancy, mother used to every morning carry me in her arms to the Crèche, or general nursery, where little children were left by working mothers in charge of the proprietress, a rather elderly widow, and her two daughters. Vividly their authoritative personalities were impressed on my sensitive young mind, especially that of the mistress-in-chief, a tall, dignified dame in rustling dark silk dress, her carefully-curled dark ringlets falling in regular spiral columns upon her shoulders, and crowned with a white lace cap, glittering gold-rimmed spectacles, with which to overawe recalcitrant infants, and impress the adult public of every kind and degree—a prim, firm, but not unkindly lady. The elder daughter was somewhat old-maidish, but the younger one was, as I now judge, a pleasant young woman in the hey-day of youth. She, at least, frequently joined in our childish games and played the part of big sister in our mishaps and troubles, besides assisting in our instruction and management. Happy, happy days they were, in spite of occasional painful falls, and bruises, and scratchings; yes, and even in spite of slappings and sundry milder forms of retribution for misbehavior; for to childhood is not the world one great, beautiful, joyous play-ground, full of fascinating wonders?

On arriving in the morning, as soon as the motherly parting kiss and the inevitable motherly admonitions to “Be good and mind what you are told,” were given, our outer wrappings were removed, and we were then, to keep as clean as practicable, covered with a blue and white

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striped cotton blouse reaching to the feet, and tied round the waist with a band of the same material; peculiar little objects we must have looked; but little we cared for that—games to us were the only serious considerations in life, with a due quantity of nice things to eat and drink! And when the weather permitted we usually played nearly all day long on the sandy ground, and bright butterflies would come to be chased, and birds to chatter and sing to us, and—and only that you are grown up people who forget and despise such petty delights, I could, it may be, waft you back on the fairy wings of memory to your own daisy-like days of freshest, purest joys. Still I may be pardoned for loitering yet a little longer on this theme; time enough for more intoxicating experiences.

Talking of intoxicating things, we often played a game copied, I suppose, from some rustic vintage or harvest festival and nunnery. When the grape vine on the sunny northern wall was rich in leaf and fruity clusters, we became a juvenile court of Bacchus. An empty barrel placed on a sledge was used as the royal chariot, one of us (I myself more than once) sat astride this, duly vine-crowned as the wine-god, the rest garlanded as courtiers and satellites, some with improvised musical instruments of most unmusical qualities, and so we reveled gloriously and distracted the unsympathetic sensitive ears of our poor mistress. In fact, it was an incident of this nature that brought about certain consequences that were so alarming to myself as to remain one of my most vivid impressions. One day these mimic Bacchanalian revels had become so outrageously noisy that the good dame, probably suffering from a nervous headache already, more than once came out to quell the tumult and warn us against such "lese majeste." But her little subjects were irrepressible—whether from incipient republican spirit and rebellious assertion of the "vox populi" and the right of free speech, or whether from previous lax administration of the law and the ebullition of ecstatic energy causing forgetfulness, I cannot say; but the regal proclamation having been repeatedly and so flagitiously set at naught, the justly incensed queen came forth with flushing spec-

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tales, face burning with high-pressure fury, and lips set in implacable resolve to apply drastic repressive measures. Whether deservedly or by accident, I was pounced upon as the seeming ringleader and most suitable scapegoat, and was conducted with every mark of ignominy and with voluble feminine opprobrium into the then empty school-room in order to undergo the severest penalty of the law. As you will easily guess, this was a sharp physical corrective—a time-honored *external treatment* for mental disorders, and *located* apparently on the principle of the well-known adage that “extremes meet.” We need not definitely specify the “extremes” in these delicate and painful cases, though it may be put in plainer English that the little delinquent was to be scientifically, conscientiously, and most impressively “spanked.” And, by the way, I have often noticed that when even grown up boys are afflicted with some moral “kink” in the cranium, one of the best and speediest methods of cure is a vigorous concussion of heavy shoe leather against that portion of their anatomy which terminates the other extreme of the spinal column—acting, doubtless, telepathically on the cerebral extremity. Well, having been towed into the schoolroom, notwithstanding my frantically-voiced repentance, and the door being closed, in that awe-inspiring privacy, the hand of offended authority proceeded to the necessary preliminaries to the chastisement by trying to lift the small culprit’s small petticoats. But it was probably not my first experience of such ceremonies, and as, to quote another good old adage, “the burnt child dreads the fire,” I wriggled, struggled, and screamed so desperately that the good dame, either tiring out, or perhaps partly yielding to feminine compassion, desisted from the intended performance and substituted the much milder punishment of solitary confinement in a standing position behind a large, white-tiled brick oven-like stove, which occupied part of the room. I knew nothing of your English Shakespeare then, of course, but I daresay my little mind was conscious of some such feeling as expressed in his lines:

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“The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”

I hope the Crèche mistress found it so in my future conducts—though I have some doubts. I may add that the brick stove referred to had its door opening in the passage, where fuel was put in. It was simply an excellent contrivance for warming a room, with the additional advantage of being safe for children.



At this Crèche we had a few daily simple lessons, but it was less a school than a day-nursery.

One of the principal subjects of instruction at this Babies' University was the teaching of little songs, in which branch of education the widow's younger daughter was the chief "Professor," herself singing sweetly and playing accom-

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paniments on a rather old-fashioned piano afflicted with a chronic wiry twang. These songs we used to sing on state occasions, as, for instance, to our church minister when he visited the establishment, which he did perfunctorily every few months and acted as a sort of grandfatherly semi-official inspector. I remember the first song I learned and will give it here to my readers. It is rather short, but kindly remember that I was myself quite short enough for it both in stature and in years at that time. Here it is:

“Goldene Abendsonne,
We bist du so schön?
Nie Kann ohne Wonne
Deinen Glanz ich sehn.”

Which freely translated into English reads:—

“Golden Evening Sun,
How art thou so bright?
Never without wonder can
I view your beams of light.”

Was this little stanza merely a modernized survival of the sun-worship of our early German forefathers as recorded by Julius Caesar?

At dinner we used to sit at long tables, the smaller children securely fastened in their chairs. The meals were good, and I daresay our appetites were such as befitted children of the sturdy German race, though I myself was a somewhat delicate child. Then followed our afternoon nap, —not on beds or cots, oh dear no! Ours was hardier up-bringing. Each little pair of arms used to be folded on the table, and each little head rested on that arm-pillow, and there we slept, I am sure as soundly and comfortably as any Prince or Princess in all the land.

One or two more childhoods memories: My mother sometimes carried me with her to see her sister living in Hamburg. The main part of the city is surrounded by an embankment and a moat. Where streets lead through the former there were great solid iron gates which were closed at ten o'clock at night. On summer evenings my mother would often stay so long with her sister, enjoying the universal feminine delight of a confidential tongue-loosening

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of mind, that she would have to run with me on her arm in order to get out of the gate before it closed for the night; if she succeeded she had then the long weary walk through Altona to our home in Ottensen; sometimes she would be too late for the gate and would have to return to my aunt's for the night.

My mother was employed one day at the same place where she had been in service for fourteen years before her marriage (how different is the case with most girls now-a-days!) Her former mistress, the lady of the house, moved by kindly sympathy for the poor hard-working young widow, her own once employè—and you must know that kindly relations between employers and servants were then quite common in Germany—and no doubt feeling also a kind womanly interest in the widow's fatherless child, presented my mother with a very nice little mantle for me. This garment had belonged to the lady's own little girl, who, however, had by this time out-grown it. It was of Scotch-plaid silk, lined with red silk, and when my mother's loving fingers tried it on me that evening it was found to fit splendidly. Next morning I was carried to the Crèche gorgeously arrayed in this finery—like an infant Joseph in his “coat of many colors,” and not unlikely arousing in other children and their mothers much the same feelings of envy and bitterness which that gaily-bedecked young Israelite provoked among his less fortunate brethren, although at the Crèche my little vanity was of course much flattered by being for the time the admiration of the other little ones.



CHAPTER III.

BOYHOOD—SCHOOL-DAYS—GAMES—ADVENTURES.

I casually mentioned in the previous chapter that as a child I was delicate; as a matter of fact I was very much so until I was about seven years of age, and my poor mother must have had a terrible anxious time with me. At times I must have nearly worried her to death. For days together I would have to remain in bed sick, and I'm sure that what with buying medicines, dainties, occasional toys, and picture books, she must have been obliged to deny herself sadly even of actual necessities, for though she worked hard it was impossible that her earnings could have been more than the barest pittance, for plain needlework never was an occupation to yield a fortune. Then think what motherly fears and anxieties are when a child is seriously ailing, but that "Golden Evening Sun" we used to sing about never shone so gloriously radiant and its beams were never so beneficial as true mother-love,—such mother-love as I knew. When I was sick in bed I would ask and even tantalize her to buy me something I fancied; and she having, I suppose, made acrobatic mental calculations, and in something of the desperate spirit of the gamester and speculator, for the sake of her boy could not refuse her promise. But so exacting a creditor was I, such a Shylock for my "bond," that I dunned her incessantly, calling her back into the room again and again—fifty times a day at least—only to hear me remind her of her promise and fret and tyrannize as only a child invalid can, kissing and hugging poor indulgent mother partly in earnest and partly also with what is known as "cupboard-love," and in turn being kissed and soothed and fondled, my pillow shaken up afresh, my forehead and hair caressed with her soft cool hand, a posy of sweet flowers placed within my reach, a refreshing drink held to my lips, some dainty morsel or light nourishing food supplied—then back to her tedious daily work. Oh, the sweet bitterness and mental agony of such memories!

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Many a time and oft in later life, when perhaps on a solitary sick bed, or in some outlandish wild, or amidst exotic pleasures or the hum-drum toils and cares of every-day business, have I recalled that tender, self-sacrificing mother-love; and deep has been my regret that I never had the chance of making some return for the inestimable trouble she had with me, for, as you will find later on, I lost her when I was only about eleven years of age; and though since then my personal relations with and experience of women have been painful in the extreme nearly all through life, so that my faith in them has been to a great extent destroyed, yet the memory of my mother has done much to hallow in my eyes, if not all womankind, at least all motherhood. The years of thoughtless pleasure having passed, my sobered days of reflection often find me thrilled with the emotion so poetically expressed in the lines:—

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night.”

You, fair readers, will, I trust, pardon me my uncomplimentary remarks above about your incomprehensible sex. You will not wonder nor frown if you read my whole history; nay, I feel sure that many of you, pure and noble-hearted and sympathetic, will extend to me your most gracious commiseration, for,

“When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou.”

But in this book, I am only a boy yet—and a very small boy too, for until I was well into my “teens” I was always undersized, though after my seventh year I became gradually hardy. Plenty of open-air life, playing with other boys, the bracing climate, and perhaps less petting and spoiling at home (my mother about this time getting married again) worked wonders for my constitution. You may have noticed, I have, how even little urchins who spend most of their time running bare-footed about the streets of a city, making mud-pies, paddling in gutters, and doing all sorts of horrifying things, seem to thrive—how sturdy they

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become; while children who are treated like delicate china—always packed up in wadding, as it were, whenever they move about—or like hot-house flowers, droop and languish and easily become a prey to serious disorders.

In all probability my mother's second marriage was to me a blessing in disguise, although at the time I may have missed something from her former undivided attention. Whether she found her solitary struggle for a livelihood too severe and hopeless with me on her hands; whether she was influenced largely by consideration for my better welfare as my needs increased; or whether she was weary of widowhood and felt a woman's natural craving for the loving support and society of a husband I can, of course, have but little idea. Perhaps all these motives combined. She was still a young woman, rather tall and dark-haired; so I suppose, seeing that she had no wealth of any sort, that the second successful suitor must have been attracted by her personality and actuated by sincere love, and so would be an ardent wooer. As women recognize and value genuine love and easily reciprocate it, we can understand how any hesitation on her part would dissolve in the warmth of love-persuasion. At all events, I have every reason to believe that the marriage was a happy one. I must admit that he was a really good stepfather to me, not only as long as my mother lived, but in some respects also after her death.

Before passing to other and perhaps more interesting subjects I must relate one more incident connected with my mother. Although, as you have seen, she idolized me as her only child, nevertheless she one day treated me to a most terrible thrashing—and richly I deserved it. Like all spoiled children, I suppose I had grown rather self-willed and selfish—wanting everything I set my mind upon, and endeavoring to get it by hook or by crook. One of my playmates at this period, a plump well-stuffed looking boy named Louis Prahl, a sort of animated German sausage, and always wearing his peaked cap tilted low over his forehead (giving him a rather truculent appearance), was the proud possessor of very nice whip. Now all boys value whips highly, for one thing they impart a manly and mas-

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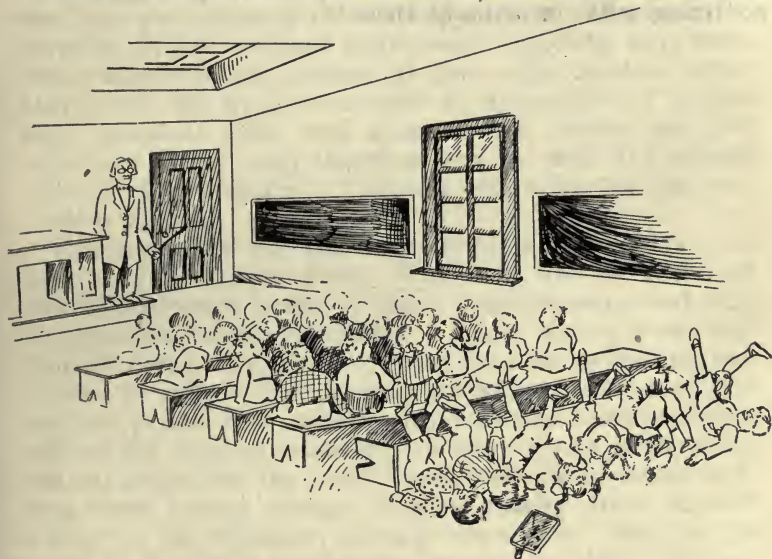
terful air, for another they are most useful as playthings and most effective as weapons of offence and mischief. For instance, what a delight it is to lash a smaller boy's legs, or a timid-looking dog, or the unlucky cat, goat, or fowl that comes within your lordly reach; and how you can make girls scream! It is a thing of joy to boyhood. Therefore I coveted that whip. But Louis Prahl had proper business instincts and would neither give it in friendship nor trade it for anything I then had at disposal; he wanted cash, a whole penny, for it. For some reason I could not appeal to Mother and I was at my wits end how to get this, for the time, most important object in the world—the whip. At last I decided to help myself to the penny from my mother's purse. I watched for my opportunity and managed to abstract the desired coin unseen and hid it under a square ink-bottle. So far all had gone well, as I thought. Next day I heard the crack, crack, crack of a whip in the little street by our house, and having drifted ostentatiously to the window, my heart going pit-a-pat with suppressed excitement, I looked out. Yes, there was the titled cap of Louis, his impertinent up-turned chin, his glowering eyes under his cap-peak, his rotund form, and above all there was that matchless whip. I seized the inkstand and carried it into another room to get at the penny. But alas, the quick motherly eye, and motherly experience and inquisitiveness prompted the sharp question, "What do you want that inkstand for?" I, too, was quick, though foolish in my childness simplicity, and replied, "I want to have a look at the bird" (which was painted on the lid). Now, as that box and picture were constantly in front of me at home and were therefore perfectly familiar, Mother's curiosity was far from satisfied, so she quietly stole up behind me and peeping over my shoulder caught me "in flagrante delictis" as I took the penny from its hiding-place. Well, I had to make a full confession, for she had always taught me to tell the truth. But this did not extenuate the crime of stealing, and in her wise care for my future welfare I was treated to such a "hiding" as I never had before or since—it was what you call a "caution"—till at last, aching and gasping for breath, I crept under the bed and refused for a

long time to budge. When at last I shame-facedly emerged, mother read me a lecture that for length and impressiveness would have done credit to the most eloquent and long-winded divine who ever preached from a pulpit. But I assure you that the thrashing and the lecture permanently cured me of taking anything which did not belong to me.

Between six and seven years of age my proper school life began at the village Common School. One morning after being washed, combed, and tidied generally with even more than usual care, with no doubt some lamentations and protestations on my part, I was dispatched with a slate, slate pencil, and a ticket bearing my name, age, and address, to that to all children terror-inspiring institution where life's serious business begins, where awesome bogies in the shape of mysterious books and imposing maps and fiendish arithmetical figures and as yet clear copy-books and all the other spirit-crushing paraphernalia (or learning) together with that majestic human embodiment of knowledge, wisdom and power, the schoolmaster with his lithe cruel-looking cane, all lie in wait for their poor shrinking little victim; and not only these, but rows and rows of critical mischievous juvenile eyes and grinning, mocking faces; a hundred darts pierce your young soul; it is one of the most trying experiences in life,—the first step inside a school door,—it is a mental purgatory! Most children were then, and are now, first taken to school by father or mother, or a bigger brother or sister. My mother could not leave her work and I had no brother or sister; so I had to go alone. But fortunately I was always fairly self-confident and studiously disposed, so did not much mind the prospect. New scholars were only admitted at the beginning of a term; I therefore found a small crowd of children and parents waiting at the schooldoor. As these entered I did also, and took my stand near a window in the class-room to await my turn to be enrolled and placed in a class, of which there were several, some boys only, some girls, and one (the youngest) a mixed class. There were eight teachers, all males. I was placed in the mixed youngest class, the teacher of which was a rather elderly man with fair hair, medium-sized and thin, of stern respect, and, as I found out, very hot-tempered. We, the boys and girls,

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sat on wooden forms without desks, holding our slates on our left arms when we had to write. My form was the last and held about twenty boys and girls. A few days after my entry we boys were trying to rock that form when the teacher's attention was elsewhere and we managed so well that we soon had a grand catastrophe, for over went the form with a loud crash, a volley of bumps as heads and bodies struck the floor, piercing screams from the girls, and



all the forty legs were for a moment or two in all sorts of attitudes, high in the air, some rigidly pointing aloft, some wilding flourishing. The wrathful teacher tried in vain to discover the principal culprits—nobody seemed to know—so far that time we all escaped. But as this kind of accident happened rather often, we boys all along that form at last received a severe thrashing. Fun and mischief are however, irresistible temptations to boyhood, and notwithstanding liberal punishment, this particular delight, upsetting the form and the girls on it, did not cease until the boys and girls were separated and we were provided with unupsettable combined forms and desks. How long it was

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before this change was made I do not remember, but somehow or other the girls seemed to be a most disturbing influence, perhaps some of the little minxes were deliberately, if demurely, provocative parties to the fun, and our consequent painful penalties; at all events, we simply could not sit quiet in their neighborhood, young and small as we were. I have found it much the same everywhere, even in later years, as it has been wittily put, "There's no living *with*, or *without* them."

CHAPTER IV.

BOYHOOD CONTINUED

Rare games, fun and frolic we schoolboys used to have on holidays, Sundays, and in miscellaneous spare time. I need not particularize the ordinary sports and pranks of boyhood all the civilized world over; you who have been boys yourselves can imagine all that—tops, marbles, kites, hoops, and the whole catalogue of diversions of simple kind, practical jokes, and many things besides that you ought not to do—and therefore you do with the utmost assiduity and dispatch. I merely give a few of our distinctive delights.

You remember the sheet of water that was in the village, near its eastern side? Well, that was the scene of countless pleasant hours, of many a mischievous deed, and of occasional severe smartings. I had always been very fond of water, and at a very early age took to bathing and learned to swim. The properly authorized place for bathing was at the river, where suitable baths were provided, and as the bathing establishment proprietors in Germany are subsidized by the local Town Councils to admit children free during certain hours (usually from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening), at such times boys flock to the baths in hundreds from miles around, so that I believe nearly every boy in Germany can swim. I have often wondered since living in Australia why such contracts are not in force everywhere here. I am sure the privilege would be highly appreciated by the youngsters. I understand, however, that during the last few years something has been done in this direction, and with considerable benefit.

But, though bathing facilities were provided at the river, the little lake in the village suited us Ottensen boys far better, if only because it was close at hand; whereas the river was about, say, a mile and a half away. Then, as this pond-lake was pretty well surrounded by houses

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it was prohibited to bathe there; naturally this fact added to its charms, it infused a dash of adventure and audacity in the face of constituted authority—an irresistible temptation to boyhood; for, if I may apply the metaphor to water, is not “stolen fruit the sweetest?” What did we boys care for prohibitions and slow-footed policemen? Having reconnoitered a little to see that the coast was clear of our natural enemies, the guardians of law, we would hastily undress, drop our clothes anywhere on the footpath, and slip into the delicious element. Sometimes all went pleasantly; at other times the gold-banded cap and formidable cane of “Brumm” or “Wilkins,” the local constables (they wore no uniform except the cap) would suddenly appear from round a corner, and with a rush he would be upon us, take our names and addresses for “future proceedings” of a vague sort, and such as he could lay hands upon he took “summary” proceedings with by inflicting a few sharp strokes with his cane—while we were at a very great disadvantage indeed. That was the worst feature in some of these bathing exploits; the cane hurt very much under such (to it) favorable conditions. Any spectators, no doubt, had a cheap comic entertainment, what with anguished writhings and skip-pings, piteous appeals for mercy, and the skillful display of the flagellator. But we were incorrigible—soon at the same game again.

One bright hot Sunday, about a dozen of us were tempted beyond endurance to have a swim in the water so invitingly close. Some people near by called out to us that the policeman was coming; but we had had so many false alarms just to scare us, that we took very little notice. We were barely in the water, when there he was, sure enough, and only a few yards away. Fear spurred us out of the water, and, seizing what we could of our clothes, we scampered off with the salvage in our arms stark-naked through the streets, the constable in hot pursuit, shouting and threatening. The hullabaloo, of course, brought people to their doors and windows, and most of them seemed to vastly enjoy the fun, many cheering us on, some screaming, however; some scolding us loudly

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and hoping we should "catch it," as the English say—meaning they hoped the policeman and his cane and other dire consequences would catch us. On we went, fear lending us wings, till the would-be avenger on our track, hampered by clothes, short wind, and his dignity, gave up the hopeless chase, while we, getting at last out of the little town into a paddock, thankfully took refuge behind a friendly manure heap, and got inside such decencies as we had rescued. I was fortunate enough to have saved everything except one of my feet—not that I had left that



behind—no, it simply had a nasty gash underneath through running over some sharp coal slag; but I did not trouble a great deal about that. One boy had lost his shirt, another his most essential garment; several had lost boots, stockings, and other sundries; these the policeman "arrested" on his more leisurely return trip, and impounded them at the police station by way of "substantial bail" for the due appearance thereat of their respective owners. When these humbly put in their claims in person, in varying degrees of discomfort and contrition,

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after an impressive official lecture their possessions were restored, and if they got anything else they did not noticeably boast about it. Of course, we were again bathing at the pond the following day. May the souls of the harassed policemen "rest in peace."

One of our chief delights at this large pond was of an evening, when farmers used to bring their horses to give them a bath. Some of us, say two or three, all naked, would get on the horse's back; two or three others in the same primeval state would cling to the poor beast's tail; then around swam the horse with us aboard or in tow.

At times wagons and carts were brought to the lake and left in it to give them a good soaking. This was a glorious opportunity for us; the rails and other loose parts we used to take off and use as rafts, playing shipwrecked sailors, and all sorts of things of that kind. Boy-like, we were either careless about replacing these movables or purposely and "with malice aforethought" left them anywhere and everywhere—if well out of reach so much the better, except for the owner. He would probably have no end of trouble to find and collect his dismembered property—some of it in remote mid-ocean of the lake. I fear that many a forcible German expletive, of which "thunder and blitzen" is but a mild sample, was provoked—many an anathema hurled at us imps of wickedness. Furthermore, he would sometimes have to employ some of his graceless tormentors to act as a rescue party.

My parents for some time lived near this water, and this fact greatly assisted our bathing indulgences, for I and my particular friends used to undress under safe shelter at home, and at a favorable moment run through our yard and the back lane to the water; while, if danger threatened, our safe retreat was provided for, and we had a citadel of refuge. With such a strategic base, as military officers would term it, we could always watch our policeman till he was at convenient distance. It need hardly be said that being so much in the water we were all good swimmers.

If summer was glorious with such pastimes as already mentioned, not a whit less so was winter, with its varied

fascinations. Poets may sing of "summer isles of the sea," and that land where trees and grass are always green, flowers of some sort are found all the year round, and where the climate is never rigorous, may seem to its inhabitants and to weakly refugees from colder climes to be a Paradise. But such dwellers in sunny lands know not the joys and beauties associated with the sharply contrasting seasons of Northern Europe and America. In Australia, for instance, you have no faint conception, unless from personal recollection, of the splendid magnificence of "Jack Frost's" reign, and of the delightful amusements he affords. You shudder at the mere thought of snow and ice; but, oh, the superb glory of them! Hurrah! when the snow comes down in soft feathery flakes and in one night covers earth, and roof, and everything with a pure white mantle—sometimes in places two or three feet deep. Hurrah! for the glistening, transparent, jewel-like icicles hanging in untold millions from branch and eaves, and everywhere that moisture can drip. Hurrah! for the solid floor of smooth ice on pond and river and lake, on which we may skim almost like a swallow in air. Yes, I am a boy in heart still, when I think of it, and would you be, if once with all your years and dignity you could be placed upon that ice and in safety made to speed over it, feeling the bracing glow upon your cheek as you rush through the air, and the warmth in your veins and heart that you have lost these forty or fifty years. You would be like good old Pickwick under similar conditions—if not, you are not worth your salt—you are beneath contempt and abuse; therefore, I will not spend more space about you. Can I hastily sketch a winter morning scene? For weeks past the summer dresses of the trees have faded away; first in rich ruddy autumn tints; then into mere shreds and tatters of dull brown, and the bared branches and trunks stand dark and lifeless against a dull gray sky; the ground is littered with drifted heaps of dry leaves, once so beautiful; for days past the air has been cold and raw, and the wind fitfully sighing and wailing through keyholes and crevices, rumbling down your chimneys, and generally making it-

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self unpleasant;; fires have been crackling and roaring in the grates of your cosy rooms. You awake one morning and find your window panes transformed into an exquisitely beautiful semi-opaque tracery of fanciful designs in frost-work. You make a clear space by breathing on the pane, and look forth; on the window-sill and piled high in its corners is a soft white mass of snow; for a moment outside familiar objects seem lost, spirited away, and you seem in some new white world; but, no, they are only partly hidden from sight, snugly tucked in, as it were, under winter's great soft counterpane; even the gaunt trees are unrecognizable and ghostly; some passer-by looks as though he had had a flour bag emptied over his head and shoulders as a practical joke; fringes of sparkling icicles hang from every projection. You dress and hasten downstairs and find your water-tap immovable in hard ice, exposed water everywhere with a hard crust on its surface. You very likely have to shovel your way out into the yard or street; but you do not mind all these things, and perhaps many inconveniences besides. The frost-smell of the air is an elixir, refreshing and invigorating, sweet in its way as nectar. You are enchanted, elated, happy; everybody smiles at and pleasantly greets everybody else; and snowballs begin to fly about, only increasing our enjoyment and good humor. You are pretty sure to get one in the ear, and one on your bare neck, and your hat may be knocked off, but you only laugh in such a way as ruin the local doctor's hopes of business—and every one laughs—the doctor, it may be, heartiest of all—for snow and ice promote good nature and generosity. I haven't time and room to prove it, though I could, I think.

In German towns there used to be a by-law compelling every householder to have his footpath cleared of snow by 9 o'clock in the morning. Then a lot of men were employed by the Town Council, and sent out to clear the streets themselves. We used to call these men the "Snow Shovel Brigade." In a wonderfully short time the streets would be cleared, and the snow carted outside the township. Then we boys had a rare good time building forti-

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fications from the heaps, and dividing ourselves into two opposing armies, one to attack and one defend, we engaged in regular pitched battles. Our ammunition, of course, consisted of snowballs; but sometimes they were very hard, especially if the weather was mild. I remember one day getting one fairly in the mouth; the blow was so severe that it made me cry out with pain, and it was about a month before my mouth was well again.

Another favorite winter sport was sledging. Every boy had a sledge of his own. They were very easily made—two deal boards, each about two or three feet long and one inch thick, set up on edge about two feet apart, with two round cross-stays between, and with boards nailed across to sit on; a strip of hoop iron under each side piece, and a rope fastened to the front, and the affair is complete. They glide over the snow splendidly. We towed them up some steep street, and then mounting (perhaps four or five boys on one sledge) and the hindmost boy pressing a stick against the snow, the stick serving as steering gear, off we went downhill at the rate of sometimes twenty to thirty miles an hour. With the stick we could steer our course as well as a motor of today can be steered, though we now and then struck against a more or less hidden stone. When that happened, of course, we came to grief, turning unrehearsed somersaults through the air, and landing with no little impetuosity on any part of the body that happened for the moment to be undermost. If fate provided a soft drift of snow for our descent not much damage was done; but if an unlucky boy struck anything at all solid, even a companion's boot or elbow, a nasty knock might result. Sometimes one or two got rather seriously hurt for a time; but such disasters did not trouble us much. We received more good than harm, for what with the exhilaration of our swift descent on the one hand, and the necessary toil of climbing up again, which perhaps took half an hour, on the other, we had both an excellent tonic for the mind and splendid exercise for the body.

Then we had, also, lovely sport on the ice, not only such every-day stuff as skating, pleasurable as that is, but far

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more exciting things. In severe winters our broad river used to become on its surface an enormous sheet of ice with high drift masses along the banks. Before this happened, however, for days together detached ice-blocks would come drifting down the stream, and when we boys could reach one of these near the shore, we would "ship" on it, and with a long piece of wood like a clothes-prop we would "pole" or push our slippery raft along. Of course, with the tide we went along very nicely without any pushing, but we had to take care that we did not "lose bottom" and get too far out into the river, because in that case there would be great danger of drifting right out to mid-stream. When masses of ice were thus floating down there were no boats on the river itself, because they would run the risk of being crushed to matchwood in no time. One day I was alone on one of these ice floes, though some companions were near by. Through being either too careless or too venturesome, I lost bottom with my stick, and was carried down with the current about two miles, the other boys excitedly following along the bank. As you may suppose, I was not a little alarmed, but at last, at a bend of the river, I was lucky enough to get closer inshore, though still out of depth. It seemed "now or never," and there being no easier or safer way, I jumped in and swam to land. The water was terribly cold, so it was fortunate the distance was not great. At this spot the Elbe is about four miles wide, so you may guess the risks I had run. As soon as I was out of the water, my mates undressed me, and we wrung out the clothes as hard as we could, and then, though they were decidedly damp and chilly, I got them on again. We had had enough of the river for that day; we preferred to make more sure of sleeping at home that night; we were sobered up a little by my narrow escape. But the first necessity was to get myself dry and warm; and that was a much simpler matter than it may seem to you, reader. There were a few glass-bottle factories not far distant, which in our eyes were most beneficent institutions, for it was quite a common occurrence for us to get in the water; if they served other purposes as well as for drying wet

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boys, they must have been a huge success. Their facilities for our ends were superb. I am not quite sure whether we clearly grasped that they had any more important business in the order of things. Well, we set off for one of the nearest of these. There were brick tunnels on one side of the factory, which served as receptacles for the slag and ashes which came through the furnace gratings. There I sat, as was customary in such cases, in one of these tunnels for about ten minutes, and then came out as dry as a bone, and as warm as toast—but I fear no further improved as regards my original state of sin.

When we were hungry between meals—but boys are always hungry—we would forage for potatoes from somebody's field, and roast them in the hot ashes in those convenient tunnels. This was the usual concomitant of our self-drying operations—the time passed more pleasantly and the cure was more complete and lasting. It might be thought that we would catch serious colds, rheumatism, or some other sickness, but we did not, though I almost wonder myself now at our immunity. I can honestly say at about fifty years of age, that I never had a pain nor ache in my bones. My impression is that children now are far too much pampered up. We boys of Ottensen forty odd years ago and our parents would have laughed at flannels; we would have had none of it. My whole suit, as that of most boys, consisted of a pair of drill pants, a shirt, and blouse overall, with a leather belt around the waist, boots and stockings, and cap with a small leathern peak over the forehead. That was my sole attire, summer and winter alike, rain or not. Sometimes when it was so intensely cold that the thermometer marked 40 degrees below freezing point, my mother would insist, in spite of my objections, on putting a muffler or scarf around my throat; but no sooner was I round the first corner than off came that despised thing, and was carefully stowed in my blouse until my return home; for why—I did not like to be laughed at by my schoolmates.

After I had dried myself on the day of my just related adventure, we procured a sledge and had a good time with that on the high road for a few hours, until it was

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time to go home to run the gauntlet of awkward questions, endure such penalties as the state of our clothing or some other cause might provoke or maternal or paternal feelings counsel, and enjoy our evening repasts—if not sent supperless to bed.

Before I pass from this eventful day, I must mention in addition, that I well remember the impressively beautiful sight along the banks of the river on that occasion. For miles and miles on both sides ice-blocks lay piled up to a height of twelve to twenty feet. I doubt whether in Greenland itself a scene of that nature could be excelled; not easily at any rate. You may think I exaggerate in my description, but I will explain how those ice masses were formed. The ice-floes in the river are often forced one upon another, another on these, and so on. All firmly freezing into one irregular block. When the flood-tide recedes to about twenty or thirty feet from high-water mark, these great blocks naturally get stranded, so forming the icy cliffs I have referred to.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOLDAYS CONTINUED.

By this time you probably think you have got hold of some "Bad Boy's Diary." I have been rambling on so much about our sports, amusements and boyish escapades (and still more to follow), that you may be already shaking a disapproving head, jumping at the reasonable conclusion that I must have been a sad truant from school, and in your perspicacious sagacity, quoting to yourself the second of a pair of famous trite old sayings, the one seeming opposite to my case being:

"All play and no work
Makes Jack a lazy Turk."

If so, dear reader, you never made a greater mistake. I never willingly missed a day from school, though after my mother's death I was frequently kept home for domestic reasons, and much against my will. I was always very fond of learning, and positively loved going to school. This was, perhaps, partly due to the really excellent teaching we received, for, besides being sound and thorough, it was made to a great extent highly interesting, and if space and your patience would permit, I should like to give a few particulars. I must content myself with stating that we were taught the more useful, higher subjects, in addition to the usual essentials, and as one instance of the general thoroughness, I may mention that our history lessons were not confined, as might be supposed, to the history of our own nation or country, but included that of other leading nations and of the world generally. Moralizing for a moment, I would say, that I wish boys and girls could realize how important it is for them to learn as much as they can while they have the opportunity; theirs is a poor prospect who learn nothing or even but little, because in the great majority of cases they will have no choice but to become the slaves of others whose

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“knowledge is power.” Not only was I far from being a “lazy Turk” as a schoolboy, but though there may be *something* of the “Bad Boy’s Diary” element in these pages further on, I never degenerated into a lazy Turk in business, as events will show.

Being on the subject of school once more, I may here add that when I was in the second class (I then being about ten years of age) our teacher resigned in order to open a private school. There were four candidates for the vacant position, and each had to teach us separately. When this competition was over, we were invited to say (our church minister and the School Council being present at the time) which teacher we liked best. We were unanimously in favor of “the little short one,” and he was appointed. He may not have shown more teaching ability than the others, but he was a very affable and jocular man, and very likely we took into consideration that in the event of canings being administered a small man would be greatly preferable, from our point of view, to one of more formidable physique. I don’t suppose the authorities were influenced entirely by our choice; probably it simply accorded with their own judgment, and they may have merely humored us—seeing our evident preference for the one approved by themselves. However that might have been, the affair itself was a practical recognition and adoption of the principles of universal suffrage and the “Referendum”—even in a constitutionally conservative country, and so many years ago! With that teacher, he being such a “joky” man, we afterwards had a great deal of fun and good times generally. He had a playful, tactful way of dealing even with dullards and the idle, for there are some such in every school. I suppose many of them cannot help being so. But one day this teacher had the laugh turned against himself. He was explaining the four points of the compass, and for that purpose he called one of the lazy boys from his seat and made him walk first towards the east and then towards the west. Then the boy was told to go to the south; this course led him to the schoolroom door, where he came to a standstill. I suppose the teacher could not resist the

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temptation for a little experimental fun, for he told the traveler to "Go further south." We all laughed, either thinking he would bump his nose against the door, or perhaps anticipating a funnier result still. But, if lazy, the boy was not dull-witted, for he opened the door and went "further south" with both "propellers" working at "full speed ahead," regardless of further orders and signals by wireless telegraphy from his port of departure, and we saw nothing more of him for a couple of weeks, when he was brought in under paternal convoy. He probably remembers better than I do the sequel.

About this time a professional aeronaut visited Otten-
sen with a big balloon. Balloons were novelties in those days, and aroused a great deal of public interest. Remember, also, that crinolines were in fashion with the ladies—you wonder where the connection is? This balloonist used to make an ascent at 3 o'clock every afternoon, taking up three passengers, the fare for each being the equivalent of £3. Naturally, large crowds of women, girls and boys gathered to see the ascents (women, girls and boys being the part of the population most affected by curiosity and least hampered by the stern demands of business). Always on the lookout for mischief, the keen eyes of Johnnie Husch had noticed that the ladies stood closely in groups, as well as their crinolines would permit; no doubt to combine the joys of gossiping with that of sightseeing. His alert brain saw a glorious opportunity (he would have made a brilliant field marshal); a hasty council of war was held between us boys, a needle and cotton obtained, and while the ladies were intently gazing upwards at the rising balloon, and forgetting all about skirts and boys and such troubles below, we very soon had several of them sewn pretty firmly together, and got to a prudent distance to watch results. We had not long to wait, for ladies are restless creatures. One of them turned sharply, and then there was a confusion of twisting skirts, tilting crinolines, tearing of dresses, screams, laughter, and not a little very fluent feminine scolding, for some of the ladies were terribly angry, and even complained to the police.



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It was such good fun (to us) that we tried the same game again, but this time a few boys got caught, and in due course were fined—that is, their fathers were the parties fined, and they naturally took the value in their own coin out of the actual culprits. “Boys will be boys,” and over the world alike.

One day one of the intending passengers in the balloon “jibbed” at the last moment. Perhaps it was a bit squally, and the balloon swaying and bumping, something like a ship sometimes does when moored to a pier. The aeronaut reasoned and coaxed and some of the bystanders jeered, but all in vain. Like a certain skipper, who declined to handle a cobra or a python (I forgot which) though taunted with cowardice, saying, “Wall, I’d ruther look like a coward for five minutes than like a corpse for evermore.” So this discreet intending passenger evidently took a similar sensible, if rather chicken-hearted, view of the question, even though his prepaid fare had to be forfeited, as it was in fact. But one of my bigger schoolmates was offered the “lift” and very gladly accepted it, going up with cap waving joyously, and a halo of future glory radiating from his shining round face—not unlike a youthful Elijah ascending in a heavenly chariot—much to the envy of us little Elishas.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

As I write, I hear the footsteps of the night watchman who is engaged to look after the safety of the block of shops and houses where I am now residing. Now and then I can hear him shake a door or gate, and sometimes whistle a few bars of some popular melody. He reminds me of the night watchman in my native town (though there is a vast deal of difference—in favor of the former) and of the primitive methods adopted by the City Fathers, the Town Council of that time, to protect (?) the citizens during the hours of darkness. Here (in a leading suburb of Melbourne) we have a number of stalwart, well-trained constables constantly patrolling the streets; detectives, plain-clothes constables with bicycles, telephones at their command, as also at ours, the streets bright with electric lights or gas, so that the “way” of the burglar and other night prowlers is made “hard” and dangerous. Our watchmen are only supplementary safeguards—the police are our chief protectors. But in such old-fashioned little places as Ottensen it was very different in the days of my boyhood. So far as protecting citizens was concerned, it was a Tom-fool arrangement altogether. There was a watchman, certainly, but he was a bent-backed, decrepit old man of about seventy years of age. In the daytime he followed the vocation of a “cobbler” (i. e., of course, a boot repairer). It seemed of no concern to the City Fathers as to when, where, or how he slept, or whether he slept at all. Apparently their chief concern was simply to get the duty performed as cheaply as possible and to avoid capturing criminals lest their maintenance and prosecution should increase the municipal expenditure. Though, also, the facts may be looked at in the light of being a testimony to the general honesty and respectability of the place.

However that may be, this poor old cobbler-constable,

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the watchman, at about 10 o'clock in the evening donned his uniform, which was a big overcoat with a red collar and red trimming on the sleeve cuffs. For a weapon he carried a thick walking stick, and for some mysterious reason (about which many very plausible theories might be formed), he also carried a terribly noisy instrument called a "rattle," consisting of a long wooden handle terminating in two cog wheels or ratchets, and against these cogs two wooden spring arms were so placed that they could be caused to revolve rapidly round and in contact with the cogs, so that a most terrific, ear-splitting rattling or clattering noise was produced, something like that from a number of castanets or bones as used by nigger minstrels, with a bit of creaking, grating screech added. He would give that diabolical contrivance about half a dozen turns, and then at the top of his voice cry out, "The clock has chimed ten, ten is the clock," and so kept on alternately with rattle and vociferation until eleven o'clock, when his cry became, "The clock has chimed eleven, eleven is the clock," as he once more traversed his beat from where he first started, for it took him just about an hour to do so. This sort of thing was kept up till five o'clock in the morning. We of modern days may well smile at such an absurd system, which had every appearance of the authorities trying their very best to keep people awake all night; but I don't think it troubled many, as in those days people were tougher, less irritable, more easy-going and contented, and consequently slept more soundly. Imagine what would happen if the watchman's rattle and strident voice were to be heard throughout the night in our streets of today! Why, windows would fly up in all directions, revealing men and women in night attire raving like violent lunatics and pouring a deluge of profane objurgations upon their disturber's head; the papers would teem with scorching letters, and as for the City Councillors, they would be lucky to escape with anything less than "tarring and feathering" at the hands of the outraged rate-payers.

It will be easily seen that any actual criminals about would be the last people to do or wish the watchman any

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injury; they would look upon him as quite a friend, or at least his rattle, since it would warn them of his approach and whereabouts; the only offenders he would be likely to discover and capture would be any "dead drunks" lying promiscuously around. Still, after all, there may have been a little more wisdom than appears on the surface in the arrangement; because, you see, the Germans, being notoriously a highly musical race, it might well be that even their criminals, *if awake*, would keep as far away as possible from such unmusical discord, and thus the main objects of the law would be achieved.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES THEATRE.

We Ottensen boys were enthusiastic patrons of the drama—not of your classic Shakespearean school, not of your dainty, artistic, scenic, fastidious, social-problemizing, moddern pattern; no namby-pamby stuff for us; we wanted—and we got—something strong, something with a good fiz on it, something that would make the flesh creep and furnish nightmares enough to carry you into next week. Just call to mind, dear reader, those fearsome, nerve-thrilling, entrancing books with sensational covers you used to delight in yourself—you can't deny it (many of you)—those books about pirates, murders, ghosts, and every horror ever imagined, and you will have a pretty fair idea of our tastes in the theatrical line. And you, ye few who never, no never, read such “trash,” as you scornfully stigmatize it—never revelled then, or now, in newspaper horrors (do you?) and the details of “causes celebre”—permit me a question. Have you ever gloated upon the persecutions of martyrs? As children, did you not, even amongst Bible stories, find a special fascination about Goliath's gory head, and the like? You smile; I have you there, I think. Condemn us not, then, for again “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;” or, more coarsely expressed, we are all “tarred with the same brush” in such matters.

And we wanted our drama cheap, for as you may guess, our resources were scant, and we got it cheap. “nasty” also, if you like; but at all events we got with it some roaring fun, as I think you will admit—spontaneous, unrehearsed fun, and, perhaps, after all, that was one of the greatest attractions to us.

Amongst its many noble buildings, Hamburg boasted some really fine theatres, one of which, the Stadt Theatre. There were also the usual assortment of concert and music halls and the like, besides band pavilions and all the mis-

cellaneous amusement places of a great city. But I want to take you to one of the lower kinds.

On one of the chief roads or boulevards leading west from Hamburg, in a quarter of the city known as St. Pauli, where the shipping in the river is dense, and rollicking sailor men swarm in thousands, and an aroma of tar and many varieties of cargo, and of cattle, and of slaughter yards, pervades the atmosphere; the sides of the streets are lined with more or less imposing attractions in the shape of beer saloons, gin palaces, places of entertainment, fruit and confectionary shops, and sundry less pretentious edifices impertinently elbowing in between "Punch and Judy" shows, booths, and similar itinerant devices were also usually to be found on or near the sidewalks, especially on Sunday afternoons and other gala occasions; for Sailor Jack is, as you know, a most liberal spender and a glutton for pleasures.

Day and night the whole thoroughfare is thronged, so that naturally a large quantity of custom and profit drifts, like seaweed along a shore, into the inviting establishments and shows lining the way.

One of the most widely-known and well patronized of these caterers for public indulgence was a certain theatre. It was not by any means a palatial edifice like those with which we are familiar in large, up-to-date cities, such as there were, as has already been said, in Hamburg. It stood on the right hand side coming from Altona, and was a very plain, stuccoed brick building of two stories. The entrance was simply a double swing door, such as are common in churches and schools, reached by a short flight of steps, an ordinary window on each side, and three more of the same kind in a row above. Inside the door was a porch with a ticket window and office on the left hand side. The interior of this Temple of the Drama was in strict keeping with the outside; no architectural or artistic embellishments, no luxurious furnishing, no dress circle nor private boxes, no resplendent lighting, not even paint on the bare walls, no decorations except a few lower-grade drop scenes for the stage. The floor space was occupied with plain wooden forms with backs, this

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portion of the house being dignified with the name of "the Stalls." A rough, unpainted wooden gallery extended round three of the walls, this gallery being supported by wooden posts. It was reached by a single flight of stairs from the right hand side of the porch, but not connected with the latter. In this gallery the only seating accommodations consisted of common wooden forms without backs—quite enough for the fee for admission, too, as you will find in due course. Quite good enough, as also were the "Stalls," for their respective patrons. For though notorious and popular in its way, this theatre was not the customary resort of Wealth and Fashion, although frequently visited by great people, especially strangers in Hamburg, who desired to see its interesting sights and obtain all the fun available for their money. Its regular patrons were drawn mainly from the multitudes of sailors of all nationalities always swarming in that great seaport (for year in and year out there used to be generally about three hundred ships lying there); from the free and easy lassies and dames who are ever ready to help a Jack, or any other spendthrift, disburse his loose cash with promptness and dispatch; from the usual assortment of workers, small tradesmen, factory and servant girls, and loafers; and not least, if mentioned last, from the boy population of the city and its neighborhood.

We boys from the outlying towns and villages usually attended this theatre on Sundays, whenever on that day we could muster between several of us the few necessary coins. No little financial scheming and adroitness this sometimes required. "Adolph," perhaps my chum, Amandus Husch, would say during the week, "will you go to Maddler's (the proprietor of this theatre) on Sunday, I have a thirdling, and Hermann Plett has two, and Louis Prahls aunt has promised him something to go; can you get some money?" "No," perhaps I would have to reply, "Mother said she would not let me have any money for two weeks because I spoiled my new cap the other day." But in one way and another with a bit here and a bit there, about a dozen of us would raise fivepence or sixpence in English value between us, and by phenomenal

good behavior on Saturday and on Sunday morning we would coax consent from parents, and set off after Sunday's dinner in high spirits and clean collars.

Digressing a little, you may think it strange that mere children should be allowed to go to such a place on Sundays; but in all the continental countries of Europe the Sabbath as a religious institution is practically over at noon-day, and during the latter part of the day all the places of amusement are open. "But" you say, "has not such a custom a very bad influence upon the young?" I reply that I do not think so. As I informed a good lady of Tasmania who, in reference to this question, had expressed an opinion that there must be a great deal of wickedness in my native country. There is no greater number of criminals in Germany in proportion to its population than in this or any other country. And I also think that any other test would prove that the moral tone of Germany will bear favorable comparison with that of any nation.

Well, with the normal amount of skylarking and mischief incidental to boyhood, and having come through such perils as may have naturally resulted therefrom, we arrive at our destination. The street is thronged with all kinds of people, a kaleidoscope of every tint of color, gentlefolk in costly fashionable attire, country people and workmen and their families in their best clothes, sailors, (a number of whom are in various stages of drunkenness) soldiers, officers, young couples "keeping company," small fry in shoals, cripples, beggars, match and flower sellers, and the whole rag-tag and bob-tail of civilization.

And here before the theatre we seek, is one of the several small loitering crowds, just in front of the building, —some in fact on its steps—is a strange little group, male and female, garbed as if they were all stark crazy, for surely such raiment is not to be found in all sane Christendom; yet their faces do not look like those of maniacs or idiots, they are the pictures of cool self-possession and dignified indifference, the attitudes gracefully statuesque and imposing, any casual movement easy and impressive in its practical deliberation—for, as you have most indub-

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itably guessed, they are the actors and actresses in their stage costumes, and "Chief among that gallant throng," its centre and apex—for he stands on the topmost step before the open doorway and is declaiming in a very loud and clear ringing voice, with free gesticulations by way of emphasis—is a magnificent personage in glittering armour and a helmet with nodding plumes and a rich mantle hang-



ing in graceful folds from his shoulders—like some hero of ancient chivalry (only the most likely "more so"). This gorgeous being is the lessee, manager, and leading actor, Mr. Maddler, only his present "role" is advertising the play about to be performed—nor does the ludicrous incongruity of his get-up and of the *infra dignitatis*

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nature of his self-imposed office as crier seem in the least to disturb him. He is a large man of striking physique, clean shaved, and with short black hair; but there is something remarkably queer about his face; from a side view he seems to have scarcely any nose—merely a small round, knobby projection between his prominent chin and his heavy eyebrows; looking at you full-face there *is* a nose right enough, but it looks as though it had been violently driven inwards leaving a pear-shaped depression around, from which it now appears to be timidly peeping—in two minds whether to spring boldly to its proper position or retreat for good and slam the door!

His keen dark eye ranges rapidly over bystanders and passers by—all-seeing, searchingly, imperiously, yet indefinitely and with an expression of cold contempt and self-sufficiency—you feel that he has specially singled you out and is keeping the corner of his eye upon you—here and there he fixes a hypnotic stare upon some irreverent jester and makes him duck and cringe as though he were apprehensive of being challenger to mortal combat by this Mars-like champion. Now and again he casts a javelin of heavy satire at some too offending wight, who collapses under it and the grinning notice of the adjacent public; the heavy villain of the troupe scowls undreamt of pains to follow further impertinence; the clown rubs the stinging salt of mimic sympathy into the wound made; and oh most miserable wretch and fool that you are who have drawn upon yourself in addition the icy scorn of the queenly beauty (if not too much paint) of the star lady of the company! But these are fleeting trivalities, passing shadows.

The mouth of the tinsel-mailed actor-orator is going like clockwork, or, to be more exact, like some steam worked automator, as with professional articulation and in brassy tones he cries something in the following style: “Come in, come in, ladies and gentlemen; here you have an hour’s entertainment of the most exciting character. Today we produce for the first time the great murder case of Timm Lode, who cruelly murdered his father, mother, sister, and four

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brothers—Come in, come in—admission to the stalls only 3d. 6c., galleries 2d. 4c., children half-price.”

This hair and curiosity raising invitation he glibly repeats, with variations and embellishments, until the inflow of an audience is sufficient, or until impatient “cat-calls” and other noises from within or else his own conscience compel him to cease in order to begin the performance, which begins at three o’clock.

What connection there was between the showy garb of the actors “on view” and such a gruesome tragedy may seem a mystery, but doubtless the former was due to advertising considerations, the necessity of first catching the public eye.

But we must get inside Herr Maddler’s. We boys used to negotiate this little matter fairly well, and, indeed, with conspicuous Bismarckian diplomacy. We slip round a handy side-street corner two doors away, we elect a deputation of one of our number, that responsible individual being of satisfactory *antecedents* (in other words, “without reproach”) in the eyes of Maddler, as may be available amongst us. We entrust him with our combined cash say about 6 or 7d. in all; he is sent ahead to act as bargainer while the rest of us maintain our strategic position well out of sight—painfully conscious of former misdoings and threats of non-admission in future. Meekly and respectfully our delegate broaches to the majestic grandee the question of our admittance on specially reduced terms as a collective juvenile “theatre party.” The much experienced and suspicious Maddler first enquires as to the total sum at our command, how many of us there are “round the corner,” and if So-and-So or So-and-So (boys in his bad books) are there. After further cross-examination and an admonition, a bargain is struck. There were almost invariably about twice as many boys as the funds legitimately represented, but he was not very particular as to a few “dead-heads” if only he could fill the house without actual loss; besides, I think he was a good-natured man—“his bark worse than his bite.”

So, a preconcerted signal being made to us as soon as his “alright, get in” is obtained, we appear gradually with

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most consummate tact, (*our best samples first*) in a long and to a great extent guilt-smitten procession, Johnnie Husch and a few of the rest of us taking special precautions to conceal our identity and cover our manifold sins and wickedness as much as possible behind the more righteous. Often, several boys not in our party and the contract would sandwich themselves in with us, much to the discredit of our first bargainer as to his truthfulness. As we file in, one or two of us are favored with a pinch or flip of the ear by way of disapproving recognition and of warnings.

But at last we *are* in and all preliminary troubles forgotten, and straightway the most incorrigible, Johnnie Husch and Louis Prah! amongst them, of course, immediately launch into mischief of some sort, if merely by such mild means as pea-shooters, for the interior is in semi-darkness, so that mischief with safety is easy! We ascend the stairs to the gallery just in time to see an indistinct figure slide down one of the posts to the more select stalls, a not uncommon event; one or two of our party must needs do the same, and perhaps all would follow, but that the aristocracy below firmly resent such intrusion and the commotion brings Maddler into action with dire threats of expulsion.

Amidst general restlessness and occasional uproar the play begins and proceeds with varying applause or otherwise, sometimes tumult making the voices of the actors inaudible and the play an empty dumb-show. Occasionally, when the noise in the gallery was above normal, Maddler would stop the play and first turning to the occupants of the stalls with, "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for a moment," he would then vehemently shake his fist at us unruly "gods" above and apostrophize us something like this: "You braying young scoundrels up there, you unmannerly jackanapes, will you keep quiet, or must I come up and shake you out of your nonsense—and your boots, if you have any?" adding perhaps a few more remarks of the most biting colloquial invective which his abilities could furnish—the result being roars of laughter and resumption of the play in comparative calm and tobacco

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smoke, for the "house" was in the habit of regaling itself according to its individual tastes,—fruits, conversation and other lollies, cake, biscuits, sandwiches, ginger-beer, smoking and goodness knows what, one natural consequence being some sharpshooting with orange peel, apple cores and other such missiles. Another consequence was that the floors were much littered with rubbish. Noisy quarrels and fights were not uncommon, sometimes a regular melee, and then the police would be sent for.

The actors were, of course, greatly handicapped under such conditions, and when the play did not in the estimation of the audience come up to specifications the aggrieved public would enthusiastically bombard the unfortunate performers with rotten eggs and apples.

A favorite plan of Maddler's for dealing with the more serious disturbances was to get the fireman on duty in the gallery to turn the fire-hose on the over-heated parties—a splendid method of treatment in such cases—cools things down nicely, of course, except feminine inhabitants of showy drapery which may happen to get drenched or splashed; then a fiercer conflagration would arise, and I suppose poor Maddler had a bad time and depleted pockets through damages claimed. Otherwise, the deluge of water did more good than harm, by cleaning the place a bit—which it often badly needed.

The play only lasted about one hour, and was then repeated to a refilled house—after the necessary announcement outside. Some of us boys used to have a strong desire to see the performance over again, and for that purpose would hide ourselves under the gallery forms, and when the fresh batch of customers began to take their seats there would be a resurrection of us dust-smearing youngsters, much to the amusement or the virtuous indignation, as the case might be, of the new-comers. But that dodge did not work very long, for Maddler got wind of it and one Sunday when we were trying this little game again, to our consternation Maddler's heavy tread ascended the gallery stairs, and Maddler in all his stage glory appeared to our horrified sight in the gallery itself, and was armed with a long clothe's prop and with it

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poked us ignominiously and painfully out from our lairs. And this process became a settled habit of his from that day.

But a few years later the poor fellow became insane; can you wonder at it? For my part, I have little doubt that his troublesome patrons were the cause. The only surprise is that he kept his senses as long as he did. However, he recovered after a time and reopened his theatre but the place was so notorious for brawls and disorderly conduct that ultimately the City Council closed it, and by way of some compensation to poor Maddler gave him a billet as Town Bell-man—another instance of “How are the mighty fallen.” He still held that office when I emigrated to Australia in 1885.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ATROCIOUS MURDER—GERMAN GIRLS—AND A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

The tragedy casually mentioned in the last chapter was an actual one perpetrated about the year 1860 near a town named Itzehoe, barely, thirty miles northwest from Hamburg, and made a great commotion at the time.

This Timm Tode was a son of a farmer. One day as the whole family except Mrs. Tode (who remained at home to prepare meals, were working as usual in the fields, this young demon found some pretense to return home early, He killed his poor old mother with an axe, and then lurked behind the front door to strike down the other members of the family as they returned one by one. This he succeeded too well in doing until the last two, his sister and another brother arrived in company.

It was winter time—short days and dark early. The last brother entered the door before his sister and was at once felled. The sister, however, saw the awful deed, and at once bravely rushed upon and grappled with her murderous brother. How terrible must have been the poor girl's emotions as she strove desperately for life! In his confession subsequently, the murderer stated that it was a frightful struggle; but at last she, too, was butchered, and this odiously inhuman monster then set fire to the building, burning it and the bodies, in order to, as he hoped, destroy all traces of his crime. But his plan throughout was to make it appear that the fire was only a terrible accident, he only being fortunate enough to escape, and so obtain the handsome sum for which the place was insured. This horrible plan succeeded up to a certain point, for he actually did get paid the insurance money, and was on board an American steamer about to sail from Hamburg when he was arrested, suspicion having been aroused and a strong case established against him. With the arrant cowardice and despair to which such na-

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tures and guilty consciences are liable he made a full and abject confession and was executed in Hamburg.

It may seem strange that a girl should be able to make so desperate a struggle against a fierce man as in the case cited above; but German country girls owing to the healthy, hard-working lives they lead,—for they do the same kind of work in the fields as boys do, are generally as strong as the latter; they are, for instance, as able to carry a bag of potatoes as men are.

Having in the last and this chapter treated of the stage and tragedy, I may as well give here as anywhere a little bit of romantic comedy in which an actor was concerned.

When I was about seven or eight years old I had one evening been not long in bed and was still awake, when, after a rap at the door, a visitor came into the same room. It was a man, an acquaintance of my step-father, and he was very agitated, crying bitterly, in fact; and very naturally I kept my ears open and lay quiet, feigning sleep. This man had been “keeping company” as the phrase goes, with a widow who lived next door to us, and who was highly educated and very proud indeed of her own family and connection; but “fine feathers do not make fine birds,” nor fine relatives a truly fine lady.

This visitor told my stepfather and my mother that he had that very evening and but a few minutes before called unexpectedly at the widow’s house. Instead of welcoming him as usual she seemed very constrained and excited, and unwilling to ask him in, which at last she perfunctorily did. He went in, but she was so nervous and fidgety and altogether strange in her manner that he felt uneasy, thinking something serious must be wrong. His questions only made her agitation worse, and at last his suspicions were aroused, though exactly how I cannot say. Perhaps he was naturally of jealous disposition, or he may have noticed some tell-tale article. But suspicious he was, and either as the result of a dispute on the subject, or when the lady was out of the room for a minute or two, he made a search. Now the fireplaces in most houses were large and in winter-time when not in use were closed up with shutters to prevent a cold draught from the chimney, a

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stove in the room being used for cooking purposes and warming the room at the same time. Of course this closed fireplace was one of the first places he looked into, and there behind the shutter sure enough he discovered a man stowed away, a man in most fashionable clothing but in a nice state with soot. Of course, too, there was a terrible scene, a violent struggle between the men, and very nearly murder, with the widow in hysterics. It transpired that



the hidden lover was an actor belonging to a company then in our town. My stepfather's friend came straight to our place after this trying experience to unburden some of his grief, which was terrible to witness, the man sobbing and moaning uncontrollably; while I, forgotten altogether by this time, was looking on in wonder to see a man in such condition, as at that age I could not, of course, know what it is for a man to have his heart broken by the

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faithlessness of the woman he loves; later in life this bitter experience befell myself.

The double-dealing widow lost both her lovers through this affair, and, perhaps because of the unpleasant notoriety she obtained, never had another chance of marriage after.

CHAPTER IX.

AN APPARITION—MORE BOYISH PRANKS—TROUBLES— MOTHERLESS.

When I was between ten and eleven years of age I suffered the greatest loss any child can experience—the loss of my mother; from that time my really serious troubles began. Though years of hard toil, privation, and anxieties no doubt played their part in undermining her health, I feel sure that her death was in great measure more directly attributable to intense mental anguish and strain entailed upon her by the conduct of my stepfather. He was by no means a bad sort of man in the main. As I have before said he treated me well and I believe he desired to treat mother kindly and dutifully also. His fault was that he was what is known as morally weak, altogether lacking in will-power over himself. He had constant employment as a carpenter and joiner with a gin manufacturer. Unfortunately all the hands were permitted to drink as much gin as they liked, the result being that my stepfather, having such little self-restraint, too often came home badly intoxicated. As one special instance, I remember that one wild wintry evening my poor mother waited tea for him till about ten o'clock, when he was brought home in a frightful state, I being in bed but awake. It was a fearful night, the rain pouring down in ceaseless torrents, ever seeming harder and harder and the ground one sheet of slush. Mother had everything ready and the room bright and warm, and now and then would go to the door to see if father was in sight or sound. At last a heavy knock came at the door and I heard a strange deep voice speaking with mother and my stepfather's thick drunken tones; then heavy stumbling feet on the stairs, and as I looked out from under the blankets when they entered the room I saw a huge Danish soldier in a dark overcoat and with a shako on his head half carrying and half dragging my stepfather in. They were covered in mud, my stepfather being positively saturated

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with it and with rain. He had fallen in the deep slush about two miles from home and was unable to rise again; but this soldier coming along my stepfather spoke to him in the Danish language and the good-natured Dane took pity on my father and not only helped him to his feet, but took the trouble to bring him all that wet muddy two miles home. It must have been a terrible job, what with the distance, the rain, and my stepfather's all but helpless condition! The mud on the soldier was, of course, from supporting my father. I must admit that was the worst state I ever saw the latter in; but nevertheless he was so frequently more or less the worse for drink that I know my poor mother was caused intense grief and worry, and at last broke down completely. Her nervous system was shattered and serious complications had arisen, her heart especially being greatly weakened. There being nobody to look after her properly, she had to be taken to the hospital, where, after lingering a fortnight, she died. Long years ago as it is, I cannot forget—nor would if I could. Since then I have been a man of the world, with many of such men's failings, and you must judge me by facts I give herein; but I say once more that for the sake of my own dear mother, all mothers are sacred to me, and any youthful readers I would remind of the well-known lines:

“Be kind to thy mother,
For when thou wast young
Who loved thee as fondly as she?
She caught the first accents that fell
from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.

Be kind to thy mother for thee will she
pray
As long as God lendeth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her
lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.”

A very strange incident happened in connection with my mother's death. As the doctor informed my stepfather afterwards, day and night she was calling for me,

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showing that her whole thought must have been centered upon her boy, and my name was the last word that passed her lips. That very evening of her death I was lying wide awake in bed, I am certain I was never more awake, when I saw my mother's spirit hovering over me. I am neither an ordinarily superstitious nor a credulous man; I am entirely free of all influences of that kind and pride myself on being "practical" and doing my best to take a common-sense view of things in general; but as regards the experience just narrated it is not a question of superstition or credulity at all, it is not a mere belief or hallucination; it is that I *know* as a *fact* that my mother appeared to me just about the time of her death some distance away, and this appearance was so clear and made such a strong impression upon me that the memory of it is still most vivid, and I can never forget it as long as I live. Many will, I daresay, doubt my veracity or think I was in some way self-deceived; as to the last, I can only say I am absolutely certain I was not asleep and that it would be most strange that my imagination should choose that particular time to play me such a prank; as to the question of my veracity, I can do no more than make my statement most solemnly.

For about a year afterwards my stepfather and I lived by ourselves, and as he could not afford to engage a house-keeper, we had to manage as best we could alone. My duty was principally to tidy up the house before going to school at eight o'clock in the morning. One day I neglected to do so, depending upon being able to make amends when I came home again at eleven o'clock (a.m.). But things have an uncomfortable habit of disappointing our expectations. So it was in this case, for on this particular day my stepfather happened to arrive home before me, which was very unusual, his regular time being a little after twelve o'clock. He was very angry at my neglect and gave me a terribly severe thrashing, so that I could not sit still for a few days; that was about the only "proper doing" (using for convenience a slang phrase) I ever received from him. In general he was too easy-going, and during the time I lived alone with him I had a great deal of freedom, more than was good for me,

(for at that age boys need careful control) and consequently found plenty of mischief to fall into. For instance, I had a great fancy for shooting, but "chill penuvry" sadly hampered me. Having no better weapons, I obtained an old key, a very large one, and filed a little touch-hole just where the bore of the key ended. I fastened this improvised little barrel to a piece of wood, and) as the contrivance was primarily intended for mischievous purposes and precipitate retreat, there was also a piece of string attached. When loaded I fired the thing off with a match. Sometimes I had great trouble to procure powder, as the sale of that article to children was strictly prohibited. But a good neighbor for whom I used to run messages often gave me a small sum of money and a written order on a ticket by means of which I could be supplied with powder.

What a joy it was in the dusk of evening to find somebody's door ajar, gently push it sufficiently open, and placing my little one-gun battery just inside, fire it off, hearing very likely startled screams and a commotion within. Of course by the time the wrathful people had got to the doors I was invisible in the friendly darkness. Such a feat made one feel as self-satisfied as giving a contribution to some missionary box.

On one occasion I was just in the act of firing when our policeman came round the corner, but luckily for me the charge missed fire, and the guardian of the peace having his head somewhere in the clouds at the time, I was passed unseen, and the law went on to its supper and bed in its residence about thirty yards away. When he was safely inside I tried again, and "this time it did not fail"; there was such a detonation as brought out the whole neighborhood, as it seemed, but "Fortune favours the brave"—I was not there—"The devil takes care of his own." The string on my apparatus enabled me to snatch it up without delay, always keeping the string in hand, and as soon as the shot was fired I was off like a shot myself, and never taking risk in daylight I was seldom caught.

My stepfather being now "to let" or "for sale" matrimonially, it goes without saying that notwithstanding his rather serious moral dilapidation as regards indulgence in

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drink, he was very speedily of much interest to some of the unsettled portion of the feminine world; and he was soon doing his best to meet trouble half way, by going out every evening for or with a young woman who, as you will see, befooled him neatly. So it came about that I was left almost entirely to myself; little wonder, then, that I tried to get all the fun I could and began to run wild.

I had no toys worth speaking of to keep me inside or otherwise harmlessly amused, though I sometimes used to make simple ones for myself, generally out of cardboard. For instance, soldiers, being always popular with boys, I often used to buy small colored pictures of them, paste them on a card, cut them out neatly, and fix them up to stand alone.

One of my feats was to nearly burn our house down. I was fond of scientific experiments—crude and useless perhaps, but still interesting to me. One was to drop molten lead into water to observe the wonderful conformations the lead assumes when treated. This risky experiment I used to make in the fireplace, and being well aware that if my stepfather knew of it we should both be greatly pained, I took good care to afterwards hide the ashes (rather than get the “hiding” myself). One day after some beautiful results with the lead, I put the ashes red hot into a wooden bucket, about an hour before my stepfather’s return. When he came there was the kitchen in a blaze, but fortunately he was able to extinguish it with a few buckets of water, and then, when I came home later, he turned his attention to me in another fashion, and science was grievously checked.

CHAPTER X.

A GREAT FIRE—AN OLD-TIME FIRE-BRIGADE

I will tell here of a big fire which occurred in Ottensen at about this time—while being alone with my stepfather—if only to show how our fire-brigade managed, or mis-managed, such affairs in those days.

You remember that, as described in the first chapter, there were old farm-houses with straw-thatched roofs in our village? One night a fire broke out in one of these not far from where we were living. The walls were built of brick and there were iron bars fixed across inside the windows. What these bars were for I don't know, but they helped greatly to bring about the fearful calamity which happened through that fire, by closing what might have been ways of escape for the people in the house.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the village was startled out of its slumbers by the old watchman's ceaseless rattle and loud cry of "Fire! fire!" My stepfather and I were quickly at the place and just in time to see a man jump out through the flames from a big double-door; he was very badly burnt but eventually recovered. A married couple with five children had also resided in this house. This man and wife at first succeeded in getting out safely, but somehow the children were left behind. It was said that in their first panic-stricken terror the parents had momentarily forgotten their children's peril; but it seems to me likely either that the husband had first carried out his wife, or that the children may have been in another room and the parents may have thought them comparatively safe for a time and more easily rescued from outside. However this may be, they both bravely rushed back. The father got hold of two, one under each of his arms, but just as he was near the door, and all but out, the burning straw roof slipped down on top of him, and though he was dragged out alive, was so terribly burned that he died about two days afterwards. The two children he

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had tried to save were dead when taken out, and the wife and the other three children were all burnt to cinders.

All this time we were wondering what had become of our Fire Brigade, for they had not turned up. In fact, though too late to be of much service, the Hamburg Brigade arrived before our local one. At last, however, ours came on the scene. It transpired that they had not been able to find the key of the Spritzen House (i. e. the station house)—had been hunting high and low for it! In the end they had to break the big iron hinges out of the brick wall before they could get the fire apparatus! The firemen were all local tradespeople of various callings, and when a fire broke out they put on their white coats and black leather helmets with brass mountings and trotted off, some for the apparatus and some straight to the fire. The first man who brought a horse to the Fire Station used to be paid about 10s—in English value.

On the occasion mentioned above no one knew who had the key, and precious time had been lost in running about making inquiries. Next day it was found in the blacksmith's shop, where one of the firemen had left it after the last fire about six weeks previously, and had forgotten all about it. A rather free-and-easy brigade, eh? It is pretty plain they did not trouble much about practice, as brigades do now-a-days.

The Ottensen Brigade was provided with one of the old-fashioned portable pumps, and when the brigades did arrive there was plenty for us bystanders to do, even boys, as water had to be carried in leathern buckets, (which formed an important part of the equipment) from a well about 150 yards away and poured into the portable tank or through to feed the pumps, the last being worked by a number of men at a rocking parallel lever. Those carrying the buckets were running to and fro in two separate lines, just like an ant track, one row with full buckets towards the fire-pump, the other row with empty ones back to the well.

But all efforts were of very little use; next day three homesteads lay in ruins and seven lives had been lost.

I must say here that the Hamburg Brigade was an ex-

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cellent one, with the very best appliances then in use; it may be compared to the London Brigades of those days.

In the house where the fire originated, there had lived, besides those who had lost their lives, an old tailor and his wife. A day or two later this woman told some of us who were there at the time where her chest of drawers with all her silver plate upon it had stood. We set to work and removed the whole of the debris, but not a single article of the kind could we discover. Eventually the detectives found out that she had herself set fire to the place for the sake of the insurance upon it. I suppose she little thought that her criminal act would be the cause of seven people losing their lives. She was placed upon trial, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor.

CHAPTER XI.

MATRIMONIAL,—MY STEPFATHER VICTIMIZED

“Be kind to the ‘first—,’
The ‘second’ is worst;
You’ll wish you were single again!”

If I mistake not, may *fair* readers will by this time be getting impatient for something relating to love, courtship, and marriage. My own experiences in these matters are scarcely due yet—when I was only eleven years old. You will find a fair assortment of such things presently.

But I can at least treat you to a little gossip here about my stepfather’s second marriage venture and sundry incidental entanglements therewith which that mischievous little deity Don Cupid, achieved.

I have already hinted a few pages back that my stepfather fell an easy prey to trouble of this nature. The fact is, there were then, as there are now and always will be, the so-called “match-makers.” These amiable meddlers are always and everywhere lying in wait for the unsuspecting, guileless, eligible bachelor and the widower to betray him to some female brigand with her “hair up” and other signs of being on serious business intent. They, the matchmakers, are not unlike the “confidence hawks” of a city prowling for some strayed country bumpkin. Both she and he (the matchmaker and the “hawk”) are such nice jovial personages; they so skillfully bring their quarry and their accomplice into acquaintanceship; and—does not the bumpkin in both cases experience much the same fate,—taken in, “taken down,” and entirely “cleaned out” so far as property is concerned?

Well, my poor mother was hardly in her grave, when one of these matchmaking hawks, these sweet-faced vampires of Hymen—she was the wife of one of my stepfather’s fellow workmen—must come swooping down on the poor lonely man, cooing, like one of Venus’s own white doves, words of soft sympathy and love-music for the future; treated him to sly galvanic shocks from her own

bright eyes, badgered him right and left with her tongue, tantalized him with word portraits of a young goddess of womanly perfections whom she knew and who she insisted would be "just the wife" for him; that at last she of course had her way and the victim was handed over to his future despot by formal introduction, and was in less than no time over head and ears in love, poor fool. I suppose the usual preliminaries to an engagement must have been taken with a rush, for it was not long before I was formally presented to my future stepmother and she to me. I must admit she seemed an exceedingly nice young lady, well-shaped, elegantly dressed, soft-featured with sweet voice and manner—altogether a most lady-like harmless-looking piece of young womanhood of about twenty-five years of age—very different from my poor mother, who was a little older than her second husband. He may be excused for falling in love with such a charmer; but like many another unfortunate he "fell in" badly in other senses, and had to pay pretty dearly for his folly as you will find.

Amongst her fascinations was the nice little sum of £150, a sum looking bigger in Germany and in those days than with us. This neat little capital was supposed to be savings from her wages as parlormaid in high-class hotels; but in the light of subsequent revelations and of any own and your acquaintance with the ways of the world, I think some skepticism as to these supposed "savings" not impardonable. Moreover, there were other mixed facts and suppositions connected with this beautiful creature which we must delicately present and disentangle. She lived in service and besides "saving" such a nice sum, was in her supposed kindness and goodness of heart supporting two healthy boys who were *alleged* to be her dead sister's children. Don't jump at hasty conclusions either way; we shall get to the facts in due course.

Well, this lady graciously condescended to stoop from her former lofty estate in houses of the great—to act as housekeeper for my stepfather in his humble abode. Pray don't suspect me of base insinuations—nothing of the kind meant here; her motives and conduct may both have been

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in this particular quite angelic. But whatever they were, one of those sudden friendships to which ladies are prone sprang up between her and a couple who lived on the first floor of our house. The talkative-half of the said couple very soon in her warmth of friendship for her new friend exposed my stepfather's frailties and demerits and besought her not to throw away her valuable self upon such



My Stepfather and Stepmother

a common-place good-for-nothing, and finally introduced her, with match-making intent, to a highly eligible bachelor friend of our would-be match-maker of the first floor. This new "eligible" was, as compared to my stepfather, quite an aristocrat of the plane and the chisel; for whereas my stepfather only made rough gin boxes and the like,

the other, his new rival, was a piano-maker, and therefore in a much higher social position, and earning twice as much wages. What lady could ignore such considerations? Would you not yourself, dear lady reader, discard a poor lieutenant for a colonel, a curate for a bishop, a baronet for an earl or a duke?

Well, whatever *you* would do, my stepfather's fiancée yielded to her friend's persuasions so far as to transfer her lodgings from our apartments to those of the married couple and to modestly encourage her new suitor by the usual devices. But this piano-maker seems to have picked up some worldly wisdom, perhaps as a fashionable man-about-town; for, as soon as he heard about "sister's children" he made searching inquiries and discovered that they were much more nearly related to his would-be bride—that, in fact, she had had three unsanctioned children, the two under her care and one dead. At his next interview with her he expressed his opinion and broke off the courtship in words which were not in the remotest degree polite, delicate, nor considerate. In a furious passion she cast at his feet a diamond ring he had given her; and so that little by-play of Cupid's ended.

But if not a duly qualified widow, the practical experience she had gained as an amateur wife made her quite as expert in securing some sort of a husband as if she had held the usual professional diploma in that line of business. How she managed it I can't pretend to say, but in a very little while she had her jilted lover, my stepfather, fairly hooked again, fool that he was (and afterwards knew), and she managed so adroitly that one Sunday very soon afterwards she was back as Lady President (or something of the sort) in our apartments.

But she lost no time in getting that merely verbal contract replaced by one under legal seal. Not having been in her confidence I cannot give you the whole of the negotiations, but I can supply you with material facts both plain enough and sufficient enough for you to form a pretty fair idea as to her *modus operandi*.

My stepfather and I had been accustomed to sleep together in a double bed in the attic, a room on the highest

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floor just under the roof. At nine o'clock in the evening of the Sunday when Miss Housekeeper returned to us, my stepfather said to me, "You had better go to bed, I will soon come too." Very possibly he fully meant to do so, and it was simply a case of "man proposes, but woman *disposes*"—in furtherance of her matrimonial designs (that contract under legal seal which I referred to).

So I felt my way down a long, dark passage, up a long dark staircase, and into the cheerless dark attic—not being allowed a candle for fear of fire—found my way between the featherbeds, such as are generally used in Germany, and was soon fast asleep. In the cold middle of the night I awoke, a very rare occurrence, and felt for my stepfather; he was not there. Where he was may be easily imagined.

It is all past now; but if there is any child of eleven years of age who is at all dear to you, just picture him or her in a small, cold, dark room, out of sight and hearing and out of mind of everybody—feeling a sense of utter desertion, weeping hopelessly, sobbing at last into the sleep of exhaustion—from which he is to awake to his future solitary life's journey, toils, and troubles.

I do not seek that you should compassionate me; it is unfortunate childhood in general that I would touch your noblest emotions for, and for that adult humanity which is but the same childhood grown up and still heart-sore with that same cold loneliness, nothing but a callous world—engrossed with their own pleasures; it is for generous warm-heartedness to our fellowmen and women that I plead—that Divine sunshine which is the life of all things.

My stepfather never again slept in my bed; but on the following Sunday there was a wedding ceremony at our house, between my stepfather and our former housekeeper; there was a wedding feast and the usual jollifications. Piecing together the salient facts given, I think my Step-Mother may be credited with skilful diplomacy in conducting negotiations, especially on the Sunday preceding the official celebration—a judicious combination of sweetheart and level-headed business ability.

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Night after night I had to pass in that lonely bed, until I became used to it. Sometimes, however, I had diversions—in their way quite exciting. The attic was one of several over a terrace of homes, the dividing walls reached no higher than the leaves of the roof. The attics themselves were only partitioned with canvas, in places worn into gaping holes. Now, cats in Germany are not a whit more moral or wellbred in their habits and conduct than cats elsewhere; their nightly political debates (or whatever their noisy meetings may be) seem to involve precisely the same points of argument, and even the same violent language; and they show the same partiality for scampering on roofs.

Well, imagine these Socialistic delegates from every house within their electorate convening a meeting at 1:10 a. m. in my little attic, and arriving with a rush by all sorts of routes, mostly the holes in the canvass walls; imagine a hurricane of hideous howls and spittings breaking suddenly upon some sweet dream of peaceful mischief and producing on me the horrifying impression that ghostly policemen had made a sudden descent with red hot canes upon a batch of stark-naked boys, myself, of course, being one; imagine the startled awakening in cold darkness with those fiendish yells a reality, and fierce greenish eyes staring at me from all around; imagine a stack of firewood piled near my bed and an angry little boy wildly bombarding with some of the chunks those hateful domestic demons, and the clatter of wood and other articles, and the swift scurry of scared cats; and imagine some such programme "Oft in the stilly night." So much for my hours of darkness.

Nor, after my stepfather's second marriage, were my days much if any more tolerable; my life became a perfect misery. Children blessed with fond parents can form no idea of my experiences at this time; even children in a charity school, however severe the discipline, are treated incomparably better than I was.

You would never think the sleek mild cat, basking and purring in the sunshine, could ever be the fierce noisy creature she sometimes is. Neither do we dream that the gentle maiden with cheeks like soft rose petals, lips like ripe

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raspberries, eyes like bits of summer sky, a figure of sweet softness, and hair a love-veil, could ever become a fierce termagant, a flat-iron and saucepan-throwing Amazon, an incarnate cruelty of some sort or other; yet does it not often so come to pass?

That gentle, pleasant, altogether delightful young woman my stepfather had courted was within a very few weeks everything that was opposite in nature, which fact must however, unfold gradually.

Her ante-connuvial little family very soon arrived in instalments, first a little fellow of about five, and not long afterwards one a year or two younger. Both these parcels were carefully and showily wrapped up, but the second was speedily reconsigned.

I don't know exactly when my stepfather discovered the real facts about these children—that they were to be not merely nephews-in-law, but actual new stepsons. I believe that for a considerable time he was in blissful ignorance—and probably the news was not gently, but rather roughly, broken to him as a consequence of his rival, the pianomaker's investigations.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE WITH A STEPMOTHER.

Now for me began some years of real starvation and hardship. My stepfather earned only about 18s a week, and this certainly could not be expected (even remembering its old country value) to permit of other than economical housekeeping; but I think my stepmother carried economy beyond justifiable bounds.

She often used to say, with all the dogmatic sententiousness of a female Solomon, and all the unconscious self-contradiction of womankind—and of a typical Irishman—, “There is never a gourmandizer *born*, but he is *made* one” (meaning by the last clause, of course, that over-indulgent treatment *after* being born makes the gourmandizer) and she treated us unflatteringly on the principle she intended to convey; for you, reader, will note that her aphorism requires some little unravelling, being open to more than one interpretation.

Meat, vegetables, puddings, everything eatable, even bread itself, seemed to be provided more to look at and smell—and even these only from a distance—rather than to gratify the hungry mouth and stomach. At six o'clock in the morning her restless energy would scare us out of bed. A little later I and her own boy would each be handed two slices of brown bread with butter or drippings and a cup of coffee. Now I put it to you, was it quite fair play to restrict me with my eleven years' capacity to the same allowance as little Ernest of only five years ditto? *She* never made the slightest—allowance for the difference in size and indicated horse-power (using an engineering term). Nor was what I have so far stated the worst of it, for we received strict injunctions not to eat all those two slices for breakfast, but to take half of it with us to school! Why, I could have eaten three times those two slices first thing in the morning, so you may be sure I never had any left to take to school, and had to simply starve till mid-day. Sometimes the growing emptiness was so acute that I often

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could hardly resist the temptation to steal other children's lunches. We had to sweep and clean out the house every morning before going to school at eight o'clock, so that even so early as that I was often as hungry as a wolf; no wonder, then, that the sight of other boys with tempting sandwiches or cake in reserve almost overcame me. But I am thankful to be able to honestly say that not once did I yield to the temptation.

After three hours of school work we at eleven o'clock returned home—but not yet did dinner or relief come. An hour and a half we had to wait for my stepfather, and then at last we were allowed to fill up properly on pea soup with dumplings or anything else substantial (thanks to our good hearted stepfather) so that the afternoon was much more sufferable than the morning; but I sadly missed my own kind mother, and even the free-and-easy liberty of my stepfather's widowerhood. As further showing what sort of a woman my stepmother was, I may add these facts.

My maternal grandfather was a musician, and had left his violin (a fine instrument, I understood) in charge of my mother for me when old enough for it. This my unprincipled stepmother sold, and kept the money. She also did the same with some so-called gold buttons which had belonged to my father, who at one time had been in service with a family of high position. Quite apart from the intrinsic value of these things I set great store by them for my dear mother's sake and keenly felt deprived of them.

My new mother gave me very little time for games or mischief; she kept me pretty well always at work of some sort. For instance, Wednesday was washing day, Saturday was scrubbing day, and on both I had to stay home from school and help in many ways. Then, in due course and with business-like punctuality, two seemingly important little strangers simultaneously arrived in our house—twins—a kind of counter-balance, I suppose, to their two half brothers from pre-matrimonial days. Step-father faced the situation as becomes a man, heroically, and with the usual clumsy grace simulating conventional conjugal joy and gratitude—though I expect he very ruefully thought of his scanty income and prospects of self-denial for the

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future. As for me, I have a hazy impression that I reflectively and rather viciously kicked a few inoffensive things—they suffered vicariously.

Soon thereafter, as I had anticipated from knowledge of other families, I seemed seldom without one or the other of them in my arms, an awkward bundle of heavy limpness and wrappings—for I was installed nurse-in-chief. And a champion pair of criers they were. Even at night I had to take my watch on deck, as it were, tending their bottle rations, rocking the cradle, picking up and soothing the little wretches, and so on till two or three o'clock in the morning. Many times I fell asleep on the sofa, only to be soon awakened by a well aimed fusillade of slippers from my step-parents, who had been roused by the loud screaming of those horrible twins. But in about six or seven months one of them sickened, and, from my point of view, fortunately went elsewhere. I will give him the credit of perhaps having some vague idea that this troublesome world did not quite suit him; it is best, you know, to be charitable in such cases. Whatever by stepmother felt, I feel sure my stepfather must have in some degree shared my relief.

Certain neighbors, with whom I suppose my stepmother was not on the best of terms, whispered unkind things about, and looked blackly askance at her over their shoulders; someone had set a rumor going that she had poisoned the child. This may have been nothing but spiteful slander, for the child was buried under due medical certificate; but the fact of the rumor gaining some currency indicates an uncomplimentary opinion of my stepmother's character.

Several of these neighbors had taken compassion on me, knowing I was not given sufficient food, and frequently as I passed their doors a nice sandwich or something else which had been put by specially for me would be placed in my hand. My word, did I not enjoy any such treat!

After a time my stepmother took lodgers in the house, so supplementing her husband's wages, and from that time our affairs improved and on the whole went fairly well.

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Quite possibly somebody or other gave her a piece of his or her mind on the subject of stinginess.

Speaking of lodgers, I may as well conclude this chapter with my private opinion on that subject, an opinion formed from many years' close knowledge of the world.

I by no means wish to condemn all lodgers nor to cast a slur upon those who board them; I have known some at least of both classes whom I believe to have been unimpeachable; but more than once or twice in my own personal history I have experienced very grievous results from the presence of lodgers in a family, and have observed many cases of trouble in other families from this same cause. Instances will be found in this book of happy homes ruined. So my advice to all is, don't take lodgers if you can possibly avoid doing so—unless you have no damageable property about.

CHAPTER XIII

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

In the lives of most of us there has occurred some event or opportunity that stands out prominently as the seeming turning point of our life. Had we used that opportunity in some other way than as we did our whole subsequent history would to all appearances have been totally different. In most such cases our way would have been broader, smoother, far more pleasant in every way (so far as we can judge) and would have brought us to a position of ease and all we could desire.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Neglected, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

—*Shakespeare.*

So, to a great extent, it seems to have been with me. Just after that, for me, disastrous second marriage of my stepfather my opportunity offered, and strange to say, that opportunity was unconsciously provided by my stepmother herself; and just as unconsciously I myself threw my chance away; but then a boy of eleven years is not to be expected to have sense enough to know what is best for him.

I daresay my step-parents both often found that “two’s company, three’s none” both at home and abroad—I was an encumbrance in various ways. Moreover, my stepmother no doubt wished to entirely clear the way for her own children, and with this real object artfully used feminine wiles to induce him to wish me away for his own convenience. Now for a digression:

I had a grand-aunt who was very wealthy and had no children. She had been twice married, the second time, at sixty-three years of age, to one of her own workmen—who was only twenty-eight years of age. It was plainly not a love match on his part—(and I may state here that

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she was one of the plainest women I ever saw)—on his side it was evidently a *love-money* affair. But I saw a good deal of them and I must say he made a good husband and that they lived happily together. For one thing he was a good business man and between them they accumulated great wealth. Naturally they had no children, and she had made a will leaving him everything should he survive her. Doubtless both expected this would be so; but Providence often upsets the calculations of mankind. In this instance, my grand-aunt actually outlived her young husband by three years, herself attaining to the age of ninety-three.

With this couple I had often spent my school holidays, and both seemed to regard me with no little affection, although even there I could not shake off my mischievous tendencies and much disturbed the even tenor of their placid lives by climbing into, plundering, and tumbling out of their apple and cherry trees, taking impertinent liberties with the sedate cat, damaging my uncle's pipes, and miscellaneous other pranks. But they readily overlooked all this and I was always lovingly welcomed, kind souls.

Here, my stepmother suggested to my father, was an excellent chance to dispose of my inconvenient self to the great advantage in every respect to all concerned. So one day my stepfather sent me off bearing a letter asking aunt and uncle to adopt me. After a walk of about six miles I reached my destination, presented my letter, and uncle read it aloud. Then they asked me whether I would like to stay with them. Now, if I had only said that very little word "Yes," I should have afterwards become the proprietor of a big tannery; but I was still fond of my stepfather and had not found out then what my stepmother was really like; perhaps, also, there was a natural clinging to my old home itself. At all events, in my childish lack of worldly wisdom, I replied that I would rather stay with my father. Very likely they thought the matter could easily stand over for a time. I remained till evening and on leaving them uncle gave me a shilling and aunt gave me my bus fare home; with such unaccustomed riches in hand

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I treated myself on the road to saveloys and cream tarts, and the unspent change was confiscated by my resentful stepmother. This was the inglorious end of my best opportunity in life. Oh, fool that I was, that I chose the wrong path—the road home, with its saveloys and cream tarts! I am sure my aunt would have taken me had I only desired.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOCIALISTIC, DOMESTIC, AND OTHERWISE.

Yes, I took the common bus homeward to many years of hardships, years of much misery, of struggling toil, of cheap and fleeting joys of which saveloys and the cream tarts I enjoyed on the first stage of this life journey were most prophetically figurative; every step of that return home brought me nearer to follies and heavy griefs—to my piebald future, a future of mingled wretchedness and successes. But all the same I at the time thoroughly enjoyed the aforesaid wayside indulgences, as I have, I admit, many such like things since.

But yet a little more about my boyhood's home.

Those lodgers were a disturbing element in our domestic camp, one especially,—as he has been in many a larger camp since. Did not my stepmother's business obligations as house-mistress and hostess compel her to divide her careful and cheerful attentions between her husband and her "paying guests?" Did not social amenities require something in the way of bright, playful badinage? Did not conventional gallantry, to say nothing of self-interest, demand from the gentlemen a brisk competitive discharge of compliments (none the worse if well pointed and barbed with rather coarse suggestiveness)—compliments drawing in return fascinating smiles, tongue sallies, and not least extra helpings of good things? Did not the lady's varied professional experience in a fashionable hotel before marriage come to her aid and make her feel once more in something like her native element? And then, when at times womanly modesty *ought* to show offense at something too daring (but *not too much* offense) coquettish "tricks of the trade" were brought into play to satisfy the proprieties and provoke further transgressions; and if a mad romp resulted, what could a poor weak woman do but try (*not too hard*) to run away, and scream (*not too loud*), and when caught cover her face (*not too tightly*) to pro-

fect that vulnerable area; and when kissed (*not before, mind you, to slap (not too cruelly)*) and struggle, oh, so desperately, until helplessly pinioned in the strong arms of the horrid naughty man?

And if "hubby" was sometimes a little restive, was it not easy to overwhelm him with plausible pleas and wifely arts?

Then one of these lodgers was a marvellously attractive personality—young, gay, witty, and with the exhaustless fluency of a wound-up, full-powered gramophone. He was a Socialist who since that time has obtained world-wide fame and whose published works form one of the chief gospels of that assertive cult, if indeed those works may not be regarded as their whole New Testament, so great an authority with them have his books and name become. At the time I speak of he was working at his trade as an engineer, for about a pound a week, lodging with us, playing Whist, "Sixty-Six" and other card-games with my stepfather and his fellow lodgers—I looking on and deeply impressed with his wonderful eloquence as he "trumped" kings and queens and knaves of courts and society with mere humble "workers" from the socialistic trump suit, scoring points both with cardboard and with seemingly unanswerable logic.

"Spades are trumps," someone would declare after a deal. "So they ought to be," this fiery enthusiast would perhaps reply, and at once rattle off at express speed into a one-sided debate, emphasized by points in the game that happened to strike his lively fancy, viciously covering the high and mighty with ignominy at every opportunity—thumping, storming, scorching with sarcasm.

To this young future celebrity my stepmother showed special partiality. While my father and his friends were engrossed with their play and politics my stepmother would slip out on the plea of having "shopping" to do especially at the grocers. Nearly every evening there seemed to be something in that line needed. The article might be trifling, the grocery was not far, but it seldom took less than an hour and often at least two to procure it! If stepfather remarked on her long absence she always had an ex-

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cuse ready, one of the commonest being that there were so many people in the shop that she could not get served. But I soon learned outside that most of her "shopping" at this grocer's was carried on in the comfortable seclusion of his parlor; and before long she was the talk of the whole township. Why people should talk I don't know—unless jealousy was the underlying reason—women envying her, men envying *him*! Pardon me, I cannot help being a cynic.

As is usual in such cases, the party chiefly concerned, the husband, was the only person blind to the facts and deaf to reports. However, even he knew at last, for the upshot was that a few years later she left him entirely and lived with the grocer altogether. How *they* got on I don't know as I had left home by that time; but when I last saw my step-father (just before coming to Australia) he was quite broken down in health and spirit and living in a small room on a large estate belonging to the employer for whom he had worked all these years. "My word," he said to me, "I have been punished for my folly."

CHAPTER XV.

LAUNCHED AND RIGGED.

After I was fourteen years of age—though still (as always) fond of learning—so sick at heart was I of the place which should have possessed the attractions of home, and so eager to escape from the clutches of my stepmother, that I longed for the time to come to leave school and go out into the world to work at some trade.

So intense was this longing, that I marked down in my Bible a sort of table of all the Saturdays of the last year of my school time, and as each slowly passed I crossed it out from the list and thanked God there was one less. Of course the plan was unwise, and the year seemed never coming to an end; but, as everything does, so at last did that weary period, and the time arrived for my final examination and formal confirmation at Church.

I must explain that for about six weeks preceding confirmation we boys had to attend a sort of Bible-class at our minister's residence, where the holes and the flaws in our religious training were carefully puttied up, and we were top-planed and sand-papered and polished—some had to be merely painted and varnished, so to speak—ready for the social market. We were finally put through an examination, though I would not like to risk a statutory declaration that it was as searching and reliable as it was supposed to be. For instance, one of our batch, and he was big enough to carry the mental cargo of the whole class, was so full of emptiness that he could not even read—he knew absolutely nothing outside the alphabet so far as could be discovered. Yet he got through his examination! The fact is, the rest of the boys took as much friendly interest in him as if he were the last unsaved heathen and they a concentrated conclave of missionaries whose only remaining object was his eternal welfare; when the minister asked him a question they "salted" him as a worthless

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mine is salted by its would-be vendors, by whispering the answer or signalling it. We felt the same breathless self-sacrificing interest in him as if he were a man overboard in mid-ocean and we in honor bound to rescue him, and at last after the greatest trouble and risk, for a few very nearly got cast away themselves in their desperate efforts, we succeeded. Perhaps, though, the minister himself knew what was going on and "winked the other eye." Anyhow, we did get him through, and soon afterwards a rich manufacturer took a fancy to him and gave him a good situation; and in addition engaged a private tutor to coach him—but it was all in vain; he was either invulnerably armor-plated against all educational guns or else he had no stowage capacity. But he was a fine strapping young fellow, and at the age of eighteen had somehow or other attained the honors and dignity of the married state. At twenty he had to serve in the army, under the conscription law, and being then a splendidly developed man of over six feet in height he was drafted to serve in one of the four regiments of Imperial Guards at Berlin—a regiment nick-named the "Beetles." I remember so well how proud his mother was of her "Heinrich" being so honored, and how the poor woman used to seize every opportunity of talking of the matter. The poor soul no doubt looked eagerly forward to the time when her big Heinrich should be home on leave, parading haughtily in his splendid uniform and horsehair-plumed helmet the abashed streets of our little town, filling other mothers with envy, their daughters, eyes with "side-long looks of love," the young men with furious jealousy, children with admiring awe; and the old night-watchman, the two constables, and the fire-brigade with hopeless despair.

But, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Within four months he did land home again, one fine day; not, however, as his fond mother had pictured; he slouched along, a dejected, bashful giant inglorious in his old civilian clothes, with a discharge for "general stupidity." The poor fellow must have had a pretty sultry time, for drill instructors do not easily discharge a recruit once they get him.

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But we must get back to examination day. The minister was a rather short stout elderly man with a full moon face, grey whiskers in a crescent-shaped thicket passing under the chin, rather long grey hair curling upwards at the ends, and pale blue eyes—a little weak and watery—to aid which he usually wore a pair of spectacles (more often pushed upon his forehead than in practical use)—a kindly, pleasant, rather emotional man, his sturdy figure clad in a black cassock reaching to his feet, with a white ruffled collar standing out horizontally round his neck. His “get-up” was in the style of the Protestant “Reformers” of Luther’s day.

The examination over, or in plainer sea-going English, our hulls being now finished from keel to gunwale and passed by the official chief naval architect, the minister, that worthy official, as was his custom on such occasions, gave us a farewell address by way of fixed ballast prior to knocking the dog-shores away at the Confirmation Service which was to follow on the succeeding Sunday.

Being pretty well aware beforehand, from current legends, of the moving nature of the impending discourse and that some watery emotion on our part would be both etiquette and a graceful compliment to our worthy spiritual coach, we boys, in order to insure such dutiful courtesy, had thoughtfully provided ourselves with strong onions in our pockets so that we might at proper times unseal the frozen fountain of our tears. That is one of the minor disadvantages of being a boy—girls can get along without onions for such purposes.

Of course, the minister’s large room smelt like a produce store well stocked with “Spanish;” but that was not specially remarkable, for we German boys were so addicted to this vegetable, and probably the good pastor also, that this aroma must have been very pronounced at all times when the class was in session.

We were reminded that this was a most important occasion in our lives, we were leaving behind us our childhood with its various stages of short frocks and short pants and gingerbread and other trifling pleasures (here we sniffed at our onions) and were to go out into the world and be-

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come men—we must put on manly things. (We here let our minds stray to our chimney-pot hats and new clothes ready for Sunday, and to secret pipes and tobacco). We were reminded of the loving care of parents, teachers, and himself (he took off and wiped his spectacles, and we duly reciprocated in our own rough and ready fashion), the time had come for him to bid us farewell (more spasmodic weeping all round) and give us a few words of parting advice—and then he rambled on warning us of the many dangers of “the world, the flesh, and the devil” and exhorting us to avoid this and that, to attend church and to business, to obey our masters, be good citizens, and generally to serve God and the King with about equal reverence and fervor; winding up with an impressive prayer, and a ceremonial hand-shake all round.

Well, the great day came at last—the Sunday when we were to be “confirmed”—officially launched, as it were, on the waters of life.

Picture to yourself, reader, an undersized boy of fifteen, clad in second-hand Beaufort coat, trousers also second-hand (a good deal too long and roomy), and a “chimney-pot” hat of like status and comparative dimensions (a necessary adjunct to every boy candidate for confirmation—perhaps to impress on him the solemnitude and dignity of the event).

I assure you that as I majestically strutted to the church I felt myself a full-fledged gamecock, a man every inch (and a few extra) although I was the smallest of the candidates, about two hundred in all, and although I must confess that I felt much the same sensation of discomfort in my not very well fitting garments as did David when he tried on the armor of King Saul. Though I afterwards grew rapidly, I was at that time very small for my age, which fact I attribute to my semi-starvation. So painfully conscious was I of the space above where I *was not*, that I induced the bootmaker to give me a lift in that direction by putting extra high heels under my boots. In spite of this aid, and of bracing up those second-hand trousers as buttons, braces, and my own construction would stand, I could not keep them off the ground; every step

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I took my foot and leg seemed to be in a collapsible mine, and when the foot reached bottom the sides of the mine had sagged in surprise pleats and folds that must have



made me look knock-kneed and bow-legged in several places. Furtively, I would hold them up like a lady her skirts. My coat collar, one of the old high-peaked saddle style,

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kept colliding with the back rim of my hat and jerking it unexpectedly over my eyes, and it rested like a huge cone of buckram and past sins upon my back and shoulders, and the tail alternately got under my heels and flapped far and wide in the gusty wind, even sometimes playfully embracing or flicking my already much worried hat. That hat was of the "stove-pipe" genus, with a perfectly flat-brim, and being selected with a view to fitting me in the future as well as at the time, allowing, as it were, for a margin of growth; in spite of a little brown paper padding inside, it kept jerking down until it rested heavily on my ears, which it spread out horizontally, not unlike a sheep's.

I may add that to enhance my swelling dignity one of the pockets of my over-long waistcoat was bulged out with what form the protuberance caused might well have been guessed to be an apple—or an onion for devotional purposes; but it was nothing of the sort—it was a quaint old-fashioned watch of turnip shape and size attached to a jet Albert chain.

This conspicuous watch was, of course, in great, if needless, request throughout that confirmation service, and indeed the whole day.

Notwithstanding its valuable aid, or hindrance, I was late at church and had to forge my way through the mass of boys standing in the aisles to reach my due position at the front, for I was one of the head pupils, if a short one .

CHAPTER XVI.

MY FIRST CRUISE—APPRENTICESHIP.

Well, having shed my school bag and the privilege of sinning promiscuously at the risk of my god-father, and being now clad and armoured by the minister with personal responsibility, it became my duty, as it was my strong desire to choose an occupation.

Living so near Hamburg, I had, of course, seen a great deal about steam ships, trains, and machinery generally, and partly, perhaps, for such reasons had long thought I should like to be an engineer or something of that kind.

So I was bound as an apprentice to a locksmith for four years. I looked forward with joyful eagerness to being out of range of my stepmother (for apprenticeship entailed residence with the master) and to the prospect of comparative liberty. But my worthy, well-meaning but misguided teachers had overlooked some important necessities in provisioning me for life's voyage. I had to forage a good deal for myself, and the first useful bit of knowledge I unearthed was, "The devil you know is better than the devil you don't know," for in my haste to escape from the female devil of the domestic frying-pan I jumped into the fire of a sweater of the worst type.

As for some years past at home, I had to sleep in an attic. That I did not so much mind. It was, in fact, the only thing and time during day and night from which a cheerful imagination could extract any pleasure—and that was short-lived. For at six o'clock the daily executioner would knock violently under our floor with a long, heavy stick—the floor of our room being his ceiling—and if we were not at our beaches in the workshop in about three minutes we found a white squall of reproaches and profanity awaiting us. When it subsided into some little coherency (and printability) he would impress upon us that we were basely ungrateful for the mild and sunny pleasantness in which

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our lot was cast—that *he*, when an apprentice, had to get up with a bang at five o'clock and be at his work as if kicked there by a horse; if not, he would find his "boss" waiting at the foot of the staircase with a big rope's end in his hand and a very painful lesson with it on the importance of punctuality in business. Then *our* boss, overcome by a sense of his own weak-kneed laxity, would furtively wipe away a few salt tears and a self-condemnatory blush and make things hum.

We had to work at high pressure till eight o'clock, with nothing more substantial in our stomachs than the remembrance of the previous night's supper. Then the "Misses" would scurry in with a few slices of bread and a cup of wish-washy tea which we had to stow under hatches with the briskness of a man-of-war crew loading the coalbunkers; otherwise the cyclone was back sputtering unswallowed food and fury, asking if we thought we had half an hour for breakfast. At twelve o'clock dinner was rushed in and down in the same style; late in the afternoon coffee and rolls; and work went on till seven in the evening, when we knocked off for tea. Such was every day, including Saturday. Sunday morning I had to clean up the workshop, and after dinner I was allowed off the chain to go out where I would.

Boys now-a-days don't know what apprenticeship is. But it must be admitted the old system turned out first class tradesmen. I myself was able to make my stepmother a coal scuttle as a Christmas-box, after being at my trade for only six weeks. Of course, this was made after working hours.

Though the work was hard it was not *that* I minded so much; in fact, I liked the work itself. It was the treatment that was so galling. That brute was not fit to have charge of a dog, much less a human being. I can only spare room for one or two incidents, just to give you a little idea what sort of a man he was.

One day he sent me to get some clay in a big tin to be used for some work we had in hand. It was a bitterly cold day, the thermometer somewhere about 30 degrees

(Centigrade) under freezing point and the clay consequently as hard as a rock. I broke off with my hammer, and with no little difficulty, as much as I thought sufficient for the required purpose and returned with the big tin not quite full. As soon as I entered the workshop he struck me a blow on the ear that sent my cap flying to the other end of the shop, for no other reason than the tin being not quite full. Being only a small boy, what could I do against such a brute? And there was no one to take my part.

He had some house property of his own, and being incurably quarrelsome, he was always in conflict with the City Council; sometimes the dustman did not come early enough; at another time the streets were not swept clean enough for his liking, and so on. On one occasion—I don't know what his grievance was this time—he went up to the Town Hall with some tools in his hands, had hot words with the officials, then to give emphasis to his oratory seized his 5-lb. weight hammer and with it struck so heavy a blow on the desk that the ink pots flew out of their sockets, then he was pounced upon and after a rough-and-tumble he was pitched out neck and crop, a glass door on the staircase getting broken in the tussle, and three of his fingers also broken and badly cut by the glass.

When he returned to our workshop his hand was bleeding terribly, and he had to go for about seven weeks with that hand in plaster of Paris. It was a stroke of luck and a relief for us, especially as it was his right hand, so that it was not nearly so easy for him to hit us.

In those days a master had the legal power to inflict "fatherly" punishment. This practically meant as severe as the master liked. If a boy had a father, that father was in most cases a natural court of appeal and protection; but if an orphan like I, he was helpless.

I used to visit the widow I referred to in a former chapter as she had two children, a boy and a girl, with whom I was friendly. One day she remarked that she needed a new key for one of her doors and as she was poor I offered to get her one. We had any amount of old ones in our old-iron scrap-heap, so I picked out one and fixed it up. But our "Missis" must have searched my pockets and

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found it there, for I was suddenly confronted with it and for about a week afterwards that unlucky key was like Banquo's ghost—it met me everywhere and the air seemed to fairly thunder keys, although it was of no value whatever.

Another time I got into the hottest of hot water by going out with another apprentice at three o'clock in the morning, for a surreptitious holiday. Of course, this was decidedly wrong, but the occasion was innocent enough, merely a wild desire for a little freedom. Our absence was discovered and when we got back we had a particularly unpleasant time and had to forfeit two proper holidays for this adventure.

As you may guess, my life seemed a burden beyond endurance; many a time I thought of committing suicide, and twice made efforts to escape. The first was when I had been there only about eleven weeks. I felt already that I had quite enough of that pantomime, and one evening after an ear-boxing performance I resolved to clear out at once. So after tea I made a bundle of my few belongings, and as soon as everything was quiet and it was dark enough I stole down the staircase, out of the backdoor, scaled the back fence, and went home to my step-parents. Their reception of me was decidedly discouraging, but they gave me lodging for the night.

I may as well tell you how I managed to overcome that back fence, which was a pretty high one. I tried to find a box to climb on, for we generally had one or two knocking about, but there were none to be found neither was there anything else that would serve my purpose—by the way, it is nearly always so if you are in any difficulty and want a friend's help, or that of a policeman; you can find neither. I was for a few minutes in a fix; but I was always a very resourceful boy and in the habit of getting my own way somehow. My chimney-pot hat (nearly two feet high) was in that bundle, but out it came and I speedily filled it with sand and placed it bottom upwards against the fence with a small piece of sheet iron to cover the top. I also tied a longish piece of stout string to the hat, and making a stepping stool of it, I was soon on the other side

of the fence having taken the precaution when on top of the fence to haul up my useful chimney-pot, empty the sand from it and lower it on the right side. So after all, don't rashly conclude that you are friendless, but trust in Providence *and use your own hat*.

At six o'clock next morning my tormentor was at our door demanding my surrender. I obstinately refused to return, so he had me brought before a magistrate, and as there was not a soul to protect me, a policeman was ordered to escort me back to my master. My step-parents had no legal power in the matter, and the god-father or trustee recognized by law being very friendly with Mr. Boss was easily persuaded by the latter that I was well treated and was an unthankful and discontented lad.

My next attempt to get away from that wretch was at the time of the outbreak of war between Germany and France in 1870.

One morning one of my master's tenants came running into our work-shop with the morning paper in his hand and calling out excitedly, "My word, Herr "Boss," the French have declared war against us, I will bet you anything we shall have the French here in fourteen days!" He did not know how well our Government was prepared, but so far as his prophecy was concerned, he was right in the letter, though not in the spirit, for in about three weeks we had some French prisoners of war in our town, whereas of course the rash prophet had meant the French would occupy the town as victors. I can tell you my heart jumped with joy when I heard this first news of the war. I thought "Here is my chance of getting away," for I supposed that the Government would be only too glad to get as many recruits as possible for the army. So the first time my "Boss" sent me on a message I went to the Commandant to volunteer, but to my great consternation I was told I was not wanted as there were plenty of trained men available. As a matter of fact the reserves were not all called upon. Thousands of Germans came home from America eager to fight for the Fatherland, but while the Government thanked them for their patriotism they were not accepted and had to return to America, being, how-

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ever, promised that if needed at some future time they would be duly notified. So my fine scheme came to nothing. It was useless to run away, for the police would have only brought me back once more.

My only course was to wait until some act of my "Boss" would enable me to formulate a legal complaint against him.

CHAPTER. XVII.

A FEW WAR NOTES.

While we are waiting for a ground of action against that boy-sweater, Herr "Boss" and as the great war was meantime in full swing, I may as well give you, reader, a little variety in the shape of an anecdotal interlude.

The trains were, of course, rattling night and day over the rails conveying our troops to the Rhine, Strasburg, Metz, Sedan, and the other great centres of the Titanic struggle—and on the return journey bringing armies of the wounded and of French prisoners.

As Herr "Boss" was a property-owner he had every few days an officer and his orderly "billeted" upon him. One of these officers one night met a private soldier in the street and demanded to see the latter's leave ticket. The soldier had probably been indulging his patriotism a little freely and was so full of good beer and aerated dignity as to feel superior to distinctions of rank and sought to avenge the affront from the *other* gentleman in the usual gentlemanly way—with his sword! But the officer, who was a fine big-bodied and big-hearted man, instead of drawing his own cold-steel, simply reduced the elevated one's "swelled head" by giving it a big bump from his fist in front and incidentally another bump where it struck the ground in its sudden descent—a "striking" illustration of "like cures like." And there the officer left him.

Next morning that now *very* sober soldier same into our workshop where the orderly was cleaning the officer's uniform. He knew that he had been guilty of a military crime for which the penalty in time of war was to be shot, and the poor fellow naturally felt that the outlook was far from pleasant. He said he would not so much mind being shot by some Frenchman in battle—but to be shot "*just before he got to the war!*" he could not regard with any sense of

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satisfaction. So you see "Irish-bulls" can be made in Germany as well as other things. Our orderly advised him to go and beg forgiveness of the officer. This advice he followed, and when he came out again he told us that through the intercession of the officer's wife (who had accompanied her husband as far only as our place) he had been pardoned; but had to lose his shoulder-button, which was considered a great degradation.

The colonel of a regiment I knew well, a regiment drawn from a locality not far from Hamburg, was such a martinet and so disliked by his men, that when they received orders to go to the front and he was officially addressing them as is the custom, he told them that he was quite aware they hated him and would shoot him in battle at the first opportunity. "I have only one request to make," he said, "and that is that you will shoot straight." In the first battle that regiment took part in he was killed—with eleven bullets through his body! That regiment was thereafter given such positions of danger that it was almost entirely "wiped out;" such are some of the features of war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAW BEFRIENDS ME.

I could quote a score of musty, dusty old proverbs as to the rewards of patience, and you could, no doubt, cut them to pieces with any one of as many rusty old saws to the contrary—to say nothing of keen edged up-to-date satire. However, in my case patience was at last rewarded, for my chance of escape came along rather suddenly.

One Friday my taskmaster told me to make an ash-box for an oven. That evening it was finished and I left it on the bench at his place and on Saturday went on with other work, making locks. He came in that morning under a full head of steam as usual and steered straight for that job. After a rapid survey of the ash-box he naturally proceeded to try how it fitted the hole for it in the oven-plate, but he depended more on main strength and profanity than on skill, and it jammed, notwithstanding violent knocks and wrenches, being not quite free enough. By this time his engines were fairly racing, and to top all, while I was trying to take a little out of the plate-hole, I dropped the plate and it broke. Then he seized the ash-box and very nearly broke *me* with a blow in the side with it; the ash-box was knocked out of shape and he hurled it to the other side of the workshop, and coaled up afresh with forced draught, fairly roaring out oaths and curses at me and ordering me to "clear out, as I did not earn my salt," and so on. As soon as I heard the welcome order to go I took him at his word, got into my boots with the greatest agility, and fairly ran out of the shop. But he was just such another as the ten-plagued Pharaoh of Egypt—shouldn't be surprised if he was the same re-incarnated—I had no sooner begun *my* Exodus than he was after me, and I having no miraculous intervention, he caught and hauled me back in much the same style as a terrier treats a rat.

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But I was resolved to stand it no longer, though we mended the oven-plate in comparative calm, and I daresay he thought that little account was ruled off.

I had a different estimate. Next day being Sunday I quietly did my morning clearing-up, took my dinner as usual, and then went out as though for my weekly jollification. Instead, however, of going in search of pleasure I went straight to the house of the Superintendent of Police and rang the bell. The maid who opened the door looked rather astonished on my inquiring for her master. I suppose she thought I did not look much like a welcome acquaintance, but might be some poor relation, say of *un-recognized standing*.

However, whatever her description and his conjectures (uneasy or otherwise) may have been, he came down himself to reconnoitre, and after a cursory inspection invited me inside the hall. I at once began to pour out my tale, but it was a bitterly cold day and he was shivering in a dress-suit, so he kindly took me into the parlor where there was a nice fire and several gentlemen sitting round a table playing cards. He took his seat and listened attentively to my complaint, then told me to see him in the Court next day and that I need not return to my employer meantime. This gave me immense relief, and I slept peacefully that night at my stepfather's house.

But in the early morning my prosecutor was at the door exhaling wrath and threats, though without effect. Later in the day I called upon the Superintendent of Police as instructed, and he sent me with a note stating my case, to the Mayor, as mine was a civil case.

Now, knowing that my employer was always at logger-heads with Municipal Council, I felt sure of a fair hearing by the Mayor and that my case was as good as won, and a big stone seemed to roll off my heart and fall into a bottomless abyss.

Well, the case was duly heard and I had as witnesses in support of my complaint two boys who had also been apprentices in the same shop and whose parents would not allow them to remain and be treated as I was. The Court's decision was that my master had forfeited all claim upon

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me and he was ordered to hand over my clothes. Accordingly, I went, accompanied by a detective, to get my things; but on reaching home we discovered that my unprincipled ex-master had taken my little saving, about 35 cents, out of my small cashbox. But my escape made that loss seem as nothing. Those two years of my first apprenticeship were amongst the most miserable in my life. Better days were coming, however.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PLEASANT TIME—A FIRST-RATE MASTER.

A few days after my return home I met one of my late employer's customers, and after a few friendly enquiries he gave me the address of a tradesman in Hamburg, telling me to call there and that I would be taken on, as he had already recommended me and a promise had been given by that tradesman. The latter on seeing me thought I was rather small, but took me for four weeks on trial, after which I was duly accepted as an apprentice, remaining there two years.

At first he had some little trouble with me because coming from such a slave-driver as I did, I was always in too much of a hurry. "Don't hurry, but do your work well," was his constant advice, and good advice it was.

I began to feel that life was really worth living after all. We had plenty to eat, and kind treatment. During the first six months I was there I grew three inches in height. It had been many years since I had such good food and treatment as I received there, and if ever I should find myself once more in Hamburg and he should be still alive—which is naturally doubtful—he would be the first man I would call to see, and it would afford me great delight to express my gratitude to him.

We often had to work long hours, for we had a lot of machinery repairing to do, and in most cases this had to be done at night so as not to interfere with the factory hands. But how glad I was to work for him, simply because he treated me kindly.

Many times when things were slack in winter he would say, "Well, you had better go skating this afternoon."

The following incident will further show what a good disposition he had:

About six months after I went to him, an epidemic of small-pox was raging throughout Germany—one of the

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results of the war. The hospitals could not accommodate the patients, and big barracks had to be built for the overflow. Neither were there enough doctors and nurses, owing to so many being on the battlefields in France. Consequently over half of the small-pox patients died for want of attention.

For convenience I will call my new employer "Herr Richter."

So far his house had escaped this terrible scourge. But one day I felt very sick and in the evening told him that I had several pimples on my arm. He examined them and then consulted a friend of his who was there on a visit. He did not think it was that dread disease, so I went to bed. Next morning, however, there was no room for doubt, the symptoms were only too plain. A doctor who was called in ordered my instant removal from the house, especially because Herr Richter had six little children. The doctor said that most likely everybody in the house would take the disease.

But Herr Richter knew well that the removal alone might be fatal to me, so he said, "No, Doctor, the youth took sick here, and here he will remain; I will do my best to keep him isolated, and if we get the disease it cannot be helped." As this sort of thing looked like good trade for the doctor and was not in his present contract, he raised no more objections but just prescribed for me, and (contrary to his expectations) we saw no more of him. One of our workmen who had graduated in small-pox and was therefore armour-proof against it looked after me, and as my room was on the fourth story it was easy to keep me isolated, so that no one else in the house suffered. In three week's time I had recovered. I relate this incident only to do honor to the man who, though all but a stranger to me, had in the kindness of his heart risked so much.

The war was raging at its height at that time, and prisoners of war came in droves by almost every train. Those on "parole" were quartered with private people who wished to let rooms to French soldiers desiring such accommo-

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dation. Many people made a good bit of money in this way. Most of the French officers rented the best rooms they could get. Herr Richter let his parlor and his own bedroom to one of these French officers and his orderly, so they had a far better time of it than our poor fellows out in the snow or rain and biting winds at the seat of war.



MY FRIEND, A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR, 1870

These prisoners on their *parole* only had to attend twice a week at roll call. Still, their position was galling, and most of them were very bitter about it. Many times our officer-lodger would say, "We are beaten this time, but we will be back in 1873 not as prisoners but as conquerors," which, of course, we Germans had a notion we would pre-

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vent. I wonder if he is alive still and remembers his proud prophecy: thirty-five years have passed without any such visit. May the Rhine never be crossed again by the armies of either, for peace is far better than war.

This French officer's orderly spoke German as well as I did, as he came from Alsace, and we very soon became fast friends.

The French privates also had a very good time. Once a week they had a lager-beer spree in a clubroom of one of the hotels, and as I was a very good accordion-player my Alsatian friend used to take me with him. I, of course, played our national songs.

The Frenchmen seemed to know them, and even sang them too, being gay, good-hearted fellows.

At these sprees there was always plenty of lager-beer flowing. In fact, the way the big glasses were kept going was not unlike a fire-brigade at work with their buckets and tank.

On one occasion an Italian who had served with the French was one of the carousers. In heat of temper over something he called me "German dog's blood." I was not slow in hurling my glass of lager beer at his head, and of course there was at once hot uproar; but he was put out after a fierce scuffle, volubly cursing us and praying to saints and angels in the most elegant Italian.

They were exciting times. I think there was hardly any family in Germany which had not some member of it actively engaged in the war. One day a young lady came to our place, and at once burst out crying. She had a brother in one of the armies at the front, and had just received a telegram from France informing her that her brother had been killed in action. Only three in his company had been killed, but he happened to be one of the unlucky ones.

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

“There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na' for the lasses O?”

* * * * *

Gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warl'y cares an' warl'y men
May a' gang tapsalteeie, O.”—Burns.

I am now coming to my first experiences in love. I don't think I could have been properly vaccinated against this distressing scourge, for I had it very badly—several times and have never been able to shake it off entirely; to tell the truth I never tried, for after the first painful sensations you get quite used to it—as you do to your teeth, your new boots, your pipe, your wife's curl-papers and hairpads and curtain lectures, and similar at first uncomfortable things. In fact, though a German to the backbone, I don't think I would rather have even lager-beer. If I need any excuse I think I may fairly plead that my susceptibility to this queer malady was hereditary—as is the case universally.

But I must tell my tale in my own round-about-way—like an old man or woman with what they call “rheumatiz.”

First, I had such good times with my new “boss” that I grew rapidly and bumped things once well overhead considerably. I was in fact, very soon as big as my good master, not at all undersized, and very strong also. I could, and did, eat like a “ploughman”—probably Frau Richter and her young and pretty cook thought I ate like *two* ploughmen, as least as regards quantity.

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For instance, one cold winter morning I had been sent a message, there and back making a walk of about eight miles, and on my return was naturally "as hungry as a hunter." I found dinner just over, though the household had not risen from the table—and they waited with good humored curiosity for the spectacular entertainment I was likely to provide, for I was notorious as an eater. It was Saturday and the dinner just a plain substantial one,—stewed plums with dumplings as large as would fill a table spoon. Our charming cook, notwithstanding the state of perpetual guerilla warfare that existed between us for sundry reasons, (my eating capacity being one), had taken care to save me an ample supply. I sat down cheerfully and resolutely and had soon demolished the whole commissariat before me which included twenty-one of those dumplings! The young lady of the kitchen, who was always "chaffing" me about my eating so much, had "with malice prepense" taken the precaution to count them beforehand, and as soon as I had finished she poured upon me a torrent of raillery and sarcastic contumely, pointing her pretty forefinger accusingly at me as though denouncing some monster of iniquity to an assembled world. It was many months before I heard the last of it from her pretty lips but terrible tongue. But I must not go too fast and far here.

As for beer (lager-beer) we had as much as hard-working, healthy, thirsty, beer-loving Germans could desire—which is saying a great deal, and may look like wild exaggeration to those who think a German's beer capacity is equal to an unlimited supply, *or even more*. The simple fact is it was used in much the same way as, only even more liberally than, tea in Australia and China, and with less injurious consequences. Nobody I knew was in the *habit* of drinking water, fond as we were of it to bathe and swim in. Beer was the common beverage, and a splendid one it is, refreshing, stimulating, healthy *and non-intoxicating*.¹ We used to fetch it from the brewery in buckets, at about threepence per bucket, and bottle it ourselves.

The other apprentice and I always had a few bottles stowed away in our own room—serving both as a "Current

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Account" and as a "Sinking Fund." Now the feminine mind is always intensely suspicious and liable to be shocked at the contents and condition of bachelor apartments, and is addicted to frequent visits of inspection and destructive "tidying." Our worthy mistress suffered acutely from this "meddling and muddling" malady, and during one of the attacks found about half a dozen snugly planted where no man or boy would trouble to look—and every woman would.

Instantly (I know from painful experience it must have been instantly) the whole house and everyone therein, were startled out of our wits and skins and the proverbial seven years's growth by ear-piercing cries from the upper regions. We dropped, afraid the house was on fire or that murder was on foot—or something.

When we reached the foot of the last flight there at the top was that most womanlike Frau Richter, and as her husband came to her sight she greeted him sharply with, "Now look, Wilhelm, here are the boys with all the beer upstairs, and we have hardly any down below!" (Did you ever know a woman who would take the trouble to come and tell you anything if she could only make you go to her—no matter what trouble it put you to?—and you've "got to go" "quick and lively" too.) And as he reached the smugglers' den she impressively displayed her capture.

Did he break into thunder and lightning at us, or her? Not a bit of it. "Oh," he coolly said, "you have always some fault to find with the boys: I was a boy myself and was not a whit better." Wasn't he a jolly good fellow?

My mate's father had a dairy at Schulterblatt, about three miles away. We used to visit him one evening every week and have a rattling good time—details unnecessary. On leaving, he loaded us to breaking down point with cream-cheese sufficient till next week's visit—if anything, more.

Now, what on earth is the bearing of all this upon the scheduled subject of this chapter, "love"? Well, it affords very good reasons for my rapid promotion from under-sized boyhood to sturdy young manhood, and as a corollary

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that I was becoming eligible as lawful prey for the fair sex.

During my Sunday afternoon rambles and on other occasions when out I began to take a deeply artistic interest in drapery and millinery and stylish boots—if they happened to be well set-off on a suitable figure and face; and sometimes the compliment was returned. Now and again I tasted the strange delights of a mild flirtation in the streets or parks, and on a few occasions perhaps sampled young feminine lips—and waists.

But there was one dear girl for whom I felt a strong preference and far purer affection—an affection that in great degree partook of the nature of a brotherly protectiveness; for we had almost grown up together. She was the daughter of the widow who lived next door to my mother and stepfather. She was now a fine young woman, not perhaps such a paragon of loveliness as the typical heroine of a novel—I have never had the good fortune to meet, much less make the acquaintance of, any such heavenly being—but nevertheless she was a high-grade exhibit,— tall erect and well-formed, a straight-back, small waist and beautifully rounded bust, a proud little head from which lovely black hair fell in natural ringlets about her shoulders. Then she had a nice shaped forehead and arched eyebrows, and lovely black eyes softened with long lashes, those wonderful eyes having a longing, langourous tenderness on them which was all-conquering where a man's heart was concerned; no wonder a susceptible young connoisseur like myself was enslaved. The one defect was her mouth, for the teeth were not as regular as ideal beauty requires, so that when speaking or smiling she was not at her best. This, of course, was a grievous disadvantage for a lady, for, as everybody knows, women's mouths are the safety valves of these high-pressure little engines.

Perhaps a consciousness of this drawback may have made her less vivacious than she might otherwise have been, for she was very quiet, though this may have been a natural reserve and maidenly modesty. Whatever it was it served to keep me at arm's length, although we had been

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for so long neighbours and playmates—for notwithstanding my free and easy infatuations at this period of my life, I was naturally very bashful in ladies' company. This was probably because having no sisters of my own I had not acquired that lordly sense of masculine superiority—that self-sufficient, if loving, conterupt for the weaker sex—which is engendered by their constant society (I am thankful I am out of range of your tongues and hands, Lady Readers).

During a few happy years her mother's house was almost like a home to me. They had removed from next door to my stepfather's (where the actor had been discovered in the chimney) and were now living in one of a row of new two-story brick cottages which had been built on the spot where had once stood the old straw-hatched farmhouse which was the scene of that terribly tragic fire described in an early chapter. They were plain-fronted cottages facing west with front gardens of about sixteen feet depth containing the usual old-fashioned flowers, and these gardens shut off from the world by common white picket fences.

Every Sunday afternoon and evening and at least one or two evenings in the week I found my way there,—from Hamburg and through Altona—and what delighted hours I spent there! But though I daresay it was quite understood all round that my principal attraction was to see the daughter, Elizabeth, my *ostensible* motive was my close friendship with her brother Albrecht. For a long time this fact afforded convenient cover to my bashful ecstasy in the privilege of merely basking in the pleasant sunshine of her presence; and while superficially engrossed with Albrecht over a game of chess or some other matter of common interest to us two, I would furtively steal a glance of adoration at my goddess; of which, and of several and divers other sypmtoms of my thraldom, I have not the slightest doubt she was most fully conscios, although she did so calmly and demurely pursue the even tenor of her needlework or whatever else she happened to be apparently occupied with.

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But as weather varies, so did our intercourse. Even when for a time there might be some ice of restraint, it nearly always very soon thawed under the genial influence of dominoes, or whist, or music; for Elsbeth sang well and was an accomplished pianist—a very rare thing at that time, but she had received a first-rate education at the expense of a rich elderly couple who took a deep interest in her. In fact, there were those who said that she was rather closely related to the old gentleman. Often we would join in singing some of the sweet “chorales” or glees of our music-loving fatherland—such as “Lorelei,” “Lider Ohne Worte,” “Andreas Hofer,” “The Last Rose of Summer,” and others.

The piano was, however, one of the old style, low and square like a large table top. Its tone was not equal to those of modern construction, but to us it was sufficient.

Their living room was upstairs, its two windows facing the sunset, and often when the “Goldene Abendsonne” of my childhood’s song was casting its “glorious rays” over distant tree and housetops and filling the sky with matchless miracles of color, Elsbeth and I would stand or sit by one of those windows, revelling (at least I did) in the fascination of the moment and looking with romantic anticipations to the future. We may not have said very much; but we felt, and looked, and perhaps occasionally sighed our thoughts, and we toyed with the pot-plants on the window-sill, and what a delicious thrill shot through me when perchance hand touched hand—and sometimes lingered in quite unnecessary and excuseless, but nevertheless resistless, mutual clasp! But such things don’t bear talking about to all the world; they are the secrets of coy youth, fitting only for the one sympathetic little rosy ear at a time and then only under favoring conditions. I could not utter them only from behind the shelter of my book; paper you know is such a secret-filching “confidante.” Then, on a fine Sunday afternoon, or sometimes in the soft twilight, or when a radiant moon shone overhead, we would all stroll to the lake or the river, where ships and small boats glided to and fro or down some pleasant country

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road where wild flowers abounded and cottage gardens filled the air with fragrance. Oh, but we did a host of pleasant things that I can give you little idea of; it is enough to say that three of us at least were young; and to us all the world was young and bright and fresh; and the warm vigorous blood thrilled our veins and made our feet tireless; and our lungs drew deep draughts of invigorating air, and our mouths deep draughts of lager-beer or cider or anything of that sort; and—well it was simply a golden glorious time altogether. You, Reader, know or have known the same sort of things. Oh, for those happy days again!

Where am I? In my tale, I mean. This chapter was supposed to be about love, and I have hardly begun on the topic and here we are with a chapter already long enough for at least two well-behaved ones. But who could pack a love tale worth calling such into one little chapter? Most of you have it spread out over a thick volume or so, and then only one love affair, whereas I must blushing (or unblushing) as may appear, confess to several. "Courage, then," my vagrant pen," we will "carry forward" our "balance in hand" as the matter of fact book-keeping tribe puts it.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM WHICH POINT OF VIEW?

“For ye sae donce, ye sneer at this,
Ye’re nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest mon the warl’ e’er saw,
He dearly lo’ed the lassies, O.”—Burns.

The above quotation mayhap looks suggestive of more than appears on the surface and more serious than its rollicking lilt. Now, I am not going to say it is not; but there is more than one brand of seriousness, and I trust you will give me credit for some of the higher grade varieties. Remember, please, I am writing a truthful history of my life, keeping to actual facts, veiling only where that is necessary for some good purpose.

The young lady of the last chapter, Elsbeth Baensch, was my first sweetheart worth mentioning—(for I don’t think the short-frocked ones when I was a mere boy ought to count) and I resolved that she was the only woman in the world for me, and that as soon as I was in a position to do so I would marry her, if she would have me.

This programme had nothing particularly wrong with it except my not having been inoculated against love altogether—and love complications.

Now we are all scientists now-a-days, or we think we are, which serves most practical purposes—to a *great extent*. So well follow the literary fashion and indulge in a little reasoning, or logic, or deductions, or whatever you call it, of the usual brew; and if you cannot distinguish it from foolery I shall take it as a compliment to my faithfulness to the model, and shall have much hopes of you.

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All will admit that there is considerable affinity between, say, a dog and a leg of mutton, and "that being so" it is unwise to leave them alone together, for the affinity will naturally result in assimilation. Again, take the case of a boy and an apple; the affinity may not at first be so apparent, but as there is no doubt about the assimilation, does not the fact of that assimilation establish the fact of actual affinity? With few exceptions it matters not who is the boy and which is the apple, the essential affinity is there, and that affinity being the same in all such cases, "like causes will produce like effects." In other words, a boy naturally takes to and eats any good apple. In like manner it may be demonstrated that if there is an affinity between a boy (or youth) and an attractive girl there is also more or less of the same affinity between that youth and *any* attractive girl. Wherefore like causes producing like effects, a boy is liable to fall in love with any such attractive girl. "Quod erat demonstrandum." I am afraid there is something missing, but I can't stay to make it good; the essential points are here at all events.

From all which you will no doubt guess that I have something in the nature of painful news to gently break to you—something to do with a rival girl and inconstancy on my part and unutterable love woes and all sorts of disasters. So it was.

Yet it all came about in a simple enough way. I dare say you noticed suspiciously my reference not long ago to a pretty young cook who daily ministered to the table requirements of Herr Richter's household? Well, I must now introduce you to her Most Excellent Majesty.

She was an exceedingly attractive young woman of about twenty-five, fairly tall, of graceful figure, fresh complexion, and dark hair and eyes. Then her dainty print-gowns and white aprons and linen details, and coquettish bits of gay ribbon—for she never forgot her feminine duty to look "nice"—always reminded you of country flowers and orchard blossom or fruit of some sort; and as, besides, she was a smiling, roguish, rather "peppery," and altogether

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tantalizing daughter of Eve, you couldn't expect two sprightly apprentice boys and a young journeyman meeting her daily (and many times a day) to be guilty of quite the same degree of respectful indifference which would be natural enough towards a prim old-maid great-aunt! Why, it would have been a gross affront to any self-respecting young lady; even Juno the Queen of Heaven herself (vide Vergil) entirely lost her temper because of "her slighted beauty's wrong," and so would our Juno of the kitchen have done, no doubt. You might just as well expect one of her own best apple-tarts to be left severely alone.

You simply couldn't do it. True, you might not have an eye to serious business nor even to an orthodox flirtation or anything of that sort; but how could any male mortal with a complete outfit of senses find himself within arm's length of her—or speech length for that matter without his inmost soul boiling over with gallantries and playful teasing, without an irregular warfare of little aggravating tricks and deprisals unnecessary to detail, and now and again a bit of mild romping, lip-piracy, and retaliatory ear-boxings by the lady.

Things had been going on for many months pretty much as I have already indicated in these last two chapters, and I was now very nearly nineteen years of age. I came home one evening at about eleven o'clock and found that fascinating enemy of mine standing at the door chatting with another servant girl from over the road. We exchanged a few bantering but innocent words on the usual topics, then as all the other inmates of our house had gone to bed our young cook and I went inside, and after securing the door we went upstairs. That is, we went up the first flight, and I ought to have gone up two flights more. But on reaching the first landing, on which floor her room was situated, she whispered softly, "Come into my room for a few minutes and we can have a bit of yarning. Such an invitation was naturally too agreeable to be resisted; all over the world do not youths and maidens delight in opportunities for those soft secret-confidences and love-making? So we both

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entered and to guard against uninvited visitors my hostess locked the door.

But such cosy little *tete-a-tetes* are not easy to break off. Of course, you don't sit at a conventionally formal distance to start with. On the contrary, though you, the "he," may hesitate to seem too presumptuous, *she* graciously invites you to sit pleasantly near; then (if you are not long acquainted) the gentleman's arm little by little but inevit-



ably finds its way round the lady's waist and before long her head is on his shoulder (with a little gentle coaxing) and then the conversation becomes intensely interesting—so much so that time flies too fast and it becomes hard to tear yourself away; you procrastinate for "just one minute longer," but the parting is no easier at the end of that minute, nor after ten minutes, and if there is no angry father's boot or something of that sort to *make* you go, you linger on in blissful ignorance of or indifference to time for

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goodness and all knows how long. This, I believe, is a very commonplace experience, and it is a sufficiently accurate one of mine on the occasion referred to; for it was not until we were startled by the baker's knock at five o'clock in the morning that I could summon up resolution to take my departure. Then with a parting civility I *had* to go and slipped quietly up the remaining two flights of stairs to my room, where I found my mate snoring profoundly and quite ignorant of my absence.

From that time the previously existing guerilla warfare between that charming young cook and myself gave place to a better understanding, and many a delightful hour we spent in each other's company afterwards—theoretically “yarning.”

This apple from the forbidden tree, delicious to the taste as it was, seemed to have as strange an influence upon my vision and upon hitherto unknown nerve-chords as that grotesquely commonplace vegetable practical-joker the onion had on baser nerves in more innocent days. From the moment of my first taste of the intoxicating fruit the world became a new place to me—a Paradise of sensuous delights. It was like the change from a cool fresh grey dawn to the color-glory of a bright sunrise—the sunrise of manhood—casting a rich glamor even on things in themselves without real beauty—and like the bright tints of sunrise, the enchantment soon passed away, leaving only the hard matter-of-fact lights and shades of broad day—the unveiled ugliness of many things which at first appear objects of beauty. Such was the knowledge of good and of evil which I obtained.

That first apple of love created a thirst, a raging fever, a love drunken delirium that was not content with a tree-full all to myself, but made me covet whole orchards of them. I fell in love with every girl I saw, flirted with as many as I could, and would have married almost any girl if any had been willing to accept a mere apprentice with nothing per week to keep house on. After all, it was only a rightful natural craving such as every healthy young man is liable to; only some are more ravenous, gluttonous

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if you like, than others. I must confess that I was no more temperate in this respect than I had been with the stewed plums and dumplings at the dinner table. I may have been worthy of blame in both these matters, but who shall judge if he is but a weakly dyspeptic?



CHAPTER XXII.

SUPERNATURAL INCIDENT.

Just by way of a break in the narration of my love affairs I sandwich in here a very strange experience which befell one of the two journeymen at that time working at our place, and I solemnly assure my readers that my statement below is strictly accurate.

One morning one of these journeymen on coming into the workroom informed us that he had had a terrible experience the night before, after going to bed. He had left his bedroom door ajar and the moon was shining through the window. He had been in bed about half an hour, when the figure of a young woman glided through the doorway and advanced very slowly towards him as he lay in bed, and on reaching the bedside the figure bowed or bent slowly over him, then turned round and glided noiselessly out of the room again. He told us that he lay all the time totally helpless, unable to either stir or speak, and that when the figure or vision had disappeared he was "in a lather of perspiration." He also told us that he would not willingly go through another experience of that kind for anything. He said also that he could take an oath that he was wide awake at the time.

I am certain from his manner that he told only what he firmly believed to be true.

A week afterwards he met in the street a woman who was an acquaintance of his. She told him that on the very evening when he saw that apparition an old sweetheart of his whom he had not seen for twelve years had died.

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I may say that I have not the faintest doubt as to the absolute reliability of what is stated above. You will remember my own personal experience of a similar character; strange things most undoubtedly happen.

Shortly afterwards, as you will find, this journeyman and I became close friends and companions, and though he did not take me into full confidence as regards his relations with the young woman mentioned in this anecdote, I remember there were rumors and suspicions that he had jilted or betrayed her; and I must candidly say from my knowledge of him that I fear that was very likely the fact. If so, the terrible impression produced by this alarming experience of his can be more fully realized.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SAILOR BOY—REPENTS IN TIME.

I give here another anecdote of my apprenticeship days, although it breaks the thread of my love-tale.

One day Herr Richter received a letter from a friend of his living in Silesia. It requested Mr. Richter to try to find employment on a sailing ship or ships for two boys, one a son of the writer and the other a friend. These boys knew as much about ships as they did about King Solomon, for they had seen neither except in picture books, living as they did a hundred miles inland from the nearest salt water.

But somehow or other—probably from books, or some strolling actor of Maddler's type, or from some wandering sailor—they had got infected with the sea-faring craze—thought most likely they were cut out to be pirate captains or some other stamp of breezy heroes. Anyhow, in due course they both landed at our place provided with money for a rig-out in the most approved style, and with numerous unsuitable adjuncts supplied by their female relatives. The "boss" found each a ship and one of them duly sailed and we lost the run of him. The other, after a week on board in harbor, came to our shop blubbering (not exactly like a girl—for they do it more gracefully) and told Herr Richter that he had had quite enough already; from the skipper downwards they had talked to him in the naughtiest nautical language about his lubberliness and other things and had promised him "jolly good hidings" with a rope's-end

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as soon as they had him well out to sea—away from law sharks and landlubberly courts of justice.

So our good-natured "boss" said to me, "You had better go and see if you can get him off again." The boy and I went to the river and I engaged a boatman to row me to the ship, which was lying in mid-stream ready to clear. When I went on board, (alone), I saw the mate, and perceiving no other promising diplomacy, I tried to work off on him a very wide variation from the truth, my representation being that the boy was taken by some desperate illness and could not go to sea. The mate gave an attentive ear, but a still more attentive eye—the steady searching gaze of a blue sailory eye—accustomed to seeing through blinding rain and stormy darkness—and coolly turning the quid he was chewing, he remarked, "Oh, yes, we know the illness he has got, he got a — — —fright; but anyhow if you can get us another youngster by three o'clock this afternoon you may have this lout's clothes and bedding." To shorten the story, we, in consideration for a good "tip," procured another boy through a shipping agent and I delivered him to the untender mercies of the mate and the other salt-junk people, while my salvage's sea-chest and bedding were transhipped to our little craft with such off-handedness and precipitation as to very nearly capsize us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A ROLLICKING TIME.

“The worl’y race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne’er enjoy them, O.”—Burns.

I am not going to necessarily endorse the last sentiment. but the whole verse is not a bad text for this chapter :

Soon after I was nineteen my apprenticeship terminated and I became a certificated mechanic. If four years earlier I had rejoiced at leaving school and my stepmother, I was yet more elated now at my emancipation from all control (notwithstanding my excellent treatment at Herr Richter’s,) and the prospect of entire independence and plenty of money and indulgence—no more stringent rules about being home at 10 p. m., for instance.

The journeyman who had nursed me through my attack of small-pox was now working in a sewing machine factory, and soon got me a position there, too. He and I were now on an equal footing, and he being a young man we soon became fast friends—and accomplices in a good many frolicsome enterprises.

The first Saturday after my getting this employment was one of the red-letter days of my life, because pay-day I received my first week’s earnings, about 25s, which is every bit as good as 50s here. To me that twenty-five shillings seemed almost fabulous wealth, accustomed as I was to nearly nothing at all.

The first thing to do was to worthily sustain my new dignity by turning over a fresh leaf—*outwardly*. So in

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very little time I was re-rigged in a new stylish suit with bell-topper hat, patent leather boots, kid-gloves, linen and tie to match, and as a necessary finishing touch a dandy walking-stick. It was like the transformation of a trading-brig into a smart schooner-yacht. You doubt my 25s doing all this? Quite right; it was partly my newly acquired credit, through my friend's agency.

Naturally, I had that night in the privacy of my own room a full dress rehearsal, to the last button and crease, even to the stick—practiced raising my hat and bowing in courtly style to ladies, tenderly twirled and preened my future moustache, and went through a host of other evolutions and antics, such as I had seen fashionable young bloods affect.

Next day, Sunday, I, of course, set out to visit my sweetheart, Elsbeth Baensch, and her mother and brother, and on this occasion took the bus.

You may easily guess my inward distension and my exaggerated *nonchalance* as I approached their garden gate and walked up the short path to the door. You may picture my restless affectations with moustache and cane and nose-gay in my buttonhole; and as to my reception, I think you can more easily imagine than I can describe it. It is sufficient to say that it was plain I had risen fully 100 per cent. in their estimation, and ere long we were all out touring the vicinity something like a newly arrived circus. Then the delight of "doing the grand" in paying for mild dissipations—"standing treat" as they say now. I am sure my market value rose with a bound once more—very much like a "Jack in the box"—I came up with a click.

I had always thought that when I was earning wages as a journeyman I would save a lot; but when the time came, somehow it all went—went like water through a sieve. This is hardly to be wondered at when you remember my earlier days,—no money, no freedom, very little steadying influence such as a home circle provides; and here I was thrown into the constant society of at least half a hundred other young men, mostly careless wild spirits—and in a gay city like Hamburg,—full of music halls, theatres, beer-gar-

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dens, and every variety of temptation and trap. Is it, then, any wonder that I "kicked over the traces," as the saying goes? Moreover, I was soon earning up to 40s per week, as I was at piece work, and was very quick. This increased income, of course, added to my self-indulging capacity. So for a few years I spent a happy-go-lucky life; and I must say it was a rollicking and seemed a thoroughly glorious time. I cannot, of course, take you into all the highways and byways of it; neither space nor other considerations would allow. I need only say that like the prodigal of scripture I wasted my substance with riotous living.

Doubtless some of you frown disapprovingly. Now I don't want to sail under false colors—to hypocritically pose as one of the repentant and something of a moralist. I would rather be manfully candid and say that while there may be things I sincerely regret and would wish undone, I think that collectively regarded, my life at this time was no worse than natural and very common, almost universal, and that in so far as *you* may deem it wrong I may rightfully ask you to follow your master's example in such cases, and especially not to forget that "charity" he inculcated—taking your view of facts, which do I most deserve under my circumstances, blame or pity? If your judgment says "blame," look keenly at your own past before you cast your stone at me.

CHAPTER XXV.

“THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.”

The principals of the firm for which I was working once a year gave a ball to their employes. Three weeks before the time it was due I invited my “best girl,” Elsbeth, to go as my partner. Neither of us had ever been at a ball, and she, as well as I, was in high glee with anticipation of the pleasure. From her brother I learned that great preparations were being made for the event—(he showing in manner and words a proper brotherly disrespect towards the said preparations).

This disclosure of state secrets put me on my mettle; as the escort of such beauty and finery I must not be personally a discredit to it. So I had to negotiate with my tailor for an evening dress suit, the coat, of course, having the regulation long swallow tail. This was not a cash transaction, for I had got beyond that stage, and in fact, by Monday mornings could never muster five shillings; most of my wages were invariably banked where there was no chance of ever withdrawing the money again.

When the evening came, as no dress suit, etcetera, could be expected to walk from Hamburg to Ottensen, and as it was also necessary to have a conveyance for the new drapery and its contents, and for other reasons good and mildly bad (that should be transparent enough) I drove out in a hansom cab, where once upon a time I had run barefoot in a most primitive bathing suit.

After waiting a short time (I call it short in courtesy to

the lady) in the upstairs parlor, a lovely rose-tinted cloud set with sparkling stars (this, at least, was my first momentary impression) with an angel half emerging from it swept with some evidences of agitation into the room. What at first looked like a cloud proved to be in reality a mass of filmy red muslin stars (except *two* high up) were some sort of brilliants, and the angel I need not specify.

To say I was surprised is a very weak statement of fact. My adored one simply looked—well, adorable beyond expression.

We had to drive about five miles to the ball-room, and you must be very dull, inexperienced, and unsympathetic if you cannot imagine my ecstasy of delight in having such loveliness as my close companion in that vehicle “built for two.”

Nor did her loveliness suffer by comparison when we reached our destination, for she was admittedly the “Queen of the Ball,” and a proud young fellow was I. Of course, the wives of our wealthy principals wore more costly dress and jewelry; but she had the incomparable advantage of youth; nor could they approach the graceful ladylike bearing of my girl. Several of the ladies looked at her with envious eyes, especially when both my principals had a few dances with her. I don't know that my own eyes were altogether gratified at that sight; but I had my full share of partnerships with her.

We danced from eight till twelve, then reballasted ourselves at a dinner of six courses with unlimited wine. Then followed the usual toasts, recitations, songs, and instrumental music till two o'clock, when dancing was resumed with renewed ardor and increasing enjoyment until six o'clock in the morning.

Then we walked home together, and this to me was not the least delightful item on our programme. Although the distance was five miles, it seemed to us all too short. Her mother had coffee ready for us, so we wound up those many hours of pleasure in cosy comfort. We had both had an unspeakably happy time, and who would not under such conditions at that age?

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But it is said that the course of true love never runs smoothly.

Her brother, in some way or other, scraped acquaintance with some of those superfine specimens of tailoring and "swagger" who condescend for necessary filthy lucre to fulfil some mysterious duty under the title of "bank-clerk," or to display for general edification their agility in "counter-jumping" and incidentally minister to the embellishment of the feminine public. You know the brand I mean; you couldn't distinguish them from real gentlemen unless you were in that trade yourself.

As most young women are not in that calling, it is hardly surprising that they are easily impressed by these fearful and wonderful human peacocks.

Some of these gay gilded youths had been smitten by Elsbeth's charms, and through their friendship with Albrecht, had come to be on visiting terms at their mother's house, so that I found one or more of them there much more often than I liked.

There was no formal engagement between Elsbeth and myself. Her superior education and exceptional accomplishments, her natural reserve, my own diffidence (for I was not what is called "a ladies' man"—a "vain carpet knight" as one of Scott's characters expresses it), and even the very sincerity and depth of my devotion, all combined to make me too cautiously dilatory in making the all-important proposal. Perhaps this was another instance in my life of neglecting to take advantage of "the tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," (matrimonially and *domestically*) and which being neglected results in "all the voyages of our life" being "bound in shallows and in miseries." I think nearly all ladies, whether of lovely status or of high social position, like to be taken by storm. They seem to enjoy being either literally or figuratively carried off by force, whether it be by a wild young knight like "Young Lochinvar, a bold and even bad baron of similarly impetuous and masterful love methods, the Ror or the wildest savage who adopts the same tactics no matter how roughly. Even the unprincipled love-pirates of mod-

ern civilization appear to be in higher esteem with their cruelly treated victims than honorable captors usually are.

I suppose the truth is it is natural for the softer sex to like intense and passionate love and to pardon its excesses; to admire manly audacity and resolution, to adore strength in any shape; and to sacrifice self.

Instinctively conscious of this, the average commonplace young beau of every grade assumes a boisterous blustering pretence of such qualities as "most become a man." His loudness of dress, manner, and voice being merely simulations of his ideal of aggressive irresistibility, his "masher" stare his notion of the piercing eagle glance of the masterful man, his eye-glass nothing but an artificial aid to that desideratum; and so, to use a slang but very expressive term, he "bluffs" the generality of girls into mistaking him for a very overpowering creature, indeed. If his occupation is more or less "gentlemanly" he naturally has a great advantage with the fair sex as against a mere "working-man"—the feminine eye associates with the one silks and jewels and luxuries and "society," with the other "dowdiness" and wash-tubs and a bevy of rough and tumble children.

For such reasons the love-conquests of the "preaux chevaliers" of the office and genteel counter are numerous. I was quite aware of the dangers of such possible rivalry, and being only a young mechanic, not unnaturally felt myself threatened with total eclipse—my "nose being put out of joint." I realized that their social abilities and practice gave them considerable advantages.

Of course, as I held no formal commission as Elsbeth's future husband, these new visitors had quite as much right in the field as I had, although I knew that her mother greatly favored my courtship, both for personal reasons and because I was earning good wages. But I soon had an uneasy suspicion that there was a secret understanding between Elsbeth and one of these frequent visitors of which her mother knew nothing; and this suspicion was soon supported by hard facts.

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When Christmas came round I went to spend the evening with the Baenschs, taking with me a few, not very costly, presents with which I had furnished myself. Mrs. Baensch received me most cordially and thanked me for having sent such beautiful Christmas presents, one proving to be a magnificent album of some pounds' value—of which present I was quite innocent. Elsbeth greeted me with one of her most gracious smiles, but made no reference to that album, showing that she was perfectly aware it did not come from me; and her conscious looks betrayed a good deal more—that she knew well who *had* sent it.

Well, you can imagine my feelings of mortification and jealousy; but nevertheless, as she had not corrected her mother's mistake I was unwilling for her sake to do so, and therefore had to quietly accept credit I was not entitled to but could not protest against. As some reward, I suppose, for my consideration, Elsbeth was exceptionally gracious with me and seemed in unusually high spirits, and we all had an apparently joyful evening, what with games, music, and plenty of lager-beer—which last I probably in my perturbation was the chief patron of; but I was not very well pleased with this album business and it ranked deeply; so that after that Christmas my ardor cooled and my courtship flagged.

Apart from disappointment and jealousy I could not overcome the diffidence arising from her attainments and a sense of my own drawbacks as a mere working-man, although I continued my efforts at self-improvement by attending regularly at evening educational classes where advanced subjects were taught. I thought it my wisest course to let my love-suit wait a while, but I continued my visits, though only as an ordinary friend, and on this footing I continued for some years—until, in fact, I left for South America.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MILITARY SERVICE.

When nearly twenty-one years of age I had to report myself to the army authorities with a view to undergoing a term of military service as provided by the law of Conscription. British people mostly regard such compulsory military service as oppressive and a hardship. In Germany it is nothing of the kind; on the contrary, it is regarded not merely as a patriotic duty to which the vast majority most cheerfully submit, but also as a privilege and a means of great personal (as well as national) benefit by reason of the splendid physical training afforded. Further, all classes are equally liable to such service, and unless qualifying by a special course of instruction and by examinations, all must equally serve in the ranks, so that even the wealthiest and the noblest by birth are found on the strictest equality for the time being in those ranks with the poorest and lowliest in social status. This fact promotes an elevation of tone, obviating the stigma apt to be associated with the plain "Tommy Atkins" of the British army. It tends to promote the nobler kind of socialistic or democratis feeling, just as your British athletic sports, such as cricket, football, and rowing, admittedly do. In fact, there is much the same general attitude of mind amongst Germans towards their term of military service as on the part, of say, English university students toward the sports in which they engage. The Oxford and Cambridge men, for instance, have an ambition and feel it an honor to be selected for

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their representative "eights" in rowing and for their "eleven" on the cricket-field.

In precisely the same way young fellows in Germany esteem it an honor and an object of ambition to be drafted for military service, especially if in the Imperial Guards or some other crack corps. The drill and training are as pleasantly submitted to as the "training" and "coaching" for games by British youths. In general, the term of service is one of good living, joviality, and all-round enjoyment. It is more a holiday than a task.

Of course, in such a vast array of men as the huge German army there are petty tyrants and other evilly disposed men; but such are only exceptions, certainly not the rule. Such cases get published world-wide and create a false impression that oppression is prevalent under the German system. It is not so at all; you simply hear of a few objectionable things that occasionally happen, as they do in all armies or navies; what is good and beneficial is not given much publicity to outside Germany, and so you know little or nothing of it.

I was accepted as eligible for either the full three years' term or for the first reserve, which last involves only six weeks' compulsory and continuous service. By the system of drafting, which is purely a mechanical one (except for the "Guards") depending as it does on the accident of roll numbers—as much so as a lottery—I was placed in the first reserve, and for six weeks had real hard drill, exercises, and marching, also the discipline was strict but in no way injurious.

One of our company was a fine smart young fellow named Charlie ———. The "Mother of the Company" (who was a man) that is, the Sergeant-Major, desired him to act as clerk; but Charlie was not willing and so got a little out of favor with the Sergeant.

Some of us had obtained leave one day to go on a picnic excursion, but Charlie was refused.

The drag came along and those who had leave mounted, as did their respective girls—for, of course, a picnic would be a flat affair without them. Charlie's girl was there,

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but where was he? She was in a rare fluster, "Had he got leave?" "What kept him late?" and so on. Now Charlie was one of those rolly "devil-may-care" chaps and managed at the last moment to get aboard unseen by the officer, and stowed himself out of sight. This made the girl more suspicious than before, and she cross-questioned him severely on the point, knowing that he might get into serious trouble if away without leave.

But he laughingly turned her questions aside, assuring



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her that he had leave all right, not explaining that he meant "French leave." We had a real good time and he was the life of the party.

On our return he all but got in the barracks undiscovered— but not quite; and the result was he had a few days in the cells. As he could not visit his girl during this time she became very anxious, not knowing whether he was neg-

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lecting her, or in trouble. She pestered us with questions and it was all we could do to avoid letting her know the facts. But he was incurable—always in scrapes.

We had plenty of excellent food, more than we actually needed, and it was quite a common thing for a number of poor women to come to the barracks and buy at cheap rates bread and other rations that had been served out. Sons of wealthy farmers were well supplied with hams and other good things from home, and other well-to-do privates also procured whatever they fancied. As there was a spirit of generous comrades; we all shared liberally in such etceteras, and as is most invariably the case in the army, got "as fat as butter." If there were weak chests they soon filled out proudly, stooping shoulders became square and upright, bent knees and a slouching gait gave place to a firm springy soldierly step, and we were made to carry ourselves with the erect dignity of a prize rooster. The utmost precision and neatness of uniform and accoutrements was also insisted upon, to our general benefit, and for any defect of this kind the whole company and especially the "mother," or Sergeant-Major, had to suffer as well as the actual defaulter. So the careless had a bad time from their comrades.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ILLNESS, PRODIGALITY, AND OTHER THINGS.

Last chapter was fairly serious; this is as much so—in another way.

First, when I was about twenty-two years of age, I caught a very severe cold, which left most serious lifelong effects. It happened this way: Every Saturday I took a hot bath in one of our public bathing establishments. One Saturday was a bitterly cold day—about 30 to 40 degrees (centigrade) under freezing point. When I came out I had to walk through a narrow street down which the intensely cold air swept like a draught. As I wore no flannels at that time and the hot bath had made my skin supersensitive, the result was very acute bronchitis, which became chronic for thirty years and had I not later on left the old country for a milder one, I feel certain that wherever my less tangible self might have emigrated to, my more practically useful entity would have very involuntarily stayed in that old country, under conditions that most of us have a strong desire to avoid.

I take the opportunity here of urging young people to take the utmost care of their health; good health is the most priceless of blessings, and though I now possess abundance of this world's wealth, I would freely give every penny if by so doing I could purchase such a complete measure of health as I once enjoyed.

Still, I recovered, at the time I refer to, from the worst severity of this mishap and notwithstanding the weakening

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effects of that illness, relapsed into a life of pleasure, though keeping within the bounds of prudence. We were a lot of young scamps working together and meeting a lot of other young and old scamps in all sorts of schools where the higher subjects were *not* given much attention, but where teachers and students were equally assiduous; what one did not know the other did and we were extremely socialistic in sharing such things.

Such a life naturally made "ducks and drakes" of my weekly earnings and often bespoke them some distance ahead. My pockets were always about empty of coin by Monday morning, and from then till Saturday I would (most of the time) sit on the stool of repentance and ruefully viewing the state of my ledger would resolve to turn over a new leaf, open a fresh account, and strive to get a credit balance; but as a rule the following Saturday night found such a thing impossible for that week. One Saturday evening I did by some freak of resolution bank ten shillings in my chest of drawers, and went out with the intention of saving that; but before two o'clock that night I walked three miles to get this money, and spent it. I was not the only prodigal, nor do I think I was worse than most of the others.

So far as I can judge the world by my own observation, it seems "much of a muchness" everywhere. Undoubtedly there are some scattered about who avoid or escape such experiences; but with the vast majority of men it seems more a matter of degree or of hypocrisy. I have known many men in many places who have been regarded as models of propriety, yet there were few indeed of these about whom I did not sooner or later know or hear compromising incidents.

About this time, soon after the illness mentioned, I joined a dance club, the usual style of thing in that line. The dances were held in a large well-lit and decorated room. A piano and a violin supplied music. Amongst many really charming young women whom I met there, was naturally one by whom I was specially attracted and very soon deeply enslaved. She was exceedingly beautiful,—elegant figure,

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very fair complexion with most lovely blue eyes, and a splendid dancer. We were very frequently partners and before I knew where I was I was really madly in love with her,—so much so that I fairly raved about her and showed such extravagant infatuation that I became the butt of some of my companions who were a little more level-headed with worldly wisdom in these matters. But for the time being there was only one thing in the world for me and in the pursuit of that one object ridicule was as nothing.

The thought of her haunted me day and night, and when I was absent from her I was racked with jealous fears. I could hardly wait for knock-off time in the evening to tear down to where she worked daily—(she was a dressmaker)—to enjoy the delight of meeting her and seeing her home and prevent rivals from doing so.

In this last object I was not always successful, the faithless fair one being not averse to a little variety, I suppose, and never at a loss for plausible excuses.

There was one of whom I was especially jealous, a good-looking enough fellow of the all-prevailing counter-jumper order. At last she had distributed her favor so impartially that I lost interest in my share, not caring for half a girl. The last I saw of her she was in the company of an agent who was in a state of semi-intoxication; whether they were married or not I cannot say, but she was leading his horse for him—which fact may or not have been a sign of marriage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO OR THREE INCIDENTS—AN ACCIDENT.

One Sunday evening myself and two friends were returning from a dance, and all three of us had got into that pleasantly altruistic frame of mind which makes you beam complacent good-will towards all the world and serenade as much of it as you can with a heartiness that should cover a multitude of musical sins that you may be guilty of at the time—even including a sort of kettledrum accompaniment with street door knockers. We overtook two ladies who, by their clinging together and nervous edging to one side, seemed a little apprehensive of our approach. Noticing this, we chivalrously tried to allay their fears and assure them of our nobility of character, that as gentlemen we felt it our sacred duty to protect all ladies and desired permission to give some little proof of this by escorting them safely home. I am not sure that our articulation was as fluent and clear as the sentiments we desired to convey were entitled to; however, those gracious ladies for some no doubt good reason overlooked the lack of formal introduction and other little unconventionalities, and we proceeded together with the decorum of two princesses of the blood under charge of a guard of honor. It was a dark night and raining, so gallantry demanded that we should both cover the ladies with our umbrellas and offer our arms. On arriving at their destination one of the ladies could not easily find the keyhole, so I lost no time, in proffering my aid as an expert in that line, and absent-mind-

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edly (that is the best excuse I can think of) walked in, the pitchy darkness favoring me.

Such uninvited intrusion, such impertinent trespass, richly deserved the avalanche of outraged feminine indignation which it *did not* receive; but instead, was met only by those mild playful reproofs which ladies favor when not *very* much in earnest—which, in fact, convey approval as much as anything. Instead of alarming the neighborhood and sending for the police, they made us a nice cup of coffee, and not liking to turn such gallant cavaliers *all* into the streets again in such an inclement night, they contrived to accommodate myself and one of my friends very comfortably indeed. I cannot forget their kindness, but was never able to discover who they were, though I believe one was a young married lady. The other was single, and kindly extended an invitation to me to visit her at the place she was lodging at.

Accordingly, one Sunday evening found me at the address given. She lived on the second floor above a grocer's shop.

The elderly couple who kept this establishment were of the ultra-precise type that weighs you two pounds of sugar to within about three grains, and goes to church regularly, and to bed early—most respectable, propriety loving people who would strongly disapprove of contraband visitors beneath their roof. Therefore, my young lady friend, whom I had notified beforehand of my intended call, was waiting for me outside; and after I had at her suggestion removed my boots she led me by the hand through the dark shop and up the staircase, not without upsetting one or two boxes in the former. The noise of these, of course, resulted in a challenge question from somewhere within; but my guide's ready, "It's only me," allayed alarm, and her bold footfall, both prevented my tread from being heard and disarmed suspicion. Once within the room we were pretty safe, though we thought it prudent to converse in very low tones. That, however, is no drawback to young people, to whom the pleasure of each other's society is the main consideration. If you notice, they scarcely ever talk

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loud to each other, but are quite content with that mysterious telepathy vulgarly known as "spooning." It is certainly a pleasant enough entertainment, though risky—as delightful as dancing, if not more so, better than most other diversions, as those who have some experience will agree.

My companion managed to give me to understand that she had no aversion to marriage, that she thought a life-long partnership between us would be the acme of happiness; but, I regret to have to say that I had no such serious views in mind, as I was not then in what seemed to me a position to marry. Besides, "Light is held the prize that's easily won," so I thought it wiser not to call again.

I hope there is some moral in this anecdote. I think there is more than perhaps appears on the surface—especially for young women inclined to be too trustful.

While connected with this dance club, I had an adventure more amusing to reflect upon than to undergo.

One Sunday evening, late, I was on my way to a dance at a little country place about five miles inland from Hamburg—on the eastern side of the Ausen Alster (Outer Alster, a fair-sized lake). It was winter and the snow lay thick on the ground. I had spent the earlier part of the evening with friends, and did not arrive at the ball room (I went in a bus) till just after ten o'clock. I found the place empty and about to be locked up, the good people of this locality being more circumspect in their habits than I was used to in other places. I had expected it would be a case of "We won't go home 'till morning." There was the hard fact, I was too late—only the beginning of my troubles.

I found the bus was not going to return that night; a five mile walk in deep snow was not a pleasant prospect.

There was one ray of hope. I learned a steamer would be leaving for Hamburg in a few minutes—if it was not very punctual I had a bare chance of catching it. I set off at high speed and reached its berth at the jetty just in time to find it a few feet away. In desperation I made a wild leap and fortunately landed on board, panting with ex-

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ertion—only to find that it was not going to Hamburg at all, but to a place about as far therefrom as my port of embarkation. Here was a pretty to do. However, the darkest cloud has a silver lining; there was an off-chance of catching another boat at our destination. Luckily, I caught that boat, though I had another hard run for it, and so was spared being a “Flying Dutchman” during that keen frosty night; but it was about four in the morning when I reached my desired haven, and then found a place where I regaled on steak and hot coffee before going to work at seven o’clock.

So I had a night’s “dance,” but not nearly so pleasant as I had anticipated—no charming partners to help me “chase the glowing hours with flying feet”—no flirtations.

I will throw in here an incident of my lodging house days.

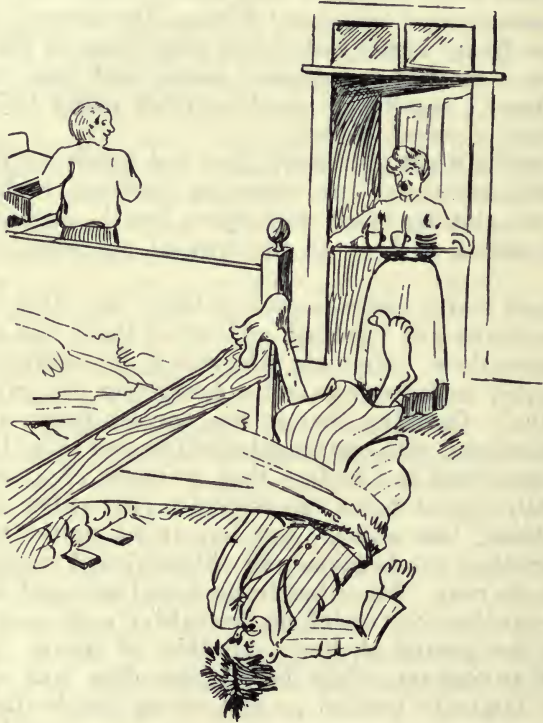
My mate and I shared a room between us. One Sunday morning I was just “getting up” when there was a knock at our room door. My mate, who was at the chest of drawers with his back towards, and not noticing me, called out “come in.” Guessing that it was our landlady, a young married woman, with our morning coffee and rolls, I sprang hastily back into bed feeling that a simple night garment was hardly “good form” to receive a lady caller in. But, “more haste, less speed,” my impetuous native modesty was more than the bedstead, an old-fashioned wooden one, was able to bear. Its outer frame-board snapped and out I rolled on the floor clutching convulsively at some of the bedding for partial shelter. All this, of course, was the work of an instant, while in fact the door was opening, and our landlady bustled in just as my involuntary performance was at the most tragic point.

Now a bachelor’s bedroom, early on Sunday mornings, is very liable to be at sixes and sevens. When retiring over-night he is often afflicted with mental confusion and hallucinations, resulting in his apparel being scattered in unaccustomed places; his boots, for instance, hung on the gas jet, his hat on the fire tongs; also he, himself, is just as likely to be under the hearth rug as in his proper rest-

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ing-place, especially as it is so much easier to climb down on to the floor than up into a bed at such times and under such conditions.

Evidently, our landlady sized up the painful panorama on some such theory, yet with fine tact and courtesy, spiced



with naive humor and sarcasm, supplied me with a decently plausible excuse with which to cover my frantic confusion by remarking, "My goodness, Herr Jager, you *must* have rolled about a lot in the night."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I MEET MY FATE.

I now approach a most important event in life—my Waterloo in love.

One of my fellow-workmen, who was a particular friend of mine, was about to be married, and the event had a most important influence on my life.

As I was so close a friend of the bridegroom, I was invited to the wedding. The guests, about fifty in all, were mostly near relatives of the contracting parties. I, as usual, was alone, having not even a temporary accredited sweetheart. This, however, was not such a great drawback as it may at first sight appear, for it left me free to dance and flirt with many of the enchanting creatures—flitting like a bee from one sweet flower to another—tasting the pleasures of variety. I could be happy with any of them, for I had to a great extent, lost my original bashfulness; and without self-laudation, I certainly could not complain that many did not show me much favor. I had acquired several little arts that enabled me to shine with some brilliance as a “society man.” I could recite and also sing a little—particularly after a glass or two of lager-beer (in Germany scarcely anything is done without the efficient aid of lager-beer; even at political meetings the chairman, candidate, supporters, reporters, and nearly everybody else present has his pint in front of him). Above all, I was a first rate dancer, which is a very high qualification with ladies, for it not only contributes to their enjoyment of the dancing itself, but what is of much greater

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importance to them it assists them to display their own graces to the best advantage. A good dancer of the male sex, takes care to act ás simply an accompanist to his partner; he has to show *her* off, not himself.

Most of us enjoyed ourselves immensely—even the bridegroom, so far as I could judge. Two young men, however, seemed to be having a very bad time. One was the accepted suitor of my friend, the bridegroom's sister, and the other the sweetheart of her cousin. These unfortunate young gentlemen were so mad with jealousy of me that for weeks afterward they and their respective girls had tiffs that went very near breaking off the engagements.

About six o'clock in the morning this wedding party broke up. I stayed to help my friend re-screw in their places doors, which had been temporarily removed, and also to replace the furniture.

While so engaged I got into conversation with the woman who had acted as waitress during the evening. We never know when a very great event is going to spring from a very little cause. Unconsciously, I fell into the same snare, in many respects, that my unfortunate stepfather had tumbled into. I ran blindly right into the net of the "matchmaker."

She was a very agreeable chatty person, so frank, so confidential, so delicately flattering!—"What a lovely party it was,—How lovely the bride looked,—What pretty girls Miss Bridegroom and her cousin were,—How beautifully they danced, especially when I was their partner,—How they and Miss So-and-So and Miss Von Other had praised *my dancing*,—and other similar remarks. At last she, herself, had a daughter, who was to have been at the wedding only her sweetheart objected. She, herself, (the mother) objected to him as a prospective son-in-law (with whys and wherefores) and wanted her daughter to give him up. She (the said daughter) was such a nice, lovely, dear girl, though she (the mother) said so herself. She would like me to make her daughter's acquaintance,—and so on.

Well I *did* make this highly-to-be-desired young lady's acquaintance, and in very little time, for she was an in-

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timate friend of my bridegroom-friend's newly-made bride—and many a time since have I cursed the day I saw her, for she proved the blight on a large part of my later life.

About two weeks after that wedding we had a half-holiday, and my friend and I arranged to have a little jaunt together. I was to call for him. I have little doubt that those confounded female plotters had put their mischief-making heads together and with womanly skill inveigled my friend into their pretty little scheme.

On arriving at his house, I found demurely sitting there and was duly introduced to a good-looking girl of slight build, but with the loveliest blue eyes you could imagine; deeply blue, brightly blue, tenderly blue, mischievously blue, everything that blue eyes can be—eyes that would love-kill a far more love-proof man than me at long range; and she aimed straight and hit the mark. I was pierced through and through.

We had a few minute's pleasant chat and I found that she was not one of those wax doll-like beauties who can say little more than "yes" and "no" no matter how much you try to draw them into conversation, but that she was vivacious in manner and free of tongue. She was like a smart man-of-war cruiser, well provided with quick-firing batteries and small arms; and when we sat closely chatting, she fairly overwhelmed me with her sallies and repartee. My decks were completely swept and I had to lower my flag in capitulation.

As soon as my friend and I were outside I said to him, "My word, that girl struck me hard; I wonder if she would go with me to such-and-such a concert" (where I used to go twice a week). Under the pretense that he had forgotten his key we went back at once, and I managed to extend the invitation to her, which to my then delight she accepted.

So the next Friday I called for her at her mother's house and found her dressed divinely. I very nearly kissed her then and there, but by some amazing effort of self-restraint, managed to wait until we got home again—by

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which you will see (the *last* fact I mean) that I was no laggard in love—nor she either.

The concerts referred to were held in the winter months and were really magnificent. The instrumental part was provided by a military band of about eighty performers, all of them professional musicians, with perhaps, about twenty-five first and the same number of second violins. And all this for the small sum of about 5 cents for admission, when tickets were taken by the dozen.

In connection with the splendid concerts mentioned in this chapter, I may mention an incident I heard of, though I did not actually see it.

The story went that during one of the performances a country-bumpkin, who was present, suddenly clambered upon the platform and forcing his way up to a trombone player, seized and pulled right out the sliding part of the instrument, to the intense amazement of everybody and most of all the player.

When the latter had sufficiently recovered his senses and breath, he indignantly rushed at the countryman to recover his detached property without wasting words; but the conductor, or somebody, interfered and asked the yokel, "What did you do that for?"

With a cool, self-satisfied grin the rustic replied, "Oh, that fool of a fellow was trying ever so long to pull that thing out of his trumpet, and I thought I had better help him."

As I have already plainly enough hinted, my new girl and I had a most satisfactory evening together. She was as bewitching and agreeable as I could wish, and when we reached her mother's house, I could not help treating myself to a most enthusiastic embrace, which was a sufficiently formal invitation of a courtship extending over two years.

Of course we had the regulation little "tiffs," not few either, with the usual methods of "making it up" again.

One day I told her I would not be able to call on a certain evening. She fired up at once with jealousy, accused me of all sorts of deception and scheming, pouted and cried,

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and carried on in the most unreasonable but therefore feminine way.

Nor, as it turned out, her obstinate self-willed little head had resolved to play the part of a detective upon my movements upon the evening in question, and she carried out a daring plan, for

“What a woman wills, she will, depend on it,
And what she won't, she won't, and there's an end on it.”

In our many goings to and fro she had several times met and had become friendly with my landlady. As I discovered afterwards, Dora had gone to her and in some way got permission to go into my room before I came home on that particular evening. How she managed that I don't exactly know or cannot remember; but at all events she hid herself behind the curtain of my wardrobe.

When I came home I lit the lamp, sat down to write, and remained so doing about an hour. I then wanted something from a pocket of a garment hanging in that wardrobe, and as I approached that place, I was, for a moment, rather startled to see a dainty little hand thrust out playfully from behind the curtain. I was downright angry, and after expressing my opinion as to her conduct pretty sharply, with, of course, excuses and retorts on her part, I sent her home to her mother.

For three days there were what diplomatists call “strained relations” between us; but on the fourth morning, as I was going to my work, she contrived to meet me as though by accident, and her pretty penitence and those pleading, yet destructive blue eyes, put me quite “out of action” and once more I had to haul down my battle flag and follow in her wake.

She had been since some time before I knew her a member of an amateur theatrical troupe. Her mother and I went by invitation to an entertainment which was being given by them about this time. I noticed that a young man who was one of these amateur actors was much more attentive to my fiancée than the play necessitated, much more than I liked at all events, though she did not seem

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to encourage him; so I contented myself with urging her to be careful.

He, however, was so smitten by her attractiveness, and, I suppose, by the pangs of jealousy, that he took to following us wherever we went of an evening. This was to me at least, a very inconvenient and irritating habit of his, so one evening I left my girl standing alone, while I walked back about ten yards or so to exchange such civilities with him as might seem necessary. First, I rather curtly asked where he was going. He, as curtly, replied he would go where he liked. I quite assented to this, provided it did not involve his following my lead any longer; he was welcome to choose his own direction and I would be glad to know which it would be so that I and the young lady could take the opposite one, because if we should unfortunately find him behind us again as before, I felt quite positive there would be a fight. He seemed to fall in with my suggestion, for he went off at a tangent, and I never saw him playing shadow to me again.

I wish now that she had jilted me for him or that I had made her a present to him, or even that he could have knocked me out of time and carried her off; if he had done so he would have been one of my greatest benefactors.

So far as I can see, courtship is much alike everywhere—a sort of crazy patchwork of odds and ends of pleasures, rivalries, jealousies, trifling disappointments and vexations, tiffs, and the like, the whole herring-bone stitched together with a perfect network of kisses and huggings.

The general effect is not bad, and if you take reasonable care of it, it serves a very useful purpose for a long time after—it is a neat little coverlet of romance for the more simple kind of matrimonial bed. But some people get careless with it after a while—let it lie kicking about, getting torn and soiled till it loses its original prettiness—and I think ladies themselves are the more foolish in this respect.

For instance, when babies come, all former things, including this once prized love-affair, are apt to be cast aside

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and forgotten; whereas it would be far wiser to keep improving it on the original plan.

Now, no matter how matter-of-fact and off-handed a man may seem, he is nearly always a wonderfully sentimental, and sensitive animal. If he tires of his wife it is mostly because he did not recognize in her the girl he chose from all others. She undergoes such a series of metamorphoses of every kind—from hat or bonnet to skirt-hem—that he can't distinguish her from Bessy and Mary Ann and Matilda Jane and Gwendolen,—and by and by any one of these would do just as well as his chameleon "Duckie." When dear madam, you will find your old "boy" getting seemingly indifferent and erratic, just see if you can't hunt up, or imitate, the garb you wore on the day you had that delightful little jaunt together to that out-of-the-way little nook—(you know where)—just playfully put it on and fix your hair in character and ask if he remembers when you first wore that dress and hat, taking care to give him one of your old-time glances. If his arm is not instantaneously where that dress has best accommodation for it, and if he does not contribute other necessary details to complete the reminiscence then this author is neither self-experienced nor a judge of other men.

If you try some such plan with success you may blame yourself entirely if you have not wit and tact to keep your captive.

But whatever you do avoid tiffs and causes of them *after* marriage; not merely jealousy, but coolness and neglect provoke these dangerous little games.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON COURTSHIP PERILS, AND MY MARRIAGE.

If I take the reader into rather candid confidence in this chapter, so far as is permissible, I trust he or she will credit me with good objects; first, adherence to truth, second, but of at least equal importance, a desire to hoist, as it were, a danger signal for the benefit of both parents and innocent young people.

Notwithstanding my own heedless waywardness during my earlier manhood, perhaps in part because of it, I think there is a great deal to be said in favor of the older-fashioned formal restrictions upon courting couples—the stringent domestic regulations, especially as regards chaperonage, under which respectable courtships had to be conducted. There were drawbacks, no doubt, but nothing to be compared with the evils arising out of the laxity in modern customs and undue freedom.

Complaint is constantly and publicly made of the falling off in the marriage rate, and many reasons are assigned. I think I could put my finger on the chief cause and prove it to be so, if space would permit; as it does not permit me to do the latter satisfactorily, I must content myself with a dogmatic assertion of my opinion.

Here it is: Young men see too much of young women, both generally and individually, hear too much, and instead of regarding them as semi-divinities in moral qualities as well as in personal charms, the average young man is primed with doubts and suspicions; his sense of caution demands familiarity—familiarity in too many cases produces either contempt or the evils I would herein point out.

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I know that feminine ambitions and extravagance and masculine reluctance to accept *matrimonial* responsibilities count for a good deal on the question, but in my firm opinion nothing like that I have previously stated. I cannot enlarge on the point, unless perhaps to the extent of one further short contention.

A young lady is never so beautiful and attractive as when, figuratively speaking, veiled in maidenly modesty, self-respect, and something of mystery and inaccessibility. No young man worth his salt would be deterred by desirable precautions in protection of a girl.

My own case is both an illustration of and a warning against certain wide-spread dangers.

A wise mother would have insisted upon a strict observance of the rules of prudent propriety. A wise and self-respecting girl would have been willingly obedient to parental wishes. But, as is common between recognized lovers, my sweetheart and I were permitted or seized opportunities for a great deal of the privacy all lovers so delight in. This is dangerous enough with the most high-principled of young men; with those who are what is called "fast" or "wild" it is criminal folly for the natural guardians of the young lady to neglect due precautions, as it is for her to be disobedient.

I say unhesitatingly that in the great majority of cases where secret meetings or interviews occur, sooner or later there is a sudden slipping from comparatively innocent endearment to disastrous consequences. In most cases it is probably unmediated, and even quite unanticipated. It is simply that prudence and modesty weaken gradually until woman's noblest trait of character; her readiness to sacrifice herself for the sake of whoever she loves, play the traitor to her, and everything but irresistible self-abandonment is forgotten. This is written only as from an unseen friend in well-meant warning to all concerned. Better a little such than irreparable misery, of which there are myriads of instances.

Here, however, I would add that in my opinion, as of many I know, it is absurd and wrong for either society or

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parents to condemn young people so severely as they do for what is in reality the fault of the parent protector; also that I think it practicable to considerably amend legislation and the moral code; also customs, in connection with these problems.

Well, the almost inevitable consequence of free and easy courtship precipitated an earlier marriage than we had intended. I managed to save a few pounds at short notice and our wedding was celebrated with considerable style—I wish to say, “better late than never.” The officiating minister told me that he had operated on thirty couples that day (Sunday) ours being the last; I cannot help wondering how many turned out failures!

Perhaps in my case he forgot something, or his hand was not steady enough to tie the knot securely. It was the custom for the minister to drink to each bride’s health. An assistant minister we had in Ottensen used to be so overcome by his conscientious and thorough performance of this part of his duties (both at weddings and christening) that I have often seen him after visiting a number of “patients” making ludicrously futile efforts to step over a street gutter, only to finally topple into it—and *stay there* till someone gave him a lift and a fresh start. The one who married us was not so far gone as that, but thirty nips (unless mere “sips”) must have told some tale.

There were a great many guests, as my bride had a lengthy invoice of relatives. One of her uncles sent five dozen bottles of wine and the necessary liberal supply of lager-beer. The obsequies, as I may cynically yet truthfully term what were supposed to be festivities, lasted till the disreputable hour of eight o’clock Monday morning.

I loved my wife very dearly, not only during the earlier years of our married life, but for many years afterwards. But I must let my narrative unfold in proper order. Lest, however, I should not have so suitable an opening later I must say here that the sum total of my own experience of married life is that ninety-nine out of one hundred marriages are failures. What with this, that, and the other consideration, marriage has become

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a gamble with long odds against you—as bad as the thimble rigging and three card tricks—a good deal more risky than dice or Monte Carlo system. As to faithfulness and devotion, I think married women show a much poorer average percentage of those qualities than ladies of more doubtful social status, though there are bright exceptions.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“AN ELYSIUM ON EARTH.”

For the first few months our sky was fairly serene, the air (generally) full of music, our home and life quite a florist's garden of varied sweetness. We had taken apartments and my wife with the housewifeliness of most German girls made our home neatly pleasant and attractive. The home-coming after a day's work was something delightful to look forward to, and brightened and lightened the toil itself. My hands and tools fairly danced to my cheery whistling and humming, my feet would not keep from jigs and horn pipes. My former bachelor joys waned dim like stars before sunrise. The new close companionship of sweet womanhood, the identity of all interests, the thousand confidences, the evergrowing tenderness and thoughtful little attentions, and the mutual anticipations and preparations were revelations of happiness too sacred to describe in cold ink; in fact, they are indescribable. Could married life always be so it would be an incomparable delight. I think I have seen a few rare, very rare, couples with families growing up around them and the instances of it which justify Moore's few inspired lines:

“There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
Where two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And O, if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this.”

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It makes my brain and heart ache to think of what was and what still might have been. Could we have had but one child perhaps all might afterwards have been so different with us. Since that time I have felt an emptiness of life, an intense longing for the joys, (yes, and the cares) and growing interests of fatherhood. I have nothing now to strive for, no natural noble ambitions. I see other parents live again and lose themselves in their children; they pass away content and even joyful. What are such to me unrealized, all but incomprehensible, delight? Would that I could know them!

Had my bride and I but had a son or a daughter to provide for and train up, surely it would have drawn us more closely than ever together; the purer, loftier nature, unselfish, self-sacrificing love would have supplanted the baser. I see it all now; our marriage was never consummated in the fullest and only true sense—it was nothing more than a civil formality without its due function. My *wedding* may have proved a failure, but I know nothing of “holy marriage;” I cannot prove *that* a failure—only that *unripe fruit is sour*. Nor does the mere fact of parentage complete marriage; the wedding is its first stage, parentage its second, but there should further be that continuous betterment or evolution and increase which seems a supreme universal law and failing which there is deterioration and destruction.

I have given these confidences and reflections chiefly in the hope that young couples and lovers who may peruse them may perhaps glean something of benefit, if it only sets them thinking seriously and loftily, suggests higher ideals, *and prevents matrimonial suicide*—“Prevention is better than cure.” If I cannot speak with the authority of a genuinely happy married man, I can at least with the bitter experiences of one who has enjoyed all the lower pleasures of love and missed the higher.

Contrary to a common experience, my mother-in-law and I were always on excellent terms, though she lived with us and we seldom if ever went anywhere without her. She was really very good to me and of great help to my wife.

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The usual happenings occurred in a little less than the time strict etiquette required, a not uncommon phenomenon with young married couples of a seven month's child being announced. But the event was disastrous. Notwithstanding the assistance of a properly qualified nurse and a doctor, as well as that of my mother-in-law, my wife was in a most critical condition, an operation had to be performed and in consequence the child died. My wife was unable to leave her bed for six months and for a long time the doctor had to call every day—a nice handicap and outlook for a working man earning from thirty to forty shillings a week! It was about twelve months before my wife was fairly well, and worse than all the doctor informed her she would never have any more children, and she never did.

She was as yet a good-hearted little wife, however, and thought she would like to earn a little money herself towards our common interests. She opened a business as dealer in second-hand goods. I used to deliver them after coming home from my own day's work; so I had a pretty hard time of it, but did not mind that as I was anxious to get on in the world, and on the whole we did fairly well for a time.

But the business was in my mother-in-law's name, and as she mostly bought on credit from auctioneers to the full extent of our takings (which she took possession of and used to pay for those investments) there was no direct benefit to us, but rather some leakage of my own earnings. I objected to her system of business and in the end suggested that we should dissolve partnership. Accordingly, my mother-in-law opened independently a little further up the street while my wife and I carried on the original concern. Still we remained on quite friendly terms.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUNDRY DISASTERS; I GAIN EXPERIENCE.

About a year later I learned from my wife that her mother was being wooed by "a nice man." I gave my opinion then and there against the idea, but it was of no use, and I had to submit to an introduction with or without what grace I could.

He was a big hulking fellow of about thirty, and employed in a brewery. My mother-in-law was about forty-seven. Fancy a woman thinking that a man so much younger than herself wanted to marry her for love! But, perhaps fortunately for us men, (most women are rather silly creatures)—otherwise how many of us would get wives at all? But there, I am giving myself away badly—in trying to speak for others. (?)

I "button-holed" the mother, as the saying is. I took her at what disadvantage I could—that is, while her mouth was hampered with bread and butter or something of that sort so that she could not so easily answer back. I led off with what diplomacy I had at command, I reasoned with her as though she had been some rational being instead of—a woman in love I argued up and down and all around; I delicately touched on their respective ages (perhaps a fatal blunder) and contended that he only had an eye to her business and supposed money (a poor compliment on my part) and that his aim was to "loaf" upon her. I might as well have reasoned with a lamp-post; better, in fact, for while a lamp-post will at least let you have your say out, a woman won't, but turns on you like a wild-cat and (figura-

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tively) brings you to the grass with the amazing skill of a Japanese expert in "Jiu-Jitsu." Reason is nearly always useless in dealing with a woman, never more useless than when marriage is in question, especially if her own. They would marry anything—except perhaps a mouse—if only their minds are once set upon an object.

She was as certain she had got hold of a good bargain as if he had been ticketed in a draper's window at 2s. 11¾d.—so she had him tied up by the parson and carried him home (metaphorically, of course).

A month's honeymoon produced in him such a passion for home that he wanted to leave his work altogether and sit all day with her behind her counter. A decided change in the domestic weather then took place.

To crown all, the astonished bride was faced with a promissory note for \$20 in favor of a matrimonial agent, which note she had neither seen, heard, nor dreamt of before, but for which she was legally liable all the same. Her truly "startling bargain" of a husband had given the agent the promissory note for the introduction, the same to be paid when the marriage came off. Now, in Germany both husband and wife are each equally liable for all debts whether post-nuptial or ante-nuptial, unless they have made a deed of separation of property *before marriage*; such a deed cannot be obtained afterwards. Therefore, as he had nothing, she had to pay.

Their tiffs were about as noisy as two night-watchmen with their rattles, with a big dog and a few cats as accompaniment—and harder things than words were apt to fly about. So, after much persuasion by my wife, her mother permitted us to shift her whole stock and chattels (and herself) to our place. Within about twelve months of the wedding day she died. Poor silly woman, she might have lived many years longer had she been more cautious in her second matrimonial venture, or remained a widow.

Shortly after this my wealthy old great aunt also died, in her ninety-third year, having (as I said before) outlived her second husband by three years. Naturally one of the staple subjects of conversation in related family circles

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had for a long time been the prospective dividends from that mine to the preferential scrip-holders. She left 250,000 dollars, but what with several big legacies to institutions as well as to individuals and the long list of relations interested in the will, very little came to me—about \$750. I was more than disappointed—I felt that my aunt had shown a greivous lack of discrimination, of appreciation of merit; that there was base ingratitude on her part for my having left her and her cherry trees and cats in peace for so many years; that her legacies to the distressed kith and kin of the said cats, for invalid dogs, for supernuated song-birds, and such-like purposes were downright malfeasance—worse even than the criminal waste of buns upon the bear at the zoo over which my young soul had often grieved when a boy.

However, I thought my best plan was to try to make this legacy grow. I had long tired of factory life and had a desire to go into business of some kind for myself. The last was the main point—I wanted to be my own master; but I also felt that enterprise was necessary in order to make much headway in the world; mere wages would not do it.

But knowing very little about business in the general sense, I was like a country bumpkin amongst city sharpers. Virtually I invited all the confidence tricksters to flock around me and “take me down” by advertising for a partnership. Replies came in flocks like ravens to a dead lamb. This is always the case if you have money to lose. I made my choice, a traveler for a large crockery factory in South Germany. His patent idea was a wholesale crockery store in Hamburg, and he threw so much professional enthusiasm, fluency and business knowledge into his advocacy of the scheme that I felt quite ashamed of my trifling contribution, the ready money, and that he was already my benefactor and worthy head of the firm. I was already a millionaire—in imagination and mannerisms, jingling my little handful of loose cash with careless indifference—as though it were a mere trifling toy. I impressed myself if no one else.

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A store was taken, the firm's name and pretensions were blazoned in bold letters, and two truckloads of crockery were duly received and stocked in exchange for the whole of my capital. I was to remain in charge of the stock and do the inside work (seemingly fair arrangement) my partner was to attend to the outside details, for which, of course, his experienced fitted him.

Well, orders came in right enough and the stock rapidly emigrated; so far so good, but there was a hitch somewhere or other, for the debtor side of the cash account lagged woefully behind the credit side of the goods. In other words, the inflow of money was entirely insufficient to replenish stock and, of course, the profits were as yet impossible. Naturally, I made critical remarks, and my partner responded with crushingly fluent business logic.

One morning, after the venture had been staggering along about six months, on arriving in the lane where the store was situated I saw a crowd and a fireman's uniform about opposite our place. As I went further, a woman who kept a beer-house asked, "Don't you know that your store was burnt down last night?" I at once suspected my partner of being the cause.

At the store I was met by a detective who invited me to inspect the place in his company, there being suspicious facts in view. The building itself was not very greatly damaged and we were able to go upstairs. An iron hanging lamp which had been over my desk was lying in a corner thirty yards away where we had kept our packing straw. It was plain enough that the string by which it had been suspended had been cut and the lamp thrown or placed where it was found; but I could not give any definite information about it.

A little later my partner arrived vehemently talking all round him; bewailing our losses, complaining that when the news reached him the shock all but killed him (and his confidential dog. He fired questions at everybody, played detective himself and pretended to find wonderful clues, suggested all possible theories but the right one—and in short managed to keep nearly all the talking to himself—

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and avoid awkward questions by a show of nervous excitement.

There was an investigation before a magistrate. My irreproachable character, and there being visible no reasonable motive on my part, cleared me (notwithstanding a suspicious fact given below), it being shown that I had much more to lose than to gain by the fire; but my partner was sent up for trial on the double charge of arson, and embezzling the money of the firm. The first charge failed for lack of conclusive evidence, but he was convicted for embezzlement and sentenced to six month's imprisonment. It was proved that he had collected all the money he could due to the firm, and had not paid it in. The "outside" work suited his little game very nicely. It was a neat variety of the confidence trick. The goods were bought with my money and for a time were under my personal charge; but as they were sold he quietly took charge of most of their value in hard cash.

Now for the suspicion against myself. It will serve to show how easily circumstantial evidence may tell against a man, and perhaps land him in a nasty position.

The day before the fire my partner had gone on one of his rounds. As he had not returned, as he should have done, before closing time (six o'clock) I felt a bit uneasy; but locked up and went home—three miles away—as my wife, mother-in-law, and I had been invited to a relative's for that evening to celebrate a birthday. But after tea my uneasiness had so increased that I sent my wife and mother-in-law on by themselves, while I returned to examine the store and to see whether my partner had called there. I found it secure and feel sure there was nothing that could have accidentally caught fire. I then had a glass of beer at the place kept by the woman who next morning was the first to tell me of the fire. In reply to enquiries, she told me that my partner had not called at her place, nor had she seen him at all. It was about half-past nine, and about fifteen minutes later the fire broke out, so that things did look awkward for me. But an incendiary would hardly

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be foolish enough to give proof of his presence in the vicinity just before the fire.

After the investigation the magistrate said to me, "You should have consulted me about him before you accepted him as partner; I could have told you what he was. But I suppose you had only the money while he had the experience; and now he's got the money and *you've* got the experience?" My reply was simply, "Yes, that's about it."

I received about £5 from the insurance company, and so ended my first business venture, or rather the first stage of it, for a new firm arose, Phoenix-like from the defunct one. The business was placed in the hands of an official liquidator, with whom I already had some acquaintance. He being satisfied with the business itself, put some money into it, so becoming my sleeping partner, for it was carried on in my name—his official position barring him. So in this second stage I found the experience (though with a balance of former stock also) and my partner the money; this was better.

But unforeseen misfortunes awaited us. I will give two instances.

We took a cellar in a narrow street tranversed by a canal. It was winter time. A wagon-load of brown-ware coffee pots was delivered. The roads being slipperly with ice and hard snow the wagon wheels had skidded sideways on the curved surface of the road and jolted badly against the curbing—a common and unavoidable occurrence. The ware was very badly damaged by the jolting—about 120 out of 500 had the handles knocked off, to say nothing of other damages, and we had to stand the loss.

Another time we had a large general stock in the cellar, which got flooded by the overflowing of the canal. I did not trouble much about this, (after the cellar itself was drained) thinking water could not damage crockery ware; but I had still some experience to gain. A hard frost set in and, of course, the water still in our pots, jugs, and so on became solid ice. One day a few weeks later I was amazed to hear an irregular volley of explosions in the

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cellar, and on making an inspection I found the stock lying in fragments in all directions and explosions still progressing merrily. A thaw had set in and I suppose the ice by first expanding somewhat before actually liquifying had split and shattered nearly everything in which it was contained. So that stock was a dead loss.

After struggling on for some time I told my partner that the business was not paying and I thought we had better get out of it at once. He took the matter very philosophically. "Oh, that's all right," he said, "collect all the money you can and pay it in to me as official liquidator and I will wind up the business in the proper way." The "proper way" of course provided for "official" charges first, and I have little doubt my partner saw that that particular creditor was secured.

He wanted to get me a billet as policeman, but my wife objected to the idea.

I therefore returned to employment in my own trade for a time.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FAVORITE GERMAN SPORT.

The British pride themselves on being a sport-loving people, and so they are. But I have been surprised at finding that amongst their many varieties of sport they have no dog-racing, which is in my opinion one of the most exciting and mirth-provoking sports known.

Partly for this reason and partly because one of my aims in this book is to give some insight into German life and customs, I will try to give a realistic idea of it.

Some fine morning we find ourselves amongst gay crowds of people thronging the streets of Hamburg on their way to the open country near by. A friend of ours, whom we will call Vogel, is with us and leading a dog—not much to look at perhaps, except as regards size—a rather big, lank, heavy-looking beast of no particular breed or pedigree—more wolf-like than anything, and for this reason “Wolf” is its name. Here and there in the crowd miscellaneous other dogs are being led by their careful masters, and now and again a brightly painted and gaily bedecked little carriage or cart dashes by, drawn by a large dog (usually a Newfoundland) and with a little boy, perhaps in fancy costume, driving.

On arriving at our destination we find a long, straight course of, I should say, about a mile and a half or perhaps two miles in length (trusting to memory) carefully railed off. There is a large concourse of people, and, naturally some canvas marquees and booths where the inevitable lager beer, and wines, lemonade and everything else adult

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and juvenile appetites crave for can be obtained at frequent intervals.

The air is cheerfully noisy with popping of corks, chatting and laughter, a good band of music, and sundry independent instruments (including those of Punch and Judy and similar small shows), the cries of betting men, and the almost incessant barking of a multitude of dogs. The scene is not unlike that at some great horse race meeting.

Military uniforms are, of course, very plentiful, as are also sailors of various rank and garb; and very few indeed of these sons of Mars and of Neptune are without at least one lady companion arm in arm with them. Many of the sailors, in fact, have quite a small fleet of such companions under their convoy—or, rather, towing the jovial sailor himself around to the numerous attractions, with even more noisy commotion than so many steam tugs.

Young couples in hundreds if not thousands are sauntering about, for this is one of their great holiday opportunities; and young pirates of both sexes are on the lookout for satisfactory prizes to capture. But space forbids dwelling on such details; *our* business is with the racing.

Separate races are provided for different breeds or classes of dogs, for carriages drawn by dogs, and most amusing of all, one or more "obstacle races."

The animals are very carefully trained, and plainly evince a keen and intelligent interest in the events they are respectively engaged in.

At the starting place there is a long dog-box or kennel (containing several compartment) reaching right across that end of the course, each compartment being closed by an iron grating in front, the whole of which can be lifted simultaneously by means of a lever. When the race is about to start, you can see the dogs in the various compartments eagerly watching the grating (as a rat-terrier does the opening of a trap with a rat inside) and waiting for the grating to rise. The moment it does so they are off, just like so many racehorses, and the general excitement is just as keen.

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For an obstacle race, besides rough hurdles or branches and twigs and such devices, there are suspended at intervals across the course three or four stout strings or cords from which hang lumps of meat, sausages, fish, dead fowls and birds, and such likely temptations to canine palates.

Our friend Vogel's "Wolf" is entered for this race and in due time takes his place willingly enough in one of the kennel compartments. The other competitors are a good many sorts and sizes; for speed and strength are by no means the most necessary qualities in such a contest; training and intelligence count most. Knowing this, some of the owners or trainers have fairly loaded their dogs to their muzzles with meat and other dainties likely to be met with *en route* so as to minimize the effect of manifold temptations that will beset their dogs during the time of trial. Really the event is quite a moral object lesson—if you choose to search for one.

The crowd lines up to the rails in eager anticipation, and the owners dispose themselves in favorable positions to enable them to encourage or threaten their own animals as occasion may require. A few of the spectators have provided themselves with surprise obstacles in the shape of live rats, rabbits, and perhaps a hare or two with which to distract from the stern path of duty the dogs who are proof against the common obstacles.

Amidst wild clamor and hearty laughter, at last the signal is given, the gratings raised, and the dogs are off—pell-mell scramble, the contestants barking, and snarling, and snapping at each other; for some of the more cunning are full of mischievous tricks to disconcert antagonists. The owners' trainers and spectators shout and whistle, and a number of pranks are played. At the first hedge a greyhound is over first with one clear bound, but a small terrier has found a small opening through which he dashes just in time to snap at one of his long-legged rival's hind legs. The latter turns in sudden anger and the terrier darts past him like a flash. Somebody lets loose a rat, throwing it well in front of the dogs, and the terrier and one or two others simply *cannot* resist their instinct to

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chase it. But voices and flourished whips recall them to their duty.

At the first line of eatables a few competitors come to grief and shame, for though most of them might remember not to touch the tempting morsels while hanging on the string, being trained to that, they cannot stand seeing another dog with one of the very best items in his mouth and coolly tearing it to shreds; they try to rescue some of it and in no time there is a furious fight between some of the dogs, and one or two limp out of the race altogether with drooping tail and guilt and fear stricken faces, and spend the rest of the day keeping out of sight of their angry masters.

So, all along the course there are comic laughter-provoking incidents, till only half a dozen dogs are left running. One of these is our friend's Wolf, for he is both fast and reliable; but the greyhound, who has regained lost ground is ahead of him. Suddenly a hare scurries across the course almost under the greyhound's nose and before the latter can collect his wits he has darted to one side after his accustomed quarry, leaving Wolf a pretty clear field.

Now, as long as his difficulties were in front, Wolf kept his head very well; but he knows that there is a speedy little animal close up and every now and then striving to reach his heels. The owners and spectators are by this time frantic; and Wolf, deafened by the noise, and worried to know just where that dangerous rival is, turns his head round to look for the latter, who, as if fully expecting and watching for this, seizes the opportunity of Wolf's slackened pace to dart by on the opposite side just in time to win, and our Wolf has to take the second prize with what grace he can. That grace is very little, for evidently realizing his own folly, he slinks about with very downcast tail and air, and makes one or two vicious efforts to get a short interview with his more successful competitor; who, however, is much too wise to reopen the question, and is led off by his master.

The dog-carriage events are also very attractive and often funny. But as the large dogs (mostly Newfound-

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lands and St. Bernards) which draw these vehicles are usually savage and liable to attack each other they are kept apart by means of temporary fences along and dividing the whole course. The boy drivers often show much skill, though now and then there is a capsize.

The Dachshunds (who seem as if they need an extra pair or two of legs) and the poodles also by their waddling gait cause a good deal of fun.

PART II

MY FIRST EMIGRATION AND LIFE AS A SAILOR.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.”—Longfellow.

Day after day, year in, year out—unless when the river was blocked with ice—the streets and the wharves of Hamburg and Altona were fairly littered with travellers of every description from or bound to, all parts of the world.

Most noticeable amongst those—swarming everywhere in twos and threes, in dozens, in scores, in some places in hundreds,—were parties of emigrants to America and distant Australia.

Strange indeed were some of the doings and sights amongst these emigrants.

Near one of the principle quays was a large hotel much patronized by them. It was a four-decker edifice and the scale of charges corresponded with your elevation therein—the nearer heaven, the higher also the tariff and *vice versa*, so that to this extent at least the management was in strict accord with orthodox church principles. On the “steerage” deck, below ground, a bunk similar to those on ship-board could be obtained for about 3d.; but even this was not the bedrock rate, for in the outer darkness and cold of a long narrow side passage or alley the poorest, or most thrifty, of the pilgrims could find a few hour’s snooze for about one penny. This passage-way was an interesting peep-show any time between, say, midnight and early dawn. Seated on forms placed along the two opposite walls imagine two tightly packed rows of men, women and children of all ages, except extreme infancy, sitting with their bodies leaning forward against and supported by a tightly

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stretched rope extending from one end of the human line to the other, their arms hooked and folded over the rope so as to afford some security from slipping; heads mostly resting on the arms and mouths more or less agape and emitting a guttural chorus of sleep music. (?) Yet ever here in this grotesque company pathetic touches of human tenderness and affection are visible,—a young wife half supported by her stalwart husband's arm, her head upon his shoulder; two or three infants resting hammockwise in a shawl suspended from the mother's neck or shoulder; children nestling together or against their parents. Poor creatures, some going to harder privations and death, a few to fortune, perhaps.

But the porter of the hotel is not overloaded with sentiment—except as practical joking can afford. Being of necessity an early riser himself he has no sympathy for lazy lie-abeds (unless rich enough likely to be good for “tips”) but he is a conscientious fellow enough—anxious to “do as he would be done by”—and therefore distributes “tips” himself by a very simple process. He quietly unfastens one end of the ropes and lets them go suddenly. The unfortunate sleepers, of course, mostly have an abrupt impression of “getting up” downwards and in too much of a hurry.

Every now and again word would come of the wonderful success of some relative or acquaintance, some former school-fellow or workmate who had gone to one of the far-away lands.

Now and then you would meet one of these lucky ones who had returned with all the outward evidences of prosperity; you would know, or hear of, some once poor hard-toiling man or woman who had, with riches won in those distant new lands purchased estates in their own native country, and now lived in luxury and fashionable society.

Now that sort of thing is “catching;” at least the first feverish symptoms are. It is all very well to be willing to work and to “look labor boldly in the face”—I have never shirked either, but I make no bombastic pretense of

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being such a hide-bound imbecile as to prefer life-long hard work for little more than nothing a day to as large a measure of prosperity as can be obtained for the least expenditure of time and labor.

Work I always had and could easily get at any time, so long as I was young and strong enough. But I wanted some provision for later years, and now at the age of fifty I can thank God and my own efforts that I am able to live in comfort without having to work for it.

I first decided to try the United States or Canada where at that time there was ample scope for many millions, and good immigrants were welcomed. In fact, I had actually packed up my box and paid ten shillings deposit on a ticket to New York, but abandoned my plan and the deposit through the persuasion of my wife and her relations.

This was a very unwise thing to do, for a man with a judgment and will of his own ought not to easily set aside any project, nor can he easily do so once his mind is fixed upon it, though it is only right of course that a good wife's opinion and feelings should have their due weight.

Restless still, my attention was turned to Brazil through a woman with whom we had made acquaintance who had been in that country in her younger days and gave most glowing accounts of it. She and her husband were arranging to go there with their three children, he giving up a good position as manager in a tobacconist's shop to do so.

On making enquiry at the Brazilian Colonization office in Hamburg I found that a passage as an assistant emigrant would cost £3, 5s. (about half ordinary rates) I decided to seize the opportunity, leaving my wife to carry on her little business till I could send her money either to go also, or support her, as might seem best. Though the profits of her business were comparatively small they were sufficient to provide her with a living. But I must confess that as neither of us were afflicted with economy I found some difficulty in scraping together my passage money. However, by heroic efforts this was accomplished, preparations made, and at last my berth booked by a regular steamer.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY DISCREDITABLE FATHER-IN-LAW.

I must now introduce to you somebody whom I have so far studiously and tactfully kept well out of sight—not (this time) as you may not unwarrantably infer from my past record and my present movements something attractive but contraband in flowing skirts—but still a type of person you are not very anxious to publicly promenade with—you feel more at ease when they are well out of sight somewhere—lost in remote background as it were.

This individual, however, was not at all easy to keep out of sight (unless he himself wished it—which fortunately in one sense was pretty often) for he was normally a very conspicuous personage—a handsome man of medium height and age, thick curly hair, a long military looking moustache, keen mocking blue eyes, and these natural advantages emphasized by a black velvet coat, patent leather boots, and all the other paraphernalia of a gorgeous dandy—that paraphernalia including a supercilious fastidiousness of voice and maner, a languid draw, yet withal a dash of dare-devil recklessness and good nature—an ingratiating, dangerous sort of a man—especially with the ladies. He was a “ne’er-do-well,” a scapegrace, and—he was my father-in-law! How could this be.

Many years before, my wife’s mother had for sufficient reasons obtained a divorce from him; he had married again and now he had a second family, though he seemed all but unconscious of this slight addition to his miscellaneous responsibilities in that line—as indeed he was of

responsibilities of any kind whatever. Debt seemed to be his native element so rarely was he out of it, yet he had a really first-class business as a fashionable hairdresser and wigmaker—or rather, he had an endless succession of such businesses, say an average of one or two per annum for Quarter-Day invariably found him hopelessly stranded for rent and unless as sometimes happened his brother or some other friend tided him over the shoal for the time being, he and his chattels were either summarily evicted or, more often, fugitives from legal “destraint.” As to butchers bakers, and other creditors of that kind, I fancy that only a few of the more energetic and persevering ever got anything more substantial than dishonored promissory notes from him.

At last, however, he was completely cornered. His most relentless pursuers had run him to earth and bombarded him with writs. For business purposes he had taken only a shop and a room, the landlord living on the premises. As usual, my father-in-law was in default with his rent on the very first quarter-day, and the conventional formulæ on both sides in such unpleasant cases had been punctiliously carried out with much soreness of spirit—though chiefly, I think, on the landlord’s part.

The latter was one of these big-made, stout, hot tempered men who can make things uncommonly sultry when they want to. He managed to convince his tenant that rent must be quickly forthcoming or that he, the landlord, would seize the shop furniture and fittings and that meantime he would establish a blockade over the shop and its contents that the latter would have a very poor chance of “fitting.” He, in fact, insisted on the whole rent by a fixed date.

But by father-in-law was a man of much resource. He had already given some attention to the possible desirability of leaving his complicated affairs and betaking himself to some country beyond the seas; he now decided to carry out this project and accompany me and a few other acquaintances to Brazil. By some means from his long-suffering brother (or else a wealthy nephew-in-law), and with

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a part of this he negotiated with his landlord for two or three week's extension of grace. With some of the balance he purchased a ticket by the same vessel that I had booked for.

Meantime that grimly resolute landlord kept ceaseless watch from his own window, (for he lived on the floor above the shop) upon the shop door to prevent the fittings from being spirited away. He knew his tenant was a slippery customer. When he was not personally on this sentinel duty, his daughter or some other member of his family always took his place. But generally he was there himself placidly smoking his long pipe and refreshing himself with the inevitable glass of lager-beer. It certainly looked as though my father-in-law was checkmated at last.

The day before we were to go on board ship my father-in-law took me into his confidence and asked my help to rescue him and what he considered as still *his* property. His plan seems to prove that he had at least a smattering of classical history, as you will see for yourselves if you have likewise—if not it does not much matter. At all events it so tickled the natural love of "fun" in myself and a few ship-mates whom I asked to join that (with some unnatural sympathy for an acquaintance in desperate straits) we promised our assistance.

Accordingly, that evening those who were in the plot one by one and at fair intervals drifted into the shop, some openly enough as though ordinary customers going in for a shave or a "hair cut," others who perhaps might be more open to suspicion keeping out of sight until the landlord—who was at his customary post—was burying his nose in his up-turning glass of beer or in some other way had his attention distracted for a few moments, when one or even two of us would slip in unseen.

We sat quietly out of sight in the shop till after closing hour, ten o'clock, at which time with much ostentation my father-in-law closed the place as usual and went off seemingly for the night. The landlord having watched him depart, naturally felt that further vigil would be waste-

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ful expenditure of time and energies, so went off duty and before long to bed.

But his wily tenant, instead of making for one of his homes or some other favorite resort, after going a short distance doubled back to a place from which he could observe the upper windows above his shop. When he thought all was clear he quietly slipped back into the shop.

Though we were all a little excited we kept pretty quiet



until the landlord's family seemed to be all safely in bed, then strange things began to happen. The large wall mirror was taken down, the marble top taken off the table, chairs made as convenient for carrying as possible, smaller articles stowed in drawers, boxes, and bags, and my father-in-law put in the window a large card bearing the notice,

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“On account of death in the family this business will be closed for a few days.” Then very cautiously the door was opened and the outside world reconnoitred carefully and as soon as the coast seemed clear enough one shouldered the big mirror, two others each put a large barber’s chair upside down on his head and grabbed something smaller in his free hand, one took the marble table top, and so distributing the salvage to the best advantage we stealthily filed out leaving the place pretty bare of anything at all valuable, and my father-in-law locked the door for good.

We carried the plunder to my father-in-law’s private residence, whence next morning it was carted to the vessel and expeditiously shipped out of sight as “Not wanted on the voyage.”

As we were going on board next day, my father-in-law had a pretty considerable scare, for there on the wharf on the edge of the crowd collected there was the easily recognized and dreaded portly form of his much wronged landlord. Great and pitiable were the culprit’s dismay and apprehension; what else should he think but that his victim had discovered his tenant’s flight and intended voyage and was now here to watch for and stop him? He grabbed me convulsively by the arm and hoarsely half whispered, “My goodness, Adolph, here’s that old Grunzel” (the landlord); “what in the mischief shall we do?” He was pale and shaking with excitement, feeling, I suppose as if this vain world was pitching and rolling and sinking beneath his feet. I hauled and shoved him behind a pile of cargo, “Come and get your moustache and hair off, so that he won’t know you so easily,” said I. This at first he jibbed against for they were in his eyes priceless possessions, worth untold trade—and women. But “Needs must when the devil drives,” so we slipped across the road to one of the barber’s shops to be found near shipping places and had the necessary alteration made, and as he had changed his ordinary showy raiment for plainer toggery, he had only to pull his soft felt hat well over his face to alter his appearance from a smart dandy to that of a ferocious desperado from the wild west.

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But he didn't sustain this character very well on our return to the ship. It is the greatest mystery that his shrinking bearing did not lead to his prompt arrest on suspicion of being some escaped criminal. He crouched on the lee side of me and any others convenient, kept his eye on the landlord and a respectful distance from him, dodging from point to point, and taking advantage of a favorable chance wedged himself in a little crowd struggling over the gangway—we helping to cover him as well as we could—and once on board he hurried below and stowed himself away until the vessel had cast off and the steady churning of the propeller assured him that his business perils were being left at a safe distance behind.

It may be as well to add that we afterwards learned that the landlord was not on the lookout for his debtor, but seeing the notice in the window had given it undeserved credit and had merely treated himself to a little relaxation from his stern sentry duty over the shop. It was, in fact, some days before he discovered how he had been "done," and it is perhaps just as well that I am not able to give you reliable information as to his then words and deeds. But I take it that his next defaulting tenant would get very short shrift from him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MY FIRST SEA-VOYAGE.

Well, here I was at last fairly afloat, rushing as fast as a fine steam-vessel could carry one towards a new life and adventures, and to strange fortunes. Here I was leaving old familiar Hamburg and Altona behind, gliding swiftly by scenes of my childhood, boyhood, and earlier love-days. Over that ridge quaint old Ottensen with its little lake and still the home of Elsbeth; here the riverside where I had so often voyaged on ice-rafts, there the tall chimneys of friendly glass-bottle factories; past craft of all kinds and sizes; soon the more familiar things have slipped into one low grey indistinguishable mass astern; my "Golden Abendsonne" (Golden Evening Sun) is shining in glory low down in the west, over our port bow as though encouraging me to follow it as I am doing; but soon again the dark shades of night are settling around us as we move onwards towards and into the cold North Sea (a prophetic forecast of what was to come) only to give place in the morning to the bright sun *rising in the East*—a further forecast of my future. But my principal feeling was one of great elation.

The vessel was of the modern type and of about the average tonnage, but it was a bit of a Noah's Ark as regards its passenger list, and it was soon to become more so. But you get used to that voyaging from Hamburg to America. We were, however, at once roughly sorted out—single men shunted together in one of the less comfortable parts, single women in sacred seclusion, German families in one section;

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Polish jews in another; miscellaneous nationalities elsewhere.

The first few days on an emigrant or general passenger ship are nearly always much alike. There are sure to be some strutting, quarrelsome individuals, both male and female, and children getting into everybody's way, so that the tableau is very suggestive of a poultry farm or market, what with the cackling and crowing, an occasional tussle, and other little items. But as soon as the ship touches the open sea it is as though an earthquake, a large kitchen, a public restaurant, one or two low-class hotel bars, and some hospitals had got badly jumbled together.

There was one thing that greatly attracted my attention from the very first, and I puzzled my brain over the problem not a little. Both the main and "tween" decks were fairly stacked with large boxes of onions. What are they for? Surely not being shipped to South America? A few days later the riddle was solved, as you will duly find.

We had lovely weather through the North Sea and English Channel and almost every yard of the way was full of interest of some sort, passing vessels, coast scenery, thrilling historic associations; for these waters have seen barbarian canoes and coracles, Roman galleys, viking corsairs, fighting fleets of many centuries, and now the vast iron and steel machinery-fish of modern days. But I may not loiter on these things.

When we got into the Bay of Biscay we had our first real idea of "a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." About three o'clock in the afternoon we saw the sailors fastening and lashing down everything which was at all movable, the portholes were closed and secured, and the hatches were covered with tarpaulins and battened down, only a few small openings being left, each just large enough for one person at a time to go down or come out from below. Before long the wind was "blowing great guns" and we were soon in the thick of a terrific storm.

But, man alive, if you have any of the Viking blood in you it is glorious—when you get used to it. At first you may feel as if sky and sea were playing shuttlecock with

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you, or as if you were on some madly plunging hydraulic "lift," or rather on such a lift and a violent earthquake combined, or as if the sea were Mark Twain's "Genuine Mexican Plug," but of an enormously exaggerated size; and you have a feeling of general disintegration and dissolution and as if you were a disembodied ghost suffering—— (my descriptive powers fail at this point.)

But when you have got your sea-legs, nerves, and stomach a storm at sea is, as I said before, glorious. You feel the same wild free joy, the reckless exultation which a bold "cross-country" morning gallop gives a horseman. Your ship seems a high-mettled giant, living creature—horse, mermaid, fish and bird all in one; you soon learn to talk to and caress it as an Arab does his steed. It seems to understand you and to curvet and prance in proud obedience.

Well, darkness had come on and the storm had become so terrific that every few seconds big waves swept the ship from stem to stern. My father-in-law, I, and a few others had taken shelter behind the engine-house and were watching the white heads of the waves that were rising and towering and rushing alongside. In fact, it was too dark to distinguish anything but those gleaming crests.

Somebody stumbled up against us. It was the captain, in oilskins and heavy sea-boots; but being a good-humored man, his remarks were not stronger than nautical etiquette demanded in cases of sudden emotion, and he merely ordered us below to avoid being washed overboard. We had to make one at a time, a rush between succeeding waves, for the man-hole in the hatchway, and all got down safely. But as we lurched and reeled and bumped along the alleyway and steerage cabin to our own quarters, the sights and sounds and complex smells we encountered made the place seem like the Bedlam and infirmary department of Hades. Women and children moaning and screaming; one youngster lustily howling, "I want to go back," with dismal reiteration; another, "Are we going to be drowned?"; one woman's voice, "Oh, oh, I'm dying—go for the captain—ask him to stop the ship;" several calling for the steward,

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others for brandy or some other means of relief; sounds of violent agony in all directions; married men themselves in distress tenderly attending to wives and children—some men furiously smoking and noisily playing cards with an air of indifference and bravado, now and then breaking out with their most impressive expletives and all but coming to blows with each other.

Arrived at our own quarters we turned in, three in a bunk—my father-in-law being on one side, a friend of ours on the other, and I the more onerous position in the middle. They had argued with much show of reason that as I was the stoutest and heaviest I would be least liable to serious damage; and there we were rolling and jolting about sideways as if in a cradle, and our heads and feet playing see-saw with the pitching of the ship, and getting bumped and “bucked” up and down, and jarred with the vibration of the engines and propeller, until we felt as if pretty nearly everything except our inseparable natural depravity was shaken out of us. Every now and again there was a terrific shock as the great waves dashed against the bows (near which we were) and it seemed as though they must be smashed in; but in spite of all the noise and discomfort I fell asleep and when I awoke everything was calm and the sunlight shining brightly through the port-hole near our bunk, and I could see land close by.

I hastened on deck and found we were on the River Tago, and rapidly approaching Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, which was our first place of call. I must say that I never in all my life before breathed such balmy air as on that bright morning in the south of Europe, and I already felt it very beneficial to my weakened lungs.

We anchored in mid-stream and remained about two days to take in cargo and passengers. On the first day about ten of us went ashore in one of the boats to see the town and any romantic adventures that might come along.

Lisbon is beautifully situated and very hilly, and doubtless contains many beauties that I had no time or opportunity to become acquainted with, though we saw a good many casually—dark eyes and hair and rich complexions;

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but I am a married man. One thing struck me as being very strange, the fact that the shops had no windows and that all the goods were displayed on the footpaths. I afterwards found out that this is the fashion in most mild climates (that is, mild in the sense of being warm). Another interesting sight was the strange looking vehicles drawn by mules coming tearing down the steep roads at break-neck speed. It was all new and positively marvellous to us—especially what they were in such a hurry for, seeing that the main business of life there seemed to be to take things as easily as possible—to lounge and doze about till evening brought its usual pleasures.

Wine saloons were plentiful, and it was not long before thirst and curiosity tempted us into one to sample the Spanish and Portuguese national beverage. It was so exceedingly good that we were not long in getting brimful of jollity and to some extent oblivious of our surroundings, so that when in the evening we returned on board we did not notice that we had a stranger in the boat with us—not, however, let me say at once, some charming Portuguese lady, but a mere man. We did not know of the fact till next morning, when I happened to be about the first passenger on deck, for I was always fond of the fresh morning air.

As I strolled up and down I was accosted by a man in blue uniform, of a man-of-war sailor, only that the white piping cord on the collar had been ripped off. He told me that he had been one of the crew of an English man-of-war then lying only about thirty yards from us. He had seen us going on shore and had managed to get ashore and waited for our return, calculating that we would not do so until after dark, and so he would be able to accompany us unseen. As he was a German he looked to his countrymen to help him. He was a tailor by trade, but had shipped as a fireman or stoker on the man-of-war and had had a terrible time, what with hard work and offensive treatment. The skin on the palms of his hands was in places as thick as the sole of my boot. He asked me what sort of man our captain was and whether I thought he would send him back

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to the man-of-war or to the police. I said our skipper was a good-hearted sort of man.

A little later he went to the captain's cabin, and when he came out again I could see by his beaming face that the interview was satisfactory. Soon after this police came on board to make inquiries about him, but he, of course, was kept out of the way, and our good natured captain somehow "bluffed" the police. If he was guilty of a falsehood I think it was one of those that are more honorable than truth at times.

We shipped our Lisbon passengers, a motley crowd of Spaniards and Portuguese in all shades of sickly yellowish grey and brown, with a few superior samples in ruddy olive and pearly teeth. The ship was now a menagerie of many nations and languages—a not unmusical Babel, however, for the new-comers' voices were mostly so soft and sweet that but for the breath exhaled with them you might have used them instead of sugar and molasses. But that breath! I soon found out what our vast stock of onions was for. These Southerners had them, and garlic, for breakfast, dinner, and tea—with wine at every meal instead of tea, and cigars and cigarettes to fill up the chinks between with.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BRAZIL AT LAST—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

We were about three weeks on the ocean after leaving Lisbon, an ocean that has for ages been the scene of all kinds of nautical romance—traversed by daring adventurers seeking “the fairyland of gold and silver” and precious stones that lay to the west, by returning Spanish fleets freighted with vast treasure trove, by buccaneers and pirates, by real as well as fictionary Robinson Crusoes, by slave-ships innumerable, by sea-dogs old and young such as we read about in Marryatt and Mayne Reid, by great war-fleets, under famous sailors of many nations—the scene of countless wrecks and other tragedies—and perhaps deep down the remains of a forgotten and more splendid world than we in modern days know.

We had no exciting adventure with some bloodthirsty Captain Kidd or his fraternity; they are all honorably shot or hanged or otherwise retired from business. Our huge iron box of machinery just monotonously bored along over thousands of miles of restless dark water-desert, and we, its human freight, began to find our sea-legs and act the sailor. We also grew more sociable and passed the time pleasantly with games and other amusements; moreover, as there were very few saloon passengers, and they good-naturedly raised no objection, we were allowed the run of pretty nearly the whole ship.

When we were “crossing the line,” there being so many land-lubbers on board, we had the customary visit of State by Neptune and his court, and the time honored rough

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ceremonial rites of christening or confirmation, or whatever they may be, connected therewith; but as these are so well known I need not describe them.

One thing, however, may be worth remark—even perhaps of international moment; I could not help noticing that Neptune, his queen, and most of their myrmidons spoke very excellent German, rather slangy, tarry, profane German perhaps—but nevertheless the genuine article. In fact, it was quite plain they *were* Germans. Now Britishers are always singing and boasting, “*Britannia Rules the Waves,*” and I would like to know how this can be if Neptune is a “*Deutscher,*” and I can pledge my word and honor that the Neptune I met was, and knew as much about lager beer and every other sacred institution of the Fatherland as I did.

My father-in-law was about the most refractory of the new subjects if his oceanic majesty. When he found that an essential part of the mystic ceremony was in the hands of a brother tonsorial artist (of the most grotesquely prehistoric type), that his “*lather*” or shaving solution was not at all of the most refined perfume, but suspiciously like refuse grease and pigwash, that his brush was of the kind generally used for tarrying purposes, and that his razor was fearfully rusted and jagged—my father-in-law claimed exemption as being “*in the trade*” or at least to be granted the usual “*trade discount.*” It was all in vain; the monarch and his courtiers evidently had a long standing grudge against “*long-shore barbers,*” and were uproariously gleeful at having one in their clutches; and as for their own deep-sea tradesman, he seemed fairly fiendish with trade-rivalry, and when the rough tarpaulin apron had been secured around his victim’s neck he rubbed that greasy slush into mouth and nostrils and ears and neck, and flourished and scraped and scratched with that bit of rusty iron till the victim yelled and struggled convulsively amid shouts of laughter from the onlookers, and finally he was drenched with three or four buckets of seawater instead of a spray of “*eau de cologne.*”

We were all very glad when early one morning we found

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ourselves getting close to the coast of Brazil—just there a rather low-looking coast, but with a distant background of mountain and forest; beyond which were the regions whence for centuries vast stores of gold, silver and precious stones had been ceaselessly pouring into Europe. This was the land of boundless plenty and of adventure, where we poor fools felt sure that fortunes awaited us.

By about eight or nine o'clock that morning we were in a magnificent harbor, All Saints' Bay, which is separated from the sea by a long steep hilly tongue of land, on which and for some miles along its western declivity and base extends the important city of Bahia, with a population of nearly 200,000, I believe. To us it was a strange and pleasing scene.

As soon as we had anchored in the bay, we were surrounded by a number of boats, some of which were loaded with fruit, vegetables and various other things which sea-sickened stomachs would be likely to want to eat, besides a number of gaudy birds, while other boats contained a swarm of ferocious looking black and brown yelling and gesticulating savages, who seemed likely to want to eat us—at least that was the first impression of some our more simple-minded emigrants; I am not sure that any of us were entirely easy on this point.

But whatever anxieties we felt were speedily relieved by the discovery that they were merely slaves, whose duty it was to unload the cargo for that port. Being a fairly conscientious man, I will not say they were quite without clothing; in fact, literal truthfulness compels me to state that all had *something* on in deference to fastidious tastes as regards decency—but in most cases *there was plenty of scope for charitable imaginations to supply very palpable deficiencies*—accidental short-comings, as one may say. For instance, the majority had simply a coffee bag with three holes roughly cut in them for the head to emerge from and one for each arm; a few who were more fashionable wore reminiscences of trousers, some with at least one leg remaining, scarcely any with a complete back view.

Consequently, as they climbed over the ship's bulwarks,

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the most charitable imagination was unequal to the excessive strain imposed upon it, and with a chorus of screams, the ladies on deck stampeded down below, and there relieved their agitated feelings with half-smothered giggling and hysterical chattering. Presently, however, some of the boldest of them appeared as reconnoitering parties in the companion-ways, timidly and cautiously at first, and at last venturing out again in twos and threes tightly locked together for mutual security and encouragement.

These negroes were all hired out by their owners just as horses might be; there were about fifty in the batch on our vessel. They were under an overseer who hailed from Hamburg, and I think he deserved about as much pity as the poor slaves themselves, for they were as hard to get work out of as a crowd of sundowners or a Government Lands Department. To my knowledge, he spared neither high nor low German, and I believe he must also have exhausted most of the profanity imported into Brazil from all quarters of the globe, to say nothing of the incessant wear and tear of shoe-leather, in well directed kicking, all with very poor results.

Thus, there is a jabbering down in the hold; three or four niggers are disputing over the hoisting of something. The overseer looks down and intervenes with some assorted threats and a well-aimed chunk of wood; there is a spasmodic combined effort and the steam winch hoists the boxes clear of the hatchway. Half a dozen niggers standing near the combing of the hatch let out half a dozen yells to the winchman and clutch hold of the hoisted boxes, and then hold them poised in mid-air while they jabber at each other and at half a dozen others on the bulwark, who are jabbering at them. The overseer pours a torrent of white hot verbal lava and applies a vigorous kick to each and several of the present custodians of the boxes to get a move on them. This assistance they evidently waited for as absolutely necessary, and with the impetus so obtained, they rush their charge to the vessel's side and with further energetic supervision from the overseer or one of his subordinates it is transferred to the boat alongside. He then

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rushes off to another hatchway to go through much the same programme, then back to resume duty as before.

The only thing those niggers can do without special stimulus is to jabber and quarrel. Their heads are hard as logs, and the overseer's knuckles are raw with punching and he fairly limps with his arduous labor in kicking. His face and neck stream with perspiration, and his eye has the wild glare of despair and insanity. But those black clowns grin with irrepressible cheerfulness and malicious fooling, which it would take pages to give an idea of.

All the slaves in Brazil were liberated in 1884; that is about two years after my first arrival. I don't wonder at the fact, for it is much too hot a climate for white men to manage niggers in; livery stable work is light in comparison. The mystery is how they persevered so long.

Our man-of-war deserter, however, elected to land here to minimize the chances of capture and a return to the stock-hole of an English ironclad. He was the best judge of that matter. We collected a few shillings for him, and after he had thanked the skipper he was put on shore.

Having taken in a little cargo for other ports, we steamed down the coast to Rio Jenerio, the capital of Brazil. As it has been often described, I will not attempt doing so, but content myself with one or two short remarks. It is said to have the best harbor in the world, whereas the people of Sydney claim that distinction for theirs. I myself, doubt whether the point can be definitely decided. Perhaps as regards the picturesque point of view, Sydney harbor has some advantages; but in one important respect it must, I think, yield the palm.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro is naturally better protected from invasion, as it has a very lofty mountain on one side of the entrance—it is called "The Sugar Loaf," on account of its general shape. So high is it that, at least so I was informed, no cannon can command the batteries upon it, while they can easily hit (?) any ship that might try to force a passage. In the light of gunnery tests in war during late years, I am dubious about the *hitting* capabilities of any save the most carefully trained gunners, and

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I have a suspicion this is the weak point in the local calculations—or one of the weak points, for in war as in all things, “it is the unexpected that happens.” American and British sailors have demonstrated this, and owe some of their great successes to their wonderful aptitude for upsetting theories and other things. So have we Germans, on land.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I HELP A SMUGGLER.

Soon after we had anchored in the bay and as I was leaning idly over the bulwark, one of my fellow passengers sidled up to me and launched a desultory conversation, which after drifting around a variety of subjects, resulted in his confiding in me that he was utterly destitute of money, but had twelve dozen men's caps in his trunk, which he thought he could trade off to advantage in Rio, if only he could land them free of duty, and he finally asked if I would mind helping him to get them on shore. He said, "I ask you because I think you are a man I can trust." Now, this was very complimentary from one point of view at least—to be picked out from a crowd of some hundreds as worthy of confidence (and I have had similar experiences later, in Australia)—but some may doubt whether considering the nature of the confidence it was entirely flattering from sundry other points of view; but let that pass.

I must admit that I did not feel any particular ecstasy in the project, but as he seemed to be entirely dependent upon it and I had little to lose, my own entire capital amounting to only ten shillings, I promised my help.

Now, I am not going to defend smuggling; if I was guilty of wrong-doing I shall rest my case on the plea of the young Frenchwoman whose babe had evaded legal formalities—that "it was such a little one," I might, however, contend amongst other things that in olden times the wealthy nobles who were the chief employers of those days, went out with

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their retainers all armed from head to foot to collect their customs duties and "protect" themselves by compelling the poor peasants and tradesmen to pay a heavy tariff in goods; whereas now-a-days the nobles are manufacturers, their castles are factories, their retainers armed with votes and law instead of swords and spears, and instead of the spoil



going direct to castle (or factory) it has to be taken to the custom house. Nevertheless, I am an ardent protectionist—provided we protect Peter as well as Paul and not rob the former to pay the latter.

Now the caps to be smuggled were thin and light and folded closely one into another, so we found little diffi-

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culty in each stuffing six dozen into our clothing in such a way as merely to exaggerate our chest, shoulder, and general muscular development to a rather abnormal extent, so that we must have looked tolerably imposing and majestic. It was perhaps owing partly to this fact and our thereby accentuated lofty and austere German bearing that we owed success, for the customs officer gave us no trouble—nor, being a Portuguese himself, either. But our hardest work was to find a buyer. Not being able to speak a word of Spanish or Portuguese, we could only try our own countrymen. For a long time nobody seemed to want them; said they were of little use in a country where people preferred a sort of portable roof over their heads as a protection against the sun, and where nightcaps were unnecessary. At last my shipmate had to nearly give them away. Of course the shopkeepers knew we had smuggled our goods and took advantage of us in consequence, as they do all over the world, if they can.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OUR DESTINATION—JIONVILLE-ROUGHING IT.

After discharging our cargo for Rio and reloading, we steamed down the coast to Santos, which is, I think, the greatest coffee exporting port in the world—for in the vicinity is grown much of the theoretically genuine Arabian coffee, sold in our shops as “mocha”—and what matters it? In Santos you can see little but coffee warehouses; in fact, coffee may be seen lying in heaps in the streets.

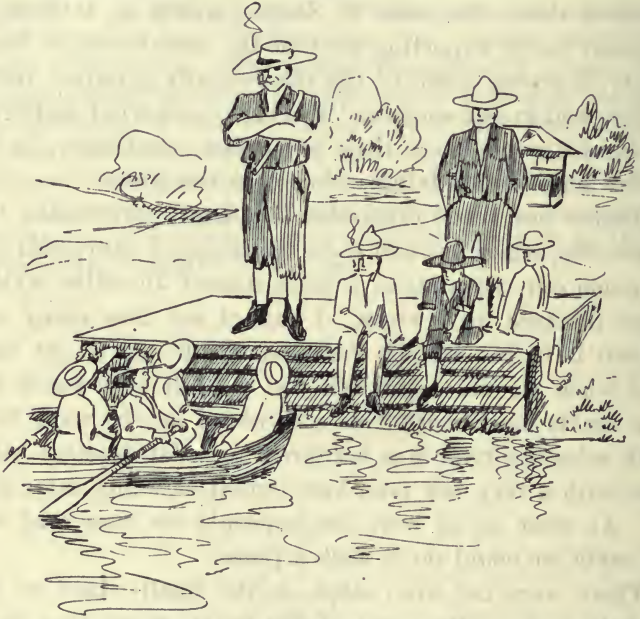
Thence our vessel proceeded to a small port named Dona Francisca, where we had to be transhipped into small craft to reach our destination, a place named Jionville, which is some distance up a river. I cannot say how many miles inland it is, but it took very nearly all day to get there; and when we did I can tell you we felt very much as if our hearts had deserted us somewhere on the way, for on both sides the river was bordered by a flat desolate wilderness with a very few mud huts dotted here and there about it. As most of us were tradespeople we wondered what on earth we could do in such a place.

There were not even steps on the small wharf or jetty to help us in getting out of the boats, so we men had to scramble up as best we could and afterwards help hoist up the women and children.

Conspicuous in a crowd of nearly half-a-dozen non-descripts was a young German arrayed in a shirt, about three-quarters of a pair of antiquated pants, and on his head the wreck of a straw hat, of which the once wide brim hung loose upon his shoulders; in his lips a cigarette. He greet-

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ed us in our native tongue with, "Well, boys, what do you want here? We replied that we had come in search of work and fortune. Removing his cigarette stump and expelling from his lips a cloud of smoke with all the deliberate grace of a Spaniard, he still more deliberately laughed a pessimistic laugh that filled with a mysterious weight the aching void where our hearts had been, and all but paralyzed us with, "Well, you should have stopped at home;



there is no work here. I live here on a fluctuating income, obtained by selling my clothes; but, as you see, I have not much more to sell unless I go naked. Sometimes I get a day's work as a laborer, but that is not very often," and he disconsolately resumed his smoking.

Well, we cast a despairing glance around and looked into each other's eyes in search of something we could not find in our own minds, or maybe to see if incipient suicide was reflected in other minds. It was perfidious cruelty to bring

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us to such a place without capital. What we were wanted for was an inscrutable mystery—unless as a sort of cat's-meat for wild animals or wilder cannibal natives.

The last seemed a feasible enough theory, for we were solemnly marshaled off to a suspicious looking building called the "Immigrant's Depot." What we could see of the township was nothing but a swamp hole with about six moderately decent houses, and a few rather large sized dog kennels, or perhaps cow-sheds, supported by piles standing two feet or so out of the mud. There was no street—only a few irregular cart and foot tracks. As for beer-gardens or saloons, theatres, and such like essentials of civilization, there seemed nothing of the sort.

Such was the place described to us in Hamburg as a prosperous town with iron foundries, engineering works, and other splendors. There *was* in point of fact an iron foundry (or "works") but the whole industry was carried on with luxurious ease by the "boss" and two boys. I will not hastily accuse the colonization office of misrepresentation, for a thriving city might easily have been engulfed at any time in the unfathered lake of mud, and without legal proof that such a catastrophe had *not* happened it would be unsafe to impugn the Brazilian government.

The depot, where we were "accommodated," was nothing but a long shed open in front, exactly like a common cattle-shed. From the back wall there was a rough sloping low shelf of boards, extending only half as far as the roof. Here we were at liberty to sleep and live as best we could.

Some of us, including myself and my father-in-law, had unwisely left our mattresses on board the steamer, so we had to shift on the bare boards, my first experience of that kind.

The first night I could not sleep a wink, and after several hours discomfort I decided to make a prospecting tour. I got up quietly and with my revolver in my pocket, I stole out of our pigsty and walked some miles out of the township until I found myself in virgin bush or scrub. Just as dawn was beginning to show I heard something rustling in the undergrowth, and, thinking it might be some wild

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animal, with revolver in hand, I cautiously advanced towards the place whence the noise came, and at last sure enough I suddenly came upon a very large animal, but it was a familiar one—a cow. I don't know whether I was most disappointed or relieved, but anyhow I was hungry so returned to camp.

Everyone was astir getting breakfast ready. We had two days' rations supplied gratuitously and fared fairly well in that respect.

After breakfast my father-in-law, I, and four others had a good look around, principally to see if we could get a room somewhere. At last we succeeded in renting a room with not a stick of furniture in it except a decrepit Colonial sofa, which we used chiefly as a table, and slept side by side on the floor. But a necessary preliminary to a night's repose was to sweep out frogs, lizards, centipedes, spiders, and other small vagrants, sometimes even snakes. What a difference from our comfortable homes in the old country!

CHAPTER XL.

MY FATHER-IN-LAW AND A YOUNG WIDOW.

My father-in-law set up in his own business as a hair-dresser and managed notwithstanding the poor outlook, to struggle along. For one thing, he was always something of a ladies' man, and between them, our fellow emigrants, and the rather rough dandies of the neighborhood, he had fair patronage at satisfactory prices.

There was one young lady with whom he found much favor. She had come over on the same vessel as ourselves, as also had her sweetheart. The latter, however, was in an advanced stage of consumption. His father, had amply provided him with an outfit and with money, but soon after landing it was found he was dying.

On the advice of their shipmates the girl married the young man, though actually on his dying bed, so that she could come into possession of his property; otherwise the Brazilian government could have seized it. The wedding was, of course, a very sad one, and only two days later the young fellow died.

The young widow's grief can be easily imagined as also the great sympathy she received, and my scapegrace father-in-law was one of the most actively sympathetic.

Now women, and especially young widows, take kindly to friendly consolation, their weakly nature looks for something to lean upon, and naturally they prefer a strong support, masculine for preference. A man's sympathy and affection, though open to some suspicion as to an alloy of selfishness, is at least at once tangible, flattering, and more

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satisfactory than that of any woman friend; it is the thing most missed and needed.

Exactly how it came about I don't know, but in spite of my father-in-law's domestic obligations across the-sea his attentions to the young widow had become so open and notorious as to lead to the greatest scandal. As a matter of fact, those attentions had become incessant, so that he entirely forsook our Bachelor's Hall, and boarded with the young widow, who had industriously established herself in a laundry. I don't think local "society" much concerned itself in the matter, however; for by all accounts and appearances it was merely a case of moral acclimatization. I did not at all like it myself, for as a married man I had acquired respect for conjugal obligations; and, besides, did not like my wife's father placing himself in such a position.

CHAPTER XLI.

FORTUNE MAKING AND ADVENTURES.

There was a small weekly paper issued every Thursday and by means of this we gleaned a few scraps of news about the outside world.

One day we saw an advertisement, "Wanted, men for roadmaking," so as there seemed no other opening for us we thought we had better see about it. Through the store-keeper's influence about twenty of us found ourselves a day or two later mounted in very primitive carts for a journey of about one hundred miles inland through the bush for the purpose of earning the magnificent sum of 2s. per day and rations. I had left 30 to 40s. per week at home to run half way round the world for this!

When we reached the end of that trip I don't think there was a square inch on any of us that was not either a bruise or a sore with the jolting we had received. We were bumped up, and bumped down, bumped against each other and against everything in and about the cart. We were bumped overboard and spilt promiscuously with our goods. If I exaggerate at all it is because not only was every joint in our bodies more or less dislocated, but also all our senses and moral training and regard for all that is called good. If words could literally "take root" as well as come *from* roots I am certain that track could still be easily identified by a continuous crop of the choicest and most comprehensive German profanity. I shouldn't be surprised if there are, in fact, traces of it among the stray natives and local parrots.

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At our destination we found a few more Germans and a horde of miscellaneous nationalities mostly, however, Italians and Spaniards, and a rough lot they were. They surrounded the carts and villified and threatened us, and a squabble ensuing, they drew their knives and all but set upon us then and there with them, but somehow or other it came to nothing—probably because we showed too bold a front and looked a bit too solid.

The overseer lost no time in informing us that we should get no pay for two months, as wages were only paid monthly, and the first month's was kept back. From other quarters we learned that there was no certainty about getting any pay at all, because the engineers who were in charge had an inconvenient habit of decamping with the whole of the treasury when it arrived.

The first thing we had to do was to build ourselves a rough shelter. What, with one thing and another, I felt that our lot was worse than the one we had left, and said to my four mates, "Look here, boys, the sooner we clear out of this the better."

There were a number of wild native Indians in the neighborhood and there was a good deal of talk about them and of adventures with them. By all accounts they were a treacherous and dangerous lot, though terribly cowardly. We were from the first, cautioned to keep a sharp look out for them, especially at night and if we strayed from camp. Fortunately they were very poorly armed and had such a wholesome dread of firearms (no doubt from many painful lessons) that one man with a gun of almost any kind could keep a whole tribe of them at a very convenient distance.

But the "bush," as we should call it in Australia, was very dense—tall trees closely set, with a tangled undergrowth of shrubs and tough creepers of centuries' growth. This bush was beautiful with rich hued flowers, and wild fruits also abounded nearly everywhere. The Indians, therefore, found easy shelter and, what with the fruit and game, plenty of food. It was, of course, only natural that they should strongly object to such trespassers as we were upon their ancient heritage.

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Nearly every night they used to make some sort of attack upon our huts, generally with volleys of stones used in forming the roads, and with arrows, wooden waddies, or anything else they could make use of. Such uncivil disturbance compelled us to occasionally fire a few shots at random into the darkness and the surrounding bush, just by way of a hint that scalp-collecting calls would probably cause some little inconvenience to themselves. Possibly a few of them either got hit or so scared by narrow escapes as to start a panic-stricken flight; but we never found any actual remains on the field of battle, if it can be so called.

But by the second week, myself and mates had had quite enough of all-round unpleasant experiences without prospective profit, and at my suggestion we decided to "make ourselves scarce" in camp on the following Saturday night, as that would be the most favorable time to get a good start from any pursuit—for liquor, cards, dice, and fights would then engross attention.

When the time came we hastily packed up our few belongings, slipped unseen out of the camp, and tramped on all night over the road we had come by. When daylight showed we struck off into the bush, both for necessary rest and to be able to better conceal ourselves if we should be followed, for we had signed a contract (though we could not read it) which we understood bound us to a certain term of service. The forest was so impenetrable that we had to literally cut every step of our way into it, using for that purpose special saw-swords intended for such work with which each of us had been furnished.

During this and the succeeding days of our journey we had some exciting adventures with snakes and a few wild animals, killing some dozens of the former and now and then one of the latter. But we did not seem to be pursued from the camp; very likely the "bosses" thought we were not worth the trouble, as not being of much use for that kind of work.

At last we found ourselves once more in the township from which we had set out nearly a month before—but now worse off than ever.

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We returned our tools to the storekeeper, telling him that we would settle with him as soon as we had money to do so; that was all we could do, and he was satisfied.

From him we heard that about four miles out of the town there was a plantation, owned by a German doctor of law, who might, perhaps, find us something to do. Without loss of time we walked out to see him.

CHAPTER XLII

CHAPTER XLII.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION—AN OLD GERMAN'S YARN AND A LUDICROUS MISHAP.

I have not yet mentioned that before leaving Hamburg, I had provided myself with not only a revolver, but with two old-fashioned smooth-bore rifles, a bowie knife, and a bayonet. You may wonder what I wanted this armory for. Well, you see, I had through books, newspapers, and other equally convincing if unreliable sources, acquired such a comprehensive fund of fact and fiction about this still largely unknown land that I could not easily sift one from the other, but jumbled them into a hopeless tangle.

The revolver and guns may be passed as reasonable necessities or luxuries, as you choose; but how about the bowie-knife and the bayonet? Well, was not the former part of the outfit of every self-respecting adventurer in all out of the way parts of America? Was it not known to be the constant companion of the Italians and Spaniards, who swarmed in that distant country? As for the bayonet, just suppose that you were sauntering through a dense jungle and two jaguars appear; you fire at and kill one, but the other springs at you before you can reload your rifle, would not a sword-bayonet on the end of that rifle be a source of much personal comfort to meet that fierce spring with? Such had been a few of my reasonings.

My limited exchequer had forbidden my procuring a modern sporting rifle, and the old Jew pawnbroker in whose shop I had noticed an extensive second-hand arsenal had strongly recommended a huge smooth-bore musket of about

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Frederick the Great's day, as being equally qualified either to carry a medium sized cannon ball with which to batter in the toughest of alligators, or a charge of small shot with which to bring down birds and other small game, and being offered two of these blunderbuses for the price of one and a half and thinking that it would be handy to carry one loaded with ball and one with small shot, I bought two of them. I had also invested in a bullet mould, powder, shot and some lead, which last I soon converted into a stock of bullets. All this war material I had shipped to Jionville, and allowed my father-in-law the temporary use of one of the guns.

There was in the township a gaunt, sun-dried, long-bearded scarecrow who was said to have come from Germany twenty-odd years before, but looked much more like a Rip Van Winkle relic from the days of Noah. Anyhow, he had the reputation of being a mighty hunter, a mighty romancer, and a most distinguished failure in ordinary life. He lived alone in a small hut with an old dog of miscellaneous pedigree and villaneous aspect and temper, and a menagerie of native birds, reptiles, and such domestic or uncivilized insects as cared to share his hospitality—they were many.

He was an easy-going, good-natured fellow, and on the principle, I suppose, that "birds of a feather (morally) flock together," my vagabond father-in-law had managed to scrape acquaintance with this prehistoric "ne'er-do-well."

One of the first results was that this old citizen (for convenience I may as well call him Rip Van Winkle, or simply "Rip" for short), my father-in-law, and myself arranged for two days' shooting together in the bush or forest. So one morning we set out accompanied by Rip's dog and an old negro to help carry home the expected spoils. My father-in-law and I each carried one of those enormous muzzle-loading guns, a flask of powder, another of shot, a small bag of bullets the size of marbles, a box of percussion caps, a bowie-knife and a small axe. We wore dark blue shirts, mole-skin pants, and Wellington boots

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into which the legs of our moleskins were stuffed digger fashion, and for headgear we had hollow mountains of soft felt, the brims of which seemed to reach nearly half way to the horizon.

For some time we new chums walked along briskly with our eyes and guns on the alert. In fact, we were too much on the alert and old Rip ripped out a few very strong German oaths at the frequency with which he found him-



self and the negro covered by the muzzles of our guns as we hurriedly swung around at some noise which we for the moment thought was made by a wild animal—but which mostly turned out to be his dog fossicking amongst the undergrowth.

On one occasion my father-in-law actually fired at the dog, which had gone off in another direction, and when it reappeared momentarily with a bound my father-in-law in

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his excitement mistook it for a larger and wild animal. Being a novice he fortunately closed both eyes just as he fired, so naturally hit something else, for by a fluke the bullet after glancing against a tree brought down a gaudy-colored parrot which happened to be sitting on a branch near by. But the gun brought down something else, too, for it kicked so hard that my father-in-law stumbled backwards and tripping over something fell against the old negro, who with calculating prudence had carefully kept pretty close behind the more dangerous of the two amateurs so as to minimize the risk of being in front of his gun when it went off. The negro yelled and there was a momentary scuffle as the two clutched at each other instinctively and fell together, and it very nearly became a serious fight; for one of the huge ants (nearly two inches long) common in that country bit my relative on the arm, and he thinking the negro had bitten him or stabbed him with a knife was going to defend himself with his own.

Rip and I interfered in time, however, and the former then, as master of the hunt, gave strict orders, made more weighty by profanity and dire threats, that neither of us was to fire again until he gave us a signal to do so.

We found the parrot too much shattered to be of any use, but my father-in-law bagged it to prove, as he said, to incredulous friends that he *could* and *had* shot straight! We behind the scenes know that it proved that he did not shoot straight on that occasion, but very crooked indeed. But he was always a fellow to twist things to his own advantage without the slightest respect for facts and truth. Besides, why should he be begrudged this little trophy? It was the only thing, so far as I know, he ever did shoot, even by accident, though he blazed away a good deal at various times.

Though Mr. Rip was a keen sportsman, I think he found quite as much pleasure in an opportunity for unlimited talking—he was at it very nearly the livelong day and far into the night—he would give no one else a show at all; if one of us others began anything beyond a bare question he would at once raise his hand as though to say “hush!”

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and would appear to be listening intently for some imaginary sound indicating the presence of game of some sort, and would prowl around furtively peering into bushes and trees or anything handy, and would then take up the beginning himself again with, "As I was saying," or "That reminds me" and would launch out into a further string of marvelous adventures and anecdotes and details of woodcraft and amateur science, some of which was certainly amusing if one could only feel a little confidence in its credibility; but probably he kept about as near to substantial facts as most travellers, sportsmen and similar adventure-mongers.

The narrow escape of his dog from my father-in-law's gun, of course, reminded him of an incident of a similar though far more dramatic nature. As nearly as possible I give a translation of his own story:

"A good many years ago I and a mate of mine were prospecting for diamonds or anything else worth picking up around about the upper Uruguay and Iguassu and supporting ourselves by hunting. As a matter of fact we did far more hunting than prospecting, for we were both fond of it, and besides, we had to pretty frequently replenish our larder. Of course, the wild fruits and vegetables helped us along considerably for you can find them nearly everywhere. We had heard that the natives often when hunting disguised themselves to resemble any game they desired so as the better to get within easy range with their bows and arrows. We tried the dodge ourselves more than once with fair success; and kept a few skins on hand to use for such purposes.

"On one occasion the place we were in looked a likely one for tapirs—so about dusk we both sallied forth each covered with a tapir hide loosely laced around us and padded out a bit where necessary. We had our guns fixed conveniently so as to leave our hands free for walking on all fours and increase our chance of getting game we set off in different directions.

I had been crouching along for some time, now and then dropping on my hands when I thought I heard or saw in-

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dications of the quarry I was after, and at last plainly saw some little distance away a large dark object that had every appearance of being a medium-sized tapir. It was browsing about the grass very much like a horse does, and steadily drawing nearer to me. I was (as I thought) more concealed, but also made a show of browsing while gradually creeping within easy gunshot—for the tapir has a tough hide and you need to be fairly close to make sure of hitting it in a soft spot. At length thinking myself near enough I was just about to fire when I felt myself struck to the earth by some heavy body that had landed on my shoulders and I heard a growling roar. Next instant there was the report of a gun close by and the heavy creature that had struck me down, rolled convulsively off me and lay dead. It was a puma—the tree climbing South American lion—it had been lying in wait for prey and as I crawled under the tree in which it was hiding (as they often do) it had sprung upon me. But who had fired the shot which had killed it and saved me? You will hardly believe me; it was the tapir I had been just going to fire at—for that tapir (as I thought it) was my mate! We had somehow worked around towards each other, partly because the river formed a loop just there, and had been stalking each other! He, however, had noticed something untapir-like in my movements and had soon recognized me, but being fond of practical joking had gone on pretending to browse just to see how long he could deceive me—he took care, however, to watch keenly for my getting ready to fire and so saw the puma attack me, and was therefore in time to shoot it and save me. ‘Well, Rip,’ he said laughing heartily, ‘next time you play tapir don’t stick your back up too high, and don’t stick your snout up in the air too high’—for in my intentness on watching *him* the nose of my hide-covering was mostly pointing at the sky.’

This yarn may sound fairly plausible, but Rip’s reputation for free and easy fiction made us suspicious, so I take no responsibility in the matter.

We had found a pleasant sheltered nook near a small

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stream—such a spot as would suit an Arcadian romance—a soft carpet of grass under the deep cool shades of dense foliage interlaced and in places matted with creepers and rich hued flowers—and now and again we had a glimpse of some brilliant colored birds and butterflies flitting about, and not far distant we could hear the chattering of small monkeys, which are pretty numerous; but as we did not want them, we left them alone.

After a hearty meal of provisions we had brought with us, we lay on the grass luxuriously smoking and idly chatting, Rip letting off a few more astonishing yarns, of course.

Naturally we kept a sharp lookout for snakes, they being far too plentiful for one's peace of mind. I daresay some of them are harmless, but I remember one species that had the reputation of being very deadly, though only small, say about 2 feet long. It is a beautiful beast as regards color (as are some other sorts) being ringed with red and black. It is exceedingly active and I was told, often springs at the face of a man it attacks; I cannot, however, boast of any personal interviews with it worth mentioning, though we had seen a few snakes that day and had killed two or three without much trouble.

But towards evening I took it into my head to have a swim in the bit of fresh water close by and Rip and the negro decided to do the same. All went well for a time, and we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves when I suddenly heard an ear-splitting yell from the negro, "Ya-ow—look out—here a big devil snake." Looking around I caught sight of several inches of glistening black snake reared out of the water not far away and rapidly coming nearer. We all made for the bank in the greatest of hurry and scrambled out in time to see the reptile come out of the water a few yards lower down. I honestly believe it was fully twelve feet long and perhaps as thick as a man's wrist. It had come from the opposite bank and probably was quite as scared as we were when the negro yelled and we splashed in our efforts to escape. It quickly glided out of sight amongst the thick undergrowth on the bank; and

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on our part we lost no time in getting out of the way, too—the water had lost its attractions for a time. We were a bit nervous for some hours afterwards; we felt haunted by it, not knowing but what it might turn up again, (or one like it) at any moment, perhaps from some branch overhead or some hiding place below.

About dusk we began to prowl about for game. Presently we heard Rip's dog "Spitz" barking furiously a little distance away, and hurrying up to the place we heard something scrambling up a tree, and the dog was capering and barking viciously at the foot of it. We peered around cautiously and at last Rip said, pointing to a branch above, "There it is. It's a coendoo" (that is, a climbing porcupine—an animal with a prehensile tail). We saw what looked something like a gigantic chestnut—a big lump of spiky bristles. Rip told me to have a shot. I fired, and the beast scrambled a few feet further along the branch, and then slowly slipped off, but did not actually fall, for we could see it clinging and swinging by its tail. I loaded again and slowly raising the muzzle of my gun until I just covered the animal, I at once pulled the trigger and the coendoo dropped with a heavy thud. We found it dead enough, almost cut in two. The first shot had broken one of its legs—so both shots were pretty good. We pulled out some of the quills and went on. Rip shot a sloth, and he and I got a few opossums also.

With one of the latter, we had a little extra fun. When it fell, my father-in-law ran forward to it and picked it up by its tail, as he had seen Rip do with one or two previously. It is usual to skin opossums at once, the flesh, though eatable, not being valued; but my father-in-law was carrying this away bodily for some reason. All at once a yell of pain burst from him and he dropped his burden. It had only been wounded, and as it hung by its tail from his finger it had curved itself upwards, climbed its own tail, and bitten his hand.

This is not a uncommon trick with these animals. This one then scuttled away for the nearest tree as well as it could, but the dog pounced upon it and held it till Rip

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ended its worldly troubles and adventures, and it was duly flayed.

It was a nearly full moon, for we had been careful to choose such a night for our hunt, so we found our way about easily. We had roamed about for a couple of hours or so when we noticed the dog excitedly sniffing about and then with a few low snaps of bark make off in a sort of ambling canter with his nose to the ground. "Spitz" has got something good, come along after him," said Rip; and soon (stooping down and looking at the ground), "Its peccaries, I think," he added. In a minute or two we heard Spitz barking at high pressure, and with a caution from Rip, "Now boys, be careful—look out for their tusks," and with instruction as to what we were to do we hurried forward.

We found Spitz barking away opposite the end of a hollow large fallen tree-trunk.

"That trunk is most likely loaded full up with peccaries; they go in backwards for the night with one in front as sentry, we'll have to smoke them out, I expect," said Rip. "First, we'll see if they've got a back door." Leaving us to watch the front door with the help of the dog, he cautiously examined the tree and at last found a hole in the side—through a broken limb.

We three with guns took our stand to one side, some little distance back and called off the dog so that we could have a clear field for shooting; then the negro lit a fire at the side hole, but as ill luck would have it, in picking up a small log to throw on the fire a small red and black snake fell out of it and so scared Sambo that, in his haste to leave the snake plenty of room, he forgot all about the peccaries and bolted obliquely across in front of the trunk just as the peccaries scared by the smoke and fire close to them and forgetting us and the dog came rushing out as though they were fired out of a huge cannon. In an instant there was a collision and a most infernal row; Sambo was jerked off his feet and fell on the backs of the rushing herd, where he bumped and rolled like an India-rubber ball, howling and screaming in mortal terror until they passed

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from under him, and they (perhaps more terrified than he) squealing and snorting like a mob of frenzied fiends until the negro was left sprawling on the ground.

For the moment or two this amazing performance lasted, the rest of us were paralyzed and dumb; then we broke into convulsive laughter; but Rip had the presence of mind to fire at the disappearing herd and managed to bring down one of them. I and my father-in-law were helpless with laughing. It was not the mere funniness of the accident itself but the exaggerated distortion of Sambo's face as he kept bumping and rolling like a human wheel, and his antics and elocution afterwards while rubbing and feeling himself all over.

"Oh, Holy Saints! I'se done killed dead! I'se broke everywhere! I tumble over an earthquake—it buck, buck, buck me up and down an' roll me roun' roll an' roun' till I lose myself—and (turning savagely to us) find some——fools laughing at a poor black ghost——." But finally he laughed heartily himself as he shook himself together again.

CHAPTER XLIII

CHAPTER XIII

CHAPTER XLIII.

POOR EMPLOYMENT—A JOLLIFICATION—FAREWELL TO JIONVILLE.

Our well-to-do fellow countryman, the Doctor of Law, was one of the truest and rarest type of gentleman, for instead of receiving us icily or brusquely as so many would do, he was most courteous, affable and hospitable, ordering in wine, cake and fruit, and chatting with us freely and pleasantly. I fancy he must have felt himself out of his proper element as a lawyer in the Fatherland.

He said that as he had plenty of slaves to do his work, as was the usual custom in Brazil, he could not offer much wages; but he would find us something to do if we cared to accept 9d. per day and three meals daily. I suppose that under the circumstances it was a fair offer on his part, and as we could see no alternative the bargain was concluded. If we could have left that locality altogether we would have gladly done so, but there was no getting away for us just then. There was only one small steamer trading to and from the port at intervals of six or eight weeks, sometimes even longer, and the fare was £1 to only Dona Francisco; so we were about as helpless as sailors shipwrecked on some out-of-the-way island.

Next morning we set out at five o'clock as we had to start to work at six. Our first job was weeding a maize field, but we soon got heartily sick of it. It was labor in vain; three days after clearing any part, the weeds were as bad there as ever. The Doctor used to come around about eleven o'clock every morning dressed in a white suit and an enormous straw hat. The rest of the day he us-

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nally employed in hunting butterflies and other insects, for he was an enthusiastic entomologist. The Brazilian butterflies are, I think, the most beautiful in the world. The Doctor used to sell some of his specimens at about £4 each.

Next, I and one of my mates had to put in two or three days finding and destroying ant nests. These ants were great brutes nearly two inches long, and there were millions of them.

Then for a couple of weeks I and another man were engaged felling timber from which to build a stable.

After the logs had been dragged to the house by horses, I had to assist the carpenter. First we had to cut the logs into suitable lengths with a "cross-cut" saw. This was pretty heavy work for any one not used to it.

The second day we were at this cross-cutting game, the carpenter happened to be a good deal the worse for drink—the poor fellow was woefully disappointed (as we all were) at the low wages he was getting—only about half what he had received in Hamburg. He was in a quarrelsome mood, told me I did not hold the saw straight; I replied that he could not hold himself straight let alone the saw. Then we all but had a fight, and the upshot was that I got the Doctor to pay me off.

The fact is, I had long decided to leave the place as soon as possible, and in order to raise money to do so had, whenever the chance offered, sold some of my clothing and a little cheap jewelry, of which I had a good supply. In this way I had now about £6 in English money, and knowing that the steamer from Dona Francisco was expected in about two days, I was anxious to take passage on her return trip.

Now, there was at that time a bill before the Brazilian parliament, providing for the abolition of slavery (which came into force two years later). The planters and other slave owners had had for centuries their labor done for them for next to nothing, and naturally did not relish the idea of having to pay reasonably for laborers. They therefore cast about for the cheapest form of labor obtainable.

This fact led to an agent from the province of San Paulo

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(nearer Rio Janeiro) arriving at Jionville by the steamer I was waiting for, (his object being to engage coffee plantation hands from amongst us hard-pushed emigrants; though one reason no doubt was that we had a reputation for being hard-working. Well, he engaged fifty of my ship-mates at low piece-work rates (so much per bushel) and the plantation-owner to supply necessaries from his own store at his own price, and a free trip to the place.

I may remark at once that the scheme worked beautifully (*for the owners*), for when the harvest was over and pay time came, nearly all the employees found that owing to being charged exorbitant prices for goods supplied they were in debt to the planter, and they had to remain on the plantation until the debt was wiped off, if ever it was. So the planters managed to substitute a white slavery for the black one—and so it is in many countries today, the main difference is that instead of *one man* being both employer and storekeeper as in Brazil, at that time, in most countries he is replaced by a small crowd who share those responsibilities and the profits, and so “*you cannot see the forest for the trees.*”

The night before leaving Jionville, the 25th anniversary of a German turn-verein which had been established there, was celebrated by means of a torch-light procession and a concert and dance at the little saloon or hotel. We new chums were invited, and we had about the jolliest time since we had landed, although the procession had to wade nearly knee deep through the muddy paths (for it had been raining heavily). I really don't know how I got home for (Brazilian) lager beer had flowed freely, and it was altogether too tropical for me; just as it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, so it is the last glass that overbalances a man, and you seldom know which is the right one to stop at.

The jollifications lasted all night, and I was lucky not to miss the steamer at six o'clock in the morning and shake the mud of that wretched hole off my boots forever. I shouldn't care to have lingered there twenty-five years even for the 50th anniversary celebration.

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Late in the afternoon we arrived at the seaport (Don Francisco) and found the Hamburg steamer "Corrientes" lying at anchor with a fresh consignment of emigrants on board—simply brought out to be starved at that upcountry mudhole into becoming cheap labor in place of the slaves.

In pity for them, I recounted my experiences and with so much effect that they were unwilling to leave the ship, and it was only after having all their luggage bundled into the boats waiting for them that the captain got rid of them.

CHAPTER XLIV

CHAPTER XLIV.

I GO TO SAN PAULO—AND TO A QUEER HOSPITAL.

As I hailed from Hamburg myself, I was well received on board the steamer, and invited by the crew to join them in their evening meal; it was the heartiest I had had for nearly three months.

The following day we steamed up to Santos again, where I and those going to San Paulo landed and had to stay overnight in a shanty, sleeping on mats. Then followed for me several weeks of vicissitudes including three weeks in hospital, owing to a severe fever contracted, I believe through, while on the steamer, having got soaked with rain while asleep on deck.

I will only give cursorily one or two short items from this period.

From Santos we had to go by train to San Paulo, a distance of about 30 miles—the loveliest journey by train I ever had. About six miles from Santos there is a steep range of mountains where the carriages have to be hauled up by a steel-rope to a height of about 1000 feet above sea-level. It is practically the same principle as that used for cable trams, two carriages going up while two are being lowered. The ascent is so steep that it is most difficult to retain your seat even with the aid of the hands. But the views obtained are indescribably beautiful, and are still vivid in my memory. Brazil is celebrated for the unequalled variety and magnificence of its trees, plants, and flowers, and these combined in an ever changing panorama of land and sea, of glowing tropical sunshine, of occasional

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deep shadow (for there were heavy rain clouds about that day) and in the immense range of vision as you reach the summit.

When all the carriages had been hauled up, we flew along through still interesting scenery till we reached San Paulo. Here on the station I met my friend the cap-maker, whom I had helped in his little smuggling adventure on our first arrival at Santos.

He had started a little business of his own in San Paulo, and at his invitation I stayed with him a few days, my companions going on to the plantation they were bound for. It was here that the attack of fever compelled me, after consulting a Danish doctor, to go into a hospital, and it was rather a wonder I ever came out again, owing to the free-and-easy "nonchalant" Portuguese style of doing things. It seemed to be a convent hospital, for it was in charge of nuns, under a mother superior; and there was no resident doctor—the only local doctor calling daily at dinner-time. But in fairness I must at once say that the "sisters" were very painstaking and kind, when they once got going.

Thus, I arrived in the afternoon in a terribly weak state; no doctor about; the mother superior asked me some question which was unintelligible to me, as was my answer to her; then she went off leaving me in the hall. At last an old Swiss came along to act as interpreter, and after much delay a bed was prepared for me next to him, and there I was placed and left. But he noticed my serious condition and had the good sense to suggest to the mother that if I did not get some medicine quickly I very likely would not live till the doctor called next day. She came and had another look at me, but appeared rather troubled, but seemed to think it was entirely a matter for providence and not for her to interfere in—if it was God's will that I should die, well I *would* die with or without medicine; and if I was not ordained to die, then it would be mere foolishness to hurry up the doctor. So her piety evidently dictated, for I gathered that no doctor would be sent for.

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Then my fellow-patient urged that I should be given some of the medicine prescribed for any other fever patient, and that was, after some hesitation, accordingly done. When the doctor called next day he approved of the course taken, which in all probability had saved my life, for that fever is very dangerous.

But, as I said before, the mother and sisters were very kind and attentive, once they began, and I felt very deeply indebted to them. Though we could only converse with the help of the Swiss, I could read tenderness and sympathy in their expressive eyes and anxious faces, and that perhaps greatly helped the doctor's medicine. Probably they were worrying quite as much about my un-orthodox soul as about my bodily health.

After three weeks, notwithstanding the doctor's strong dissuasion, I insisted on leaving and returned to my friend's house. He welcomed me heartily, dosed me with spirits, in a week I was well again.

Then I tried two or three jobs of very hard work—but for very little pay; my great drawback being my inability to speak Portuguese or Spanish.

By this time I was utterly sick and tired of Brazil and of roughing it as I had done all for nothing and no chance of anything worth speaking of. I had been far better off at home, so I resolved to get back there somehow, without loss of time.

With this object I began to sell off everything I could do without, for I had still some good clothes and a few other articles left. By this means I raised another £7. Then I bade my friend, the capmaker, "good bye," and tramped down to Santos again.

I had to wait two weeks for a steamer, so meantime, as I desired to take home to my dear wife as much money as I could—though I had never had a line from her since leaving home—I took a job as bottle-washer at a hotel for only my "tucker." It is by doing little things in this way that success comes later.

At last the steamer arrived, and as soon as I could I saw the captain, a very rough and gruff elderly man, but,

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as often with such men, he had a kind heart under his hard shell—a sort of human oyster. There were several other men trying to get a passage, but after some diplomacy on my part, I was the lucky one and that afternoon was shipped by the purser at the German Consulate.

CHAPTER XV

CHAPTER XLV.

MY RETURN HOME—A MASK BALL.

When I found myself fairly on the steamer homeward bound from that land like a Dead Sea apple—outwardly beautiful, but filled with ashes of disappointment—to my native land and my wife—the choicest apple on earth to me, I can tell you a ton weight seemed to roll off my heart, and I looked forward with joyful eagerness to the end of my journey, pleased that though I had no fortune to take home I had at all events a little ready money in hand for my wife. I was a fool for my pains.

My work was not heavy, principally keeping the brass-work of the ship clean and washing out a few cabins, and nobody troubled much about me. My bunk was in the assistant engineer's cabin, and finding during the trip that he intended giving up a sea-faring life as soon as he reached home, at his suggestion I applied to the chief engineer for the position and later on got and kept it for some time.

We called at Rio, Bahia, and Lisbon, loitering a little at each, to my great impatience; and even when going at full speed between ports the great vessel seemed to be only lazily creeping along, and the tiresome steady pulsing of her engines got on my nerves and threatened to drive me crazy. For all the little tiffs and jars of married life had been forgotten, and with all the infatuation of a lover, I pictured my lovely little blue-eyed sweetheart and wife, pictured and lived over again the sweet days of courtship and early marriage—pictured her thinking of and waiting to warmly welcome me as of old, every lover and

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fond husband will know how I hungered and thirsted for her.

At last the ship is in the North Sea, I can smell my native air and I breathe deep draughts of it. At last I see the low grey line on the starboard bow which I know is the dear old Fatherland. A low plume of smoke comes slowly out from that distant low shore. Underneath it soon shows a small black object which steadily comes nearer and grows larger and larger until it rushes by on the port side an enormous steam vessel laden with more emigrants from my native city. We wave and cheer to each other; I feel as if they were personal friends. And now we slowly round into the wide estuary of the Elbe, and I begin to feel that I am really home once more, and we come into sight of the old familiar spots and glide swiftly by them, and here we are passing the old familiar forest of masts and the serried mass of buildings and into the smoke laden air cold, by the way, for it is early spring—and we slow down and gently glide up to the wharf, and there is a bump as the ship touches; we are home, home, home. There is a small crowd waiting and I see a few faces I recognize, but not my wife; for I have wished to give her a pleasant surprise, and so she does not know I am coming.

First I go to a bootshop to replace my worn-out foot-gear, then I take a cab and am now rattling fast over the well-known streets to my home and the delighted embrace of my wife—so I thought. The cab stops, I get out and walk through the shop into the little room at the back. Perhaps you think I find a rival comfortably ensconced there? No, it was not quite so bad as that, though there was another person with my wife—a lady. But instead of the ecstatic welcome I had pictured and famished for, my wife starts up with a blush and a look of terror and confusion and then promptly falls into a seeming faint. Whether it was a real faint or only one of convenience I really don't know, for she had such a knack or habit of fainting when occasion suited that their phenomena always aroused my suspicion.

The place was piled and littered with foolish fripperies,

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for it appeared that she and her friend were making themselves fancy dresses for a mask ball—a nice thing for a married woman, whose husband is supposed to be far away to be doing!

I felt even a worse shock than when I first saw Jionville. I was deeply disappointed and hurt, suspicious and jealous; and though my wife later on tried in a half-hearted and forced kind of way to make a show of welcoming me and



made excuses and explanations, I was very far from satisfied.

That fainting fit, if such it really was, lasted a long time, longer than most in my experience. I am not going to rashly say it was not the genuine eighteen carat article, but we husbands are apt to be at least mild agnostics if not sinful skeptics in such cases: "Once bitten, twice shy," you know. Not being a medical man, I cannot confidently make a diagnosis; but to help the better informed reader to judge, I may shortly describe the symptoms:

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Her graceful form lay straight and rigid with tightly closed hands, eyes closed and head turned away, a rather heightened color on her fair cheeks, her breathing rather rapid and heavy, her lips and jaw firmly set. Her friend was in a great state of sympathetic agitation, kneeling by my wife, slapping her hands, holding smelling salts (magically produced from some mysterious portion of her own attire) to the patient's nose, and calling to her in endearing coaxing terms, while I stood by like a wooden dummy, but with half a dozen different inclinations of mind which I had better not define. The friend "bully-rags" me unmercifully, orders me peremptorily to get a feather and burn it under my wife's nose, and I sheepishly obeyed, but with no effect except a smothered sneeze and a slight turning further away of the head. The mistress of ceremonies orders a small dose of brandy or schnapps, and this I also produce; only result, a slight gasping convulsion and more bully-ragging from the amateur nurse. I suggest a doctor, and begin to have a half presentiment that an undertaker may be ultimately necessary. The doctor and I are equally scorned; then I recommend a bucket of cold water and actually go for it, but am called back and find my wife recovering in sections, as it were—a pretty tedious process, too. The whole performance took much longer than even it has to write about it or you to read, and if I had any proper feelings as a husband no doubt I ought to have been reduced to a state of abashed and abject penitence for my shameful misdeeds—whatever they were. But callous brute that I was (lady readers will unanimously endorse this, I know) I was not repentant, not in the least; on the contrary I was obstinately more irritated than before.

With much further fussing help from her friend, my wife gradually regains a seat, seeming as yet quite unconscious of my unworthy presence. Another dose of spirit is administered and slowly, very slowly, imbibed—with many grimaces and distressing shudders and half stifled groaning (ladies usually take stimulants in this style—unless they are sharing in some conviviality). Then the patient, still

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unconscious of the delinquent husband, must lie perfectly quiet on the sofa!

All this affords ample time for the "weaker vessel" to collect its wits and prepare for action.

At last the news of my presence is gently, *very* gently broken to my wife by her loyal friends, and the fragile spirit that has just been restored like Persephone to this upper world welcomes me with the faint smile and hand touch of a saintly ghost.

I am permitted an icily chaste kiss, a ghost itself, and it is hours before I get a chance to catechise or reprove.

This ethereal sort of reception was not at all according to the specifications my poor unspiritualized human imagination had drawn up; but if a man will, after prolonged absence, foolishly drop in unawares upon such a hypersensitive being as a wife, what better can he expect? On the whole it is perhaps better to "expect nothing, and you will not be disappointed," as the wise old adage says.

At last my greatly tried wife is fairly convalescent and "takes the bull by the horns," as the saying is by severely catechising *me*. "Why did I not write?" "Why did I not reply to her letter of such and such a date?" (a purely fictitious epistle). "She has been *so* anxious about me;" I "might at least have sent a verbal message on ahead by some street boy, just to prevent the shock of so sudden an appearance," "or if I had only knocked;" "but no, men are so thoughtless of their poor wives." "How was her father when I left him?" She often used to think that perhaps we were both swallowed by lions, or tigers, or elephants, or giraffes, or something," and so she rattled on, with now and then, "Oh my poor head—it is splitting."

I tried several times to turn the conversation, but every such effort is disastrous to "the poor head." At last I savagely blurt out, "Look here, Dora, I want to know how it is you can go to mask balls when I am away from home in a distant land and fretting my life out about you; it is a nice thing for a respectable married woman to go to any such affair when her husband is away!"

The head forgot to "split" this time, and right sharp

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and swiftly poured out her reply—like wine or lager-beer from a bottle,—“Oh, Uncle Friedrich and Aunt Sophia and several other friends were going, and Uncle and Aunt had sent her a ticket, and she had at first refused, and they had called and persuaded her, ‘It would do her good, she was moping so,’ and she was so glad I was home in time to go with her,” and a whole rigmarole more, so that it was several minutes before I could get another word in edgewise. Then her fancy dress was produced and descanted upon and my opinion asked and insisted upon, and I was fairly swept off my feet and so deluged in chatter that I was pretty nearly drowned—a tropical rain in Brazil was nothing to it.

Gradually the domestic sky cleared, the connubial sun began to shine once more, and Dora was again something like her own vivacious winning self. Finally, after protracted feminine arguments as to the desirability of *both* of us going to this coming ball, the downright necessity (from two or three points of view) of going, reiterations of her delight that she could have me with her (please imagine here an artistic accompaniment of blandishments and cajolery)—I “must go,” I “should go” (a good vigorous shaking at this point as though I were some naughty child)—and, “Please *do* go” (with melting pathos and persuasive arms and eyes); so that as a love-lorn husband I was ultimately subdued into first tacit and then formal consent to take her myself. Perhaps my own passion for dancing had something to do with it.

This fancy dress ball took place a few days later and was a brilliant affair, and for some time Dora and I both enjoyed ourselves immensely. She went as Queen Lido, or Litanía, or Helen of Troy, or some such resplendent personage (I forget exactly which), and I for economy’s sake in some nondescript character built up mainly by second-hand garments from our shop.

After the unmasking at about midnight I came across one of the stewards on our ship, had the necessary friendly drink with him, and introduced him to my wife; I noticed a look of surprise on his face and a little constraint in her

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manner. Like most sea-faring men he was a gay, breezy-mannered sort of fellow, and as we strolled away together he remarked in an off handed jocular way, "Oh, I think I've met that lady before at a dancing saloon in St. Pauli when I was here last trip; my word, she is a splendid dancer, I danced with her nearly all the evening and we had a real good time together."

I could have knocked him down when he said this, but did not like to make a scene in the ballroom, and besides, even if what he said and hinted was true, he did not on that former occasion know who she was—so that I felt he could hardly be blamed. But as soon as an opportunity occurred I hurried over to my wife and taking her on one side told her what the steward had said about her, and asked if it was true.

At first she grew very pale and I thought she was going to faint in reality; but suddenly her face flushed and her eyes blazed, and she indignantly, angrily denied that she had ever seen that man before; she vowed that she had never been to that dancing saloon since I left, and told me I was a brute to believe any such tales about my wife, and asked me to take her home at once.

I hardly knew what to think, for I was naturally unwilling to believe anything serious against my wife's honor and had always had the highest opinion of her in that respect. I knew also that many men take an evil delight in making false boasts about women, or to try to make husbands jealous just for the sake of what they think a joke. This steward seemed likely to be that sort of man; but, on the other hand, there was the surprise I had noticed on his face and her rather unusual manner when I introduced them. I didn't know what course to take: I could hardly confront them in such a place, so my wife and I went home and an angry time of it we had, each finding fault and at last subsiding into sullen silence.

CHAPTER XLVI

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CONSUMING FIRES.

A day or two after this ball, while my wife happened to be out on some errand, the wife of my next door neighbor—an elderly dame—seized the opportunity to come in and inform me that my wife and her own daughter had been to every mask-ball going on—about two or three every week. She said she had expostulated with both her daughter and my wife, had told the latter that no married woman ought to go to such things without her husband's permission. She told me also what my wife had said in reply, and that she herself thought it her duty as a friend to let me know about these facts.

This seemed to accord with the steward's statement at the ball, and to show that my wife had deliberately lied to me on the evening of my return, when she said she had only been to two or three such affairs, and then *only* with Herr and Frau Wensler. I had myself seen clearly and know beyond doubt how common were unfaithfulness and unchastity, and you can therefore sufficiently imagine my intense anguish of mind when I found what strong grounds existed for the most horrible suspicions against that wife whom I had so passionately loved, whose memory and image had during my absence been always present with me as that of a pure, sweet, and loving woman—loving only me—for I had not doubted her—that wife to whom I had been so rigidly faithful. From the moment of my unexpected re-appearance every incident seemed to testify against her, "Guilty, guilty."

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I was for a time little better than a madman, half unconscious of my thoughts and actions. I only know that I fumed, and raged, and restlessly paced up and down that little back room until my wife's return, upon which I broke out upon her in a furious storm of accusations and cross-questioning. It seemed as though all my former love for her had burst forth in a white-hot lava torrent of intense loathing and hatred, as though I could kill her on the spot. Yet amidst it all there was still the same consuming fire and tenderness within, even though it did break out in passionate anger; nor could I help some promptings of gentle pity at the sight of her uncontrollable womanly distress and attempts at self-defense; and in defending herself she, of course, tried to attack me, for women are always adepts at "carrying the war into the enemy's camp."

First, amidst a storm of hysterical sobs, she insists that she has *not* gone to more than two or three mask balls,— "There was one at the Altona Town Hall on such and such a night that Uncle Friedrich and Aunt Sophia had invited her to and she had gone as she told me before with Frau and Herr Wensler; she had not wanted to go, but Uncle and Aunt had sent her a ticket and pressed her to go and she did not like to refuse." "Then there was a Charity mask-ball at St. Pauli" with another long explanation, "and one given at *Neumuhlen* by the amateur theatrical troupe she had belonged to and to this also she had gone with the Wenslers." "She had never gone to any with Fraulein next door, but Fraulein had been present at two of those she herself had gone to."

"Had she not been to such and such places on such and such dates with Fraulein?" I asked. "No, it was a lie of that spiteful old cat next door," says my wife, "Do I believe such an old mischief-making gossip, and that horrid low steward man, rather than my own true wife who has been thinking fondly of me every minute of every day since I so unkindly left her?," and another storm of choking sobs overcomes her, during which I further cross-question and accuse, the most definite information which I elicit being to the effect that I am "an unkind, jealous, evil-think-

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ing brute; she wishes she had never met me; wishes her poor mother was alive, so that she could go home to her," "she is only sorry she *didn't* go to every one of those mask-balls and other places—she might just as well have done so as stay home in solitary misery for nothing," and so on.

But I am not overcome by all this feminine blank firing: I remorselessly press my charges and show that I can easily find out which is the real truth, her account or that of Frau Neighbor's. Then my wife gradually weakens and gives way, admits that she *did* go with Fraulein next door a good many times, but—here gives a string of further plausible excuses and again attacks me for leaving her and affirms strenuously that she has done nothing wrong—has never even flirted with any man either at those places or elsewhere—while she supposes *I* have been enjoying myself with some of those gay free-and-easy Spanish and half-caste girls abroad.

This, of course, put me to some extent on my own defense. I assured her (and with the strictest truth) that I have been most honorably faithful to herself, that I had only left her as she well knew partly to better my position for her own sake, and partly for the sake of my health; that I had continually fretted about her, especially as I never had a letter or any other message from her—how I used to enquire at the Post Office after the arrival of the monthly mail and go away disappointed; and that it was largely this anxiety and fretting and desire to be with her again that had brought me home again so soon.

At this point she seized the opportunity to try to make peace by a show of impulsive wifely commiseration and fondling, and to some extent, perhaps, manlike, I succumbed; but the bitter doubts and soreness of heart remained; and in fact, though I could not help still loving her intensely in a painful sort of fashion, I could never afterwards feel the same towards her as I had once felt. Misery rankled in my heart for the remaining day or two I had in port, and it was with positive relief that after a sleepless night I packed my portmanteau and went on board to attend to my daily duties there; and without returning home

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or seeing my wife again for the time being, left on my second voyage to Brazil—this time as an assistant engineer instead of as an emigrant.

Knowing my wife's father so intimately as I did, and there being such a close personal resemblance between them, I could not, but feel that she had inherited also his moral complexion, which, as you have seen, was decidedly noticeable in any company.

I have omitted to mention that the day following my unexpected return from Brazil my wife gently broke to me the fact that she owed the landlord £3 for rent. This meant, of course, that the money that should have been devoted to that purpose had gone towards various extravagances such as those mask-balls. I paid this and a few other liabilities and so went the few pounds I had brought home by dint of hard work and self-denial.

CHAPTER XLVII

CHAPTER XLVII.

LIFE AS A SHIP'S ENGINEER.

I must now resume my wanderings and incidents connected therewith.

Our good ship (which for convenience sake I will call the "Bahia," having reasons for not giving its true name) had been a fortnight in port at Hamburg to allow overhaul of machinery as well as discharge and reloading of cargo.

I had been accepted and officially shipped as assistant engineer, so that from this time I may claim to be classed as a sailor—of the modern type.

In spite of my anguish of mind and anger against my wife I did not at all like leaving her, but I could not easily withdraw from my engagement, nor having once resolved on that occupation did I desire to. Both at the time and throughout the whole voyage I very keenly felt my wife's conduct and our consequent estrangement—the shattering of our love romance.

I made several voyages on the same ship to and from Brazil, each voyage occupying about three months—once or twice a little longer owing to delays or extensions of the trip to other ports than the usual places of call, namely; Lisbon, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and back in reverse order.

I was in the Second Engineer's watch, from 12 to 4, both a.m. and p.m., and in addition generally had extra duties in connection with the engines to perform between those regular watches, our Chief Engineer being very conscientious and exacting as regards his charge.

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My immediate superior, the Second Engineer, besides being a capable officer, was a pleasant enough man to work with, and without neglecting duty managed to make himself very good company both in the engine room and in our own cabin; for he had a good stock of conversational knowledge, amusing yarns of varied flavor, choice cigars, and the best "Kummel."

Sea-faring men have always been noted for rollicking habits and as hard drinkers when on shore—afloat, too, if they get the chance. The crews of modern steam vessels are much the same in these respects as the older style of Jack Tar, only that the engine-room's and stoke-hole's confinement and heat produce the finest tropical specimens, for firemen and stokers are as a rule about as rough, tough, and sulphurous a lot of sinners as you can find, fearfully hard drinkers, and when drunk a good deal worse to manage than a menagerie of wild animals. Sober, they are in many respects first-rate fellows, good-hearted, generous, and mostly heroic when occasion offers; but when they have been stoking themselves with strong liquid fuel, plenty of them are like ferocious fiends and would not hesitate if irritated to knock anybody whatever down with a fire shovel or stoking iron. So there is a strict law against their bringing spirits on board, though they get an allowance twice during each watch and therefore do not need a private stock. Nevertheless, they often manage to smuggle some on board. To prevent this as far as possible, two detectives visit the ship and search the forecabin and other likely places for concealed liquor.

But "Jack" is as tricky and resolute as a woman when his mind is set on anything and seldom fails to attain his object, and the little device used on this occasion to elude official vigilance will serve as an amusing instance.

About six o'clock in the morning on the day of sailing the two detectives arrived to make their inspection. They had some pretty strong clues to start with, for two of the hands were dead drunk in their bunks; another seemed to be doing a sort of paralyzed hornpipe with his feet as he stumbled around, while with tangled and droning articu-

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lation he held forth dogmatically and distressively on politics, theology, women, profanity and sundry other edifying subjects, while his huge nose gleamed like a coal ember just out of the fire-box (we shall hear more of him later); and one or two others were also manifestly "under the influence." Yet none of these men had been ashore since the previous day, so it was plain there must be contraband liquor on board and within their reach. The detectives searched high and low, turned out bunks and sea-chests, opened everything that could possibly contain a bottle however small; sniffed suspiciously at hair-oil bottles, pots of blacking, and the like; even opened one or two stray bibles and albums on the chance of their covers being hollow shams; tried all the ship's fittings, the bulk-heads, and all the places their experience and sagacity suggested, and departed at last baffled. Had they returned an hour later they would have found the fore-castle as well stocked with black bottles of "Kummel" (a strong spirituous liquor) as many an hotel in Hamburg. It being pitch dark when the detectives came on board the smugglers had (expecting this early visit) tied short strings to the bottles and hung them out of the portholes. The end of each string was knotted and jammed securely by the closed outer port or round iron shutter, so that nothing was visible inside and the darkness prevented anything being seen outside.

The man with the huge nose whom I have mentioned was a "character." Once fairly at sea and sobered up he was one of the best hands in our service, but every time he could touch shore or otherwise get free access to any of his favorite drinks he would promptly stow away as much as he could, with the usual effects. We will call him "Flatfoot." He was a fine well-built man, though more sinewy than massive, with a full brown beard and moustache. But it was that nose of his that most caught the eye. In shape it was more like a new kidney potato than anything else I can think of, but it was pitted all over like the rind of an orange, and as for color, it was beautifully variegated and versatile. It was a veritable

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chameleon—at one time a study in copper red, at another a harmony in wine color and dull pinks, yet again with suggestions of fluorescence or a rainbow, according to his degree of sobriety or inebriety. Moreover, the more he drank the greater its “displacement” or size became; it was a common diversion on board to “watch Flatfoot’s nose grow;” and the whole ship’s company used it as a sort of whetstone for their wits—for he was a good-humored fellow, except when the nose was unusually inflated—then look out.

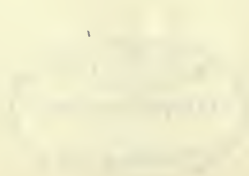
Yet like many men of his type he could be a hero. One day as we were slowly going into one of the South American harbors the ship’s boy fell overboard, and though it was known there were sharks about, Flatfoot (who happened to be on deck at the time) was overboard in no time and seized and kept the boy afloat until a boat a little distance away astern got up to the spot—we having forged a little ahead—and picked both of them up. “Flatty” was a great favorite after that.

CHAPTER XLVIII



The history of the city of London, from its first foundation to the present time, is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished historians and writers of the world. The history of London is a subject which has been treated in many different ways, and it is difficult to find a single work which gives a complete and accurate account of its history. The history of London is a subject which has been treated in many different ways, and it is difficult to find a single work which gives a complete and accurate account of its history.

CHAPTER XXVII



CHAPTER XLVIII.

SAILOR POLITICIANS, AND THE COOK'S YARN ABOUT A CONFIDENCE TRICK.

Flatfoot and our boatswain were both keen politicians, with opposite views, and fond of arguments on any and every subject. The boatswain was a big Pomeranian with jovial red face, blue eyes, hair and short curly beard of sandy red, and a hand that was very convincing in debate. He was a red-hot Socialist, while our fireman with the red figure-head was by a strange contradiction an ardent Royalist—a native of Hesse, of whom there is a saying that they cannot see anything till after ten o'clock in the morning. I don't know why, unless it is a reflection on their supposed heavy drinking and consequent sleepy-headedness.

The discussions between these champions were usually set going in the evening by some mischievously disposed third party. For instance: A game of cards is in progress in the fo'e'sle, Bo's'n, the cook, and two others taking part, Flatfoot seated on a sea-chest, a few more lounging about—nearly all smoking. I have occasion to look in about some duty, and loiter a few minutes in consequence of some remark arousing my curiosity.

Clubs are trumps, and in the course of play Cook thumps down the Knave of that suit with the remark, "Here's Bismarck" and taking the trick, leads off with the King saying, "And there's King Wilhelm." But Bo's'n bangs down the Ace triumphantly shouting, "And there's Karl Marx, the people's champion." This leads to some bantering of the Bo's'n with the express object of getting

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him and Flatfoot under way. Bo's'n is only too glad of an opening to air his eloquence and principles, without interrupting the game much, however, and by and by fires a shot at his usual antagonist, who so far has been stolidly sitting with arms folded on his knees.

"That's one into your hull, Flatty,"

"You be blowed and don't speak to your betters," retorts Flatty.

"Bettters," roars the Bo's'n, "the only 'bettters' in the world are those who work hardest, and you're not one of them Flatty—why Cook here is as good as the Skipper because where'd we be without him? And every man Jack of us is as good as Bismark or the Kaiser."

"Why?" says Flatty laconically and in order to draw the Bo's'n on to dangerous ground.

"Why? Because what'd the——aristocrats do without the like of us to bring 'em coffee and tobacco and other imports and to ship away our exports? Why, Germany would lose its oversea trade, and merchants would be ruined, and then where'd be your fine Royal Roosters and military turkey cocks? But, if they was all as dead as Julius Caesar, as long as we and the farmers and the manual workers was all going the same as now Germany would be just as prosperous, and a jolly sight more so."

Thus Flatty—"And if you and the Skipper and the mates was all as dead as Julius Caesar, so long as we engineers and firemen and the cook was all doing our watches reg'lar wouldn't this old hooker get along just well?"

The Bo's'n snorted at being thus inferentially excluded from the ranks of Labor, and classed amongst the "aristocrats," and said the cases were not on the same parallel of latitude—"Every fool knowed there must be a skipper to navigate the ship, and the mates and bo's'ns to direct the hands and the work."

"Just so," says Flatty, "and doesn't anyone *but* a fool know that there must be a skipper, and mates, and a bo's'n like Bismark to navigate the State?"

H"ear! hear! Flatty," from the audience.

So the argument drifts lumberingly along like an old-

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fashioned sea-fight between clumsy three-deckers, until the Bo's'n alleges that under Socialism they would all get lager beer and Kummel and frocks and boots for the missis and the kiddies "for nothing."

The point is applauded, and the ship's boy remarks, "That ought to about suit you, Flatty; your nose would be a blooming Socialist all the time."

Flatty treats this rude personality with contempt and puts this conundrum, "And how'd you get a missis and kiddies without money?"

The question is a poser, for in the experience of these open-handed sons of the sea, whether with the "regular liners" of matrimony or with "chartered craft" for occasional trips, the universal first and last essential is money—and plenty of it.

"That reminds me," says the cook, "of a shipmate I had when I was in the Antwerp and Mediterranean trade. He was one of those craft that always seem down by the head—like a rat grubbing for tucker—though always smelling around for anything he could pick up in the way of money, or whatsoever could be turned into money. You can always tell those mud-raking chaps by their low cut-water. This one like all the rest, would load himself to his scuppers every time he got a chance to make a bit extra, and as he never spent anything in port except his own wharfage dues, he had saved up a tidy sum—I don't know how much—he was too close about it, but I know it was a goodish bit, because two or three times when I have been cashing a check at the bank I have seen him pay in his and a lot of gold besides.

"Well, he fell in with a young Jewess in Antwerp—a trim topsail schooner of a girl, clipper built, fine shear, good beam, clean run under the counter, and lively on her helm—and her old father was a rich pawnbroker and money-shark. This was quite enough for my shipmate, Schwenke, so he set sail after her; but being a lumbering sort of a brig to look at he did not seem to have much chance of overhauling such a smart craft as she was. But

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she somehow found out that he had specie on board, so she backed her topsail and let him range alongside. Then she lowered her to'-gallant and took two reefs in her mains'l and let him keep her company for a pleasure cruise around the theatres and music-halls and all the rest of the shows.

“But the old man was in a blue fury when he found out how things were going, because he wanted his daughter—her name was Leah—to marry a middle-aged well-to-do merchant in Brussels, who had made a good bid for her. But, unbeknown to her father, there was a rather wild harum-scarum young mate of an English brigantine who was also after her, and she took a fancy to him; only, he spent all his little earnings. He had no show to marry her, for she knew what was what.

“Now when she let Schwanke join company with her she just wanted to get his money transhipped to her, if she could manage it, without giving him ownership or charter-party over herself.

“So she kept him well under her lee, and at last got him so wind-jammed that he proposed they should elope and get married in some foreign port where her father was not known. You see, he was not only willing but anxious to go into fair partnership, because he reckoned that once they were actually married he was safe to get the old Jew's money sooner or later.

“But Leah made out that she was afraid he wanted to play her false, and also made a show of going about, shaking the reefs out of her canvas, and making for her home-port without him. This flustered him, and in his hurry to follow in her wake he missed his stays and lay rolling helplessly; he offered to give her any proof or security she liked that he would honorably marry her.

“Well, she let her sails shake in the wind a bit, and after pointing out that she was risking everything, herself and her father's wealth, she stipulated that he, Schwenke, must take an equal risk and place in her hands by way of security for his good faith the whole of his money as shown

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by his bank-book, with passage-tickets for herself and him to some foreign port. She agreed that the very evening of the day she received the security she would meet him either at a railway station or at any steam-packet and accompany him to such destination as they might agree upon—she to bank the money in her own name until they were married.

“It was, of course, a fool’s bargain on his part, but a man in love is seldom anything else but a lurid fool.

“Early next day they met by appointment outside his bank, he handed over the money in notes and gold and offered to go with her to her bank, where she already had a small amount. She objected that his going with her to pay in money might look compromising to her, so he waited outside, where a little later she showed him the receipt.

“Then they agreed to meet at the railway station that night a few minutes before the last train for Ostend left; she was to wear a long grey cloak and a heavy black veil and make a certain signal with an umbrella, but she was not to speak to him nor he to her until safely in the train, because, she said, her father seemed suspicious and might have both of them watched.

“Well, Schwenke was early on the platform and restlessly tacked up and down until only two or three minutes remained, and he began to perspire with anxiety. At last the bell is rung, and just as he is all but frantic, the long looked for cloak and veil come hurriedly through the gateway, and the signal is hastily given. They have just time to rush into a carriage, then the door is slammed and they are off.

“But here comes a mystery: Another train now well on its course to Rotterdam also has on board a young run-away couple. The sun-tanned chap is the mate of the English brigantine, and the lively young woman who is laughing so uproariously with him is most remarkably like that handsome little craft Leah. In fact, she is Leah, and she has with her a bag containing gold to the full amount of

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her bank account after depositing Schwenke's; for later in the day she had withdrawn the whole amount in hard coin, and is now going to make sure of being spliced properly — only to another bridegroom than poor Schwenke.

“Meantime, that unlucky derelict has made the discovery that *his* travelling companion is Leah's old maid aunt, who has been imposed upon (very willingly, by-the-way) by that clever young privateer by means of false messages and one or two slightly altered love-notes from Schwenke to herself, with a downright forgery or two thrown in.

“What sort of a settlement my shipmate had with the aunt I don't know for certain; but I heard that as she had a little money of her own and he had lost his, they soon sailed together under the same flag and berthed at one wharf.”

CHAPTER XLIX

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the plane was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm, humid air of the tropics. I had heard that Chicago was a city of contrasts, and I was beginning to believe it. The city was a mix of old and new, of tradition and innovation. It was a place where the past and the future met, and I was excited to see what it had to offer.

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CHAPTER XIII

CHAPTER XLIX.

A SPANISH "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

On our first homeward run we received orders at Bahia to call at St. Michael's, one of the Azores (a cluster of small islands several hundreds of miles west of Spain) to take over the cargo of a sailing vessel which was lying there in distress—only being kept afloat by continuous pumping.

This opportunity of a passage to those islands was availed by a gentleman whose home was there. He was a young Spanish merchant, and his pleasant manners made him much liked on board. He would stroll about the ship chatting affably in broken and amusing German (of which I should like to give a sample or two, only, of course, I cannot in English) with many of the crew. I suppose his occupation had given him a smattering of two or three languages. One or two of our officers would sometimes converse with him in Spanish, both for courtesy's sake and their own better practice.

At one of the ports we had called at in Brazil yellow fever had broken out, so when we got to the Azores the authorities there would neither allow anybody on our ship to land nor anyone from land to come on board. Now this was very hard lines on our Spanish passenger, who had a beautiful young wife there, and during the few days we remained taking in cargo from the distressed vessel, that lovely and devoted young lady used to come in a small boat to within a short distance of our steamer and remain there

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all day long conversing with her husband. It must have been fearfully tantalizing to him at least to be "so near and yet so far" as an old song says. I think they had the lively sympathy of every sailor man on board—from the rough old sea-dog of a captain down to the ship's boy. The poor fellow was as restless and irritable as a caged tiger or a young dog newly on the chain; he could neither eat nor drink; he could not tear himself away from the taffrail, but hung over it as if he were in the last extremity of seasickness, volubly pouring out soft Spanish, of which I could only distinguish a frequently repeated *Caro, Amado, Querida* and *Buena Alhaga*, with almost as frequent names of numerous Holy Saints uttered with other words in such a tone of voice as one could imagine him using in mortal combat with deadly enemies, from which fact my conclusion is that he was rehearsing extempore litancies to the said saints by way or respectful protest against their inattention to business and to such special clients as he, and as the most diplomatic and safest means at his command of emphatically cursing the maladministration of their departments.

To say he nearly went out of his mind is extravagant poverty of expression; he raved as insanely as Shakespeare's "Romeo," and I daresay his wife was about as good a match for "Juliet"—only the respective position were reversed, for our Romeo had to do the balcony turn and she the outside performance. By-the-way, the serenading element was not lacking either; for the people of the island in order to do honor to so rare an event as the visit of a big steamer to their little port, on each of three evenings of our stay sent out a boat-load of brass band to charm (or scare) away any latent cares and misery; and in addition on the first evening they gave a very imposing display of fireworks on shore. The effect was very pleasing indeed—I mean the fireworks, for though it is only fair to say that the band performed very creditably after the first few selections it did not quite suit my personal convenience, seeing that it prevented my getting the sleep I needed be-

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fore going on duty at midnight—for we had to lay under steam all the time.

I suggested to the second mate that we should order the fire-hose to be turned upon the band—this being our usual plan of getting rid of too troublesome fruit-hawkers, bird-dealers, and such like itinerant nuisances—just as Mad-dler used to do when there was a riot in his theatre.

But the mate was too charitable and long-suffering. He said that they were unsophisticated, well-meaning people, innocent of willful malice, and were doing their best for us, and reminded me that when smitten on one ear we ought not to hit back but should turn the other ear also.

I said I had been smitten on both ears at once—“what was to be done in such a case?”

But to return to our poor Romeo. He made one or two desperate efforts to escape; but somehow his Saints did not back him up properly, for each attempt came to grief, and, on pain of being confined to his cabin, he had to give his word of honor not to try again.

When in three day's time we had got our cargo (salt-petre) shipped, we had to drag the forlorn husband away with us to Lisbon, for the pitiless law would not suffer him to land till the expiration of a certain time—though there had not been the faintest trace of any disease amongst us the whole voyage. The trouble was that, so far as we saw, there was no health officer at St. Michael's.

As we steamed out, Romeo watched his wife till out of sight; then he went below and, I daresay, poured out tears and other things to relieve emotions. At Lisbon he had to go into quarantine for a few weeks, and I don't know what afterwards happened to him.

CHAPTER L

CHAPTER L.

TWO INCIDENTS—A NARROW ESCAPE; AND “HOT TODDY” NOT ALWAYS WELCOME TO A SAILOR.

As we steamed out of Lisbon for Hamburg it only wanted a few days to Easter, and we were all looking forward to reaching home in time to spend the holidays on shore; but we had a very narrow escape from never seeing Hamburg or any other port again.

One night as we were passing through the English Channel, and while on my way from the mess-room to go below on duty at twelve o'clock, I found the fog so thick that I could not see my hand if held before my eyes. “This is a nice sort of night,” I thought to myself, “to be in the Channel;” for there is always an enormous traffic there—even in the Bay of Biscay two nights before I had counted no less than eighteen steamers passing within an hour; and there is about the same difference between the Bay and the English Channel as there is between a country road and a city street as to traffic.

About a quarter after one o'clock that night there was a sudden command from the bridge, “Stop!—full speed astern.” The order was swiftly obeyed, we all knowing there was some serious danger, and easily guessing that it was a threatening collision. For a minute or two there was a terrible suspense in our minds, for at any moment the stem of some great vessel might come crashing right into our engine-room or boilers and we be scalded to death in steam and hot water, or drowned like rats in a hole by an overwhelming inrush of sea from without; there would be

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very little chance of escape if we were struck amidships. Yet we were bound to stick to our posts.

To our great relief presently the order came, "Full speed ahead," so we knew that that particular danger was past. When we went off duty at 4 o'clock the Second Mate, who had had that watch on deck, said to us, "My word, we had a narrow shave from being run down by the passenger steamer going from Dover to Calais, we just got far enough astern in time to let her slide across our bows—one minute later would have doomed us. If she had run into our empty coal-bunkers you fellows down below would not have seen daylight again."

On the following night I happened to be passing the Chief Engineer's cabin about eleven o'clock. He called to me and requested me to go and ask the Purser to come to his cabin and have a "hot toddy" with him. It was a bitterly cold night in the North Sea. I went first to the Purser's cabin; he was not there. Then I tried our mess-room and one or two other likely localities, and then the saloon; going quietly so as not to disturb the passengers in that quarter.

The saloon was in darkness except where the moon shining through the skylight happened to fall, though not very brightly, for there was a cloudy sky. A very interesting tableau met my sight. In a nice cozy corner the gallant officer I was in search of was embracing a fine big strapping young lady passenger who was by no means warmly clad for such a night. As a matter of fact, when I discreetly gave a slight cough, (as of course I did at once, also stepping back instinctively) she hurried on tip-toe to her cabin and I could not help seeing that she was bare-footed and was apparently dressed in some strange frilly white garment and a short petticoat.

A little later I knocked at the Purser's cabin, and finding him there this time I delivered my message; but instead of acknowledging it with, "Right, my hearty, tell him I'll be there in a minute," he seemed very ingracious, and in reply only gave a surly grunt in his bristly whis-

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kers; which grunt may probably be interpreted as an unutterable malediction on hot toddy, the Chief Engineer, and myself, for ill-timed disturbance, and dissatisfaction with the Chief's company and hospitality as fair compensation for the loss of the company of a nice girl.



Such incidents are not at all uncommon occurrences on long voyages, as most officers on ships know, even when, as in this instance, young ladies are supposed to be under efficient protection; for this young lady's father and mother were both on board. The anecdote will serve one good purpose if it keeps a few guardians of valuable property a little wider awake. There is an unwritten code of

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honor amongst gentlemen of the sea to betray neither lady nor shipmate; so of course I did not breathe a word of this little affair to anybody.



PART III

MY SECOND AND SUCCESSFUL EMIGRATION.

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PART III

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CHAPTER LI

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER LI.

ON SHORE AGAIN—A FINGER-POST TO SUCCESS.

When we arrived at Hamburg my wife and her aunt came on board to meet me and persuade me to go home again, and their united pleading and assurances prevailed upon me to do so. Though I could not altogether forget my past suspicions I was glad to be with her again as of old and we got along very comfortably, and my time on shore passed pleasantly.

After a few more trips to and from Brazil I got sick of the general monotony of the life, for events of any special interest were few and far between and not always pleasant to experience. Accordingly, through one of my friends knowing of my desire to take to shore life again, I was offered employment in the same factory that I had been at before. I took it and gave up seafaring.

But I soon found I could not take kindly to a humdrum existence with very little prospect of much betterment. I don't think I was built that way, and perhaps my former wanderings had fostered my natural restlessness. Anyhow, my ambitious projects returned in full force, and I was determined once more to try my luck somewhere if only I could see a fair chance. Every day I carefully scanned the daily papers and at last came across something which seemed to suit, and which did indeed ultimately prove to be the finger-post on the road which led to the success I sought. In one of the newspapers I saw an advertisement to the effect that the Government of Tasmania was offering about 200 free passage tickets for

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approved emigrants to that place who had any relation there, application to be made to an address in London which I have forgotten.

I had already heard a great deal about the wonderful new country of Australia far away on the opposite side of the world—about its great gold diggings, and the high rate of wages, and the many large fortunes made there; and one of my friends, a joiner by trade, had often talked to me about this splendid new land and of his desire to get there if he could only see how to do so. But to both of us it seemed almost unreachable.

Directly I read that advertisement I fairly jumped up and ran off with the paper to my friend's place, which was not far distant. It was Sunday, by the way, so he was home, and with some excitement I read my good news to him. We both decided to try to seize the opportunity, so that very afternoon I wrote my application, stating that I had an uncle somewhere in Tasmania but did not know the exact locality. I must candidly confess that in this statement I was more imaginative than scrupulously accurate; the alleged "uncle" was as mythical as most of the "brothers" and "cousins" which the average John Chinaman claims appear to be; but the Tasmanian authorities had stipulated for some sort of vested interest in the shape of a resident relative; they offered premiums for such articles and would certainly get some no more substantial than mine (imaginary uncles with probably far less worthy nephews than myself) so I did my best for both parties concerned. Even in my choice of a relative I was circumspect and diplomatic; for if I trotted out a brother, sister, or some other very close member of the family, the Government might be suspicious about my lack of knowledge of the address; if I claimed only a "cousin" it might arouse a suspicious prejudice from painful experience, and the degree of relationship might be too remote as compared with other applicant's relatives. An "uncle" seemed the happy mean. An uncle is so often out of direct touch, a rambler who has sown enough wild oats to be likely to have settled

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down to rest comfortably, glad to see and help a nephew through too much of an "absent minded beggar" to take the trouble to hunt him up. Yes, I think I showed diplomacy and acumen and business-like "push" that should condone a mere business-like accommodation of the supply to the demand.

For a few days after posting my letter I was in feverish expectation. A fortnight passed without a reply, so I gave up all hope and even further thought of the matter. This was about Christmas, 1884, and I was in constant work and earning good wages. Many months slipped by and at last in June I received one day a letter from London notifying that if I had still a desire to go to Tasmania I must forward 30s. to the London address and be ready to start by the 5th of July. I did not hesitate, but posted the required money straight away, all I possessed at the time. Then at a stationer's shop I bought a map of Tasmania about the size of the palm of my hand (the largest I could get) to find out more about the place. On examining it very closely I saw they had a railway and a few towns, and I deduced from these facts that the inhabitants would not be *all* benighted savages.

My friend had backed out as soon as it came to sending 30s. as a deposit on the contract. I must say I don't think he would have gone when it came to the point in any circumstance, as he had interesting ties he did not care to risk breaking; so I had to go through the undertaking quite alone, there being no one else I knew of likely to go.

My wife's relatives were all strongly against my programme, and worried me from pillar to post; but my resolution remained unshaken.

CHAPTER LII

CHAPTER LII.

DEPARTURE—A PECULIAR ACCIDENT.

Two days before the date of departure we had to undergo a medical examination and sign an agreement to remain in Tasmania for four years. I had provided myself with a small boxful of tools used in my trade and was then left with 3s. in my pocket with which to speculate and dissipate in a foreign country—amongst a people whose lingo I did not know one word of. But if I was short of ready money I had at least a stock of good clothes and some other useful sundries which as occasion required I could either use for my own convenience or trade off at a fair profit to the black, yellow, or white heathen I should most likely meet. So I packed my box with all I could get into it.

The time came at last to say "Good-bye" to my wife, and I must admit that the prospect of this ordeal was far from pleasing, both in itself and because I knew it would mean a flood of hysterical tears. Now, I have a special horror of women crying; I simply cannot stand it; you have to try to console them and then they cling to you or else turn away irritably, in either case crying worse than ever until you just have to give in and do whatever they want, or else tear yourself away with the dismal consciousness that she thinks you a hard-hearted brute. My reason tells me that we men ought to be proof against those dangerous showers; but unfortunately most of us are not—we "don't know how to come in out of the rain."

So, to avoid so far as I could exposure to such a danger, I bid my wife a rather hurried and professedly "interim"

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farewell as though only going away for a few hours and told her I would be back before leaving, with the guilty knowledge in my heart that I would not—for the reasons stated above.

I had six miles to go to the wharf where the ship was lying, and being so short of money a friend of mine helped to carry my box. When about half way there the box, a wooden one, split in two in consequence of its being so tightly packed, and out tumbled everything into the middle of the road. We burst out laughing and I said, "I suppose some people would think this a bad omen, and would turn back." Instead of doing so I left my friend to mount guard over my property while I went in search of a joiner. In about half an hour I succeeded, and my box was roughly repaired by means of boards nailed across the two separated halves, at a cost of about 1s 6d, leaving me now only about the same amount as a stand-by.

We reached the vessel without further mishap, and, after a parting glass of lager beer with my friend, I went on board, where all was bustle and confusion. It was a cargo steamer, fitted up for the occasion and the purser sorted out the passengers, putting the married people and families forward and us single men aft.

After I had stowed my box in as convenient a place as possible I had a good look around, especially at my fellow-passengers. I soon found they were of many trades or occupations mostly bound for Tasmania; but several who had paid their own passage (or had it paid for them by friends) were going to Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, and to these I shall refer later.

Next morning my wife came on board and wished to give me about 4s. which she had earned the evening before. That was, of course, very kind of her, but I would not accept it, preferring not to leave her quite penniless, though I knew she would be able to keep herself in fair comfort for some time to come, as she had besides the shop another sure source of regular income, though not large. So we bade each other a fond "good-bye" once more, and at my desire she went home.

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Our departure was delayed over three hours owing, as we later discovered, to the Government refusing clearance to our ship unless the agreement between us and the Tasmanian Government binding us for four years was cancelled, our authorities desiring us only to leave as free men. This resulted in much telegraphing to and from the Tasmanian agent in London, and at last each of us was handed a document stating that our passage was a free gift from the Government of Tasmania, and that each could leave whenever he wished to do so.

This being settled, we got under way down the river through the long familiar forest of masts and miles of buildings densely packed. My heart bounded with joy that I had another chance to try my luck in the outer world, and I was determined not to return home again until I succeeded.

CHAPTER LIII

CHAPTER LIII.

VOYAGE NOTES.

Amongst our passengers one lot of twenty-five men were going under contract to Gippsland in Victoria. They came from East Prussia, and a rough lot they were. They had a table themselves and we others kept as much aloof from them as we could. We were only a few days out at sea when they had a fierce battle at dinner about the division of the food. Dumplings were shied at each other's heads and hot pea-soup flung in each other's faces, then everything else handy was used as a weapon of some sort, and terrific was the din and the strife until one of the mates sailed in vigorously and restored order.

At our table were nineteen men, and I think I may safely assert that ours was about the best conducted of the lot. We elected a chairman to carve and to allot the food and each of us agreed to be satisfied with his dividend. We also arranged a plan whereby two of us at a time should undertake the duty for a week of cleaning up the plates and dishes and other appliances.

From the moment the moorings were cast off at Hamburg until we disembarked at the end of our voyage, we were seldom if ever without the strains of music from some one or more of a multitude of miscellaneous instruments, to say nothing of vocal performances—from the shrill soprano which was sometimes mistaken for the ship's steam siren, to the rough bass that more than once startled the Chief Engineer from his innocent dreams with the fear that some-

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thing had gone wrong with his machinery—so at least he said.

Coming down the Elbe an asthmatic accordeon led off with a selection of heart-racking pieces such as “Die Wacht Am Rhein,” “Lebe Wohl Du Schones Haus” (Live well your beautiful house) and was soon joined by accomplices on the banjo, Jew’s harp, tin whistles, and voices gradually drifting in until there was quite a large chorus in full swing. For several days after this there were frequent eruptions of new musical talent, several other accordeons and banjos, also zithers, violins, one or two flutes and fifes, a trombone, and one or two shy things that kept out of sight and could not be identified by sound. It was a toss up, for instance, whether they were clarionets, concertinas, or only combs covered with tissue paper.

Our first place of call was Antwerp, and here one of our Tasmanian batch mysteriously vanished. The current conclusion was that he only wanted a cheap trip to Antwerp. Besides cargo, we here shipped a lady passenger with her four children. We afterwards found that her husband had sent for her to join him at one of the most famous gold-mining towns in Australia, and as he had traveled in the same ship he had written to the captain asking him if he would take care of his wife. That gallant gentleman was so obliging as to proffer this lady the use of his own cabin, though she was only a steerage passenger like all on board. The sequel will appear in due course.

From Antwerp we crossed over to London. Here we nearly had the bottom knocked out of the ship through a piece of very large and heavy machinery slipping out of the sling as it was being hoisted aboard.

My pockets being practically empty, I was not able to see much of this greatest of all cities, but I roamed about on foot as much as time permitted. Though used to city life (and Hamburg with its environs is no small place) I must admit that I was fairly bewildered by the overpowering vastness of this city and by the dense mass of people and traffic in its streets. You can hardly move a step in

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many of the great thoroughfares, and they seem everywhere, without treading on other people's toes and ladies' skirts, and as for crossing the road, that, to strangers at least, is impossible without the help of one of the numerous policemen posted here and there, and who now and then stop the road traffic to let a waiting batch of pedestrians across. We have something of this in our larger Australian cities, but nothing like it is in London; for there the whole street is for hours together an incessant closely packed stream, or rather streams, of vehicles, checked from time to time by the hand signal of the policeman.

One day a shipmate and I were strolling along, he smoking a cigar—you could get really good ones in Hamburg at twenty-five for 1s. At last he threw the stump away, but it hardly touched the ground before it was snatched up by a poor looking man who put it in his pipe and finished it with evident enjoyment.

Once more I crossed the stormy Bay of Biscay where often the wild Atlantic seems to concentrate its mad fury and so many noble vessels besides shoals of small craft have foundered. But instead of continuing our course to the south'ard as on my previous voyages, our vessel skirted the coast of Portugal and Spain, steamed slowly past your British great fortress, the Rock of Gibraltar—which looked imposingly grand and picturesque towering high in the glowing southern sunlight against a soft blue background of sky—until we found ourselves on the beautiful and wonderful Mediterranean, that most famous and historic of all seas, about which I had heard so much in my school days and casually read about later—the center and scene of perhaps the most entrancing events of history and romance,—the sea traversed by Aeneas and Ulysses, and where the classic poets make the God of the Sea appear as in your Dryden's translation of Virgil:

“Mean time imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground,
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,

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Serene in majesty * * * * *
* * * he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains."

As most readers will have noticed, we are taking the Suez Canal route, but as this and the places of interest have been so often described and are generally known I do not intend to dwell upon all I saw, though of great interest to me. I shall merely give a few incidents and personal observations.

As we passed Alexandria we had a distant view of this very ancient city, and, so far as we could distinguish, all the buildings appeared to be white. To us German emigrants it was a very impressive sight. But it was when we reached Port Said and the Suez Canal that we first realized that we were in a strange new world. We lay off the former some time, but as I had so little money I was unable to go on shore, as most of my fellow-passengers did, and I felt it very hard lines. However, I consoled myself with the hope of better times. There was a nice hotel close to the pier where every evening a splendid brass band played selections.

I heard that Port Said is considered the most depraved place in the world; but probably it is over-rated in this respect, though if current tales be true it is bad enough for all practical purposes. And after all, even if the worst I heard be true—that husbands act as Panders for their wives—if you look at the case judicially it resolves itself simply into an extreme instance of that spirit of "commercialism" which is the little tin god of the age.

From there we steamed slowly through that big salt water gutter called the Canal—about 100 miles of it with recesses or "sidings" (as they would be called on a railway) every here and there to shunt into when another ship has the right to first use of the course. In one of these we had to shelter while no less than sixteen large steamers of different nationalities passed by towards the north. Some of these were men-of-war, and it was a magnificent

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spectacle, such as I had never before seen. As each slowly and grandly glided by we saluted with a hearty cheer, and the compliment was by each as heartily returned.

A number of Arabs, including some women, ran for miles along the embankment beside us picking up the hard ship's biscuits which we threw them, and when now and then they seemed about to ease off, a coin or two from somebody on board thrown instead of a biscuit would make them put on a fresh spurt and have an exciting scramble for it. What with their gaunt brown limbs and light garments they looked like a lot of mummies on a spree.

Further on we caught sight of a camel caravan heading towards the desert.

Not only the days but the nights also were so terribly hot that it was quite impossible to sleep below. Consequently, as night came on there was something like a general scramble by mattress-laden passengers, old and young and of both sexes, for choice of allotments on deck whereon to lie down for the night. Blankets were altogether unnecessary, and in many cases even personal clothing was no more than the irreducible minimum required by decency—not always even that, for the unconscious restless of sleep caused one or two rather startling instances of undesirable candour.

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CHAPTER LIV

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER LIV.

A TERRIFIC STORM.

As soon as we got out of the Red Sea the hatches were all securely fastened down. Everybody who has been at sea much knows what that means—"Storm ahead;" and very soon we got it, a fine full-grown one, like those we read of in "Sindbad the Sailor" (in the same ocean, by the way) and in "Robinson Crusoe," for it lasted a long dreary three weeks, and had ours been a sailing ship instead of a steamer there is no saying where we might or might not have been blown to—over the edge somewhere, perhaps.

During all this time we never saw a sail. The ship tossed and plunged and rolled terrifically—as if she were a buckjumping horse trying to pitch us off her back—and the deck was almost continuously swept from end to end by the seas breaking on board. This was partly owing to there being only an iron railing instead of bulwarks around the deck, which nearly all the time was in a frightful state. Several of the crew and passengers were seriously hurt by being thrown down or against things; one of two carpenters one day bringing a tin bucket of pea soup and accidentally butting against an iron stanchion very nearly split his skull open.

The poor cook had a bad time. His pots and pans were continually tumbling and even jumping off the fire, so that he had the greatest difficulty to cook anything, and when it *was* cooked it often got upset or spoiled with sea, water on its way to its intended consumers. What with these and other troubles we all began to wear pretty thin, and seemed in a fair way to be reduced to mere skin and bone.

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But not being a new-chum at sea I found a good deal of enjoyment during this rough and tumble weather. Nearly every day I took my stand on a high barrel of salt meat which was firmly lashed to the side railing, and there remained for hours holding on to the rigging. It was a fascinating sight watching the vast mountain-like waves rushing towards us and their tops washing right over us from stem to stern; besides, the fresh pure air though blowing a hard gale was so invigorating—far pleasanter than the stuffy close-smelling cabin.

You can form some idea of the severity of this storm from the fact that we could only make about $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour instead of from 10 to 12 as we should have done under ordinary conditions. We were all supplied with charts, and I for one daily marked on mine our position at the time.

During this stormy passage across the Indian Ocean the lady passenger from Antwerp died, and was buried at sea. There was an unpleasant rumor on board that her death resulted from certain interference with nature.

CHAPTER LV

CHAPTER LV.

SOME SHIPMATES.

I must introduce to you one or two of my shipmates. We are not all plebeians—oh, dear no. We had on board at least one overpowering aristocrat whose massive weight of conscious dignity was so great that as he majestically tramped the deck you could feel (with very little imagination) a vibration of the ship from stem to stern. His square Bismarck-like figure was usually set off by a well cut suit of brown with a gray soft felt hat and a field-glass was always ostentatiously slung across his shoulders, unless in actual use (which was pretty often). Frequently you would find it superciliously focussed upon you or other shipmates as though he were some high and mighty official grandee holding an informal inspection parade. These airs were his by right of having paid his own passage money, which fact he managed to keep well in the foreground, and his having a brother in Adelaide who was supposed to be rolling in wealth. We will for convenience call this high personage, “Herr Schnieder.”

Naturally a good deal of attention, not always flattering, gravitated towards him. We shall temporarily part from him at Adelaide and meet him again somewhat later.

Then there was a spruce little chap—a rather thin, nervous, fastidious and altogether little bird-like sort of a fellow—the kind that always seems as if he had never before been away from his mother’s apron strings.

He always wore a long-tailed Beaufort coat, and as the

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tail pockets were always stuffed full with something or other, and he walked with a stoop in the back and a peculiar prancing gait—his coat-tail bobbing behind with a regular swinging motion—he looked very comical; and it was not long before he was nick-named “Kangaroo,” on account



“KANGAROO.”

of a fancied resemblance to that animal. He was a photographer. To see him wildly staggering along the deck with his arms, legs, and tails spasmodically flying awkwardly in all directions, was a highly popular diversion—good enough for the comic stage. But he was good-hearted and popu-

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lar, young man, though grotesque and simple minded.

Of course, he was the butt of many jokes. When during that rough three weeks on the Indian Ocean he like the rest of us was expressing impatience to get to our destination, someone in the crew, one of the mates I think, with the express purpose of having a game with poor "Kangaroo," set the yarn going that on arrival in Tasmania we were all to be put in "leg-irons" to keep us from running away and we should be set to such work as making roads and clearing the country of scrub and timber. The little photographer, though perhaps a little suspicious at first, showed so much concern and alarm that several joined in the joke at his expense making the question a subject of seemingly serious conversation when he was in hearing, and amongst other little devices, pictures and accounts of convict gangs at work were brought forward, until at last the victim was in a state of intense excitement and driven very nearly clear out of his mind.

For a time he argued that our papers of freedom given when we left Hamburg should protect us. "Pooh," was the reply, "do you think they will care for those papers so far away from Germany? Would they bring you out at all unless to get hard work out of you? Now that they have no written contract to hold you under they will be sure to take some means of preventing you from escaping" Such and many other arguments quite broke him up, so that I became seriously afraid that he would commit suicide by jumping overboard, and therefore kept almost constantly by his side, especially towards and after dark.

CHAPTER LV.—CONTINUED.

A CLERGYMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH SOME SAUSAGES.

There was also a German clergyman on board, a missionary, I believe, going out to one of the South Sea Islands—a rather plump, pleasant-faced jovial man, a little under the medium size. His placid smile and smooth shiny forehead and upper-pate reflected a good deal of heavenly light—one of the mates declared that one moonlight night he had for a moment or two mistaken the pastor's head for a steamer mast-head light—too plump for his own future—safety he was going amongst cannibals.

There was a tale circulated somehow about this minister, how and where it originated I don't know. It may have got a bit tangled in handling but I give it as it reached me.

In one of his former parishes he was one day visiting at a farm—one of those providentially timed visits that coincide with sheep or pig-killing by the farmer, sausage making and the like incidents profitable to the church and the Levite. The expert clerical nose detects a well-known fragrance and the diplomatic clerical mouth remarks pleasantly, "I say, farmer ———, you have a very nice smell here."

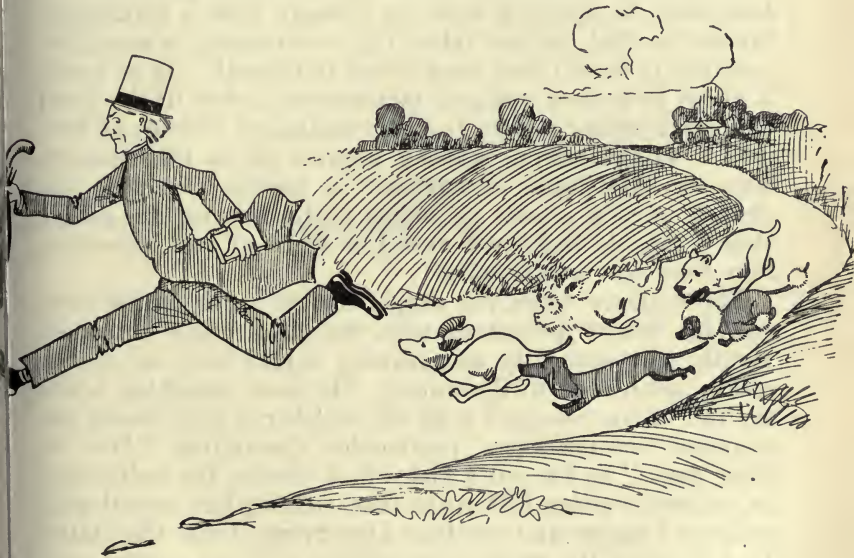
"Yes," says the farmer, "I've been killing a pig. Would you like a couple of sausages?" Now, be it noted, a genuine German sausage is not a paltry affair.

Though a Levite (by office) the minister is not a Jew, and has no sectarian objections; and being a man of much taste—and appetite—he affably condescends to accept this welcome aid to his "work." A little later he departs after

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carefully depositing one of these savory items in each tail pocket. He is on his way to church, for it is Sunday. A strange dog, a disreputable mongrel, chums up to him sniffing at his rearmost pockets. The minister says, "Go away," with a flourish of his umbrella to emphasize the advice. The dog goes away—two or three steps, but as soon as the minister's back is turned it cautiously follows up and sniffs at the pockets again.

"Go away, you brute," says the minister with a vicious



kick, which the dog nimbly evades, but gives a yelp and a bark which brings one or two other dogs on the scene. The minister resorts to road metal, but his right hand has lost any cunning it once possessed, so that the only result is a temporary scattering of the enemy. But meantime the odor of pork is bringing reinforcements to their aid, and the alarmed minister begins to retreat in some disorder, fresh dogs tailing on every now and then, till he

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begins to feel that he must look like a huntsman on his way to some "meet."

The widow Scheffer and her daughter, on their way to church, nearly run against him at a corner, and they look astonished and a little shocked; but he can only politely raise his hat and pass on, shaking off the nearest dogs as best he can. He has to run the gauntlet of several other members of his church, but his canine friends will not forsake him.

The church warden, to whom the minister gives his old hats when he sports a new one himself, feels a contingent interest in that hat and takes it up to examine its condition—thinks it should very soon revert to himself. As he turns it about he notices a slip of manuscript tucked in the band of leather lining inside. It is the minister's "Notes of Sermon," so the church warden hurries off to the minister with it. The latter is engaged in prayer, therefore the church warden crawls on hands and knees up the pulpit stairs, the old-fashioned closed-in style of rail screening him from the congregation.

The minister hears the slight stealthy noise behind him, and his recent adventure with the dogs being naturally vividly in his mind, he as naturally thinks they are on his tracks again even to the pulpit. He feels something touch the tail of his coat and with the smothered and, under the supposed circumstances, pardonable ejaculation, "D— those dogs," he lets out a kick which catches the well-meaning church warden full in the face, causing him to yell with pain and anger and sending him flying down the stairs. In a moment the whole congregation is in an uproar, and the service has to be brought to a hasty termination. Explanations have to be made, but finally peace is established on the just basis of the minister bestowing one of the mischief-making sausages upon the unlucky church warden.

CHAPTER LVI

CHAPTER LVI.

THE NEW "GOLD LAND" AT LAST.

One morning land was reported in sight. It was Kangaroo Island, south of South Australia. We emigrants gave it a hearty cheer, although as we got near enough to make it out it did not look much like a land of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey. In fact, it looked very barren and dreary indeed, but we were glad enough to see land of any sort.

Passing it, we soon arrived at Port Adelaide, which looked business-like and much larger than we expected in this new and supposedly savage land. But, of course, it was very different from Hamburg and other ports we had seen in Europe.

A lot of our countrymen came on board either to meet friends expected, or on the off chance of seeing or hearing from someone they knew.

Now, a few days before leaving the old country, a woman who had heard of my going to Australia called at my place to ask me if I would take a few things with me for her son in Adelaide. That was the only address she could give. She handed me a box of cigars, a letter, a bottle of Hamburg Schnapps and a big padlock. What on earth she sent him the last for I could not make out; it seemed an insolvable riddle, unless she had heard of bushrangers and other desperadoes in Australia and thought it might come in handy to lock up the gold—which he had not got.

The schnapps had come to grief on the voyage. That is, it had *come to grief* in *going* to relieve grief in the form

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of sea sickness. During the tempestuous weather we had experienced several people, especially among the women-folk, had got fearfully sick again, and spirits had become very scarce. So in an emergency the bottle I had charge of was broached and once it was opened I had no peace from urgent requests for "just a little drop" till it was completely gone.

But the man the things were intended for was amongst those who came on board, and after satisfying myself as to his identity I handed over the rest and explained about the schnapps. He told me I had done quite right under the circumstances, and was very pleased it had been of such use.

In conversation, he strongly urged me not to go on to Tasmania, as he had heard a great deal against the place and the treatment we would be likely to receive. He offered to come in the evening in a boat and smuggle me away and pressed me to let him do so, arguing that the prospects in Tasmania were very poor and I would have no chance of getting away once there.

I answered, "My dear man, I have travelled before under adverse circumstances, and I will see this thing through." He replied; "Well, I have cautioned you and will get you on shore here if you like." But I persisted in my refusal, and have been glad I did.

A few days later we had arrived and anchored in Hobson's Bay near Melbourne, and three or four water-policemen came on board, much to the renewed alarm of the little photographer, who said, "There, we have the police already watching us," and he evidently began to consider desperate plans.

I made inquiries and soon partly reassured him with the information that our passage money had not yet been paid and only so many would be paid for as were transhipped to the steamer that was to take us on from Melbourne, so the police were on board by request to prevent any of us from disembarking here without leave.

We had to wait a weary three days. We had been eleven weeks on board and were anxious to reach our des-

tion. The East Prussians for Gippsland had, of course, been landed.

On the third day we eagerly watched the red funnel of the New Zealand steamer "Wairarapa" as she came slowly winding down the Yarra and at last she was alongside and in short time we and our luggage transferred to her. Then the water-police went ashore. That was the only time in my life I was ever under police surveillance.

On the "Wairarapa" we found our lot vastly improved. There was no "steerage" accommodation and we were all placed in the second saloon with every comfort and convenience,—clean white tablecloths and serviettes at meal times, and stewards to wait upon us.

The first time we sat down to a meal it was amusing to see the faces of some of my fellow-emigrants—those who had come from the back country of Germany or other out of the way places. They gazed with awe-struck wonder upon the electro-plated cruet-stand and the other table ware; mistook the vinegar for wine, with comical results in facial expression and doubtless much contempt for British taste in liquor, and put spoons, forks and knives to very strange uses.

My little friend the photographer, however, began to feel at home and brightened up considerably, confiding to me a hope that perhaps we might get along alright after all, for surely the Government of Tasmania would not give *prisoners* such first-rate treatment. We kept a good deal together, and soon we tried to have a chat with the chief engineer. Of course our share in the conversation must have been pretty laughable, for all we knew of English was the little we had managed to scrape out of books on our voyage, and no doubt we blundered badly. But this chief engineer was a true gentleman at heart and treated us with friendly courtesy, and when I had told him that I had been in his line he was very cordial and invited us down to look at the machinery and electric plant, and we had a pleasant time with him both then and afterwards. When some years ago I read of the wreck of this fine vessel,

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the "Wairarapa" on the New Zealand coast and the loss of nearly all on board I felt great personal sorrow.

The third morning after leaving Melbourne, we steamed into the beautiful harbor of Hobart. It was an agreeable surprise to see such a handsome, though small city—altogether different from that miserable Jionville in Brazil I had gone to a few years before. That was a mud-hole in a wilderness; this, Hobart, stretched up a gently rising hill at the foot of a fair sized mountain (Mt. Wellington) which was to a great extent covered with snow and was very striking in appearance, while in all directions there were indications of civilization, comfort and prosperity. We had all got up very early in eager curiosity; but, so far as we could see, the place and its inhabitants were still in deep slumber, and it was about nine o'clock before a number of German citizens came on board in the hope of perhaps finding somebody from their respective districts of the Fatherland. I daresay some succeeded; but no *uncle* looked for me. At about ten o'clock an immigration officer came on board to take charge of us. First we were mustered in rows on deck, and as he walked along our lines to inspect us I saw him reflectively scratch his head—he was evidently surprised and rather perplexed.

No doubt he had expected to find his consignment all sturdy country yokels, but instead he found a considerable number of all sizes and ages and in various kinds of city garb, some with gold spectacles and eye-glasses, and plenty who had plainly never been used to hard work of any kind.

The fact is, it is not such an easy matter to get people to come to Australia as people out here may think. In the first place, there is so little known about Australia in the European countries; and next, it is such a long distance in case of failure or dissatisfaction; the chance of returning home looks so remote.

When the official had taken stock of us he sent several lorries to convey our luggage up to the immigration depot, a fine brick building situated in Newtown.

There were separate quarters for us single men, the single women, and for families. Everything was very clean

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and comfortable and apparently new beds and bedding, and while there we had a real jolly good time. We had absolutely nothing to do and nothing to look after.

There were two cooks, and every day the government officer paid us a visit to see that we had plenty to eat and were alright generally. Then we had an interpreter with us, and employers called to engage hands.

Every evening we had music and dancing and afterwards, as well as at odd times, there was not a little love-making, especially between those who had made each other's acquaintance on board ship. Some of the young fellows even tried to get admission into the young women's quarters, but some of the latter complained (possibly from jealousy) and there was a "row" about the matter, and an order that everyone had to be in his or her apartment by 10 p. m.

On one occasion though slightly romantic but reasonably innocent circumstances, I was myself locked out one night but through the kind assistance of a little girl residing with her mother on the premises I managed to get in unseen.

This little girl, by the way, had shown a friendly interest towards me, sometimes taking me about the city, and as we chatted a good deal it helped me to improve my English a little.

CHAPTER LVII

CHAPTER LVII.

LOOKING FOR A START.

We were so well looked after and so comfortable at the depot that many of the emigrants would have been content to remain there for ever, I think. But for my part I was only too anxious to obtain work and send money to my dear wife at home. I several times requested the interpreter to accompany and help me in searching for employment, and this he did willingly enough, but in the following rather easy-going fashion:

We would start out after breakfast, and after strolling some distance at random he would say, "Oh, here is a German, we'll call in and see him." We would yarn there a long time and then he would say it was nearly dinner time and we had better go back again. In the afternoon he had to remain at the depot to assist if employers called.

After a few days of this sort of thing I said, "Look here, my friend, this does not suit me, seeing Germans only; I want to get a job."

"Well, what are you in such a hurry for? You have plenty to eat and a comfortable home. What more do you want?" was his reply.

To this I answered, "I did not come here for that; I had that in the old country, I came out with the special purpose of making money."

"You can't make money here," said he.

"That remains to be seen," I rejoined.

He was a very nice fellow, but I could see his little game.

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He was quite satisfied with his cosy billet and not in a hurry to leave himself nothing to do, and a believer in the motto, "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

I must say that the government treated us exceedingly well and maintained everybody until suitable employment was found, the last few families being placed in private boarding houses until their way opened. It must have cost the colony a considerable sum of money, but it doubtless paid them in the end, as the great majority, say at least three-fourths, got on well and are prosperous today.

At my request the interpreter went with me to call upon others than Germans. First we tried the Singer Sewing Machine depot, to see if they wanted a good mechanic. The manager said, "No, they sent all their repairs to Melbourne." "A nice state of affairs," I thought. Then we went to an importer of sewing machines, mangles, etc. After some inquiries on both sides, including one as to what wages I required (I did not know what to ask) he offered me £2 per week. I jumped at it and was astonished to find my working hours would be only from 9 to 12, and 1 to 5 o'clock, three hours less than I had had at home.

My employer advertised in the daily papers that he had a first-class mechanic from Hamburg and work came rolling in in heaps.

In the evening I studied English as hard as I could with a determination to make myself as perfect in it as possible. My method was to get a book likely to be interesting in itself and read it with the help of a dictionary, underlining with a pencil all words I did not already know or which were at all difficult in any way. Of course my dictionary was a German-English one, and as at first I had to be constantly referring to it my task was for some time a troublesome and tedious one and I had to underline nearly every word in that part of the book I was studying. On the following evening I went over the same ground again, and also a little further, if possible. The plan soon began to prove very effective, and gradually but with increasing rapidity my task became easier and pleasanter.

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At all events, by the end of the first fortnight, I had got on so well that I was able to tell my employer that I thought I was worth more money. He looked rather astonished—whether at my English or my “cheek” I don’t know—but gave another 10s. per week and promised to raise my wages to £3 when I could speak English. more easily.

Meantime I received from my wife and her relations letters which were full of reproach and abuse, but I bore it all quietly as I was already saving over one pound per week to send home to her, and I managed to post the first £5 I had saved in time for her to receive it exactly on Christmas Day.

100 marks (£5) is considered a good bit of money there. It has about three times as much purchasing value as the same amount in Australia, so my wife and her relatives must have thought it rained money out here. Anyhow, the next letter I received was to a very different tune from the first. My wife said it seemed as though it came from Heaven, and that she would come over to me as soon as I could manage to send her a passage ticket.

Of course, I was very pleased that I had been able to send that remittance, and with my wife’s letter in reply, and looked eagerly forward to the time when I should be able to send for her.

I may mention here that my little photographer friend also got good employment at £2 10s. per week, and after a few years went to Melbourne and did well, and not long after returned to Germany to be with his mother again in her declining years.

The history of the British Empire, from the first settlement in North America to the present time, is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most eminent historians and statesmen of the world. The history of the British Empire is a history of the growth of a great and powerful nation, and of the spread of civilization and progress throughout the world.

The history of the British Empire begins with the first settlement in North America in 1607. It is a history of the struggles and triumphs of the British people, and of the expansion of their empire across the globe. It is a history of the discovery of new lands, and of the establishment of new colonies. It is a history of the growth of a great and powerful nation, and of the spread of civilization and progress throughout the world.

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CHAPTER LVIII

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHAPTER LVIII.

A "GENERAL" WANTED.

Not long after my arrival in Tasmania I was one day trying to make out a bit here and a bit there of one of the Hobart newspapers. After a time "Situations Vacant" caught my eye and as it happened these two words I already knew and their meaning. I groped my way painfully down the column until I came to about a dozen advertisements each headed "General."

The word looked a little familiar, as we have a great number of generals in our army, and being at the head of several lines I thought that whatever it meant there was a good demand for that kind of employe. I took down my dictionary, of course, and on referring to it found that the word "general" had the following meaning, (1) "a kind or species" (this did not seem to be what was wanted); (2) "not special or particular" (this did not seem to meet the case either), (3) "the whole" (surely no one wanted everybody else), (4) "a chief military commander." This last looked the most simple solution, but who would want a military commander?—and about a dozen of them wanted, too. So I studied further.

The first advertisement read "General, good for country, apply," etc., etc. This was pretty easy as far as mere translation went; but still, what on earth did they want "a military commander" for? There was no invasion to fear, no army—stay? I *had* seen a few volunteer or militia soldiers once or twice. Yes, I knew there was a local company—no doubt all the officers wore the highest sound-

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ing titles they could fit on their heads. Yes, this was the secret. What they really wanted was someone who knew a little about drill and so on just to take charge of a small company of amateur soldiers.



AUTHOR AT 33 YEARS, ON ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA.

Well, I had been trained in the German army, perhaps I would have some chance. But let me look at the next:

“General, smart, young or middle-aged, two in family; apply, etc., etc.”

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My good friend, the dictionary, helped me along kindly to make this out. "Smart," well I *ought* to be that, you *had* to be in the German army; "young or middle-aged," yes I was young anyhow, or might do very well as betwixt and between; then as to "two in family," why the very thing, there was myself and my wife—when I got her out. But what did they want "two in family" for. This was rather a brain racker; but slowly the theory developed that in this simple moral community they did not want a gay free and easy single man to wear the fine feathers of chief soldier before their daughters, wives, and sweethearts; and on the other hand they drew the line of propriety for social reasons against an officer with a whole harem of wives, or even a paltry two—I had noticed that the Hobart people adhered pretty strictly to monogamy—at least in public. Yes, the whole thing seemed now fairly plain, and I might as well have what I have since found you call "a shot" for the billet. So I noted the address and having spruced myself up as martial-like as I could, including carrying a light walking stick with a flourish, I sallied forth.

The house was a rather large one storied brick one standing in a fair sized garden. I rang the bell, and in a few seconds the door was opened by a fine girl of about fourteen or so.

I politely raised my hat with the military touch I had so often seen practiced in Hamburg and said, (I give my words as literally as possible): "Goot tay, Miss; can I see your Fader?"

The girl eyed me critically and replied, "Father is not at home; would mother do?"

This was rather disconcerting, for it was not to be expected that the lady of the house would have anything to do with the appointment of a military officer. Yet I was unwilling to turn back and lose time, so I fenced a little, "Vat time vould de shentleman pe home?" Probably the girl began to suspect I might be some well-dressed tramp, for she scurried off down the passage with a hasty, "Wait a minute, please," and almost immediately reappeared with

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a well-formed dignified looking lady who was wiping flour off her half-bared arms. As she advanced she looked at me searchingly and a little haughtily, but I noticed that she seemed a little reassured after the first rapid scrutiny.

Again my hat was doffed and kept in my hand in our continental fashion, while I had also bowed formally in approved style.

As the lady got near I said, "Goot tay, Matam, I wished to see de shentleman at dis house, but de leedle Miss tolt me he is not ad home" (to be honest, I don't think I spoke even quite so well as this; but it is near enough).

"No, Mr.— is not at home just now; he does not return from the city until a little after six. Can I give him any message?" I managed to catch the *sense* of this, although two or three of the words beat me.

"T'ank you, Matam, I t'ink I vill call again, but would you tell Mr. — dat a military officer, Herr Jager, callt to see him about de Cheneral he put about in de baber dis day?"

The lady looked puzzled, then I saw the daughter quickly cover her mouth with her hand to smother a laugh, but her eyes laughed all the same, and she hastily whispered to her mother, whose face also broke into a smile.

"A General, Herr Jager, I fear there is some mistake. Mr. — did not advertise that I know of—certainly not for a 'General.' But I did so, but not for a soldier general. What I want is a girl to help in the house, and we call them 'Generals,' which is short for general servant." Of course I apologized and felt very hot and uncomfortable. The lady, however, could see I was a foreigner and did not understand much English, and being a true lady she was very courteous and friendly, and later on I had the pleasure of being on visiting terms with her and her husband.

But I am sure they must have had a hearty laugh at my expense that evening.

It may be noticed that there were *three* instead of *two* in this family; but probably the daughter was generally away at a boarding school.

CHAPTER LIX

CHAPTER LIX.

MILKING A COW—AND A GERMAN SALESMAN.

Following on the last subject, I may mention that I heard a yarn about one of my shipmates which may or may not be true—probably there is *some* truth in it; the reader must judge for himself as to the percentage.

Like many Germans, he had spent a few years in London, where, as a clerk, or shopman, he had scraped together a fair working knowledge of English, and had later put in some time as a corresponding clerk in Hamburg; but of country life he knew no more than most of us know of China. He had, however, a patriotic conviction that a German could hold his own anywhere and in any circumstances—especially in a new country.

Soon after his arrival, having learned that there was a demand for farm and dairy hands, he had applied in answer to an advertisement for a situation of that nature, but on being asked whether he could milk, had with native straight-forwardness admitted that though he understood the theory he had had no actual practice.

“Oh!” ejaculated the farmer, “you won’t do for me; theory is no good—I want a man who is *used* to milking.”

“You bally fool,” said a bystander directly the farmer had gone, “why didn’t you tell him you have been used to milking fifty cows every morning?”

“Fifty cows efery morning?” said Fritz aghast.

“Yes, that’s common enough in Australia.”

“But, suppose I couldn’t do dem, ven I get me de bil-let?”

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“Out here, if you want to get a billet you must bluff that you can do the work and trust to luck to get along; once you get it the boss won't sack you in a hurry if you do fairly well.”

Fritz thought the point over, and, feeling confidence in his own powers of adaptability, resolved to act on the advice given.

A day or two later another farm hand was advertised for. Fritz, who was a plump, ruddy-looking fellow, got himself up as much like a country yokel as he could and went to the address given.

“Are you used to farm work?” asked the employer.

“Yes, mine fader hat a farm-lant in Mecklenburg, und I vorked vit him,” said Fritz.

“Good,” said the employer, “what crops did you grow?”

“Oh, ve growt parley, unt rye, unt wheat, unt podadoes, unt erydings,” said Fritz, whose geography lessons at school came in very handy here.

“Good,” said the employer, who knew that German farmers are expert tillers of the soil, and went on, “I suppose you can milk?”

“Milk! my vort, I milk at my fader's blace thirty cows efery tay in de morning early pefore preakfast.” Fritz thought he had better leave a margin for safety.

“Well, I'll take you on at 15s. a week and tucker, and give you a rise if you suit,” said the employer.

Fritz being afraid to haggle over terms, the bargain was struck and he agreed to start that afternoon—at the evening milking time.

The boss showed him around the place, pointed out the cowshed and bail, and told him to start at about five o'clock, he himself was going into the township, but would be home soon after five, and would give him a hand—they only had twenty-two cows milking just then.

The boss got home about seven o'clock, and found tea waiting on the table.

“Did the new hand turn up?” he asked his wife.

“Yes, he came about half-past four, and I gave him the milk pail,” said she.

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"Hasn't he done yet?" asked the boss.

"I don't know; I have been too busy to see," said the wife.

"I'll go down and have a look," said he. As he neared the cow-yard he saw his usual congregation of "milkers" waiting and impatiently lowing at the slip-rail, and his experienced eye quickly noted that their udders were still full.

He was fairly full himself—of whiskey imbibed in the township. His first idea, born of knowledge of the ways of "hands," was that this one had brought along a bottle of whiskey himself, and now dead drunk; hence the neglected cows.

"Hullo! you bally German swine, where are you?" he roared out.

Next moment he was nearly struck dumb with astonishment, for Fritz limped out of the shed with his face, clothes, and bare arms, thickly splashed with blood and dirt.

"What the d——l?" began the boss.

"Dis cow kick me efery dime I go do milk her," plaintively cried Fritz.

"That cow kick?" why a child could milk her," said the boss, "Here, give me that bucket and stool, I'll do her myself."

He gave the cow a friendly pat on the neck and back, pushed her a little on one side, sat down on the stool, and putting his head against the animal's side and the bucket between his knees, he had the machinery in working order in no time.

"There you are, she's as quiet as a lamb, not a kick in her," said he.

"Oh!" exclaimed Fritz, "Is dat de vay you milk cows out here? Vy, I've been two hours trying to tro' her on her back, like ve used to do to milk at mine fader's."

"You bally, blooming ————fraud, I don't believe you ever saw a cow in your life; get out of here quick and lively," shouted the infuriated boss as he made a vic-

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ious rush for his new hand, who started off in the greatest hurry for the township and only slackened off when he realizing that the volcanic English idioms behind were getting inaudible with distance.

Another German emigrant—not one of my shipmates, however—got into trouble through his scanty knowledge of English. It was, by the way, in Sydney.

He was a draper by trade and found employment in a fairly large suburban shop.

One day a lady customer was looking at some silks, and on inquiring the price of one piece, the new chum assistant told her it was 3s. 11d. per yard.

“Why,” she said, “I bought some of this here a few weeks ago for 3s. 6d per yard,” and she went out thinking they were trying to take advantage of her.

The shopwalker noticed her leave, and coming up to the salesman, he asked whether the lady had bought anything.

“No, sir!” replied the latter, and explained that she was indignant about the price being higher.

“What sort of a salesman do you call yourself?” said the shopwalker, “You ought to have found some excuse for the price being raised; if you couldn’t think of anything else, you might have said that there has been a disease amongst the silkworms in France, and that the best quality of silk being scarce its price has gone up.”

Not long afterwards the shopwalker saw an enraged female battering this assistant furiously with her umbrella, and went up to make inquiries as to the cause. I daresay he thought the man must be some gay and reckless Lothair whom his aggrieved wife or lady-love had run to earth and was taking summary vengeance upon.

“Madam, pardon me, may I enquire ———?”

Of course, the lady did not wait for him to finish, she broke in breathlessly:

“This vulgar man has grossly insulted me. I asked for some tape, and when I found the price was 1½d. a dozen, I asked him why it was ½d. dearer than last Saturday, and the insulting creature had the impudent vulgarity to

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tell me it was because a ——disease—— had lately broken out ——amongst——amongst (she blushed furiously and glared upon the culprit still more furiously) ——the vulgar wretch said a disease had broken out ——amongst ——*tapeworms!*”

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a long and varied one, filled with many interesting events and people. It is a story that has been told for thousands of years, and it continues to be told today. The history of the world is a story of progress, of discovery, and of the human spirit. It is a story that has shaped the world we live in today, and it will continue to shape the world of the future.

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CHAPTER LX

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER LX.

IN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF.

My employer had a traveler, and between him and myself something of a friendship sprang up. Before long he was always advising me to start a business of my own and assured me I should make double the money I was then making. I decided to do so unless my wages were raised.

So when I had been about four months with my employer, I asked him for the £3 per week he had promised. He answered, "But you cannot speak English yet."

"What has the English language got to do with my work?" said I. Had I been a slow or clumsy workman a few English "cuss" words might perhaps have been of some little service sometimes—but more to impress the boss than for any other particular utility; for I have never yet noticed that either tools or material pay much attention to any sort of language. However, my employer could not reply to my question, but all the same would not raise my wages, so I at once gave him a week's notice.

With the help of my friend, the traveler, I secured a shop the same evening at 8s. per week, a fearfully ramshackle old shanty it was, apparently one of the first houses built in Hobart. It was fronted and had two small compartments at the back, but no doorway into these from the shop. There was no lining on the walls—nothing but the bare shell.

I bought myself a stretcher bedstead, a few kitchen uten-

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sils and tools for my trade, and a bench to work at (near one of the windows). When I had done this I was stone broke once more, and had nothing for it but to wait, like Micawber, for "something to turn up."

Before long I had plenty of work and made between five and six pounds per week. I was not such a fool as to work for nothing, and having no competition I charged pretty high, but took care to do my work well, so I soon had repairs sent from all parts of the country.

One of my customers, an ironmonger, had sent me a hand machine to repair and I charged him 5s. 6d. His lordship sent for me to see him and on my calling told me I had charged far too much. A German who had previously worked for him had only charged 1s. 6d. for the same kind of work, but as he was now an old man and in the Benevolent asylum he could not now employ him. I had heard of this man before; he had been thirty years in Hobart and his wife and children were destitute.

So I replied, "And that is the reason why he is now in the Asylum, and his wife and children starving," and that I had no ambition to be or become like that man; that I had not come out to Tasmania for a bare living—I had come solely to make money and meant to get reasonable value for my work."

Well, my customer did not take my straight talk amiss, and as he was not satisfied with a small profit, he afterwards sent people wanting repairs done direct to me.

CHAPTER LXI

CHAPTER LXI.

I SEND FOR MY WIFE--GO TO MEET HER, AND GET ONE OR
TO SURPRISES.

I had been by this time about eighteen months away from home and was very anxious to get my wife out, for although she had caused me a lot of heart-ache I still loved her fondly and her only.

I had been several times to the Immigration Officer to try to arrange for her to be brought out under concessions then in operation, but without satisfactory result. My impression was and still is that he simply wanted "palm oil." However, I was advised to see the State Treasurer, and this I soon did. He at once complied with my request, I only having to pay £3. This I joyfully did instantly, and lost no time in completing arrangements.

We were still a young couple, and on my part at least "Absence made the heart grow fonder." How long the time seemed to me, waiting to hear from my wife when to expect her. From time to time I had received from her very loving letters expressing her eagerness to come to me.

At last the long looked for letter came. It informed me that she would come by the P. and O. liner "Australia," due at a certain date. The time dragged along horribly, and each day's work seemed exasperatingly tedious, impatient as I was for the day to pass. I spent much of my spare time making the place as comfortable as possible.

When only a day or two remained, I closed my shop and took a steamer to Melbourne. I cannot tell you how my heart leaped with joyful anticipation when we passed

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through Port Philip Heads, and when in the distance I caught sight of Williamstown where the *Australia* lay at the pier, when we passed her at only a short distance and I thought of my dear wife so near to me at last. If I could have foreseen the future I would rather have left her at home.

Well, we steamed up the Yarra. But before doing so a small steamer brought a river pilot on board, and she also had some newspaper boys on her deck. I had a practical lesson as to the smartness of those small colonials. They were not allowed on our vessel; but I, like most of our passengers and crew, bought a paper and handed the boy 6d. over the side. I don't know whether I looked what Australians call "a soft thing" to "take down," or whether that young scion of a "Protectionist" community thought a foreigner lawful prey (mind, I am not opposed to "Protection"), but that bare-footed young rascal most bare-facedly fumbled so long in his pockets for change that finally his little steamer sheered off with him and 500 per cent. of "unearned increment" in his possession.

On landing at the Melbourne wharf I took a hansom to the Melbourne Coffee Palace. Here, by the way, is an instance of some of several queer contradictions in the English language; for my impression is that the hansom took *me* and not I it—but the expression I refer to is, I notice, the usual form; for instance you say you "take" or "took" a train, or a tram, or a boat, or a cab, and so on. But, of course, all languages have peculiarities of that nature.

Anyhow, it felt something like old times to be using a hansom once more, and on this my first arrival in Melbourne itself I was agreeably surprised by the number of splendid buildings, the fine streets, the busy tram and general vehicle traffic, the well dressed crowds of people in all the thoroughfares, and the air of bustling prosperity everywhere.

My cab drew up in front of one of many imposing lofty edifices in one of the main streets (Bourke St.) and I was

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promptly knocked down—figuratively speaking. For in the porter who came out to get my portmanteau I recognized my grandee fellow-passenger from Hamburg, the supercilious gentleman who looked at the world and other remote objects through an aristocratic field-glass and who was going to join a wealthy brother in Adelaide, but who it turned out (from my shipmate's narrative to me) was so far from wealthy as to have nothing himself.

But I was naturally in a hurry to meet my darling wife, so went off to my room to dress myself in a brand new suit to do honor to the occasion and credit to both parties concerned, and then hastened off to Williamstown by train. The sun was shining gloriously and the sky was radiantly blue, as is usual in Australia, and as I stepped out of the train and out of the station I felt very much as I had done on my wedding day; and at every step I expected to catch sight of the dear, familiar, graceful, and sure to be well-dressed figure. But as I strode eagerly down the pier, neither there nor looking over the great steamer's side was my darling to be seen, and a heavy cloud of misgiving and disappointment began to settle upon me, for I had sent a telegram from Hobart asking her to stay on board till my arrival.

No sign of her on the ship itself when I got on board, and then I hunted up the purser, who, after carefully looking over the passenger list, told me there had been no one on board of that name or description.

Old doubts and suspicions arose afresh and thrust themselves upon my burning brain.

Had I done wrong to leave her? She certainly had objected to my doing so; but neither fact was any excuse for neglect of wifely duty or even disappointing me in her arrival after promising to come by a certain boat. Besides, I had not left her in indifference, but only for our mutual best benefit.

In great dejection of spirit I returned to Melbourne, packed my portmanteau, and went straight back to Hobart. Here my anxiety was a little relieved, though only

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partially, for my landlady handed me a letter from my wife in which she informed me that she would come by the "Liguria" about a fortnight later.

I did not go a second time to Melbourne to meet her, but wrote, giving her instruction about getting to Hobart.

Still, I looked forward eagerly to her arrival, and the night our steamer was due I did not sleep a wink, but went backward and forward from my shop to the wharf until I was rewarded by seeing her lights coming up the harbor about 4 a.m.

As she drew slowly alongside the wharf there was no wife of mine to be seen, and I was informed that the ladies were all fast asleep in their cabins. I was given a cup of hot coffee and then went home, reflecting dismally on what I could not help feeling to be cool indifference on my wife's part. I had hoped and flattered myself that she would be just as glad to see me as I to see her, or at least that she would give me a warm wifely greeting—or the show of it.

At eight o'clock I was down at the steamer again, and this time my wife was there, ready, and *seemed* very pleased to see me again.

In preparation for my wife's coming I had taken a nice furnished room, but in a few weeks she said we might as well instal ourselves in the rooms at my shop, as she was anxious that we should make headway as rapidly as possible. Naturally, for some time our matrimonial sky was all serene and blissful—like another honeymoon; but—

"How oft some shinging April morn
Is darkened in an hour;
And darkest griefs o'er brightest joys
Alas, unseen may lour."

CHAPTER LXII

CHAPTER LXII.

SPECULATIONS—BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

As I had a rather extensive circle of friends, of course for a few weeks I was kept pretty busy introducing my wife to them—which entailed a good deal of visiting—so dear to women's hearts. She evidently made a most favorable impression and was well received everywhere.

People often used to ask me if my wife was a German lady—I don't know what else they thought she could be as her speech plainly showed she was not English—unless they thought she might be an angel direct from the skies. They seemed to have an idea that German women were all of large pattern, like many country folk.

But Hobart, though a pleasant enough place to *look* at, was vastly different from and in important respects inferior to Hamburg. In size only like a small German town; amusements few and not to be compared with what we had been accustomed to; scarcely anything in the way of fancy dress balls and the like; and very few people she could associate freely with, owing to her not knowing English.

I soon saw that the life did not suit her, she being of a lively, pleasure-loving disposition. She began to mope a little, and, finding the time hanging heavily on her hands, she thought she would like to open a millinery business in one half of my shop—that being her original occupation.

So I went with her to a big store and invested my savings and a month's credit into the bargain, in that universally ruinous kind of goods known as millinery. The business, however, proved a failure, and in the end I dis-

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posed of the flimsy foolishness at a considerable loss. I have heard of a man who was seen running in breathless haste carrying a large parcel. The friend who met him inquired what was his hurry? Was there anything wrong? "Don't hinder me, you meddling fool," said the sprinter, "I have just bought a new bonnet for my wife, and I want to get home with it before the fashion changes." I don't know whether something of that nature spoilt the sale of my wife's stock, or whether the Hobart ladies divided their patronage in head-gear between plain sun-bonnets and Melbourne-made fancy articles.

But my own business was paying well, so I was able to punctually fulfill my obligation to the proprietor of the store where the goods had been purchased. This gentleman was a minister of the Crown, and it was not a little to him that I owed my success in Hobart.

The transaction above mentioned was the means of making me favorably known to him, and a little later I asked him if he could help me to import some goods. He assented, and I then ordered sewing machines, guns, and other articles to the value of £120.

When the merchant asked me how I was going to pay him, I replied that I had never had anything to do with "bills," but would pay as soon as the money came in. He was quite satisfied and only charged me $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. commission.

I had to look for a larger shop, however, and took one on Liverpool street, or, rather, I took *half* of a double-fronted shop with good dwelling rooms upstairs. The other part of the shop and a workshop besides were occupied by a tailor I found afterwards that while I was paying him 18s. per week for my share of the premises, he was only paying £1 for the whole, so that his share only cost him 2s. per week! This was pretty smart on his part, and it was over twelve months before I found out the facts; I can tell you I did not feel at all pleased on making the discovery, and at once looked for and secured another place. My business continued to pay fairly well, and in

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very little over a year I had paid off my debt to my benefactor and as a result of the whole enterprise I cleared about £150 profit for myself out of it; so it was a good speculation.

The merchant I have mentioned used to give many young men all over the country a chance by stocking them with goods; but in several cases they robbed him in return for his kindness, and when in the end he tried to recover something they had not a good word to say for him, but a good many unpleasant words against him. To me he was most kind. I think it only right now to mention his name, a well-known one, Sir Philip Fysh, now a member of the Federal Parliament of Australia.

CHAPTER LXIII

CHAPTER I

CHAPTER LXIII.

A BAD NIGHT, AND A COMIC TRAGEDY.

One day I set out for Franklin, a small township on the River Huon and about twenty miles, or perhaps a little more by road, south-west of Hobart. It was a pleasant little trip over rather hilly farming and bush land, largely the latter, but with here and there neat cottages, gardens, and orchards. A friend had given me a lift in his trap, and he being a commercial traveler we called at several places on the way. This delayed us and we were overtaken by a thunderstorm.

A lady had called at my shop one day and asked if I came around that way at any time to call at their farm, a few miles from Franklin, to repair a machine for her. There being no conveyance available unless specially hired. I had to walk the distance; but this I thought little of, being well used to tramping about.

But the Australian climate is very feminine, lovely as a general rule, but sometimes very capricious and puzzling—you are apt to get a storm about your ears in less than no time.

When I had gone about a mile on the road it began to rain and in a very short time it was pouring in torrents, so that long before I reached my destination I was drenched to the skin and in places wading through mud up to my knees. Australian country folk are usually very hospitable, and on my arrival at the farm the good lady—a typical portly and pleasant country woman with a grown-up family—made me change my wet clothes for a rig-out

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belonging to one of her sons and provided me with an appetizing lunch, after which I duly repaired the machine, which took most of the afternoon to do—the woman and her two strapping healthy-colored daughters busying themselves in and about the house meantime, as also did one of the sons.

Toward evening three other sons came slowly drifting homewards from different points of the compass—something in the style of coasting barges making for port in a light breeze. There were four sons altogether—fine stalwart fellows, but shy and awkward, though now and again one or other of their voices could be heard like fog-horns at sea as they shouted at the cattle or to each other and their sisters in a boisterous free and easy style.

Tea was one of the smartest bits of exercise I ever saw. Great slices of meat and heaps of vegetables were shovelled away below with both fork and knife, and huge chunks of tart and bread and butter and sundries were shot down afterwards like cargo into the holds of shipping.

While the women cleared away the table wreckage, two of the sons hauled in two or three huge logs on a rough sledge and between them lifted those logs onto the remains of the fire still burning in the large fireplace of the kitchen. That fireplace was almost a little room in itself, being in fact the entire width of one end of the room and formed of thick upright slabs of wood placed edge to edge, but not so close but that you could put your fingers between them almost anywhere—so that there was abundant draught and ventilation and only moderate provacy.

However, it was a cozy and cheerful fireside, for with the aid of some smaller wood now and then, the great logs blazed and glowed magnificently, and we all sat around chatting pleasantly—the women pretending to do some sort of needle work and we men mostly smoking.

I was soon busy telling them about Germany and South America, my sea-faring life, and my experiences generally; and they got so interested that before long not only did they stare at me with wide open eyes but every mouth was

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open too with awe-struck wonderment; for, except the mother, not one of them had even seen Hobart, though not quite thirty miles distant. They had never been away from their own little neighborhood, and seemed to know hardly anything even by reading or hearsay of the great world outside. I doubt if they had ever thought definitely of anything at all beyond the few miles of bush around them!

“Say, mister,” said one of the sons, “when you was comin’ over in the ship, where did it put up at night?” Perhaps he thought I was “having them” and had an idea of catching me by cross examination.

“The ship didn’t put up anywhere at night, but kept on just the same as in the day.”

“But how c’d yees find the way when there was no track an’ no stars becós of the storm?”

“Oh, we steered by the compass?”

“Wot’s that, boss?”

I tried to explain, using my watch and the clock to help illustrate, but I could see that the thing remained an inscrutable mystery.

So, also, when I happened to speak of a ship’s engines; they evidently managed to get a confused notion that a steamship was some sort of gigantic iron duck or fish (ducks and fish they did know something about) and the family sewing machine furnished a foundation of imagination and faith as to the machinery, especially when two or three of the brothers recalled the half-forgotten fact that they had once or twice seen distant steamships on the Huon.

When bed-time came the mother showed me up to an upstairs room where I was to sleep. It was a single room, perched like a small church tower on one end of the house, and though rather rough, it was very clean. I lost no time in getting to bed for I was very sleepy.

But it was a terribly rough night, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane and shaking that flimsy weatherboard

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room as if there were an earthquake hard at work. Every now and again just as I was dozing off an extra violent gust would scream around the place like a lot of charging fiends, the timbers would creak and crack, and the whole place seem about to capsize altogether. I could even feel the bedstead lifting and slipping about on the floor.

But having been a sailor, and therefore used to sleeping under disturbing influences, I at last fell sound asleep, and when I awoke found the sun shining brightly in at the window.

When I got down stairs I found the family smiling mysteriously—chewing the cud of a smile as it were—and regarding me with some curiosity. They evidently expected some entertaining remarks about my night's experiences—such, by the way, as I once heard a lanky Gippsland Lakes fisherman use in describing a similar adventure; his account was that he was sleeping in a four post wooden bedstead when he was suddenly awakened by a blast of icy cold wind which had blown a large hole clean through two opposite walls of the room, carried the blankets and sheets away, stripped him of his garments and one side of his hair and beard, and that he only saved himself from being carried away bodily by clinging to the bedstead with arms, legs and teeth.

But I bore myself with stoical dignity and regard to truth, and when the god lady asked me how I had slept, and if I had not felt anything strange upstairs, I replied that I had slept pretty well as soon as I had got a little used to the bed doing quadrills and schottisches and polkamazurkes all over the floor; but that as soon as I was fairly asleep I had rather pleasant dreams, first that I was old Noah circumnavigating the world, then that I was the Flying Dutchman trying to beat around the Cape of Storms.

Though they all laughed a bit, I doubt whether they knew anything of either Noah or the unhappy Dutchman, so they probably only enjoyed my joke by the same reason that an old German lady did her new young pastor's sermon, "It was grand; I could not understand a word of it."

The old lady explained that they built and kept that

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room for visitors; that, in fact, none of their family would sleep in it on any account, because they got a *creepy* feeling when there was any wind.

This reminds me of a German tragedy. A young fellow of a noble family went to visit an elderly aunt who resided in an old house in one of the wild forest districts of Southern Germany. His aunt and girl cousins gave him a hearty welcome, but apologized for only being able to give him a small and rather uncomfortable bedroom, as the only spare apartment of better kind was haunted.

The nephew, who was a spirited youth and imbued with the modern scientific and skeptical tendencies, replied, "Well, auntie, if you don't mind I would like to sleep in the haunted chamber, if you do not object of me having my loaded revolver with me."

Like many others in Germany, the room was old-fashioned, with solidly artistic old-fashioned furniture, for such houses and such furniture were meant to last, and they *do* last under ordinary conditions—fire and auctioneers being their worst enemies.

Well, the nephew found a cozy fire in the chimney place, and after enjoying a cigar and a short idle reverie, he locked the door, searched the cupboards and recesses to see that there was no one in hiding, placed his revolver under the pillow, got into bed and blew out the candle, and in a short time was as sound asleep as usual.

A sensation of cold about his lower limbs first created an impression in a dream that he was wading through icy water, then he found himself awake, and there in the dim light which found its way through one of the windows he could see two horrible looking arms and hands projecting over the foot-rail of his bedstead!

He clutched his revolver from under the pillow and pointing at the object at the foot of the bed, cried out, "Who are you? Speak or I fire."

The ghostly-looking hands seemed to move tremulously but no voice was heard, and excited beyond endurance the young man fired, uttered a yell of terror, and fainted.

The shot and the yell aroused the whole house, and in

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a few seconds the whole population, servants and all were knocking and clamoring at his bedroom door, and, getting no reply, soon forced it open.

They found the youth lying unconscious, with blood trickling over the edge of the bed onto the floor. The women screamed and wept, one or two went into hysterics, some fled; but an old man-servant dashed some water into the youth's face and in a few minutes he regained consciousness.

"Oh, dear Alphonse, whatever is the matter?" gasped his aunt, "What did you see?" "Where are you hurt?" While the rest of the women-folk able to talk at all were firing off questions and ejaculations too numerous to record.

Meantime the old man-servant was reconnoitering diligently and presently picked up something with which he came back to the bed, "The ghost's thumb!" "The ghost's thumb!" screamed one or two voices. The old man quietly drew back the bed-cloths so as to expose the young man's feet, and said, "Why, Master Alphonse, you have shot off one of your big toes!"

It was true, Alphonse was fond of sitting and lying with his feet elevated. He had in his sleep worked them up onto the foot-rail and soon, of course, felt them cold, and waking, caught sight of them in the dim light and mistook them for ghostly or murderous *hands*, and fired in too much of a hurry.

CHAPTER LXIV

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the war. It is followed by a detailed account of the military operations and the results of the campaigns. The author then discusses the political and social conditions of the country and the state of the public mind. The report concludes with a summary of the achievements of the government and a forecast for the future.

CHAPTER IV

The fourth chapter of the report deals with the financial and economic situation of the country. It discusses the state of the treasury, the public debt, and the progress of the various branches of industry and commerce. The author also examines the effects of the war on the economy and the measures taken to mitigate the hardships of the population.

CHAPTER LXIV..

A TALE OF MUSIC, BEER, AND AN "IRON CROSS."

There being a considerable number of Germans in Hobart, it was decided to try to form a German Club and Liedertafel, so a meeting was called by advertisement. The meeting seemed very enthusiastic, officers were appointed, and some of the wealthy Germans made grandiloquent promises of support—and that was as far as they got in the matter. The organization was kept going for a short time—until in fact we had a concert in the Town Hall for the benefit of a Mr. Schulze, who was a music teacher by profession and acted as our musical director and conductor.

So far as *knowledge* of music was concerned most of us were highly unqualified, but that was for all practical purposes of little consequence, as in Germany a great many Liedertafel members are excellent singers although quite untaught in musical theory, though of course they have a good ear and voice. I myself am able to sing any song by ear after, say, an hour's practice.

Well, our musical director selected from the club's members a double quartet, of whom I was one.

Being deeply interested (though not beneficially) I bought a piano and also gave one of my rooms for practicing purposes, and everything went on satisfactorily until the tickets were issued; then things happened.

The director was entrusted with the sale of most of the tickets, and there is no reason to doubt that up to that point he was a success. In fact, there was strong presumptive evidence that such was the case, for it was noticed that

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he became a frequent, welcome and popular visitor at most of the hotels of the city and neighborhood—more so than his ordinary means or credit would account for—and wherever you met him you could plainly see that he carried an unusual weight of cash—or its liquid equivalent; and his capacity for the last was known to be considerable.

Besides, on practice nights we often had to wait for him till all hours, and when he *did* arrive (if at all) it was usually in such a brimful and generally tangled-up condition that music was about the last thing he was fit for. The fact is that he had the failing so common with musical and other artists, and when he had received money for the sale of tickets could seldom if ever help indulging.

The last rehearsal at our house was to have been held the Saturday before the concert. We waited and fumed till half past ten o'clock; then with a face as red and shiny as if he had erysipelas in it, his mouth with a smirking bottled-up expression—like that of a rude child about to blow a mouthful of water over someone—his hat nearly on his nose and one ear, his coat buttoned the wrong places, his collar and necktie awry, and his feet doing something between a horn-pipe and a barn dance, this irresponsible beer-swiller came into my shop.

Of course, we opened fire on him at once in full chorus and most expressive German, and his reply translated was something like this: “Oh, you (hic) don’ pay me (hic) anyshing (hic) an’ I come w’en-I-like (hic)—” Then he followed up with all around drunken abuse. This made me so wild that I sprang up, seized him by the neck and another convenient “hold” and fired him out of the room, through the shop, and into the street; then flung his bell-topper after him. My fellow-sufferers seemed quite delighted with this little performance and said I had expressed their sentiments exactly—he had well deserved what he got.

The eventful evening came and so did the public, filling the hall completely. But something seemed to hang fire, for though all the performers were ready and waiting (and, by the way, we had the assistance of the best musical talent,

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vocal and instrumenal, in Hobart) and our Director in evening dress and white kid gloves was fussing and running about all over the place, and though it was ten minutes past the time to commence, no start was made, and we became puzzled and anxious.

The trouble proved to be that the rent (£5) for the hall and piano had not been paid and was not forthcoming, and the hall-keeper would not hand over the key for the piano unless it was paid.

The "beneficiare" had spent the money he had received for tickets as fast as he got it—in unlimited drinks—and was now stranded. He appealed to the Club Treasurer for a loan, but the latter evidently knew him too well and refused. Finally the hall-keeper stretched a point for the sake of the audience and the performers and granted credit to our distressed spendthrift director.

I may as well add another incident about this musician, though it happened much earlier than the above. He had been invited to a luncheon (or dinner) at Government House—he was one of those men who manage to push in everywhere—and a week before the important event he sauntered into my workshop and after flirting with a few topics he made a coolly audacious request. He said that at Government functions there are so many who wear stars, medals, and such "decorations" that he already felt quite shivery at the thought of being outside these constellations. "Could I make him an Iron Cross?"—"Nobody would know," he argued. Now as is well known, the "Iron Cross" is the highest distinction for bravery obtainable in the German army and navy—just as the Victoria Cross is in the British.

Though the suggestion was in itself dishonorable to myself as well as to him, I could not help smiling to myself at the cool impudence of it and the ludicrous incongruity of the Iron Cross being associated with him, for I knew him to be much better qualified to wear the "White Feather" than the badge of proved courage—provided the said "white feather" was sufficiently bedraggled and soiled

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to be in keeping with his blackguardly heart and habits.

Deceit and fraud I always loathed and shunned, but seeing at once a good joke in prospect I promised to make him one, and kept my promise with strict literalness, if not in spirit. In fact, I did *more* than I promised, and I am not likely to forget the complication of disgusted disappointment and vexation on his face when he called for and saw it the day before the great occasion; for I had made it about four times the size of the real cross, with a large loop on top and a piece of red ribbon of wide dimensions in it! He saw I had befooled him, and angrily said I had made it far too big. I tried to comfort him by saying, "Well, if you wear that you will be made an extra large sized hero of, and everybody will want to know where you gained that distinction; then you can tell them that you are the man who won the battle of Sedan—like Bill Adams won the battle of Waterloo" (I knew he had heard that yarn).

He did not take the idea at all kindly, but retired with the air of a man who has got a heavy weight on his mind; I fear the banquet or whatever it was was a frozen failure from his point of view.

CHAPTER LXV



CHAPTER LXV.

I BECOME A HOTEL-KEEPER—EXPERIENCES.

So far I had prospered well in business, better, in fact, than any of my shipmates. Not that I want to boast, for I recognize that my success was at least largely due to the fact that I had no competition in the place in my own particular line. However, I had the gumption to make good use of my opportunity while I had the chance, and I think I may fairly claim to have shown business "push," industry, and thrift. The man before me had the same chances, but he had made another man rich and remained poor himself all his life.

But I was not to have things all my own way in the business; soon I had a rival. Many of my acquaintances envied me and one of them sent home for a relative of his who was in the same trade as myself.

One day the new arrival came into my shop and introduced himself, telling me he had taken my old place. Though, of course, I was not too pleased; I could not do otherwise than treat him decently, and we were not unfriendly. But naturally a part of the trade went to him and I daresay some of the local tradespeople were by no means sorry that I had competition. At all events I found my business slacken a bit, and began to cast around in search of something perhaps better.

Before going further, I may say at once that while some at least of this chapter is necessary to my tale, I have in view in writing it to afford a few possibly useful hints to others seeking to push ahead in the world—but especially

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as to how to conduct a hotel, both so as to make it pay and yet avoid some of the most objectionable features in that business.

Having heard that nearly all the Hobart hotels belonged to a large local brewery, I called on the manager (for whom I and the music teacher I have mentioned had done some canvassing in connection with a Parliamentary election).

He listened favorably, and the upshot was that before many days had passed I found myself installed in the



MY HOTEL IN HOBART.

“Central Hotel” on Liverpool street without having to pay a single penny down—though I accepted two outstanding liabilities for £40 each. I had been offered a choice of “houses,” and selected the one named because of its position suiting my plans, for I intended to keep on my former business also.

I knew it had not a good reputation, but thought I could greatly improve it. Once fairly in charge I had an “eye-opener,” for I found that the place was frequented by about the lowest of low characters—besotted old women,

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loafers, and even thieves and such undesirables. In less than a week I was strongly inclined to throw up the bargain, for though I had been poor and lived with poor people, I was quite unused to the class of society which patronized my new establishment.

First, I set to work to get rid of the old or disreputable women who used to come in for a quart of beer and settle themselves down to drink it in little compartments which were in the bar. My common sense told me their custom did me more harm than good, so I had the compartments removed and when such women came in for a pot of beer I told them to take their 4d. somewhere else. They did not at all like such treatment and being deprived of old and favorable haunts. Several of them abused me in the vilest language, but I quickly got rid of their unwelcome custom.

The loafers and other male customers were not quite so easy to deal with. For one thing I had very little other custom to depend upon and had to proceed cautiously and slowly.

There was a skittle-alley attached to the house, and some of them used to hang about this and the bar sometimes all day long; and now and then they would pull the coat off some customer in trying to get him to "stand treat." I soon stopped this little game and also locked the skittle alley against these "gentlemen at leisure," and notwithstanding their persuasions and protestations I always afterwards refused them the key. In short, I deliberately made them so unwelcome and uncomfortable that in about two months I had lost their blighting patronage, which was gradually replaced by that of a much better class—mostly working men. For in meantime, I had according to my method in my previous business *not waited for custom to come of itself, but I had gone out and about to hunt it up.* For instance, I used to go down to the wharf at "knock off" time and make the acquaintance of the stevedores and others working there, sometimes, I must confess, "treating" them all around or in small batches. It was "cupboard love" perhaps at first on their part and a good speculation on mine.

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Moreover, though most of my business was at night, and often pretty late, I was on excellent terms with the police. They did not seem very strict about closing time so long as the house was well conducted. In point of fact they never interfered; but many times, when at about half past eleven at night I happened to be standing on the foot-path, a constable would cross over the road to me with some such remark as, "Don't go to bed yet, there are plenty of people still knocking about who would like a night-cap." Of course, I quite understood that this was in part a delicate hint that the representative of the law was himself in very strong personal sympathy with those wanting "nigheaps" — identified himself with them, so to speak.

CHAPTER LXVI

CHAPTER LXVI.

A FAITHLESS WIFE.

I come now to the most miserable and painful period of my life—although well on the road towards my ambitions. Indeed, this seems to be very commonly the case in human affairs. From childhood upwards almost everything you especially set your heart upon either proves more or less disappointing when it is attained, or, if satisfactory in itself, something else of equal or even greater importance goes wrong and everything becomes more or less “vanity and vexation of spirit.” It is well said that “Fortune never comes with both hands full.” Is it that no man or woman can expect to be favored with *all* the good things of life, and that all of us have merely some choice as that granted to Solomon,—worldly prosperity, or alternatively the satisfaction resulting from “wisdom?”

Or, is it, as many preach, that this early life is necessarily and of some supreme purpose filled with disappointments, for, so far as I can see, very rare indeed are the exceptions?

I don't want to expend space in moralizing to any extent, but must risk just a very few lines more on this topic, by way of more definite illustration.

Whether it be some toy of our childhood; some eagerly locked for holiday; some hard fought for, or coveted prize; some jewel, or property, or business; some position of dignity or influence and power; some tour of pleasure—almost anything you can name that is the object of human desire and effort, how seldom the attainment or reality does not

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disappoint expectations. Is it not too often so of marriage, of our children and our aims for them?

Now once more to my tale, from even the darker and grosser pages of which the thoughtful reader may perhaps glean something profitable. It is at least a tale of real life, and solid fact.

One day four gay young fellows from Melbourne came to take lodgings for a month with us; they were on a holiday trip. Of course, we were very pleased to have them, from a business point of view, and naturally did our best to make them comfortable and at home.

As is usual amongst Australians, there was a free and easy gaiety, a rather boisterous joviality about these visitors, and a certain degree of friendliness quickly sprang up between them and ourselves.

One day they asked me to allow my wife to accompany them on an excursion to the Silver Falls at Mt. Wellington. To this I at first objected, of course; but my wife privately urged that they were good customers and that it would look ungracious and almost an insult to them to decline the invitation. "Surely you can trust me," she said. Yes, I thought I could trust her; and being persuaded by her representations I finally let her go, though not, I must confess, without some misgivings.

Some time afterwards I found out and had the clearest proof that she had flirted with and allowed herself to be drawn into a love affair with one of these young men, whom for convenience for future mention I will call "Arthur Gray" (the surname being a false one). But for the time, as is usual in such cases, I was completely hoodwinked. So far as I can see, you never know what man or woman is worthy of trust, and who unworthy. I have been forced to the opinion that there are very few indeed who can be trusted; and that besides the terrible amount of conjugal unfaithfulness that is publicly exposed there is a still vaster quantity that is never discovered.

I sometimes think that the Orientals are wiser than we. Yet after all it may merely be that there is "a screw loose"

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either in our youthful training or else in our social customs—perhaps in both. The friend I have referred to already, argues to this effect.

In my wife's case I certainly think it was at least partly an instance of heredity, from her graceless scamp of a father, though also partly, it may be, due to a defect in early influences.

Their holiday over, the young men returned to Melbourne, but, as I heard later, my wife corresponded secretly with Arthur Gray, he addressing his letters to her to the Post Office. More of this will appear further on.

Nor was this the only affair of the kind.

Some little time afterwards another gentleman visitor called at our hotel—a very imposing personage—imposing in more respects than one. He threw a handful of sovereigns on the counter and proclaimed himself a railway contractor from Sydney. He became a frequent visitor, and of course a profitable customer. There was nothing, however, to arouse any suspicion on my part at the time.

Now, one of the disadvantages of hotel life is that the licensee and his wife can seldom go out together, scarcely ever except on Sundays. Naturally my wife often used to go out alone walking or shopping.

One afternoon on returning from a walk my wife remarked that she should like to have a holiday in Melbourne; that she could write to a young lady friend of ours, the daughter of one of my shipmates, who was in service with a German family in Melbourne and who had been staying with us in a friendly way for a holiday; and that through this young lady friend she would most likely be able to find safe accommodation.

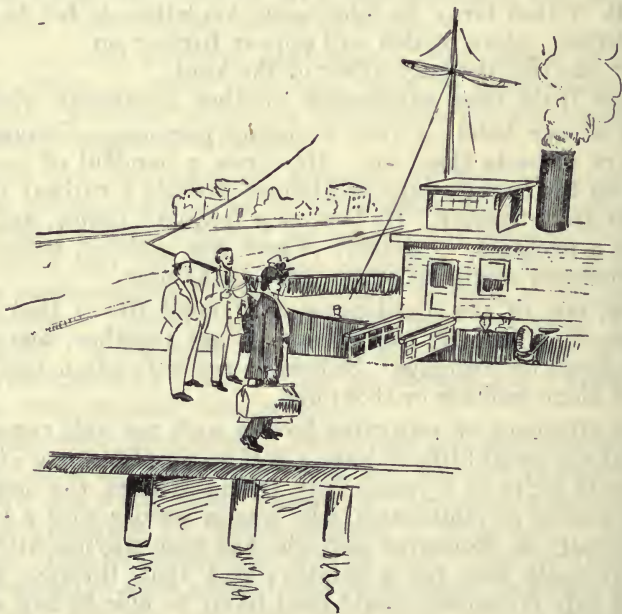
I consented, being willing to afford my wife every rightful pleasure, and the result of a letter was a reply conveying an intimation from our friend's mistress that my wife was welcome to stay with her. This seemed satisfactory and safe, and a few days later my wife came home with a passage ticket to Melbourne.

This fact did not strike me as at all strange, since I never

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kept her short of money, although I kept the books and paid all accounts myself. I naturally thought she had paid for the ticket herself, instead of which it afterwards appeared the contractor previously mentioned had done so.

When the day of her departure arrived, I escorted her to the steamer and noticed the contractor on the wharf, he raising his hat to us as we passed. There was not the slightest suspicion on my part, as I then knew of no reason for



it; and there are always, of course, plenty of people who go to see a boat off.

He was, however, there with the express object of seeing whether my wife got away by that steamer or not. When the vessel was fairly off he strolled up to me and exchanged a few friendly words, off-handedly remarking during our short conversation, "Yes, my holiday is over now and I

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must leave for my home in Sydney in a couple of days, by the Oona.’’

He did actually go by that steamer, but on arrival in Sydney he took train to Melbourne and was met and welcomed at the Spencer St. Station by my wife and her friend. It was only by an accident that I eventually discovered these and other facts; but for that accident I should probably, like thousands of other husbands, never have known anything about these matters.

It seems that he frequently took her for drives and tried to persuade her to take a trip to England with him. She, however, would not take that desperate step, probably fearing that he would sooner or later cast her off and that she would then have nobody to depend upon. I have often since wished that she had gone, for the anguish to me would have been more quickly over and done with; in fact, I should have thus been spared my most acute and grievous suffering.

I may mention that this contractor had a wife and a nice little boy in Sydney, and he had shown my wife and myself a miniature photo of this little son set in the cover of his gold watch.

It also came out afterwards that not only did she carry on this disgraceful affair, but so debased and fallen was she that she frequently met that treacherous young scoundrel Arthur “Gray” and several others who dressed and posed as gentlemen, but who by habit and conduct were no more “gentlemen” than if they were putrefying corpses; “blackguards” is too mild a name for them.

While she was in Melbourne and behaving so disgracefully towards me I received from her most loving letters—such letters as a true and devoted wife might pen, and giving misleading accounts of apparently innocent doings. Deceived by these and lulled into false security by the fact that she was staying with a friend and with a most respectable family, I had not the faintest suspicion of anything being wrong, for, remember, I knew absolutely nothing as yet of any of these love affairs I have alluded to. Nor do I

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think the young lady friend was to blame in them. She, of course, had her duties to attend to; whereas my wife had ample leisure and liberty.

CHAPTER LXVII

CHAPTER LXVII.

“A DEAD SEA APPLE.”

It was evening, after dark, and I was standing on the pier in Hobart waiting for the steamer which was bringing my wife back from Melbourne. The vessel was getting close in, say about twenty yards away, and I was eagerly scanning, as well as the weak light permitted, the crowd upon her deck for the dearly loved face and figure of my wife, when I suddenly heard her well-known voice calling me by the pet name, “Ady” (pronounced “Ah-dy”) which she had given me when we were first married. To hear it and the sweet fond tone in which it was uttered thrilled me with intense joy—it was the echo-voice of early love, to me like a strain of music from heaven itself—and it still rings in my ears as I write, as in fact it often does—and, oh, I never can forget it—one of the very last echoes from the most joyous part of my life—from the love-music of the honeymoon. It is now as a memory voice from the dead—yet no, from the worse than dead, for in death there is rest if not hope and there is still a something if only a memory that connects us with the sweet past. But something infinitely worse than death was to come, had in fact already come, though as yet I knew it not, between me and my once wife—something that severed us completely, and utterly annihilated all that had bound us together. At least so it seems to my human eye and mind; yet—is it just possible that after all, as I was taught in my earliest days and as I know very many today firmly believe and in all good faith teach, the sweet past is *not* irrevocably cut off and destroy-

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ed, but that only what is evil and loathsome is cast into nothingness and all that is good in itself is purified and renewed by some supreme power and beneficence?

I may not be able to *believe* in this, but I would that such a wonderful thing *could* be; *then* there would indeed be something to look forward to—a new sunrise of joy after the gloom of night, a new spring as real as the past one, for the same things that are now seemingly dead and cold in winter, new buds and flowers and fruit on stems that now seem lifeless (and, but for our past experience, *hopeless* also). *Then* I might hope to see my dear mother once more—and perhaps eternally; once more; nay, untold millions of times more, hear again, not as an echo, but in reality, “*Ady, my Ady*” from lips once dearer to me than any others.

“*Superstition?*” “*Impossible?*” “*Miracles never happen?*” “*Nothing but hard and fast natural laws?*”

Well, I hurried on board and was greeted with the fondest endearments and protestations of joy to be home with me again. It is needless and would not be in the best of taste to detail them. It is sufficient to say they were much warmer and more satisfactory than on one or two previous occasions of a similar nature described in this book; but, reader, I very soon was to discover that those endearments, whether at the moment sincere or not—and possibly there may have been some element of repentant sincerity in them—those endearments masked the blackest deceit and sin against me; so grievous was that sin and its results that I may not further speak of it. I may not even narrate how the hideous truth was forced upon me; I am compelled to bury several facts in silence—though I may perhaps venture to say that she did not at the time fully realize the enormity of her fault and its inevitable exposure.

I may add, however, that on arriving at home she gave me a number of little presents she had bought for me, and also some money with a playful remark about what a careful wife she had been, not having spent the \$25 I had given her as pocket money. Can you wonder at my loss of faith

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in women? And besides these instances and others I may have given or shall give, there are some which came within my personal knowledge which common decency compels me to suppress.

Even when my wife's guilt was made manifest to me the thought of parting from her was unendurable. It was agony either way, and we just drifted on for a time together.

But I was utterly heartsick of the business and locality and very quickly sold out for the sum of £225, and we packed up and went to Sydney with about £800 in hard cash in hand; it was in fact all in golden sovereigns. I think that sum was a very satisfactory result of my first five years (1885 to 1890) residence and efforts in Australia, and remembering that I left Germany with only about 1s. 6d. in my pocket and had come to a land of which I knew nothing--not even, at starting, a word of the language. Yet I have done far better since, and had it not been for the folly and wickedness of my wife (undoubtedly inherited from her father, as I have before said), she and I could have had a happy life together and been in all probability living with each other happily this very day--enjoying the full fruit of our toil.

CHAPTER LXVIII

CHAPTER LXVIII.

I CARRY £800 IN GOLD FROM TASMANIA TO SYDNEY.

I have just said that I carried £800 away to Sydney: I may as well tell you how I did so, and I may say that I would undertake to carry any amount round the world without being molested, for as in this instance, I should take good care not to let anyone know I had any to speak of. As the bank wanted about £5 for transfer I had made myself a long thin bag, just wide enough to allow a pile of sovereigns to be pushed in endways. I did them up in small parcels of twenty-five coins in each parcel and sealed up both ends. Then I slipped the parcels one after the other into the bag, and fixed this so that I could carry it comfortably round my shoulders. I engaged a cabin which could be locked securely, and here I left my private little bank when in the day time I promenaded the deck; but I always took care to keep a watchful eye on my cabin door through the skylight. And, by-the-way, I did not take my wife with me on that trip; she followed later.

Arrived in Sydney, I deposited my capital in the Bank of New South Wales, and I can assure you the "teller" looked not a little astonished when he saw me getting out roll after roll of sovereigns. He may have taken me for a bush-ranger, or a pirate, or even a mint, for all I know.

I had an idea of going into the hotel business again, and my wife several times pressed me to see our late acquaintance Mr. Contractor, as he had told us in Hobart that if we cared to come to Sydney he could introduce me to various brewers and in this and other ways do a good deal to help

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me in getting a good business there. But somehow I preferred to do without his aid, though I was quite ignorant of what had transpired between my wife and him.

I made inquiries and inspected several hotels, but found nothing to suit me, and we then decided to try Melbourne.

It would be of more general interest, no doubt, if I could now play the part of a darling "fillibusterer"—sail away with a few wild spirits to some unheard of island, meet with desperate adventures, and forcibly carry off some treasure trove—or something in that gaudy line.

But I am not at liberty to exercise my fancy in regions of romance; I must keep to facts. I will spare you, however, unnecessary details.

The following experience I give, thinking it may serve one or two good purposes—if you can find them.

We took rooms in Melburne and I thought of taking some wine shop. Amongst others I looked at one for which £250 was asked. Now I never believe in giving much for a business—would rather work up one myself. So I let this chance go.

Another was kept by a countryman of mine, but I could see that he was not making the business pay (as it might have done), and I thought it would be worth my while to await developments—and keep my eye on the place. So I gave him a look-in every day.

It is well known that wine shops have usually a very bad reputation, being often mere coverts for low characters, but all are not of that class.

Well, the man I was speaking of was, as I saw from the first, no business man. He was never downstairs before eleven o'clock in the morning, and even then only in most slovenly dress mostly *undress*. Yet he had to pay £2, 12s. 6d. per week rent. Well, his stock quickly ran out and he was unable to replace it. Then he was persuaded by a frequent customer to get some lager beer in stock, though other people strongly advised him not to do so. It was hardly in the place, when the customer mentioned called with a friend of his and both had drinks of the beer. They were acting

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as Revenue Detectives and a few days later the shop-keeper was served with a summons for selling beer without a license. It was a despicably dirty trick played by the informers—to advise the man to break the law just to make money themselves by giving information.

The man showed me the summons and asked my advice, stating that he had not so much as £1, far less the means to pay a fine of £25, and that if he could not he would have to go to jail.

I felt really sorry for him, nor did I consider him guilty of much of a crime; so, being I think a man of some resource, I gave him the best advice that occurred to me.

I said, "There is a steamer going to Sydney to-morrow morning. I will give you £1 and you hand me over the license. Then take a steerage ticket on the boat for 10s. and that leaves you 10s to go on with, and I will look after your wife and children till you can send for them."

After consultation with his wife they came to the conclusion that this was the best thing he could do; so when the case came on the bird had flown. I was very glad the rascally informers were done out of their Judas money. It is a pity the law has to employ such men, but suppose it cannot well be helped.

I lodged the license with an application for its transfer to me. When the case came on the Inspector of Police said to the Bench, "Well, your worships, I would like this case postponed as this man has only been here three weeks and I desire to make inquiries as to how he conducted his hotel in Hobart."

I had with me a testimonial from a then minister of the Crown, now one of the leading members in the Commonwealth Parliament, and I handed it up to the Bench. After glancing it over the Presiding Magistrate said, "Well, Inspector, you need not make inquiry about that man; license granted."

I may be pardoned, I hope, for inserting the testimonial referred to, as some recommendation to the readers of this book also:

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HOBART, Dec. 1, 1888.

“P. O. Fysh & Co., Melbourne;
Basinghall St., London.

“Mr. A. Jager has been known to me during the whole period of his residence in Tasmania—three years.

“I have had business transactions with him and found him most reliable and as a citizen I believe his conduct has been exemplary.

“I would repose the most implicit confidence in his integrity, sobriety and general reliability of character.

(Signed) P. O. FYSH.

Well, I bought the furniture at auction, it being sold by the landlord for arrears of rent. Then I had the place thoroughly cleaned and generally renovated and laid in a good stock of wines. When all was ready I followed my usual plan of *hunting up* customers, as, for instance, by visiting and making myself known at clubs, etc. I mention this as a hint to others trying to make headway in business.

My wife was also a decided attraction, being still a charming and pleasant mannered woman. But in that was our undoing.

She must have been in communication with that villain Arthur Gray, and acquainted him with our whereabouts, for he became a very frequent visitor and brought a lot of other men with him. I have little doubt now, that they all laughed in their sleeves at me. Ignorant as I was of the true state of things, yet I could not help certain suspicions and was very far from happy.

In fact, so wretched did I become that before long I found myself beginning to positively hate that woman whom once I had loved better than myself.

CHAPTER LXIX

CHAPTER LXIX.

MY WIFE GOES BACK TO GERMANY—OUR PARTING.

After a time I sold the wine shop to advantage (for about £138) and we moved to one of some cottages I had been able to invest some of my money in, in a suburb and took in a few boarders. (In an early chapter of this book I have written strongly against such risky commodities—now comes a fresh reason of the same nature.

One morning I was about to take my usual cold bath, but on this occasion it was rather too cold, and I changed my mind. Consequently I came inside quicker than my wife expected and found her coming out of the boarder's room, where one was still in bed. Her excuse in reply to my natural question was that she had gone in to get the newspaper, which she had in her hand. I did not feel satisfied, but not being sure of my ground I repressed my anger for the time. Nevertheless I resolved to put an end to this unpleasant state of things.

For some time she had been asking me to let her take a trip home; and as a little later we had a letter from one of my shipmates in Tasmania stating that he was going back to Germany with his family, I told her I would let her have money to make the journey with them. She was delighted, and when the time came I took her and her luggage to join them on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. at Port Melbourne, having previously secured a cabin for her. I also gave her a sum of money and so we parted. In spite of all the disappointment and misery she had caused me I felt a very keen pang and could not repress a few tears

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when I left her on the steamer. It seemed as though my heart itself was being torn out, and a sense of utter desolation came over me. I felt a presentment that it was a final separation.

A few days before her departure I had caught her writing a letter which she tried to hide from me; but, as she was so soon going, I made no comment on the matter.

I had wasted fourteen of the best years of my life on a base and worthless woman.

CHAPTER LXX

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CHAPTER 10

CHAPTER LXX.

LONELINESS AGAIN—A TRIP TO SYDNEY.

After my wife's departure I felt intensely miserable and lonely. It was, I think, worse, than separation by death, for where that alone comes between, at least pleasant memories may be left. With me the memories were but too painful, and I felt that the parting was a final one.

There is no loneliness, I think, like that of what has lately been your home; but in which now there is no familiar and loved presence, though everything around reminds you of it. There is an oppressive emptiness and desolation about the rooms, and as you restlessly wander from one to another there seems something uncanny and nerve-racking about them—a dread though invisible consciousness or spirit seems to haunt them—you feel perhaps that something is watching you and mocking at you; even your own footfall jars upon you and every little accidental noise gives you a nerve-shock.

So unbearable did my lonely misery become that after a week or two of it I decided to take a trip by train to Sydney to try to pull myself together.

The Sydney train left Spencer St. Station in Melbourne at about six o'clock in the morning. There was no train nor tram at that hour from Brunswick, but being a very light sleeper I thought I could depend upon waking early enough to walk the distance—about three miles—in time.

So one morning I set out and arrived at the station just in time to *see* the train well started, but not in time to be on board of it. Next morning the same thing happened, so

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to avoid more of this foolishness next morning, I started the night before and slept at the Melbourne Coffee Palace. This answered better, for on this occasion I caught the train, but found on getting to the station that in my hurry I had left my ring behind—on the washstand, as I remembered. Having caught the train at last I was too intent on my trip to let that go and take the risk of more disappointments of that sort, so I telegraphed to the manager of the Coffee Palace to take charge of the ring until my return, and in due time it was restored to me.

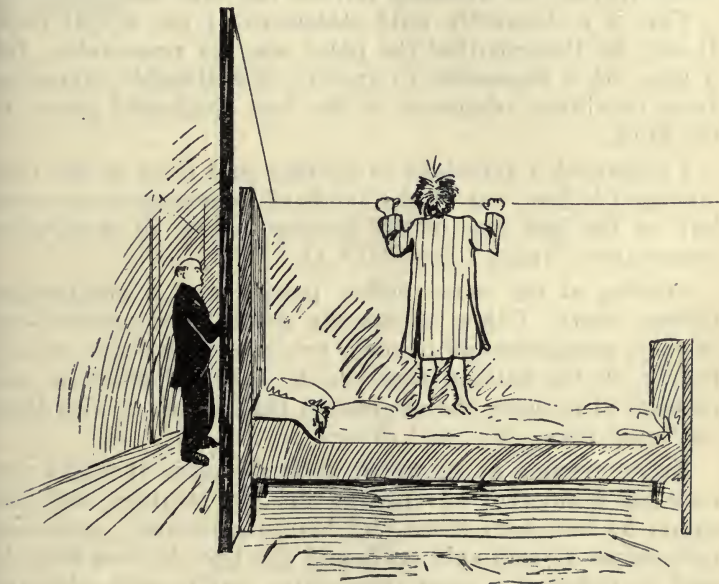
As far as Albany, on the Murray, the journey was a very pleasant one. There we had to change carriages. Yet, as I like to be accurate in matters of fact, we had come so far in what may pass muster as “carriages,” but on the New South Wales section in something that I hardly know how to classify,—a little too large but not too clean and convenient for a dog-box, and hardly roomy enough for a horse-box or a cattle truck, and as it had primitive seats and other passengers besides myself I suppose it was really intended for human use. No doubt it and the others like it were a cheap job lot, and thought by the Sydney people “good enough” for the depraved and benighted outcasts from the Southern State and for such misguided New South Welsh people as were unpatriotic enough to visit that unholy soil. For you must know that these close neighbors, partly owing to opposing fiscal policies, and partly to natural jealousies, are in a chronic antagonism—sometimes most ludicrous.

In the cell I was in, there were some women with little children, and anybody who has travelled in such charming but erratic company can fairly imagine what many hours, including a whole night of such company in a small compartment was like. I don't like rash resolutions as a rule; but I said to myself, “Never will I go by train again to Sydney.” In fact, though its harbor is undoubtedly very beautiful, as also some others of its surroundings and its feminine and other attractions, I don't think that on the whole I care to go there again at all—unless in such a con-

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dition that the conventional hearse would suit my comfort as well as anything else in the shape of a conveyance.

When at last in the morning we jolted into the really fine large station which was our destination I was "dead beat," and it was not till I had effected a few temporary repairs to my badly shaken and strained anatomy that I was able to painfully totter onto the platform, and being fortunately descried by a humane member of some ambulance corps (as it seemed, but who proved to be merely a



"cabby") I was driven off to a coffee palace, where after a shower-bath and a good breakfast I began to feel physically, convalescent.

When that night I sought my bedchamber I found that the side wall reached only about half way up to the ceiling so that by standing on your bed you could almost see into your neighbor's room—undoubtedly a good idea in a hot climate to secure good ventilation, but with serious

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drawbacks also, as I discovered the second night I was there.

A supposed married couple had taken the next room, and late in the night I was disturbed by what at first I took to be a very vigorous curtain lecture. I soon discovered, however, that it was a noisy dispute on some financial question or other, and abusive epithets rained fast and furious until at last there was such a row that the proprietor, or manager, appeared on the scene and peremptorily turned the debating parties out into the street.

This is a discreetly mild statement of the actual facts. It may be thought that the place was not respectable; but it was. It is impossible to prevent objectionable characters from obtaining admission to the best conducted places of the kind.

I remained a fortnight in Sydney and most of the time managed to keep out of the hands of its notorious sharpers, but on the last day before leaving I was, in Australian vernacular, "taken down" for £1.

Staying at the same coffee palace was a sun-tanned, breezy, hearty fellow of roughly genteel appearance—one of these outspoken, off-handed, free spending chaps who do nearly all the talking that can be heard themselves, and manage to produce the impression that money is with them an "easy come easy go" thing.

Every evening he showered upon all whom it might concern his wonderful adventures in New Guinea and the sights he had seen there (by his own account) including indications of rich gold reefs and the like; he was here, he said, to organize a great prospecting party—and odds and ends of glowing particulars ever and anon broke from him like dazzling sparks from a fire.

Well, somehow or other he managed on that last evening of my stay to borrow £1 from me (I suppose he heard from someone else that I was leaving next day).

But for the first time he failed to turn up to breakfast next morning, nor could I lay my eyes on him anywhere before my departure.

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To lose £1 is no joke, but it was not so much this I minded as allowing myself to be made such a fool of, and I gave myself a plain and emphatic talking to on the subject.

On my return to Melbourne I sold off my furniture, went into lodging, and let both my houses.

Out of the proceeds of the sale of the furniture I sent another £20 to my wife, through the Shipping Office, for her to draw on her arrival in Hamburg. You may wonder what had become of my £800? The answer needs a separate chapter.

CHAPTER LXXI

CHAPTER LXXI.

UNPROFITABLE VENTURES—LOSSES.

Before going further I had better now state that some time previously I had suffered serious monetary losses in connection with mining and other shares, and then decided to invest some or all of what remained in house property.

Through an agent whom I had commissioned to look for something suitable I soon bought two new brick cottages in Brunswick. The total price was £660; but as there was a mortgage on the property for £400 I only had to pay down £260, and as the rents at the time came to £1 5s. per week it promised to pay well. But after a time a financial depression (following "the land boom") set in and it soon took me all my time to keep things going.

I had been in very bad health for the last two years or so, and after my wife's departure I consulted a leading doctor, and by his advice underwent an operation, after which I much improved.

It became necessary to look around for some better means of income than I had at this period.

About this time I came across a former Tasmanian acquaintance, and after a little while he invited me to join him in opening a business as furniture dealers, estate agents, etc., in one of the leading suburbs of Melbourne. On the advice of a friend we took out an auctioneer's license; but that spoilt the business altogether, because the people would not come to buy goods during the week, calculating that at the Saturday's auction they would get them for next to nothing..

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Soon seeing that things were not at all satisfactory, for we were losing money, I said, "I think I will get out of it." We had each put in £50, mine being borrowed from a money lender at 40 per cent. interest on security of tram shares I held. By friendly arrangement with my partner I sold out my interest in the business for £25, my partner afterwards buying out my successor. When I last heard of the former he was in the North of Queensland.

When I had settled with the money lender I had only £5 in *money* of all I had brought from Tasmania, though I now had the two houses I had bought; but they were at the time costing me more than I got out of them. So I was not in a very enviable position.

CHAPTER LXXII

CHAPTER LXXII.

STARTLING REVELATIONS—THE END OF MY MARRIAGE.

Circumstances that I cannot detail induced me to try to find out from the young lady with whom my wife had stayed during that visit of hers to Melbourne while we were in Hobart something about my wife's doing at that time. This young lady was now living with her parents in Tasmania, but after some trouble I found out their address and wrote to her.

In reply I received the following letter, and also two from my wife to this young lady. They speak for themselves. To me they were fairly staggering and crushing, and for a time I almost lost my reason. One or two good friends, however, by their sympathy and in other ways helped me greatly in this deep trouble.

South ———, March 8, 1891.

“Dear Friend:—As I know that your wife had treated you very badly, which I know you did not deserve, I will state to you the facts which happened when she was on her holiday staying with us, and she behaved herself as a married woman very badly.

“You most likely remember that tall gentleman, Mr. Jarvis. He had made appointment with your wife while he was in Hobart to meet her when she came to Melbourne, and I myself went with her to meet him when he came from Sydney by train, and he was so much infatuated with her that he actually squeezed and kissed her in the cab which drove us three to his hotel. Then they made an ap-

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pointment for the following day to drive to a very lonely wine saloon down on the bay. Of course, I was not wanted, you may be sure, and your wife told me the following day that she had there a few glasses of wine and afterwards had a wine-fit, and that Mr. Jarvis had asked her to go with him to England, and that his wife and child were in Sydney and he was not happy with them. Then we were also introduced to two other gentlemen; Beitel and Johnson, who used to patronize your wine shop later on. I suppose you never heard anything about them either. With them we have been out, too, and afterwards your wife went out with Johnson alone, for whom she felt very much interested. And then we were out alone one Sunday evening at Princes Bridge and there we met the young man Arthur, who was with the four on a visit at your hotel and then we made an appointment with him and another friend of his to go with them to the theatre. There that evening happened nothing, but your wife met Arthur in a wine saloon and then she told me that she loved him and said she could not help it, and that she did not care for you any longer. Also I heard here in Hobart that a tailor has said that he could clear out any time with Mrs. Jager, and she always sent her love to him through your short servant girl you had in Hobart, and when you were in Melbourne she often asked me to write to him and I refused to do so, and all Hobart was full of the behavior of your wife.

“I would not have told you all this if I had not found out that your wife had been slandering me, which in my opinion I do not deserve. She said that I was lazy when I was in your hotel. Of course, I did not want to be her servant, as I know we would not long agree if I had gone as servant with her, as she did not know how to treat a girl. Also when you had the hotel she helped herself out of the till without your knowing it; and also when you had the wine shop she helped herself when she had the opportunity. And my father said also that she did not deserve to bear your name.

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“I also send you with this, the letters I got from your wife from Melbourne and then you can see for yourself. And now I will close and I hope that you will let me know if you received this letter and you are quite at liberty to send this letter home to your wife if you like because, it is the truth.

“With best regards from father, mother and myself.

“M. RISSNER.”

1.

“Dear Friend:—I did not get a letter from you. It is very hard for me to leave Melbourne, but I hope to be back again in about 6 months and then I hope I shall see you in Melbourne again, too, so that I can tell you about my trip.

“If you should come to Melbourne before me just write to my husband and he can give you a home. You know you are always welcome. If you meet any friends there tell them I wish them all ‘good-bye;’ and may God look after you as I hope He will look after me.

“Dear Friend, write to me to Hamburg and let me know how it goes in Melbourne—you know what I am alluding to. Send my best wishes to Arthur and tell him I have been 6 times to the post office as he had promised to send me his photo. Now I will close with best wishes from your friend,

DORA.

“P.S. Tell not to my husband what I wrote you; forget me not.”

Second letter:

MELBOURNE, 17-3-91.

“Dear Friend:—Your long looked for letter I received and see that you are very happy and got married to Mr. ——. It might be perhaps a long time before we shall see each other again as I go by the Kaiser Wilhelm on the 28th of March from here to Hamburg. As I see in your letter your husband is very good to you, with which I am very pleased. I hope that I can come back in six months.

“Dear friend, I can inform you that I did not get a

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photo from Arthur as he promised me. I feel very lonely since you went away. We could agree so well together, and I hope you will not forget me quickly.

“I will write soon when I am in Hamburg, how I got on. Your kind regards I could not deliver to August as I have not seen him again; and when you will do me a favor write to Arthur and tell him that he did not keep his promise to send me his photo, and wish him from me good-bye, (my wife desired her friend to write for her as she herself could not write a word of English) and let me know what you wrote to him, and when you write to me address letter Miss ———, Post Office, Brunswick, and I request you not to show anybody this letter. Now I must close with best wishes to your father and mother, with kisses to you.

“Your friend,

DORA JAGER.”

Then follows the address of one of the base scoundrels who came between me and my wife:

“Arthur “Gray”,
% M——— & Co.,
P———”

These letters reveal several little facts I could not conveniently give before, and if their inclusion serves no better purpose, they may afford to many readers an interesting insight into one type at least of the feminine mind. I must not expend space in traversing them, but I think most people will agree that they betray an utter absence of moral conscience and shame, and quite taking it as a matter of course that such deceit and personal liberty are natural rights of women. Yet with all the open shamelessness there is a certain warmth of nature and even something of delicacy and a sort of naive innocence or simplicity.

I daresay many have noticed in the first letter (under the circumstances) cool peculiarity of faith expressed in the sentence, “And may God look after you *as I hope He will look after me!*” Truly women are strange creatures—a large proportion of them, at all events.

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I may as well get as quickly as possible to the winding up of my matrimonial affair.

A few years passed after my wife's departure home, during which time I received one or two letters from her asking for me to send her more money; but I had made inquiries about her and learned that she had picked up a new lover there. So I thought he was the proper person for her to look to for support—the privilege went with others.

I knew, however, that she had expressed a desire to come out again to Australia with the family she had gone home with, for they intended coming back. I was not at all pleased with the prospect of her possible return, I can assure you, and fearing she might somehow manage to accomplish her desire, I spent a very anxious time till these friends had arrived.

When the steamer came in I went straight on board and was immensely relieved to find my wife had not come. My friend told me she had asked him to advance her the money for the passage and said that I would refund it on their arrival; but as he was not very well off he had refused to do so.

I then sent her a letter advising her to get a divorce and promising that I would not oppose it. So, a few years after, she took proceedings, and as I did not defend the case she obtained the divorce easily enough, with costs against me amounting to £20; but I have not paid this yet and don't think I am likely to, as from my point of view her new proprietor, or licensee, should bear the expenses of the transfer of such desirable property. Probably by this time she is tired of him, too. In my judgment she will be a flirt and light-of-love to the end. The best I can think of her now is that she is a victim to hereditary taint and, as I suppose, cannot overcome it.

But I do not think I am unjust in saying that she utterly ruined my life.



CHAPTER LXXIII.

EXPERIENCES—ON THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY AGAIN.

I come now to the period when my real prosperity began, and both to help others and because of several interesting incidents, I shall give the main points at such length as seems necessary.

My friend and late partner had been selling sewing machines for the Singer Company, and making £3 per week at the game. One day he said, "You come with me in the morning and have a try at it."

So next morning I mounted in his trap and we drove over to one of the largest of the suburbs and both set to work. I called at about a dozen houses without the least success, and then told him I had had enough, and went straight home again, thinking I should never make a salesman. Many others have done much the same. It is terribly discouraging to have door after door unceremoniously closed in your face, or an ungracious refusal given.

But about a fortnight later I met my friend again and he told me his manager wished to see me and I had better call on him. I did, and the manager asked me to give the work a fair trial; he was sure I would succeed. I was engaged at 15s. per week and commission.

Early next morning I started with a will and grim determination and worked hard all day long from door to door. but not a chance did I get. Next day it was the same and so on for nearly a fortnight.

Every evening the manager put the question, "Well,

did you come across anything?" and as regularly I had to reply "No."

"Never mind, go at it again tomorrow," he would answer.

On Thursday of the second week I came across an elderly couple, and the lady said, "I would like to have a look at one of your hand-machines, so when you are around this way again you might let me see one."

That was enough for me; the shock of hope was almost overpowering. I went straight to the manager and reported a bite at last. He said, "Put the horse in the trap and we'll take a machine up straight away." About an hour later it was sold and the money in hand.

I was quite delighted; I daresay I felt just as proud as Julius Caesar when after one of his great victories he reported, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The manager clapped me on the back saying, "Well, you see it can be done, and I suppose you now feel able to sell another one."

"Yes, I think I will," answered I, with quiet resolution.

The following morning I went at it heart and soul and during the rest of that first month disposed of two more.

"Well," he said at the end of the month, "you are alright now, and as they are going to send me up to Benalla to manage the Northeastern District, I will take you with me." I was pleased at that as I had never been up country for any length of time and was glad of the change. My salary also was raised to £2 10s. per week and commission.

I take the opportunity of saying here that I feel I am deeply indebted to this manager for his encouragement and help, and that to this is largely due my subsequent successes and my being now in a position to live in comfort, ease, and independence—all built up from selling sewing-machines.

I was very successful in Benalla, selling three machines the first week. Then the manager took me to another country township named Yea where I had to take over the

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horse and trap from the former traveller, who had not done enough business. The first afternoon I sold a machine for cash to the editor of the local paper. I only give these one or two instances to show my rapidly increasing success.

After this, with the aid of the horse and trap, I journeyed far and wide over mountain, plain, creek, and through "bush" in God's beautiful country. It was all a novelty to me and I thoroughly revelled in the life—it was glorious, and now and again had a spice of adventure thrown in as you will see.

My horse and I became fast friends. Never before in my life had I had anything to do with a horse. The other traveller had treated this poor brute with great cruelty, often kicking him in the stomach, and even getting too lazy to get up early enough to feed her in the morning; he would drive off with an empty horse.

She appreciated the kind treatment she received from me and in one month had improved so much that the manager hardly knew her again. She used to follow me without a halter like a dog. Even when put into a paddock for a day or two with a mob of other horses, if I wanted her all I had to do was to go in the gate and clap my hands. At this signal she would always come up and follow me to the stable.

MISADVENTURES.

Goods of any description sold on time payment easily lapse into habits of irreclaimable vagrancy—here to-day and gone to-morrow.

One day I received a letter from my manager instructing me to try to get on the trail of and to seize two machines that had been lost for about eight years. He said that several travellers had made the attempt without success. The machines had eluded all pursuit, but were supposed to be somewhere around a certain old deserted mining township. He promised me £1 for each if I could get them.

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After a whole day's travelling I reached the township and put up there for the night. In the morning, having got my bearings, I started as I thought for the supposed place.

I came to a farm house and asked the farmer if he could direct me to Mrs.——'s.

He had a war-worn pipe in his mouth, a knife and tobacco in his hands, and apparently nothing to do but take things easy.

“Yes, he could, but it was a long way off in the back blocks” (I thought to myself I was in the back blocks already). “Travel along this track for about four miles, then turn off to the right, then after so many more miles take a branch track to the left over a creek, etc.”

Off I went, the trap bumping over roots and stumps and ruts, here and there disturbing a large lizard or a snake until I came to about five diverging and winding tracks each leading apparently to the edge of the world. Two or three seemed to trend more or less to the right. Here was a puzzle, but no help out of it; so after a careful survey I chose one and went ahead.

The mid-day sun was blazing down overhead; and my hands were scorched with the heat; and my mare was tired and covered with sweat and dust; so I pulled up under the shade of a tree, gave my horse some feed, and sat down to eat my own lunch.

Since leaving the farm I had not seen a house or a human being all the time; but, as luck would have it, a milk cart came along now, and I asked the driver if he could sell me 3d. worth of milk and direct me to Mrs.——.

He said he did not know Mrs—— but would sell me the milk, so he put some in my billycan while I was attending to the horse for a moment or so, and therefore did not keep an eye on the milk contract. But I was thinking how I should enjoy it in a minute.

When I came to take it up to drink I found it thin, pale blue stuff, not at all pleasant to look at. The beggar had come from the creamery, and had sold me skimmed milk!

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Of course he was well out of sight by this time, and I suppose laughing at his trick upon a foreigner.

After lunch I set off again on my exploring expedition and kept my horse trotting on till close upon sunset, never seeing a person anywhere. At last I was rejoiced to see a roof peeping through the trees; but as I came nearer I thought it looked rather familiar, and when I drew up to the gate I saw that it was the same house that I had started from in the morning! I had of course, been traveling in a circle all day—and coming back from another direction.

The farmer asked, "Well, did you find it?" I could only say no and explain why, and he enjoyed a laugh that threatened to clear his land of trees as the walls of Jericho fell before the blast of the Israelitish trumpets. However, he gave me a good tea and shelter for the night.

I made a fresh start in the morning, this time with better success. As I drove up to the place, a big Irishwoman came to the door; and as soon as she saw the name "Singer" on the trap she emptied on me the pent-up eloquence of years of solitude and generations of the Irish race.

I like the Irish and always got on well with them, as, in fact, I flatter myself I do with most people.

But this stalwart daughter of Erin for a long time gave me no chance of speech, but tongue-thrashed me right and left, her main grievance being that some previous traveler, in order to induce her to buy a machine, had promised to send an instructress up from Melbourne (not far from 200 miles away!) to show her how to use the accessories and no one had come.

When I inquired whether she knew anything about the other machine, she said she had not got it and went off at full speed once more.

Now this other machine had been sold to her daughter eight years before; but she had died without paying for it, and we had an inkling that it was now in her mother's possession.

As soon as she slackened off a bit I said, "Now, Mrs.

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——— let *me* have a say; I am a stranger to you and have not done you any harm, have I?"

"No," she replied.

"Well, I am paid to do my duties and you might just as well be civil to me."

She cooled down, and then I went on, "I will make a bargain with you; I will give you a good lesson on your new machine and you hand me over the old one." This she agreed and then fried a few pancakes and gave me a good meal.

We parted good friends and I had an invitation to call again if ever I came that way; that will never be now, I suppose.

The other machine I picked up without much trouble, but I was very glad when I saw the first light in Seymour again, as it had got pitch dark long before I reached that township and my horse and I had to feel our way as best we could, which is a very trying experience in the Australian bush—what with logs, stumps and holes below, and dangerous branches threatening one's face. Sometimes the trap was all but over.

CHAPTER LXXIV

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE, AND MY FIRST HORSE DEAL.

On one occasion I nearly lost my life. I was traveling from Averel to Gobar (another deserted mining township) for my cheque then due to me, and it was expected I would be there by that time; but I was a few days behind.

It was getting close to Christman and naturally I wanted that money. The distance I had to go was forty miles, so I started early in the morning. When I had gone nearly twenty miles the place began to look uncommonly "bushy" and for a long time I could not see a house or a living soul.

Finally a house did come in sight, but as I neared it I found it was a deserted farm. I went on about eight miles further and came to another. Then the track disappeared altogether and I came to a grassy slope about twenty yards broad. When I was on it the brake was of little use, as the wheels skidded on the hard slippery turf, and the horse and trap with me in the latter were sliding down towards, as I could now see, a steep precipice about fifty feet deep. I tried to pull the horse around, but she had seen the danger as well as I, and she then at once lay down and so prevented further slipping, and thus saved both of us from destruction; for even had we not been instantly killed by the fall we must have been badly injured, and I afterwards found that it was such an out of the way place that it was not in the least likely we should have been discovered. I think this action of my horse was a remarkable instance of animal sagacity and presence of mind. But Australian horses

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are very intelligent, and I have heard of many instances of their power of *thought* and of cleverness.

I got out of the trap and blocked the wheels with stones, then unharnessed the mare, got her up and tied her to a tree and gave her some feed.

Then I considered my situation and the surroundings, with a view to getting out of them. From the slope I was on I could see far below a wide expanse of dense bush stretching away for many miles, and at first there appeared no sign of human habitation. But after a careful survey, away in the distance I caught sight of a roof just showing between the trees. This appeared to present the only chance of relief, so I scrambled down the deep ruts the rain had made on the hill and precipice and after a long walk reached the house and was well received and given a good dinner.

When I told the plight I was in and where the mishaps had occurred the selector informed me that they called the place "The Devil's Hill" and remarked "It is a wonder you did not get your neck broken." He sent a man with a rope back with me. The climb up the hill was a stiff and toilsome one, but at last it was accomplished. Then we turned the trap round so that it faced up hill, and placed large stones behind the wheels; then got the horse in the shafts again and cautiously went ahead, one leading the mare and the other ready to block the wheel again if necessary. I was immensely relieved and thankful when we were fairly on top of that dangerous slope once more.

The man told me I was twelve miles off the road. Through this mistake and the loss of time resulting it was Christmas Day when I reached Gobar instead of the day before, as I had intended.

The postmaster was at first not unnaturally disinclined to break the sanctity of his holiday by handing me my mail, but when I had explained the circumstances, and duly humbled myself by apologies, he took pity on my forlorn state and obliged me. Then I made my way down to Melbourne to make the best of what was left of Christmas.

THE EMIGRANT.

MY FIRST HORSE DEAL.

This ought in one way to have been narrated before the last incident, as it happened about two weeks before that. But it does not matter.

I was traveling along the Sydney road, not far from Talarook when I met a swagman on horseback, who made a sign with his hands and by pulling up that he wished to speak to me.

I must explain, that a swagman on horseback is not an everyday sight. Most swagmen tramp about the country on foot. They carry, slung over one shoulder, a tightly rolled up blue-grey blanket the two ends of which are fastened together in the style of a horse collar. They also carry a billy-can and other small sundries. Such as ride are usually shearers, farm hands, or other fairly well-to-do working men. This one pulled up his mount from a smart canter by throwing his body well back and his feet well forward, thus forcing up the horse's head and neck in a proud and spirited attitude, and causing the animal to champ its bit and display a little restlessness, so producing the impression that he was a fine spirited "goer." Keeping up a little by-play of this kind by means of rein and spur and an occasional "Way," or "D—n you," and so on, the rider half turned in his saddle and resting one hand on the hind quarters of his steed, after exchanging greetings with me, and one or two general remarks, he asked if I would like to buy the horse he was riding. We had, by the way, commented a little on our respective horses.

The swagman explained that he was hard up and that the horse was broken in for both saddle and harness. It was a very fair looking one, a nice dark brown, and in very good condition. I was intending then to go to Melbourne for Christmas and was half thinking of riding down; so, being favorably impressed with the horse and the price asked, I said that if he liked to call upon me in Seymour in a few days I would then see about it. He agreed to this and I recommended him to the railway hotel, where I was myself staying.

When I landed there a few days later I found the swag-

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man and the horse there, but the latter had changed hands, for the groom at the hotel had bought it in the hope of making a few shillings by re-selling it to me. He offered it for £3 10s. I agreed to buy subject to a trial, but did not pay at the time; it was fortunate I did not.

I had stipulated to ride him to Avenel, eleven miles away. The swagman proposed that he should go with me, he to ride my mare and I the horse he had owned.

So I mounted the courser that had seemed so full of spirit and "go" when I had first seen him. I must admit that I half feared he would either bolt or do his best to "buck" me off. Not a bit of it; he simply tossed his head and swished his tail. I touched him with the spurs; he gave a sort of grunt of contempt and a toss of the head. I kicked both heels into him; not a move. I hit him with my whip; still he wasn't ready to go. I hit again, I spurred, I shook the reins, I made horse language with my mouth; all to no purpose—not an inch would he move—he seemed to be under the impression that he was on duty as a stone statue, or had to keep still to get his photo taken. He was the most immovable horse I had ever seen. I daresay he had formed some uncomplimentary opinion about me as a rider.

The bargain began to look very unsatisfactory, to the groom as well as myself I suppose.

Then the painful suspense was broken by the swagman saying, "Here, I'll ride him; I'll show you how he can go."

So we changed mounts and off he went right enough, I following on my mare. We cantered along until we were on the Sydney road. Then the swagman said, "Now I'll show you how he can go," and leaning forward and giving a vicious dig with his heels into his horse's side it gave a sudden bound and flew away at full gallop with my mare following as well as she could.

That horse could certainly go when he wanted, or was made to do so. He went as if this was the sole joy of his life and as though he would never stop again, and my mare gamely strove to overtake him.

Presently I saw a small creek a little distance ahead and

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as we neared it I noticed that there was scarcely any water in it, but plenty of slimy black mud—like many creeks it was drying up for the summer.

Down the road my companion's horse raced at still full speed and I expected to see him jump the muddy bottom in one great bound. Next instant he had suddenly "propped" on the very edge, and I saw the swagman sent flying head first over his horse's head right into the mass of soft black



oozy mud. He landed in it fair on his face, and as it was very soft he sank right into it as if he were diving into water. Had it been hard he would almost certainly have broken his neck. As it was he picked himself up quickly, and spitting, sputtering, blowing, and swearing he scrambled out. You can better imagine how he looked than I could shortly describe..

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The first shock of alarm over, I could not help bursting into such a fit of laughter as I think I never had had before—I fairly shook and ached with it, as he tried to clean himself, I helping—he was such an object; first like a negro dissolving away into sooty blacking; then as he in a hurry scraped away with his hands clearings on his face and elsewhere and the original surface began to show he became a striking piebald; then in an improved stage something like a ship's stoker or an engineer after a spell of hard work. And all the time he was expressing his feelings and opinions (mostly about the horse for playing such a trick, and myself for laughing more than helping), in the most impressive English he could remember. Finally he rinsed himself in the little water that was available and I gave him a brush down with tussock grass, and we continued our journey.

He was full of excuses for the horse and of explanation how the thing happened. "All horses were liable to prop now and then—but this one had never done so before," and he had ridden him more miles than I have room to remember—he ought to have been ready for such a prop, but he felt sure the horse was going to make the jump—he had jumped creeks twice as wide—so he had leaned forward a bit just as the horse stopped and then he *had* to go" and so on.

When we got to Avenel we put our horses in the stable at the hotel I stayed at. As we were doing this the swagman said, "Whatever you do, don't put a halter on him; he can't stand that," then shaking hands he went off to catch the train back and that was the last I saw of him.

The horse seemed to stand alright in his loose box all the afternoon—he looked a quiet well-behaved beast enough. But as in the evening there were a lot of strange horses in the different stalls, it seemed rather risky to let him stand there without being tied up, so I slipped a halter over his head and made it fast to the crib. No sooner done than he suddenly backed, snorted, lashed out with his feet, and pulled and wrenched at the halter in such a way that I thought the whole stable was coming down.

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I had not, however, waited quietly during all this performance. For a moment I tried to soothe and steady him, but it was not of the slightest use; he only became downright frantic, and then I got over the partition too quickly



to remember or explain how I managed it. To this day, however, I feel quite proud of the miraculous agility I showed. With much trouble I managed to get the halter off again; to tell you the truth, I kept on the safer side of the partition to do it, and had to use much strategy and finesse

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to succeed. He then seemed to be satisfied, and I left him loose for the night with his feed.

I spent a rather anxious night, dreading catastrophes and possible claims for damages, and arose early to go and have a look at my fiery servant. I found him quiet enough, with his head in the feed box patiently and slowly chewing away at his last night's supper, which was only a little more than half gone. This seemed very peculiar, as also was his style of chewing, so I made cautious investigations and discovered—that he had no teeth! This was a queer horse I had bought! But I was not quite in despair; I thought I would try him in harness.

With every precaution against active rebellion, I got the harness on, he every now and then looking round at the operation and once or twice making threatening demonstrations; but nothing serious occurred. Then I put him in the trap—with a kicking strap for better security. So far all was well, but I had an uneasy suspicion that he had “something up his sleeve,” so to speak—some outrageous piece of deviltry that he was patiently saving so as to break out with it to the best effect. So I got the groom to hold his head while I mounted to my seat; then, gathering the reins firmly in my hand, I rather apprehensively got up. So did his nose—it pointed well up towards some invisible star in the sky. I took a rein in each hand and flapped one of them on his back; he jerked his head back and marked time with his hind feet—nothing more. I touched him with the whip; he shook his head and made as though to kick out behind. I gave him a savage cut under the stomach; he jerked and writhed and slightly backed. I belabored him with a shower of blows; he reared as if he were going to jump out of sight then he changed his mind and made as if to sit down. I tried all I knew, but I could not get him to budge an inch forward.

At last one of a few farmers standing by said, “Wait a bit, I'll put my horse in front of him and we'll see how he likes that.” It was done; but it was of no use, for my part of the team simply threw himself down. I didn't try further experiments, but took him out and put him in a pad-

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dock—to laugh or do anything else he liked. Then I went about my business with my good mare.

A week afterwards a lawyer's letter in the usual "stand and deliver" style came to hand, demanding either the purchase money for that horse or the return of the horse itself, and alternatively threatening legal proceedings. I have little doubt the swagman had reported to the groom that I was not likely to take the horse at all unless he hustled me about it. However, that was what I had been waiting for, having acquired some little insight as a business traveller into the workings of British law. So, with the help of another man chasing that brute for a good three hours in order to catch him—for he was with a mob of about twenty others and they led us a merry dance before we cornered him—I rode him back to Seymour and handed him over, and I was very glad indeed to get out of that transaction so easily. He was no doubt a talented animal, but I did *not want that sort*.

CHAPTER LXXV

CHAPTER LXXV.

MORE BUSH LIFE—AN AUSTRALIAN “SAM SLICK.”

During one of my country trips I came to a township famous in connection with the “Kelly Gang” of bush-rangers. On inquiring at one of the hotels what their charges were, I was told they were 6s. per day. I thought that too much for a poor sewing machine traveller, so I remarked sadly that I regretted I had no bank with me and would have to try the other hotel. With true Australian independence the hotel keeper said with an air of indifference and a smile, “You’ll soon get full up there.” I did not know what he meant, but was not very long in finding out.

The other hotel keeper seemed a very nice fellow, and his charges were more moderate. He lit a fire in the parlor for me to sit at and dry my clothes, which were wet through. I had no change of clothing with me. A little later I saw him going out.

Presently his wife came in to lay the table for dinner, I had my face to the fire and did not look round. When I took my seat at the table I found I was the only guest, and the landlady brought me a plate supposed to contain fish and vegetables; but I found nothing but some cabbage, one lonely potato, and two fish-tails! So far I had not noticed the woman, but having stared in surprise at the visible part of the fish I looked up at her, half expecting some joke—I saw a rather fine looking woman—but blind drunk. She had evidently meant to bring fish, but somehow they had got away from their tails and she had not noticed their absence! I quietly ate the vegetables and said nothing just then.

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A little later I heard a peculiar noise in the bar close by, seemingly behind the counter. There being a small window between, I looked through it and saw the landlady stealthily crawling on all fours to the tap of the beer barrel and help herself to glass after glass. When her husband came home and asked me about my dinner I told him what I had had. He apologised for that and his wife's condition and added, "That is the curse of my life; as soon as I leave the house my wife gets blind drunk." It was a sad pity, especially as he had four nice little children. But I took myself off that afternoon to the other place again.

A CHAMPION SALESMAN—AN AUSTRALIAN "SAM SLICK."

I had done exceedingly well for my firm, far better than my predecessor, but they served me an unfair trick, a trick that seems to be pretty often played upon such agents by the firms they represent. The head local office of the firm sends the champion salesman into a district that is showing good business, and thereby spoils it for the proper local traveller for a good while to follow. The plan keeps the crack salesman going profitably to himself, and of course it is a plan that turns in plenty of business to the company; but it ruins the local agent's chances and keeps his earnings down unfairly—it is hardly good faith. Moreover, the "crack's" results are held up as a standard and enticement for new employes—and they are sent to glean in the field he has reaped bare.

The company referred to is a great and good one, its machines, etc., of the highest possible degree of perfection, and probably it is not directly responsible for what I complain of; that is no doubt due to the exigencies of local management and excessive competition in all business of this kind.

As I drove into the yard of an hotel in Kilmore one day a man of gentlemanly appearance and flirting daintily with a cigar was standing at the gate. He nodded affably and remarked, "Oh, travelling for the Singer?" Of course he saw the name on the trap.

"Yes," said I.

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“So am I; my name is chester—I suppose you have heard of me.”

I certainly had heard of him—not a little either—for he was a great celebrity in the company—his fame spread far and wide, and anecdotes of his prowess and penius (and other things) meandered to the remotest confines of Victorian civilization—wherever, in fact, a Singer agent went; for he was a marvel at getting rid of machines, a demi-god (from a business point of view), and mythology was supplementing actual history in connection with his name. But it would not be wise, perhaps, for me to contribute my private testimony in plain words about him; it might not seem strictly complimentary; I have too many scruples in the matter—perhaps some of those he was continually throwing away.

I was not at all too pleased at his presence. I wilted and felt half inclined to throw up the sponge then and there; but my ingrained tenacity of purpose rebelled against this, so I stood my ground.

In answer to his last question, I said, “Yes, I had heard of him,” and as we had to stay together in the same hotel I treated him with proper civility. I give a few samples of his methods and transactions, believing they will amuse.

I once asked him to give me a leaf out of his book.

“Do you carry two handkerchiefs with you?” said he.

“No,” said I, wondering what on earth handkerchiefs had to do with selling machines.

“Well, you ought to, and when you see a child coming to the door with a dirty nose, and nearly all youngsters have dirty noses, you take the handkerchief you carry for that purpose and tenderly wipe that nose; that goes right to the mother’s heart and she will listen to all you have to say, and you pay her compliments and stay and talk until you sell your machine.” I may say that I did not take this advice. I never tried it then or afterwards; but I have little doubt there is a great deal in the point, especially if viewed as merely a single illustration of a universal principle—a

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principle that can be put into paying practice in a myriad ways. Chester no doubt meant it thus.

He was always faultlessly dressed—unless in having an excess of jewellery,—rings, watch chain, scarf-pin, and pocket knick-knacks,—as a silver cigar-case for use in dealing with men, gold fountain pen, and so on.

He was good company and once inside a house the people were seldom willing for him to leave in much of a hurry. His numerous yarns had great attraction in the country—as also were his flirtations—these were very popular and numerous—then he sang well, played draughts or cards; talked politics with the elder men; religion and gossop with the elder women; plays, poetry, music, fashion and foolishness with the younger ones. No wonder he was a success—too successful in some things for other people's happiness, for he was liberal with promises of marriage, tickets for balls, concerts and other amusements, and in many other ways. In fact, he averaged over £10 per week and seldom had a shilling left on Mondays—he several times asked me for the loan of sixpence. In the end he had made things so lively and complicated that he found it necessary to vanish suddenly without formalities and testimonials.

In one place an old lady of about seventy whom I had called upon told me she had no use for a machine as she had an old one that was good enough for all the little work she had to do. I thought the case hopeless. Three days later Chester drove into the yard of the hotel we were staying at with that old lady's antiquated machine in his trap. I knew it at once and said, "Hullo, did you sell that old Mrs. ——— a machine?"

"Yes," was his reply.

Next morning I went straight to her house and remarked, "Well, Mrs. ——— I find you have taken one of our machines; you might just as well have given me the order."

Her defense was, "Well, my dear man, there he sat (pointing to the sofa) all day long and I could not get rid of him till I took that machine." I was not surprised.

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It was a wonder that he had not proposed and promised to marry her—it was such an every day affair with him.

At yet another place he did me out of a sale by a downright dirty trick.

He called at a house where I had been given a promise of buying, and the man there, as I afterwards learned, said to him, "I promised Mr. Jager the sale and I would not give it to anybody else." Next day Chester called again with a telegram and told the man he had telegraphed to the head office, "And here is the answer," said he (showing what appeared to be a telegram) "telling me that Mr. Jager has left the Company."

"Well," said the man, "if that is the case I might just as well take the machine from you," which he did. When I called again the man was surprised and indignant at the trick played on both of us.

Still, I was doing exceedingly well, and both paying interest on the mortgage on my two houses and saving a few pounds that proved very useful a few months later.

CHAPTER LXXVI



CHAPTER LXXVI.

A FEW SHORT FACTS.

After my Christmas spree—a very mild one—I went back for some time to my country rambles—exchanging iron and wood for gold.

Serious symptoms of consumption supervened upon a severe cold I had caught in a foolish way, helped also by my being for many years subject to bronchitis, and I wrote to one of the leading doctors of Melbourne about the matter and asked if he could treat me by injecting Dr. Koch's tuberculine, which I had read a good deal about. I shall give fuller particulars either at the end of this or in a following chapter, simply for the benefit of some of my fellow creatures who may be interested; those who don't care to be bothered with it can more conveniently skip it there than they could here. For the present I prefer to keep to the principal items in my tale. This short reference is, however, necessary to my chain of facts.

The doctor asked me to come down at once so that he could examine me.

Another traveled for the Singer Company, with whom I was friendly, drove me to the Benalla Railway station. While waiting and chatting with the porter I happened to mention that I was then thirty-eight years of age. At this my friend, pointing to my two boxes, said in a jocular way, "And that is all your gathering in thirty-eight years?"

The remark stung me rather sharply, and I resolved that if my health permitted I would do my best to make more

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headway in the world, and I kept that resolution, as you will now see. I still had the two houses, but neither then nor later did they in the least assist me. I was paying heavy interest on the mortgage and ultimately had to let them go.

The doctor's announcement fully confirmed my fears, but he undertook to treat me, and in about four month's he was completely successful and I have had no further trouble of that nature since—a period of fifteen years; though for eight years longer I was still subject to bronchitis.

For a short period after this return to Melbourne I canvassed for the Singer Company in one of the suburbs and then I thought I had beter “paddle my own canoe” in business once mor.e

I had come across one of my wife's distant relatives who was in business in a leading thoroughfare in Fitzroy (a busy suburb of and close to Melbourne). He wished to let part of his shop, and as he offered it at 10s. per week I felt confident I could make it pay.

I took the offer, rigged up a bench in the window, bought a few old machines, some tools, etc., and then as far as cash was concerned was “stone broke” as ever I had been in my life.

But I worked hard and long and in about eight months I was able to take a larger shop on the same street, and from that time made money fast. Further on I will give you some idea of my methods and points, in the hope of helping others; but I don't want to dwell too long at a time on business, so for a change will pass for the present to more interesting facts of this period.

CHAPTER LXXVII



CHAPTER LXXVII.

ANOTHER LOVE AFFAIR—NOT MINE.

My wife's distant relative (my first landlord in Fitzroy) whom I will call Mr. Trick, used to go out one evening every week in such a style as to provoke and justify some curiosity. Any man may go out any number of evenings, not exceeding seven per week, without people worrying much about him. But if he periodically knocks off work an hour earlier than usual, polishes his boots till they dazzle you if you look at them with the naked eye; shaves elaborately, takes a hot bath with Old Brown Windsor soap, fumes and fusses and raves over his clean linen and neckties, cleans his teeth with Floriline or something of that sort, brushes his hair all around the compass to dispose it to the best advantage, takes his tea in fitful snatches, and finally, after a hundred other nervous formalities departs in his utmost splendor with a rush like a sky-rocket—when these things happen you and I and the world are likely to become a little interested and inquisitive.

The symptoms were easy enough to diagnose—I had more than once or twice suffered that way myself. But human nature takes a depraved joy in the woes and racking throes of its fellows. So, taking the liberty arising from diluted relationship and having known him as a boy, I one evening said, "Hullo, Trick, where are you off to in full uniform?"

He found time somehow, probably from a longing for sympathy, to give me a section of his auto-biography. Condensed, it was to this effect:

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He had been a steward on one of the mail boats running to Australia, and hearing all around him wonderful accounts of the new gold land, had run away from the ship on its arrival. He soon found that "it was not all beer and skittles," as the phrase goes, and for a long time could get no employment of any kind, till at last he had to accept a place as "boots and generally useful" in a good boarding house kept by a superior lady with two daughters. The lady soon discovered he was well educated and fitted for a better position and therefore treated him with consideration. When after a little while he left for a more satisfactory opening, she invited him to call and see her, and notwithstanding marriage entanglements on both sides both happened to be lonely and susceptible. Consequently the acquaintanceship was not long in ripening into mutual attraction and commiseration; and though tyrant Fate stood with the drawn sword of the law between them, the lawless god of Love and the socialistic principle of personal freedom with which they were imbued tempted them to circumvent the stern intervener. Trick himself came of a family which so far as I knew them, as notably in the case of my father-in-law and my wife, were not Josephs, and possibly the lady in this case was similarly situated.

It was necessary, however, to superficially observe the properties, so the following fairly ingenious arrangement was adopted:

Trick would openly and boldly ring the front door bell at about a certain time on one particular evening each week—taking care that the street was tolerably clear of passers-by close at hand, and would then slip around to the right-of-way at the back. (I have myself seen this performance).

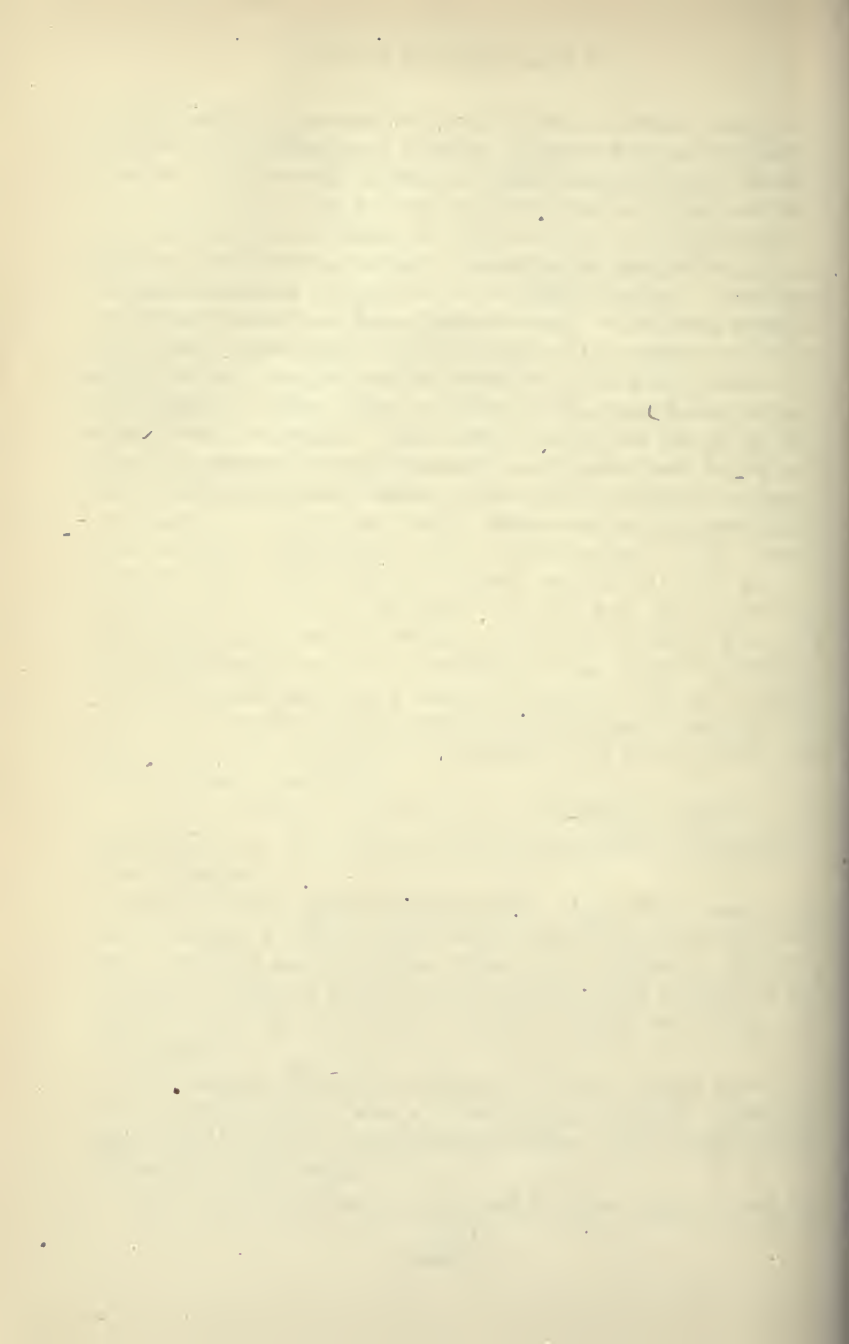
The house-maid after opening the door would report to her mistress that it was a false alarm, and the aggrieved lady would blame "those tiresome boys," and utter threats of terrible vengeance.

The maid having been anchored to some duty out of the

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way, her mistress would, when all was safe, open the back gate to the real culprit, and a convenient headache to which the lady was liable, or some other excuse, kept the servant and the rest of the world at bay.

Mr. Trick is now married to another lady and has a family of which he is proud; I hope there are no ingenious tricks in his establishment of which he would disapprove. There are two or three distinct and profitable readings of the old saying, "One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Some of us may be too suspicious and cynical and, as a friend puts it, "*quite as blind to the good in the world as to the bad.*" Anyhow, there is far more of the latter than is easily seen. It seems to be the chronic state of things from Adam's time, and likely to go on to the end of the world.



CHAPTER LXXVIII

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

A YOUNG SCAPEGRACE.

How it came about I hardly know, but Mr. Trick managed to pick up acquaintance with a young and giddy fellow who had been sent out by his father—a well-to-do merchant in Hamburg. He was the only son, too; and, though only about eighteen years of age when we knew him, his exile had been brought about by something in the nature of escapades or irregularities (whether one or more I cannot say) that evidently made his absence from home and his native land most desirable either for himself or someone else closely concerned. Whatever it was, he did not parade it ostentatiously even in sympathetic company like ours, so I suspect he took very little pride in it.

It is strange, by the way, to what an extent Australia is made a dumping ground or a moral sanatorium for the prodigals and wastrels of Europe. Is it because of its remoteness and therefore greater safety from pursuit or unwelcome return? Or because its strenuous life is thought a healthy tonic—as it no doubt is in many cases? Or is it that to the fervid imagination of the Old World mind (only half informed as to facts) its supposed deserts, and desolate plains, and trackless bush, and its fiery hot winds, to them seem a sample of that dread realm where sinners naturally drift at last, and therefore likely to exercise a salutary scarifying and reformatory effect upon unregenerate youth?

Whatever the cause of this young fellow's banishment, he came well provided with money, but it would be hard to

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find a greater curse to such as he in a country like Australia, or perhaps anywhere, than free command of money in any quantity. Harpies and sharpies scent it as vultures scent new carrion, or a flies a butcher's shop. They descend upon him from all quarters, and he is lucky indeed if he escapes with no worse hurt than rapidly emptied pockets and then being left to shift for himself.

Like nearly all these young idiots, this one was generous in the extreme as well as recklessly self-indulgent; and in very little time he was "cleaned out," as thoroughly as dogs and cats will clean a plate of good meat—then his friends (?) went after others like him.

He was lodging in a boarding-house while looking for work, and was liked and well treated there; but business is business in boarding-houses as elsewhere, and when he was a few weeks in arrears things got unpleasant. He told us that every time he went out he was watched to see whether he was carrying any parcels away—for they knew he had a few personal valuables left.

He said he would like to leave so as not to get further in debt, but they would not let him do so; he did not know what to do.

A few evenings later he came to our place laden with paper parcels, explaining that he had got his clothes away but had been obliged to leave the empty box behind.

He was cackling with pride over the strategy he had displayed. The window of his room, which was upstairs, overlooked a small back street, and he had taken advantage of this fact in the following way:

He first did up his belongings into separate bundles, tied a long string to each, put the bundles on a table close to the window, and lowered the free end of each attached string out of the window—of course having the latter open. Then he screwed his box to the floor and locked it, so that it could not be easily moved, and would also seem to be heavy with things inside instead of empty. Then he sauntered downstairs and out at the front-door with empty hands, innocence in his face, and guile in his young heart;

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paused outside with seeming irresolution, drifted carelessly to the corner; then cut swiftly around to the back street and by means of the strings hanging out of the open window he hauled out and caught his parcels, and cleared off to us. However, when later he received a remittance from his father he paid these people in full.

We kept him with us for awhile, and I gave him a bit of the best advice which I had still in stock—though some



of it was, perhaps, rather mildewed by being kept in out of the way corners for a long time.

He obtained a situation as waiter in one of the principal clubs of Melbourne, and the very first week made a considerable *impression*.

Some celebrity had been banqueted, and the salvage was being cleared up. A large clothes basket had been filled

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with wine glasses, and several half emptied wine-bottles had been wholly emptied into some of the waiters, including our friend, whose unseasoned system speedily became overtaxed, and, as misfortune would have it he collapsed close to the basket and fell bang into it, as though in a violent hurry to sit down, and smashed every glass it



contained—to say nothing of very painfully lacerating his clothing and his own and the head waiter's feelings. He naturally left that club without delay or reference and with great personal velocity, imparted by his chief's boot and discouraging remarks, and woke us up at four o'clock that morning with as much excited energy as if we had been

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a city of refuge and the avenger had been at his heels. We took him in and laid him up for repairs.

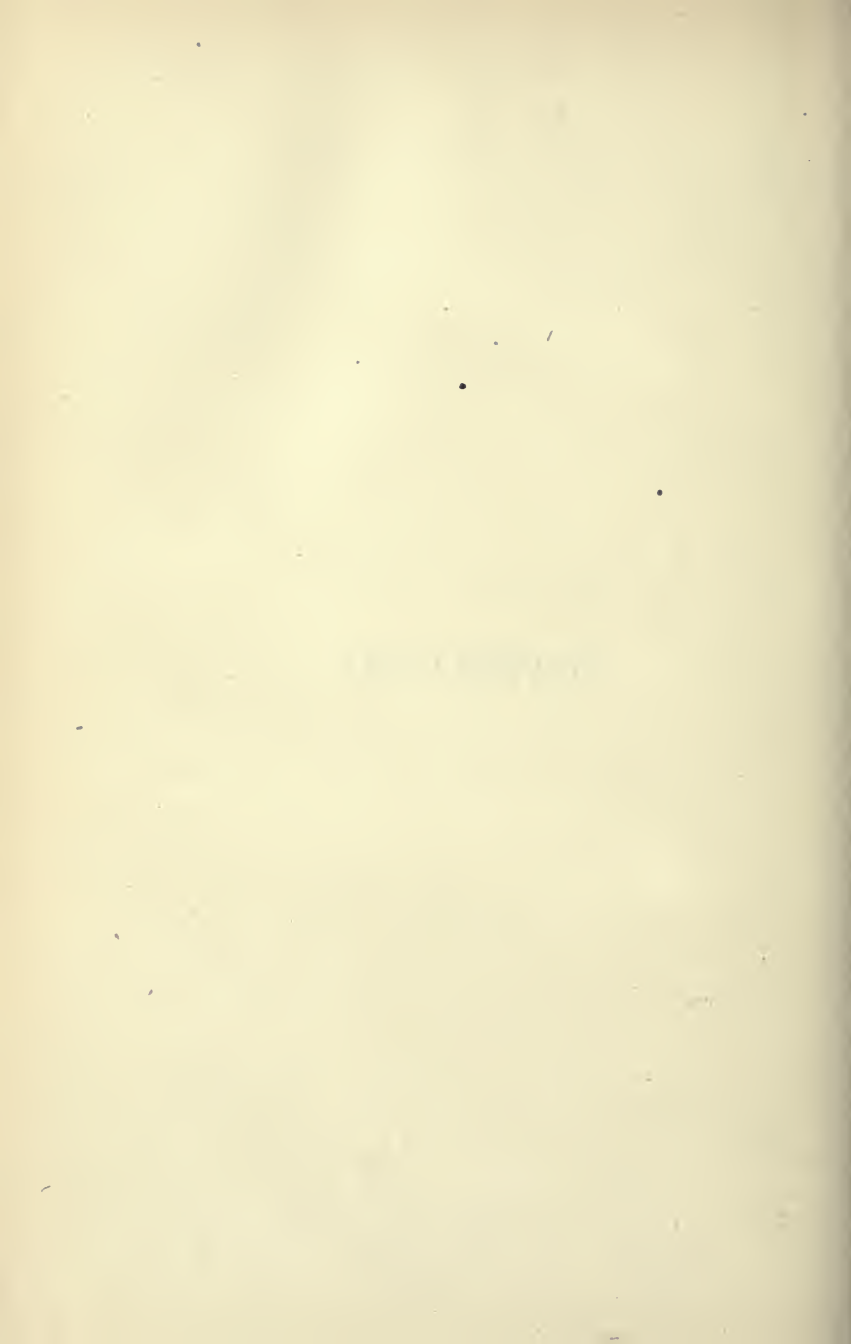
He was a willing lad, however, and soon found another billet, this time as a hand on a dairy farm where one of his duties was to daily drive the milk-wagon to the creamery. The first and only letter we received from him gave a glowing account of his getting on, but a few weeks later he unexpectedly turned up once more at our hospitable door with dilapidated boots and dejected face.

It seems that as he was one day driving to the creamery the horses had bolted, smashed the wagon and upset all the milk on the road. Not liking the idea of having to break this disturbing news to his employer, he had tramped to the nearest railway station and taken the first train he could catch to Melbourne and friendly shelter.

After breaking sundry other things in Victoria, one or two being a tender nature, and having received another remittance from his father, master Scapegrace said that as he seemed to have no luck in this colony he would try South Australia—and for about two years Mr. Trick and I mourned the absence of his sweet and lively presence and often wondered how he was getting on—or *off*.

One day Mr. Trick handed me a photo, in which he and two other festive young dogs were depicted on a camel, apparently in some West Australian desert, he in an evening suit and patent leather shoes, and all flourishing whisky bottles and glasses in their hands with idiotic distortions of their faces. The literature that accompanied the photo informed us that they were on a prospecting expedition. That was the last we ever heard of him—so I am in doubt whether he later broke his neck by accident or *by law* or acquired a large fortune—the last being one of the commonest causes of the disappearance of acquaintances.

CHAPTER LXXIX



CHAPTER LXXIX.

MY METHODS.

I promised a chapter or so back to give those who may be interested some idea of my methods and points in business and fortune-making. Now for these.

Only the other day I met friend I had not seen for some years and he asked me what I was doing now. I told him I had made enough in business in ten years to keep me to the end of my life.

“How did you do it?” he inquired.

“Well,” I replied, “it is very simple; when I was in business I always paid cash for everything I bought, I knew every week what I had earned and never spent it all, *and my business had all my attention*; if the people did not come to me I went to them. I am sure I could do the same again if I were stranded once more, which I don't think will ever happen again, as I will never give one of my sovereigns for a share of any description.”

I went on, “Any amount of you people here start a business that ought to pay and could be made to pay, but you think more of horse-racing or some other sport than of your business. If business comes along at five or six o'clock you say, ‘Oh, it's too late now, I will see to it tomorrow morning,’ and away you go to your theatres or other diversions. When the morning comes and you think of tackling the business that offered itself the afternoon before you find that someone else has got it and perhaps done it last night.”

All my freind could reply was, that he thought I was a lucky man.

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Here is a specimen of my "luck," if you like to call it so:

One day I sold no less than six machines and made about £8 on these transactions. The last machine I and a carrier (who also worked for himself) delivered at ten o'clock at night as the tailor who had bought it wanted it urgently. Being a very dark night we had some difficulty in finding the house and had to use matches in looking for the numbers on the doors. *Next day was then free for fresh business.* I and the carrier were making money while nearly everybody else in our lines were amusing themselves. I had no business worry to take to bed with me that night. (nor many other nights); I felt contented and happy with the result of that day's work, and next morning (as usually) began again full of brisk energy and wide-awake resolution. Had some of the previous day's business remained on hand to attend to, it would have been a drag on my mind, my energies and my valuable time. Many a day was more or less like the one here recorded, though not, perhaps, quite so excellent in results.

Many a time I have sold a machine late in the evening through calling to see a husband after he had had his tea and was at some leisure. If anybody called to make inquiries at my shop, I did my best to keep in touch with them until I had succeeded in effecting a sale or getting some repairing to do.

I am one of the last men in the world to sweat anybody else, but if I choose to work hard and long myself I have always held that I should be allowed to do so when I have the chance, for of course in business there will often come times when you don't get the chance. This, then, was one of my points, to "make hay while the sun shines."

There is a tendency now-a-days for well-meaning enough governments to over-meddle with private affairs and efforts and to crush proper enterprise and energy out of its citizens. In my opinion, it is a very bad day for a nation when enterprise on the part of an individual is hampered and he is forced to at least partial idleness.

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I am thoroughly in sympathy with bona fide workers of all kinds, and fully realize their drawbacks, especially those of employes, but in my opinion some of the remedies attempted are unstatesmanlike and like some medicinal treatment, worse than the disease. There is, on the part of legislators, a sort of high treason against the best interests of the sovereign people—a traitorous betrayal of the general public of the same nature as when unreliable weapons of war are supplied to an army or navy. Our political history in Australia is full of glaring instances of such things. At our periodical elections the voice of the people has repeatedly demanded political bread, as in the form of a fair and scientific land-tax, and they have been given stone after stone to masticate—if they can.

Some of the legislation enacted aims less at increasing the sum total and opportunities of prosperity than to make what there is cover a little more ground. Now, I do not propose to go further into political questions; it will be sufficient for my purpose to condense my views into the simple statement that my ideal politically is that there should be the maximum of opportunities and inducements (which includes the protective principle) and of population, and the minimum of interference consistent with collective rights—there should be somewhere a happy mean between conflicting ideals.

Having *made* money in my daily business I economized and saved it without being miserly, for I lived as well as any man need, and even from time to time indulged in rational pleasures and luxuries; but I took care to constantly accumulate and to duly provide for any investments I had in hand or in view.

I had learned a painful lesson as regards mining and other shares, and decided to invest only, and cautiously, in houses and land where I could see immediate and safe, if relatively small returns.

I steadily built up my capital both by means of my business and by disposing of my property I had previously purchased as soon as a fair profit was procurable upon it. I did not wait for fancy prices.

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I kept a keen look-out for cheap and safe house-property, bought it when the chance offered and I had the means at command, profited by the rents for a time and sold out again at the first favorable opportunity, reinvesting elsewhere on the same principles. A keen eye for chances as well as business proper, incessant caution, and common sense have, I think, been the chief factors in my success—apart from mere industry in the first place.

So much for what some may call “luck;” now for an instance of what the principal parties concerned call “bad luck.”

I know of a man who at about the time of my arrival in Tasmania was worth about £30,000 and had a large and prosperous business, and continued to prosper until about the time of my arrival in Victoria; hence one reason for citing this case. He had a special talent for *making* money, but his wife and rather large family had an equal talent, unchecked by him, for spending or rather wasting it. His wife had been known to boast that her house-keeping expenses alone came to about £20 per week. This possibly might not have mattered much had fortune continued to smile, but heavy losses came (some preventable, I think, by ordinary caution and system) and having no reserve to fall back upon (thanks to extravagance) a complete crash came. He struggled on gamely, however, for a few years and would, I think, have again been successful, but for that fatal domestic extravagance which continued to a great extent to the very last. He died broken-hearted, his wife followed after running through a legacy which came to herself; one of their sons, hardly out of his teens, is this very day of writing literally homeless, sleeping on verandas or in a stable—thanks mostly to betting and drink, and even some of the daughters are but little better off. This is a fair and accurate epitome of the facts. I give them not for the sake of personal contrast, but just as we place a warning buoy over a sunken wreck, a fairway, or over some dangerous shoal—and in order to ask, “Is this a case of real ill-luck or one of mismanagement like many others?”

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I know cases of real misfortune occur, but to the best of my judgment, based upon observation, real ill-luck is little if any more common than exceptional good luck—such as finding a nugget or getting a large legacy. I think most have it in their power, often repeatedly, to gain for themselves a fair measure of success—if they go about it sensibly and with energy.

Some of my shipmates and others I have been in close contact with have been as successful as myself—two or three even more so.

CHAPTER LXXX

CHAPTER LXXX.

HOW I WAS CURED OF CONSUMPTION AND BRONCHITIS.

To some of my readers perhaps, I owe a short special chapter—promised a little way back. To such it may possibly prove the most interesting and, I hope, valuable, in the whole book. To the general public I presume it will be of no interest or (present) use whatever; in fact, I should be profoundly sorry, nay distressed, if it were otherwise—if the majority of my fellow creatures felt any direct personal interest in its contents.

Nevertheless, those to whom it may be of interest and, I trust perhaps immeasurable utility, must, even in English speaking countries, probably number as many as the whole population of one of the Australian states, or any two if not more of their capitals, and perhaps as many as the population of any of the greatest cities of Europe or America—saving possibly London.

For this chapter is meant solely for sufferers, or friends of sufferers, from that dread disease “Consumption” and from Bronchitis. I have been at different times and by different treatment absolutely cured of both. I desire to explain how—not for my own pleasure, but their hoped for profit.

Those who have read this book through will remember that my father died of consumption, that during my earliest years (until about seven years of age) I was a very delicate child, and that when quite a young man I contracted a terribly severe cold which settled into a chronic and severe bronchial trouble which in itself induced me to

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leave my native land for South America in the hope of a warmer and drier climate being of benefit; that this object failed and that the bronchial trouble remained with me until a very few years ago—that is, for about twenty-five years in all, when I got rid of it finally in a very simple and speedy way.

They will remember that since my arrival in Australia, that is, about the end of 1885, I once more contracted a very severe cold which brought on very serious symptoms of consumption, and that I have already shortly stated that those symptoms were completely cured by a leading Melbourne doctor.

I now give the detailed information as concisely as I can, consistently with due definiteness. I trust I shall not be suspected of merely advertising anybody; there is absolutely nothing of this kind in the remotest degree. This is purely spontaneous testimony, given with the conviction that a vast number of my fellow-creatures would obtain as much benefit as myself from similar treatment.

My consumptive symptoms were treated and cured first, so I give the facts thereof first place.

One fearfully hot Sunday in 1891 (it was 110 degrees in the shade) I yielded to the temptation to leave off my under-flannel shirt, and noticed that notwithstanding the heat I shivered somewhat. Next day I resumed the flannel, but the mischief was done (beware of such foolishness as this, for “prevention is better than cure.”)

A severe cold resulted, with distressing coughing and expectoration, also a sharp pain in the right lung every time I coughed. In a few days I noticed that my right shoulder was falling in, and I wrote almost at once to Dr. Springthorpe, of Collins St., Melbourne, describing my case generally and asking him (as I have previously mentioned) if he could treat me by injecting Dr. Koch’s Tuberculine—about which I had read a good deal. His answer was simply, “Come down at once.”

This I did, and after examining me the doctor informed

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me that my right lung was affected and a piece gone out of it.

He at once began to inoculate me under the shoulder blades, three times each week. After about four months of this treatment the doctor announced that my lung was healed up again, and I have never had any trouble from it or in that way since—now close upon fifteen years.

It was not till about eight years later that I was cured of the bronchial trouble. It came about in this way:

Year by year the trouble had become worse, so that I was never without a cold and expectoration winter or summer, though naturally it was not so bad in warm weather as in cold. The least draught, or even getting my hair cut, would infallibly bring on a fresh cold—it was cold on cold incessantly.

At last something put it into my head to consult a specialist on Collins St. about the matter.

As soon as he had examined my throat he said, "I can tell you what is the matter with you; your ovula is too long and the end of it reaches onto the root of your tongue and that causes irritation and year by year it spreads more and more over your bronchial tubes, and all your doctoring will do you no good unless you remove the cause—that is, to cut the ovula shorter."

He took me at once to a surgeon, and in a few minutes the operation, a simple one, was performed. From this time the bronchitis gradually disappeared, and for the last five or six years I have been seldom troubled with a cold. The surgical fee was only one guinea, whereas I had previously spent at least £50 on doctors, patent medicines, inhalers and so on in the effort to cure that trouble alone.

Not a single doctor ever before told me the real cause of it. I may add, also, that the surgeon told me the cause in my case might not have the same effect with everybody; irritation from the ovula or tonsils is only likely to happen with those whose throats are naturally tender.

Therefore I advise anybody who is very liable to throat and bronchial troubles not to spend money on patent medi-

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cines and such means of relief, but to go to a reliable surgeon and get your ovula seen to and if too long get it shortened. I think I can assure you you will obtain immeasurable benefit by the treatment; and the operation is so slight that you hardly feel anything of it.

Now, don't be like Naaman, the haughty noble leper, by holding in contempt advice because of its simplicity; it only means consulting in the first place a thoroughly reliable and qualified practitioner or specialist, putting to him a definite question on such points as herein given, and quoting if you like my testimony.

I see by to-day's "Age" (Jan. 19th, 1907) as I have noticed once or twice before, that Dr. Koch has lost confidence in his serum cure for consumption. Undoubtedly, he ought to be able to accurately gauge its merits and I feel personally greatly disappointed by his seeming discouragement; but is it not very possible that he and others are now too pessimistic as regards the efficiency of that treatment? It may not be a certain cure in all cases; it may fail in a very large percentage; but may there not be still a large percentage of cases which could be successfully treated by that method, as to all appearances in mine?

I have myself such confidence in that method that I feel certain that any case if taken in time could and would be cured.

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THE AUTHOR ON AN OUTING



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Facts About Southern California

THE ALBION SOCIETY

Facts About Southern California

The eight southernmost counties in the State, Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura, Santa Barbara and Imperial, usually referred to as Southern California, constitute a miniature empire. Here, within an area of 45,000 square miles, may be found a wonderful variety of scenery and climate. Along the coast line, which extends for a distance of 275 miles, it is cool in summer, with a constant breeze from the broad Pacific. At a distance of 20 to 30 miles from the ocean, the breeze loses some of its power, but there is still sufficient to temper the summer heat. Farther inland, on the great plains of the Mojave and Colorado valleys, the sun rules throughout the year, and its rays in summer become somewhat too torrid for comfort, although, unlike the Eastern weather, the nights are almost invariably pleasant and cool.

The scenery is also varied. There are long stretches of valleys and mesas, rolling foothills, and higher up in the mountain ranges deep canyons, precipitous cliffs, and pine-clad summits, where on the northern slopes snow lingers well into the summer. They have an area about equal to that of Pennsylvania, and nearly as large as that of England. The population in 1880, was 64,271, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the population of the State. In 1890 it was 201,352, or 16.2-3 per cent. of the population of the State. Today it is over 500,000, or close to 25 per cent. of the population of California. The growth of this section has, indeed, been most remarkable.

One of the most important enterprises for Los Angeles county yet undertaken is the big breakwater now being constructed by the Federal Government at San Pedro, for which an appropriation of \$3,000,000 was made by Con-

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gress. Work is almost completed. By means of this break-water the depth of water over the bar will be so increased as to permit deep draft ocean-going vessels to come to the wharves, and Los Angeles will then be able to compete for its share of the growing Oriental trade. An appropriation has also been secured for work that is now under way on the inner harbor. Further improvements, such as dry-docks, wharves and fortifications, will follow the harbor work. The Bay of Wilmington has a great future. Other shipping points of the country are Port Los Angeles, near Santa Monica, and Redondo.

There are few in the United States that have had such a remarkable and varied career as Los Angeles, the chief city of Southern California, and the commercial metropolis of the southwest section of the United States.

During the past twenty years Los Angeles has grown from a population of 11,000 in 1880, to 102,479 by the census of 1900. The present population is 290,000. There are three leading features that have contributed to such growth. These are climate, soil and location.

The original name of the pueblo or town of Los Angeles, following the custom that then prevailed among the Latin races, of giving religious names to places, was Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, sometimes written Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles—"Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels." This has been shortened by the practical Yankee to Los Angeles.

Considering that twenty years ago it had not a single paved street, Los Angeles has made remarkable progress in street improvements. There are now over 400 miles of graded and graveled streets, 50 miles of paved streets and 250 miles of sewer. Los Angeles has a complete sewer system, including an outfall sewer to the ocean.

At night Los Angeles presents a brilliant appearance. It was the first city in the United States to entirely abandon gas for street lighting, and replace it by electricity, which was done over twenty years ago, and it is now one of the

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best lighted cities in the Union. Many of the lamps are on high masts. Seen from one of the surrounding hills, the view of the city at night is most beautiful and striking. Broadway and Spring street are now lighted their entire length by clusters of electric lights on handsome iron electroliers a hundred feet apart, paid for by the property-owners, the city supplying the "juice." A similar lighting scheme has been installed on Main street to Tenth, and also on Hill street to Pico.

The merchants of Los Angeles do a large business with a section of country extending from the eastern limits of Arizona to Fresno on the north. The principal articles of export are fruits, fresh and dried; potatoes and vegetables, beans, wine, and brandy, wool, honey, canned goods, sugar, wheat, corn, barley, petroleum and by-products.

The banks of Los Angeles are noted throughout the country for their solid and prosperous condition, with deposits aggregating \$100,500,000. The clearings of the Los Angeles city banks for the year 1906 amounted to \$580,000,000. Los Angeles has been leading all cities of the United States in increase of bank clearings. The strength of the Los Angeles banks has been shown by the success with which they have ridden out financial storms during the past fifteen years.

When the Isthmian canal is constructed, the coast of Los Angeles county will be on the direct course of steamships sailing from the Atlantic coast, and from European to Asiatic ports. It will also furnish a greatly enlarged market for the horticultural products of this section.

The street railway system of Los Angeles is very complete. There is probably no city of the size in the United States that has such a modern and well equipped system, the total mileage of single track being over 250 miles, all electric. There are suburban lines to Santa Monica, by two different routes; to Redondo, also by two routes; to Long Beach, to Newport, to Pasadena and Altadena, to San Pedro to Alhambra, San Gabriel and Monrovia, to Whittier, to Glendale, and to Santa Ana. Work is progressing on a com-

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plete system of suburban lines, which will take in all the important joints within sixty miles of Los Angeles, including Pomona, and Riverside, 60 miles distant, forming altogether a network of over 700 miles of electric railroad.

There are a dozen public parks within the city limits, aggregating over six hundred acres, of which six are of considerable size. Elysian park, 500 acres in area, is a remnant of the thousands of acres of such land which the city formerly owned. Griffith Park, a tract of 3000 acres, is located about a mile north of the city limits, and embraces a varied assortment of mountain, foothill and valley scenery.

After all is said, however, the chief attraction of Los Angeles to new arrivals, lies in its beautiful homes. The rare beauty of the grounds surrounding the attractive homes of Los Angeles, Pasadena, and other Los Angeles county cities is a constant theme of admiration on the part of Eastern visitors.

It costs less to build in Southern California now than it did in the early days. Again, a \$10,000 residence here is practically as good as a \$20,000 residence in the East.

The most notable thing that has ever happened to the City of Los Angeles is the acquirement by the city of water rights, extending for many miles along the banks of the Owens River, in Inyo county. This water will be brought to the city, a distance of 220 miles, by means of an aqueduct and more than 20 miles of tunnels. This will give Los Angeles a supply of pure water from the snow-clad sides of the highest mountain in the United States, sufficient for a population of two millions, so that not only can the city be amply supplied for many years, but there will be enough surplus to irrigate about all the available land in the county. Not only this, but the water will furnish an immense amount of power, for electric lighting and for factories. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at twenty-five million dollars, and it will probably require about four years to complete it. The bonds were carried by a vote of ten to one.

Southern California as a whole has a climate that is al-

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most perfect. A remarkable variety of climate may be found even within a couple of hours' journey. On the coast it is cool in summer, with occasional fogs at night, a climate that is soothing to the nervous. Farther inland it becomes warmer, and in places decidedly hot at times, though, owing to the dry atmosphere, a temperature of one hundred degrees here is less oppressiv than eighty degrees on the Atlantic coast. Then as the mountains are climbed, cool, bracing air is again encountered. On a winter's day the traveler may breakfast by the seashore, after a dip in the ocean, lunch amid the orange groves and dine in the snow fields of the Sierra. There is climate here to suit every one.

There is no winter and summer in Los Angeles county. They are represented by a wet and dry season. The former is far from a steady downpour, as some suppose. The rainy season is the pleasantest time of the year.

Land may be purchased in Los Angeles county on easy terms. Many improved places, with bearing orchards and comfortable houses, are always on the market, there being, here, as elsewhere, a considerable number of citizens who are never content to stay very long in one place, even though that place be as near perfection as can be found on earth. For those who have the means, it is often more advisable to purchase one of these improved places than to buy raw land and improve it.

One of the surprises to new arrivals in this section is the small amount of land that is needed to support a family. It is a fact that many families in Los Angeles county not only make a good living on five acres, or even less, of irrigated land, carefully tilled, but also manage to lay something by every year for a rainy day. In such cases the farmer raises most of the food products that are consumed by himself, his family and his stock, and always has something to sell when he comes to town. Ten acres are, in fact, about all that one man and his family can attend to, if worked to their full capacity, but when a settler begins to depend upon hired help, the profits naturally decrease.

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Fruit trees can be planted on the land, between them small fruits, and then again vegetables, until the trees become too large. Under such circumstances there is a constant succession of crops.

The development of the horticultural industry in Los Angeles during the past few years has been remarkable. The most important horticultural product of the country is the orange. Other fruits raised in Los Angeles county are the lemon, almond, fig, prune, apricot, walnut, peach, pear and berries.

The shipments of citrus fruits—oranges and lemons—from Southern California points for the past season amounted to about 30,000 carloads. A large proportion of these shipments were contributed by Los Angeles county. Deciduous fruits are shipped fresh, canned, dried and crystallized. An active demand for our dried fruit has grown up in Europe.

Alfalfa, which is largely grown for hay, is a most valuable forage plant. It is cut from three to six times a year. Large quantities of wheat and barley are raised. Los Angeles county corn sometimes grows to a height of twenty feet. Pumpkins have been raised weighing over 400 pounds. There is a beet-sugar factory at Alamitos. Los Angeles honey is celebrated all over the country.

Hundreds of acres are devoted to the cultivation of celery, which is shipped East by the trainload. Winter vegetables, such as string beans, tomatoes, green peas and chile peppers, are shipped to the North and East during the winter months, realizing high prices.

Berry culture is an industry which brings large returns, and one does not have to wait long for a patch of berries to bear. The principal berries raised are strawberries, blackberries, dewberries and loganberries, the latter a cross between the blackberry and the raspberry, attaining great size. The chief strawberry growing sections of the county are between Los Angeles and Redondo Beach, and around Glendale, a few miles north of Los Angeles.

Poultry does well in Southern California, when it is giv-

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en the same attention it receive in the East. Eggs always command a good price, seldom falling below 20 cents per dozen, and running from that up to 50 cents. The poultry business is an attractive and profitable one in Southern California for those who are willing to give it the close attention that it requires. Many prosperous residents, who began with little or nothing, could not have made headway had it not been for their chickens.

Ostriches are raised here for their plumes, and the industry is profitable. There is a large ostrich farm at South Pasadena, near Los Angeles, also one in the city.

Southern California is an ideal section for live-stock. The horses raised here have been noted for their speed and endurance from the time of the early Spanish Settlers. Some famous thoroughbreds have been raised in Southern California, and it is the opinion of many that this section will one day rival Kentucky as a breeding ground for fine horses. The mild winters are a great advantage in this industry.

During the past couple of years over \$1,000,000 has been expended by the city on public school buildings. The new Science Hall, for the Los Angeles High School, represents a cost of \$150,000. The value of the school property of Los Angeles represents almost three and one-half million dollars. The combined salaries of her thousand teachers reaches a total of almost \$1,000,000 annually. The number of pupils enrolled is over 35,000. There are now 75 school buildings, and new ones are continually being built, to accommodate the ever-increasing throng of children. No State provides more liberally or completely for their training and education. As evidence of this the California schools are famous throughout the country for their high standard. The State ranks third in the number of pupils in high schools, only Massachusetts and Nebraska surpassing her, and she annually disputes with the former State for first place in the number of students attending college.

In the Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles has an institution second to none of its kind. Housed in magnificent

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white granite and marble buildings that occupy a block at the head of Hope street on Washington, it is a landmark which immediately attracts attention.

The private schools of Los Angeles are many and varied. There are several large business colleges and many schools that teach singing, music, drawing, elocution, etc., exclusively; also military academies for boys and collegiate schools for girls.

As Switzerland has been termed the "playground of Europe," so Southern California can with propriety be called the playground of United States. The pleasure seeker finds an "embarrassment of riches" in Southern California as there are so many attractive points to visit between the sea coast and the mountain summits. Then, again, in Southern California almost every day in the year is a "fine day," so that the visitor is not restricted in the time which he can devote to making himself acquainted with country. Los Angeles county offers many and varied attractions to the lover of nature, the mountain climber, the hunter, the naturalist, the botanist, the geologist, and the antiquarian, as well as those who come here simply for rest and récreation.

The leading seaside resorts of Los Angeles county are Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo Beach, Long Beach, Terminal Island, and Catalina Island. Santa Monica, which is reached in less than an hour by a line of steam railroad and two electric roads, is a well improved, progressive little town, with beautiful homes, fine beach, and many attractions for summer visitors. Ocean Park, south of Santa Monica, is built up with neat cottages for a couple of miles along the beach. Venice is a most unique and attractive resort. Redondo has a large hotel; a wharf from which fine fishing may be had; a swimming bath; and a pebble beach. North of Redondo are the new resorts of Hermosa and Manhattan with a fine beach. San Pedro is more of a shipping port than a seaside resort.

Santa Catalina is a picturesque, mountainous island about thirty miles in length and twenty-five miles from the

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mainland. The water here is remarkably calm and clear, so that marine growths may be seen at a depth of 50 feet or more. There is fine still-water bathing, big fish in immense quantity, which attract amateur fishermen from all over the world, stage riding, furnishes accommodations to visitors, and a fine band plays during the summer season. The island is conducted as an "up-to-date winter as well as summer resort, a steamship making daily trips from San Pedro. Thousands of people from Southern California, Arizona, and more distant points, visit Catalina each year, many of them "camping out" for several months in tent cottages.

There are many openings for the profitable use of money in this 4,000 square miles of territory embraced in Los Angeles county, with a present population of little over 400,000. Good interest is paid for money, on real estate loans, from 5 to 8 per cent net being readily obtained, the former on inside business property, and the latter on country land.

The openings for manufacturing enterprises in Los Angeles are many and varied. Not only do local manufacturers enjoy the advantage of cheap fuel, but they are also protected by high rates of transportation on manufactured goods from the East. Then, again, the mild climate of this section facilitates manufacturing enterprises, rendering solid and expensive buildings unnecessary. Also labor troubles are here comparatively unknown.

The market for the Los Angeles manufacturers is a large one and is constantly being extended. Our merchants ship their manufactured products to Fresno, in Central California, on the north, and eastward as far as New Mexico and Sonora, also to Lower California and to Southern Nevada. Of late our manufacturers have been extending their field of operations and are now spreading out over the whole Pacific Coast. With the completion of the Salt Lake railroad, a large and important new field is opened up in Southern Utah and Nevada.

There is also an excellent opening for mineral reduction

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works, there having been a great development of the mineral fields of Southern California and adjoining territory during the past few years. At present the nearest smelters are at San Francisco and Salt Lake City. Wilmington is regarded as a good site for such an enterprise. Another promising field for manufacturing enterprise is the refining of crude petroleum .

It is not inappropriate to mention here, in connection with the subject of manufacturing in Southern California, that there has been established in the San Gabriel Valley, a few miles from Los Angeles, a model manufacturing town, called Dolgeville, after the well-known town of that name in New York. It contains the only factory in the United States turning out finished felt products from the raw wool.

There is a bureau of the Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of bringing capital and opportunities together. Inquiries addressed to the Chamber will receive prompt attention.

One of the most remarkable features of development in Los Angeles County and Southern California during the past few years has been the greatly increased production of petroleum. For more than thirty years petroleum has been produced on a limited scale in Los Angeles and Ventura counties, but it is only within the past few years that the industry has assumed great importance. Today the petroleum industry of Southern California is attracting the attention of capitalists throughout the country.

California petroleum is all produced in the southern part of the State. The producing sections of the country are in the northern part of Los Angeles city, a well-defined narrow belt running across the city in a southwesterly and northeasterly direction; at Puente, about twenty miles east of Los Angeles; at Whittier, at Fullerton and at Newhall, in the northern part of the county, where some oil of exceptionally light grade has been developed.

Estimates credit the petroleum fields of the State with a total yield during 1907 of nearly 40,000,000 barrels.

WATER RESOURCES



FACTS ABOUT AUSTRALIA

AGRICULTURAL AND OTHER STATISTICS, 1904-5

Specially Collated From "Year Book of Australia, 1906."

	New South Wales	Victoria	Queensland	South Australia	West Australia	Tasmania
Acres under Tillage 1904-5.	2,674,896	4,175,614	577,896	3,316,574	327,391	639,204
Wheat	1,775,955	2,277,537	150,958	1,840,157	182,080	43,091
Oats	40,471	344,019	643	50,630	13,364	43,690
Barley	14,930	46,089	17,387	23,904	3,251	7,646
Maize	193,614	11,394	119,171	86	149
Other Cereals	4,284	13,790	211	7,078	1,126	16,431
Potatoes	23,355	46,912	9,771	8,315	1,906	25,948
Hay	435,704	452,459	48,740	269,626	105,247	55,517
Vines	8,840	28,016	1,647	23,210	3,413
Green Forage	87,817	29,902	35,861	45,274	382,463
Gallons of Wine.....	928,160	1,832,386	60,433	2,625,430	185,070
Live Stock, 1904.....	34,526,894	10,167,691	10,843,470	5,874,979	2,853,424	1,556,460
Gold, (ounces) 1904.....	324,996	821,017	877,238	29,108	2,373,021	65,921
Imports, (pounds) 1904..	27,285,958	20,093,053	6,052,164	7,450,716	6,672,430	2,554,454
Exports, (pounds) 1904..	33,007,835	24,404,917	11,153,383	8,482,205	10,271,511	2,989,600
Railways, (miles) to end of 1904-5	3,362	3,394	3,360	1,925	2,232	618

Agriculturists will readily understand that statistics for any single year as regards crops and the like are not an absolute criterion, seeing that so much depends upon the fact of a good or a bad season and accidental local conditions. The compiler, however, is not aware of any special circumstances affecting the season given above, and believes that on the whole the table fairly represents ordinary results. Its main purpose is to indicate **general conditions** as regards productions, etc.

AREA AND POPULATION TABLE

ESTIMATED POPULATION, DEC. 31, 1905

STATES	Area in Sq. Miles	Males		Females		TOTAL		Number of Females to Every 100 Males		Number of Persons to each square mile
		Males	Females	Males	Females	Males	Females			
New South Wales.....	310,700	773,234	688,299	1,461,533	89.01	4.70				
Victoria	87,884	605,035	605,269	1,210,304	100.03	13.77				
Queensland	668,497	287,799	233,856	521,655	81.25	0.78				
South Australia, proper.....	380,070	187,906	180,746	368,652	96.29	0.97				
Northern Territory	523,620	3,452	578	4,030	16.74	0.07				
Western Australia	975,920	144,256	98,023	242,289	67.96	0.25				
Tasmania	26,215	93,158	87,042	180,200	94.12	0.87				
Totals	2,972,906	2,094,840	1,893,823	3,988,633	90.40	1.34				

Aborigines are not included in the above table, except the very few in Victoria (about 600) and in New South Wales (about 4,000).

Remarks.—The main facts noticeable from this table are that Western Australia, Queensland and South Australia have the largest areas; New South Wales and Victoria the largest populations; Victoria by far the densest population, and New South Wales next; Northern Territory and Western Australia the lowest proportion of females. In Western Australia the last fact is mostly due to the large influx of gold miners and other males from other States and countries.

Notwithstanding their denser population, Victoria and New South Wales offer as great inducements to new “settlers” on the land as any of the States—if not greater.

LAND STATISTICS

Showing Areas Disposed of, and Areas Remaining in the Hands of the Crown

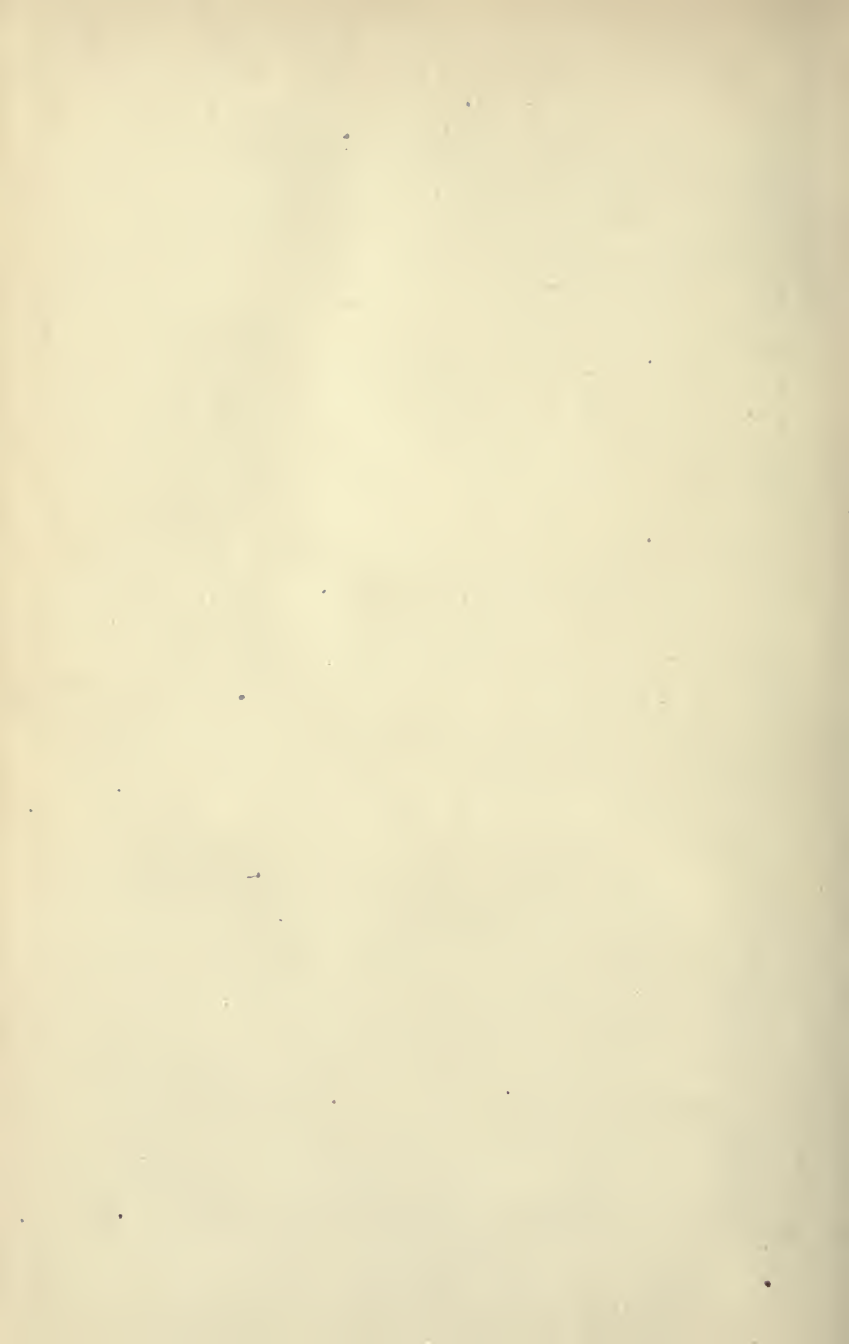
FROM RETURNS UP TO THE END OF 1904		Total Area of State in Acres	Alienated or in Process of Alienation	Remaining at the Disposal of the Crown
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	Acres.	Acres.	* Acres.
New South Wales.....	198,633,080	38,068,834	150,569,246
Victoria	56,245,760	25,797,312	30,448,448
Queensland	427,838,080	17,197,622	410,640,458
South Australia and Northern Territory.....	243,244,800	13,517,964	229,726,836
Western Australia	624,588,800	11,558,308	613,030,492
Tasmania	16,778,000	5,174,267	11,603,723
Total	1,567,333,520	! 121,314,307	!! 1,446,019,213

* In this column are, of course, included considerable tracts of at present sterile country, such as desert land, rough mountain and bush, norasses, etc. There is, however, comparatively little true desert land such as that in Africa, Asia, etc. Explorations have proved, so far as they have gone, that even the most central regions are much diversified and contain (besides forests and good ordinary pasture land) numerous acres of really magnificent soil—such as rich chocolate loams and black alluvial. It has also been proved that there is, as a rule, a fairly good water supply. The great drawback of these central regions is that as yet there are neither railways nor good roads, so that new settlers usually cling to the already more or less settled districts.

! The land alienated or in progress of alienation throughout all the States is only (to end of 1904), 189,553½ square miles—that is only about 2¼ times the area of Great Britain itself, and considerably less than either Germany, France, Austria, Spain, or Norway and Sweden.

!! The land undisposed of, amounts to 2,259,405 square miles, or a little more than Russia, Prussia and Holland together.



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