

Engelmann Revisits Arkansas, The New State

BY JEROME JANSMA AND HARRIET H. JANSMA

THE REPORT of his lengthy 1835 trip through southern Missouri and through Arkansas to the hot springs had hardly been completed for publication when George Engelmann was again called to Arkansas in 1837 to examine the mineral resources of lands near Little Rock.¹ Again he wrote a report of his travels to be printed for German readers in *Das Westland*.²

In the meantime he had established his medical practice in St. Louis, where his laboratories became a clearinghouse for the plant species of the American West that were being introduced

Translation by Jerome Jansma with comments and notes by Harriet H. Jansma. The authors reside in Fayetteville, Arkansas, where he works as a self-employed civil engineer and technical writer, editor and translator, and she is communications director at the Office of Government and University Relations, University of Arkansas.

¹Engelmann's report of the 1835 trip was translated in its entirety by the authors and published in "George Engelmann in Arkansas Territory," *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 50 (Autumn 1991): 225-248.

William G. Bek prepared edited translations (in which numerous passages were abbreviated or omitted) of Engelmann's accounts of his trips into Arkansas as well as of other journeys he took in the midwest region. This trip account was published as "George Engelmann, Man of Science, Part III, Letters from Arkansas, Written in the Spring of 1837," in *Missouri Historical Review* 23 (1928-1929): 517-535.

²*Das Westland*, published by George Engelmann and Carl Neyfeld in St. Louis and printed in Heidelberg by Joseph Engelmann, began in 1837 and ceased publication the same year after only three numbers had been issued. Few copies are to be found in the United States today.

to the trade and to science.³ He supported others, including many Germans, who braved the wilds to send collections to him in St. Louis to classify and send on to Harvard and Berlin.⁴

The trip reported here, entitled "Letters from Arkansas," began early in 1837. Engelmann begins his epistle on the ides of March from the home and store of David Plott, a German-American entrepreneur near the banks of the Fourche du Mas in a part of Lawrence County, Arkansas, that was soon to become Randolph County.⁵ Awaiting the ebb of flood waters, he describes the trip through the mine region of southeast Missouri and along the Arkansas route that became known as the Southwest Trail with a companion identified only as "S,"⁶ in a Dearborn wagon from St. Louis toward Little Rock. His story of rural life patterns in the northeast part of the new state reveals the same breadth of interest and eye for detail that were evident in his description of the urban life around the hot springs in 1835. Six days later,

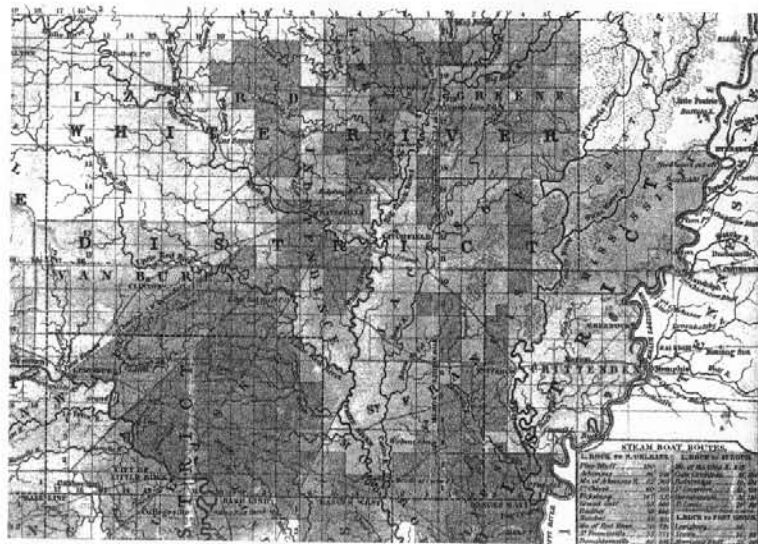
³A book-length biography of Engelmann still begs to be written. The Engelmann archive at the Missouri Botanical Garden Library offers a wealth of information. Joseph Ewan published "George Engelmann," a thorough biographical sketch, in *Dictionary of Scientific Biography* (16 vols., New York, 1978), XV, 130-131. For information about his scientific investigations of American plants, see especially Richard G. Beidelman, "George Engelmann, Botanical Gatekeeper of the West," *Horticulture* 48 (April 1970).

⁴For insights into Engelmann's relationship to collectors, see *A Life among the Texas Flora, Ferdinand Lindheimer's Letters to George Engelmann*, by Minetta Altgelt Goyne (Texas A & M University Press, 1991).

⁵The family of Daniel (sic) Plott is listed in Lawrence County in the 1830 census of Arkansas Territory (U.S. Census, 5th Census: 1830) and in Columbia Township of the newly formed Randolph County in the 1840 census of the State of Arkansas (U.S. Census, 6th Census: 1840).

⁶Few clues are offered to help the reader identify "S," Engelmann's traveling companion on this trip. He is clearly described as a German-American. At one point early in the narrative, Engelmann indicates that he had traveled quickly to Illinois before beginning the journey, "to speak to a few friends and invite them along." One name beginning with "s" listed on the map of St. Clair Township in Illinois, east of Belleville, where Engelmann resided with members of his family on arrival in the St. Louis area, is a possibility: Dr. Schott. (The map was printed in the issue of *Das Westland* where this travel account appears.)

The Lindheimer letters to Engelmann offer no further clue to the identity of "S." The small portions of the Engelmann archive at the Missouri Botanical Garden that we have been able to examine have not permitted us to identify his travel companion.



Englemann's trip through Arkansas began at Hix's Ferry which appears at the top of the map. The above map is a segment of a much larger map produced by James Callan and published by S. A. Mitchell of Philadelphia in 1836. *Courtesy of the Special Collections Division, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas.*

again stopped by flood waters, he writes again, this time from the home of William Stacy fifty miles from Little Rock on Little Red River, in an area of Pulaski County that would later become a part of White County, Arkansas.⁷

The observer shows us a German-American family at home and at work, its patriarch taking a leading role in debates about the location of a new county seat. He gives us as he gave his German readership an intimate view of the ideals motivating an "Anglo-American border hunter" and the physical details of his

⁷A Stacy family whose head of household is identified as "Bynam Stacy" appears in the 1830 census of Pulaski County in Arkansas Territory (U.S. Census Office, 5th Census: 1830). A "John Stacy" heads a Pulaski County household listed in the 1840 census of the State of Arkansas (U.S. Census Office, 6th Census: 1840). No other family names are given.

life in Arkansas. He shares his puzzlement over a German who has forgotten or denied his cultural roots. The acuity of his vision of these social types gives today's reader an understanding of life in the new state of Arkansas seldom found anywhere in any language.

Engelmann begins his letters with an essay on the puzzling and often amusing bilingual formations that German immigrants used. This is just one aspect of the interplay of cultures which is one of his primary themes. Let us see the young state and the liveliness of its people through his eyes:

* * * * *

Letters from Arkansas
Written in the Spring of 1837

Plott's farm, 15 March 1837

*Gestoppt!*⁸ I see the wonderment in your eyes, dear Julius, which is aroused by the postmark on this letter; and now the riddle of this word! Forgive me, since I've been here in the west over 4 years, that I now begin to model my German after the local pattern. You can't understand, the sadder for you, but "in these parts people speak thus", I have often heard them say, whenever I complain about their ungerman German. However, to be serious, do not believe for anything in the world, that I wish to take on this kind of German, and the less so, that I wish to burden you with a treatise on the Pennsylvania-Dutch language, which we hope will soon belong to the antiquities of America; however, I do not say, that I will not occasionally give a short explication of it, before it becomes like Gaelic a subject of abstruse study. Incidentally I doubt that anyone ever in America had so little to do as to busy himself with such things; however, since someone has begun to write a biography of Washington's life in Latin, one must believe as well in this possibility. Anyway, I heard the word

⁸In order for the meaning of the passage to be conveyed, the word is left as written by Engelmann, who has made a German past participle from an English word: *gestopped*, meaning *stopped*. Julius, to whom he addresses this greeting, is presumably another Engelmann relative.

with which I began from my host David Plott,⁹ who is from an old Pennsylvania family; and I have used it out of pure whimsy. It means something like: to come to a stop (not "stopped up"), and I only wanted to say that I have been brought to an unintentional halt on my trip to Little Rock. There I've said it! Once again to Arkansas, before all of my letters from the earlier trip are printed in *Westland*. So things are not in order—however, you can't do otherwise "in this country"; (with the phrase "this country" or with "free country," you should know, it is the custom here to excuse everything), and if you wish to, you may also send this letter to the printer, and ask the honorable readers not to be offended that I, who left them in the second volume at the iron works on the Merrimack (Engelmann's spelling),¹⁰ and did not lead them to the highly praised land of Arkansas, now suddenly, leaping over a space of nearly two years, transfer them without explanation to David Plott's.

We've been here at this gentleman's place since the day before yesterday, caught between two rivers, which allow neither forward nor backward progress, and plagued by incessant showers and sleet, following a low temperature of the night before last of 4 degrees R¹¹ (thanks to the fact that I took my thermometer along, I now know why I'm freezing); just think, here in Arkansas, in cotton country, so far south from the glorious land on the Missouri, even here in the middle of March it could freeze!

It is extremely strenuous for my settled nature, in spite of the Muse which has accompanied me here, for me to write to you now, for I am in the living room of the family with all sorts of

⁹If either Engelmann or the census taker erred and "David" and "Daniel" Plott are the same person, he could have been as old as 47 at the time of this trip; the head of the Plott household listed in the 1840 census is 40-50 years old (U.S. Census, 6th Census: 1840).

¹⁰The Meramec (the spelling today) flows into the Mississippi just south of St. Louis. Engelmann is referring here to his narrative of a trip that was the southern Missouri part of his 1835 journey into Arkansas and to Hot Springs. Published earlier in *Das Westland*, it was translated by William G. Bek in "George Engelmann, Man of Science, Part II, Letters Written on a Journey to the Southwestern Part of the United States in the Year 1835," *Missouri Historical Review* 23 (1928-1929): 427-446.

¹¹R = the Reaumur temperature scale. 4 degrees Reaumur is the equivalent of 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

noise; the elder Plott has hobbled out with a broken leg (even though it healed 30 years ago), to prune his fruit trees; however right behind me next to the stove is sitting his honorable wife, who is also from old German lineage, and cares for her infant, who is screaming unmercifully, and obviously has colic; which she tries to rock, but for lack of a rocker or rocking chair, which you can usually find here almost anywhere, she is rocking it on an ordinary four-legged chair, back and forth, which clacks like an old mill; and all around her daughters are sitting and standing—pretty children from six to twelve years, of which the smallest has a pronounced German face—and carding cotton; however, I do not recognize typical German industry, for their curiosity over a new visitor has completely absorbed them. A rather pretty young American woman is with them by the stove, and while she talks occasionally with the mother and with the daughters, she is surrounded by at least three of the young girls. They have just left me, where they were admiring the portfolio—you know it—in which I have sketched the Prairies of Illinois, the Mines of Missouri, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, after Cuvier's and Dupuytren's descriptions.¹² Now the children have surrounded the new guest; one fingers the pointed collar or the rose-colored dress; another admires the bright red ribbons on her straw hat, a third has taken a comb from her head, and tries to comb her beautiful dark hair; while she chatters unselfconsciously about the neighbors, health or sickness, marriages and death, just as you would hear in Germany; occasionally she rests her dark eyes on the mustache or tobacco pipe of my companion, and although the "hair on his face" seems strange in her eyes, only her feminine

¹²Georges Léopold Chrétien Frédéric Dagobert Cuvier, the French naturalist, born in 1769, became the titular professor at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Engelmann traveled to Paris in 1832 after completing his doctoral studies at Heidelberg, Würzburg, and Berlin and made plans to continue his research with other scientists there. He was soon called back to Germany, however, to confer with members of his family about a trip to North America. It is possible that he met Cuvier before the professor's death in that same year.

Dupuytren is surely the French anatomist and surgeon Guillaume Dupuytren (1777-1835), who was head surgeon at the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris. Whether or not Engelmann met Dupuytren, he was obviously familiar with sketches by both scientists that stood as models for his.

reserve keeps her from asking S. to puff a little smoke out of his prettily painted pipe. Do not believe, however, for all the world that I am here with some sort of half-wild creatures; on the contrary, the people are quite educated, much more than one would expect from people who have lived in the wilderness for twenty years. The mother speaks little, and one is therefore even more surprised by her astute observations, which she sprinkles into the conversation; more talkative is Plott, who loves to joke; in serious conversations shows himself to be truly a citizen of Arkansas and a frontiersman about self-reliance, self-defense, the famous lynch law, and so on; and as a reflective man, he speaks well about politics, with engagement and interest on local issues, with understanding and insight on governmental matters, and with rather sound observations on matters of state; about Europe, however, he has (as do all these people) only a vague understanding; but it is easy to converse with him on many subjects: compass needles, ebbs and floods, mineralogical and botanical matters; and just as often as he reveals his learning, he is willing to learn and inform himself, and is always open and alert.

Now the baby seems to have gone to sleep, that incessant clacking of the chair has stopped, and everyone is busy showing the visitor new wares, fabrics, shoes, a pretty mirror, combs, and such; and I also overhear that she is quite an accomplished seamstress; so now I have some quiet time and may satisfy your curiosity, and tell you how I got to Arkansas, which I had thought to have said good-bye to, when you believed all along that I was settled in St. Louis and busy with my practice of medicine and publication of *Das Westland*. My departure from St. Louis happened much too suddenly for me to have reported it to you.

Fourteen days ago someone came to me and asked me to examine some minerals chemically. I was told that they were in Little Rock, so I thought it over before I consented; we decided that the trip would take about four to six weeks from my practice, and actually at a time when there were few sick people; besides that, the circumstances were very advantageous, and I began to hope that this trip could be of benefit to both my favorite study, the natural sciences, and our newly formed natural history society. The circumstance which called for someone who had knowledge of chemical investigation of minerals to come to Little Rock

was this: a few local residents who had made some rather large land purchases in Arkansas wished to make further purchases of land where they believed valuable metals could be found. Recently in Congress a law has been proposed which would deny the purchase of vast stretches of land for purposes other than farming. [footnote: The law did not go through, and it is still possible for anyone to buy as much as he can with specie, for the land offices cannot take banknotes.]¹³ It behooves these parties to confirm as soon as possible whether the land which they are considering really contains the presumed metals, or whether it is simply worthless land, before the passage of this law.

I quickly arranged to suspend my practice; packed some chemical reagents, a few apparatuses, and a few books, with which the package that you sent to me two weeks ago came in very handy; and then I traveled quickly to Illinois, where I hoped to speak to a few friends and invite them along. By midday on the 3rd of March the wagon set forth; I preferred an overland trip to one on water because one can wait for weeks for a steamboat at the mouth of the Arkansas to travel upstream; it would have been quicker and more comfortable to go on horseback, but the baggage I had was too much to go that way; so the only alternative was to go by wagon, and after some inquiry as to which way to go, I acquired a one-horse wagon of the type locally known as a Dearborn. [footnote: literally *well-born*; but probably after General Dearborn of the Revolutionary Army] I found little fault with the wagon; it is small and light; however, it has wide axles and wheels with hubs no more than four or five inches thick and spokes hardly an inch thick, and a small box mounted on six wooden springboards, on which a seat has been attached with six other wooden springboards, which can be covered during rain. The whole thing has just enough room for two people and a trunk. Until now the wagon has held up well on the stony roads of the mountain forests; but when I saw the horse I had second thoughts: an old nag educated at a German university could hardly look worse—however, let me give you a few more details, since I had somewhat underestimated this animal. Although it is

¹³Engelmann's own footnotes are translated and placed within brackets in the text of the narrative, in order to avoid confusion of his notes with ours.

not fit to pull a coach, and would make no claim for speed, it nevertheless got us over every rocky cliff and out of every muddy ditch: and beyond that it knows with amazing skill how to put away double portions of oats and corn.

S. came with me and for better or for worse we went out the gate, or I guess I should say along Church St., which is now called Second St., toward the south. Is it not curious that there is no American city such a thing as a city gate? Walls and gates around a city here would be like a box around the body of a child, which barbaric parents might use to make a cripple of it. The weather has been beautiful; the pleasant warm days thawed the roads around St. Louis, and dried them, even though it froze again at night; and the further south we went, the better we thought the roads would become. But how clearly had we deceived ourselves! Apart from the fact that the roads were often stony in the mountainous areas or passed through marshy areas, we experienced heavy rains and snow flurries, and where it did thaw by day, it became even more difficult when it froze again at night. In the struggle between spring and winter we had a difficult time getting through. One of us had always to go on foot in order to make it easier for the horse, and also to hold the wagon so that it didn't tip over. How I detested this mode of travel, and how much quicker and better and more comfortable to go on horseback on these primitive roads; on horseback we would not have been held up by streams, which our horses could have swum through while we crossed with our saddles and baggage in a canoe. Of course in the wagon I could take more baggage and could collect minerals and plants. Of the latter I have taken little more than a few mosses and the harbingers of spring, some hazel bushes and a winged elm; and in the creekbeds, the elders and witch-hazels, which seem to bloom the whole winter long.

Dinner and breakfast we generally had at the house where we stayed; and the noon meal, which we usually had on the road, was taken care of by several pounds of chocolate and a bottle of rum which we had brought with us from St. Louis, while the horse got corn, which we took every day from the previous night's residence. We would gladly have let him eat grass, but we couldn't find any. During the noon hour I put my collections in order and wrote notes in my diary; S. occupied himself with caring for the

harness or enjoyed smoking his pipe. Our daily trip on these terrible roads was often only 18 or 20 miles, and never more than 22 or 25 miles, so that whoever was going on foot got through more easily and generally much more comfortably than the one who stayed in the wagon; when we came to streams—and we came to many of them, full of the most beautiful clear water—he jumped onto the wagon, which generally then went halfway under water.

In the beginning I took the same route which I had taken two years ago to Arkansas. But the surroundings had changed considerably. The lower part of St. Louis had become considerably more attractive; the streets are paved, and sidewalks have been installed; houses large and small have been built. South of the bridge which forms the city limits (it is called a "corporation"), much of the land is parceled into small lots and sold for high prices; everywhere people are building, although building costs a considerable amount; since everything has risen in the same relationship, the result is that everything remains the same: the building lots are more expensive, building is more expensive, rent is more expensive, the renter, the merchant, or the tradesman sells his wares at a higher price. Somewhat wilder, and I might say less responsible, is the speculation in land in the so-called St. Louis Commons, a stretch running several miles to the south of the city. The soil is quite barren, very uneven, full of holes and gullies and covered with scrub growth. This land, whose possession the city can't quite fully guarantee, was sold in parcels at an auction under strange circumstances, whereby for fifty years one could pay back only five percent of the capital of the sale price and for the next fifty years five percent per year of whatever the property is then worth. Between \$300 and \$400 per acre, and occasionally as much as \$1400, has been paid for this land—sums whose yearly interest could buy land good for farming just ten or fifteen miles from the city. They intended for gardeners to settle here who would supply the local markets; but the land is not good enough, and the price is too high. A few of the buyers of the land about four miles from St. Louis on the Mississippi have divided their land into lots, and sold them under the name of South St. Louis, and made enormous profits. They believe that in the proximity of coal deposits and by means of the future railroads, in close con-

nection with lead and the still unexploited iron mines and the pine woods of southern Missouri, there will soon be significant factories built nearby. A few houses have already been built in south St. Louis; and a comfortable hotel called Mt. Pleasant has appeared there, which by being sited at a high elevation affords a nice view and has become a destination point for people on excursions from St. Louis.

How clearly in contrast to this overreaching entrepreneurship [footnote: the experience of the last months would justify the expression "doing cartwheels"] is the small village *Videpoche*, which is about two miles further on. This is the quiet friendly French village which has been here for fifty years. Its actual name, Carondelet, was displaced by a nickname "Videpoche"; the nickname does not mean willow bush, as I have heard from Germans who have lived there, but "empty pockets" on account of the poor people who lived there, so named by the people who lived in the rival village of St. Louis, whose residents also hardly had much to eat, and whose settlement was therefore called "Pain court".¹⁴ Pain court has, however, become the rich city of St. Louis, and its borders have extended in south St. Louis right up to the neighboring village of Videpoche.

Still ten or twelve miles from St. Louis, the land is very similar, the forest having been cut down for firewood and scrubby growth taking its place. This trade in wood has been the chief occupation of the French settlers; but the Germans now pursue it even more assiduously. They have come in great numbers to settle on the Merrimack (so I find this river is named in official documents). We met long rows of lumber wagons whose drivers could be recognized from a distance as Germans by their fur caps. Our first night's lodging we found on the Merrimack with a Scotsman, whose broad singing speech immediately revealed his origin; he seemed to look happy, and was surrounded by a whole clutch of blond, blue-eyed children; and nonetheless he made an impression on me, as all Britons do, that they must be unhappy here, and must feel themselves in banishment; with the Germans and

¹⁴*Pain court*, "bread short," likely used to mean "short on bread," is presumably a playful way of condescending toward the neighboring community, just as the nickname *Videpoche*, "empty pockets," ridiculed the other.

French, I don't feel that way, but for some strange reason those who share the same origin and speech and who should really feel more at home do not. It seems to me as though this very similarity must remind them of their homeland, without satisfying their longing; perhaps also the many wars have created a tension between the mother and daughter populations which has not entirely disappeared in some individuals.

On the Merrimack we met with several German settlements. One family had let themselves be convinced by a neighboring American family to settle on a certain plot that was still federal land; they could then buy it whenever they earned enough money. But when they had everything neatly built and in order, the neighboring family bought it themselves, and the poor Germans were driven off without any compensation.

In disregard of the fact that it was Sunday, people were still working in Valle's Mines. The mine shaft, which is the most significant, I believe, in all of Missouri, is now 200 feet deep, and yields rich ores. Here the land becomes hillier and the soil stonier; the lime- or sandstone forms a sort of cherty limestone or quartz limestone, which contains the lead, and was very welcome in our eyes since it formed a hard dry path. Soon we came upon a more fruitful area in whose midst beautiful plantings and orchards grew, which was called Farmington, whose name revealed its character in contrast with the hard mountainous area that surrounded it. Too bad that it rained heavily, and the horse could barely drag us through the red-brown sticky soil. Still more miserable in hindsight was our visit to Mine la Motte and the nearby Frederickstown; from there on toward the south, however, the land became more mountainous; the stony paths led mostly through the valleys, and occasionally onto the higher levels, often high and steep. The area from Mine la Motte could be compared easily to the Freiburg area in the *Erzgebirge*;¹⁵ it is situated rather high up, but is on a plateau, amid broad rolling waves of hills and valleys; it is stripped of vegetation, however, since the timber has been cut to fuel the smelters. There is little agriculture there, and the village is not dissimilar to a German miner's village, only in

¹⁵This Freiburg (the spelling used today) is in southeastern Germany at the foot of the *Erzgebirge* (literally, ore mountains).

American-French-Indian-Mulatto modified pattern: shabby block smelters are strewn about; everywhere the red clay soil has been peeled back; toward the east and south the rich lead veins have been exposed to a depth of 20 feet; to the north and west are sandstone quarries which supply the building blocks for the ovens. The ore lies there in 8 to 12 inch thick horizontal layers, not far under the surface of the limestone, which is occasionally intermixed with it. A not inconsiderable part of the ore is copper, which makes the smelting process more difficult; therefore it was found to be more advantageous to build an English reverberating (cupola) furnace next to the usual open flame oven (see second volume).¹⁶ The local ore yields a somewhat low return in lead compared to other Missouri mines, where copper is not present. The others are the southernmost lead mines in Missouri, the veins of whose ores stretch as far south as Arkansas. It is an imposing view. These shiny masses of ore appear to be building blocks heaped up on the road—and just think, that such riches are spread from north Arkansas to northern Wisconsin, in a band seven or eight degrees in breadth. Nature deposited here a goodly part of what she holds in riches. Like the fertile Illinois prairie pasture and fodder, like the fruitful Missouri valley wood, so the hills yield hard coal, so the mountains on the Merrimack and here, millions of the best iron ores, so here around Potosi, on the Merrimack and on the Osage, inexhaustible stores of rich lead ore. It is enchanting to view these almost limitless resources. But for the people it is still not enough; they vie for even more; hardly had the foreman discovered that I understood something about these matters that he invited me to his house, and after giving me some “miner’s grog,” as it is called, that is, whiskey (corn brandy), with a small amount of water added, he began to show me a variety of minerals, among which he thought he had silver and tin ores. In general the people here make much of stories of rich finds of silver and gold, and eagerly search for them. The lure of gold in Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee, where new deposits and new mines are said to be discovered, is (after the unceasing striving of man and especially the American man) to become rich overnight—the basis for this toil.

¹⁶The second volume was apparently never published.

Frederickstown lies about three miles farther in a fruitful area bisected by a small stream and surrounded by pine-forested hills. Here began the evergreen woods and the mountains which accompanied us throughout the rest of our trip through southern Missouri. Frederickstown is an old Indian encampment of the Peoulee, among whose first residents the French settled, and which now is gradually becoming an American town. Of the Indians only a remnant of the tribe remains, an old woman with her half-white children who still wear the native garments, and who sustain themselves by begging and basket-weaving. The Peoulee were surrounded by Shawnees, who lived along the banks of the Ohio, and extended this far south, and the Delawares, and were constantly at war with them and among themselves until their tribe was almost destroyed, at which time the few survivors withdrew to the west of Missouri, where they became the near neighbors of the Osage Indians, who had enriched themselves by making many raids in the Peoulee territory. From people who have already lived here 28 years and who have known no other society than these Indians, I heard it said that they customarily would kill their older tribe members who were unable to work or hunt. The fact that one sees in Frederickstown a certain type of wooden fence needed for a particular type of ball-game, which is evident in the public places of this village, is proof that there is still a significant French population here, since this is similar to what one sees in the northern part of St. Louis.

Through mountainous regions, through narrow valleys, and through swollen streams we approached the St. Francis River. Often we had magnificent views from the heights, but then we plunged again into ravines and the forest. Quartz, gravel, hornstone, occasional jasper, chalcedony, and other varieties of quartz were all that one got to see in the way of minerals; here and there were traces of lead, and sixteen miles from Greenville is it said that silver has been discovered. In general the land is unfruitful and one finds only a few small settlements. The St. Francis at this point is about a hundred strides broad, a beautiful clear water, but full of sandbars, islands, and willow-shrubs; it must once have had plentiful beavers. Greenville looks very insignificant; however, it is supposed to have several businesses; and our host Plott gets some of his provisions there, although it is a

hundred miles away. In the summer the St. Francis can easily be forded; in the spring, however, it is navigable, though not between here and its mouth, which begins sixteen miles from here and runs for seventy miles, the so-called "sunk lands," where it divides into many branches through swamps and morasses, often with rotting logs covered with grasses and swamp plants. The formation of this landscape occurred since the great earthquake of 1811. They are now seeking to make this river navigable and are trying to win back much of the sunken land for agriculture through a system of dams and drainage ditches. An engineer under commission of the federal government investigated the area last winter, and got lost with his companions in the region; it is such a labyrinth that only a skilled hunter would dare to penetrate it in the driest part of the year; his efforts would however be richly rewarded with game, for there are deer, bear, and panthers in abundance; there are still elk, and occasionally one can find a bison. These swamps are the only regions in the Mississippi area where there remain a few of the formerly millions of bison which at one time roamed on both sides of the Mississippi valley. Further on we encountered cattle herders, a very rare thing in North America. They drive their large herds of cattle into the lowlands in the fall; they themselves camp any old which way, hunt, and occasionally nourish themselves in the small settlements, where they get pork and salt and cornmeal; and then go back to the wilderness driving their animals, searching out the strays, and at the end of April they return again to the uplands of central Missouri, whence a great part of these cattle herds come, and where they find abundant food in the summer. There they are fattened and are driven to be sold to buyers for slaughter in the east, especially Philadelphia and New York, or they are sent north into Illinois and Michigan to be used as breeding cattle and milk cows and so forth.

Across from Greenville there is a sawmill powered by a stream thirty paces wide, which springs forth about half a mile away. By the mill the path leads past a rocky overhang, which takes all the attention, power, and stamina that our horse can muster to navigate. I actually believe that I could lead him through the Alps; this could be called a mini-Alp! In the evening we camped near a man who was an adventurer from South Carolina. He had been



George Englemann, who visited Arkansas territory in 1835 (see *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*, Autumn 1991) and the new State of Arkansas in 1837. Courtesy of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri.

in Missouri and for the last year and a half was on his way here from Texas, but his money ran out, and so he had to stop and work in order to earn enough to continue his trip, almost like a German apprentice who is serving his time by wandering about—but in his case with a wife and children and an entire household.

The night before last we spent with another very poor family from South Carolina who had become sick in the mountains, and complained about the cold and unhealthy quality of the land, and wanted to go on to Texas. The people were all seeking the piney woods, and believed that it was the best place to live, since they were used to it from their youth. We had to be thankful to them for the animal which they roasted and gave us to use as axle-grease. We met others who were on their way to the south, but still others were coming back, who wanted no part of Arkansas or Texas. I found the appearance of one family, who were traveling on foot, quite remarkable; I have never seen wanderers so woebegone. The grandfather was bent over from age and led a packhorse; his daughter followed with one child in her arms and another alongside. Another woman, apparently belonging with them, dragged two children along and trailed a quarter of an hour behind them. A part of the family had perished in southern Arkansas; doctors and the courts had appropriated their entire wealth. The survivors were returning with their simplest possessions to Illinois, whence they had come. In general it is remarkable that so many travelers have left Illinois to find a warmer climate and then returned after they had tried it out.

South of the St. Francis the land becomes flatter; it remains stony and somewhat less than fruitful; the gravelly uplands covered with pine forests which separate the St. Francis from the White River basin is not particularly charming. The land is little developed, but one sees many old farmsteads with old buildings, wide fields, and old peach orchards, and occasionally some apple trees; mostly, however, they seem to be abandoned, and tended only by passing wayfarers—a forlorn outlook, to find ruins and decaying structures where a culture had hardly begun. The causes of this occurrence I cannot explain; might it be in the unhealthiness of the land? I can see nothing of it; however, I heard much of sickness and came upon many houses where there were sick people; the sickness was usually a rheumatic catarrh of the chest; it begins with the strong cold shakes; for that reason they call it in the colorfulness of their imagination “the cold plague;” also often pleurisy, and the sly doctors who wish to conceal their own ignorance boldly give it the name of epidemic!

Already at the St. Francis one begins to see southern vegetation, with the evergreen cane, hard and thin; on the Little Black I saw the last sugar maple [footnote: Incidentally all the sugar maples here, as in Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, are the black maple; the true sugar maple is actually a tree of the northeast, and this other is its cousin in the Mississippi valley.] from which in good weather, true sugar weather (frost at night and clear warm days), the sap runs freely—a pleasant aromatic drink which when thickened somewhat would be a wonderful wine. Maple sugar has in southern Missouri only about half the value of cane sugar; it costs about 12 1/2 cents, whereas cane sugar costs 20 to 25 cents per pound, and I much prefer the former. Many people find it more expensive, price aside, for it is less sweet, and its pleasant flavor entices young and old alike to eat it regularly.

From the Little Black on, the pines thinned out; oaks and nut trees took their place; the soil was somewhat better, and in the stream valleys there were some beautiful forests, which appeared to be very old. Here I saw the first tulip trees which I had met west of the Mississippi: for size and majestic growth, they were not the equal of those along the Wabash; there are plenty of them in the southern valleys of Missouri and in the northeast part of Arkansas, especially around Cape Girardeau and on down to Helena. We saw mistletoe in the elms and sycamores; a few mighty cypress trees stood along the streams, still without their leaves (the cypress here are deciduous and lose their needles); one can still see the beautiful ivory-billed woodpecker, the largest southern woodpecker, and flocks of parakeets were flying through the treetops.¹⁷ Otherwise one notices very little of the

¹⁷According to Douglas A. James and Joseph C. Neal, authors of *Arkansas Birds, Their Distribution and Abundance* (1986), both the parakeet and the ivory-billed woodpecker were once common in the state, especially in swamps and bottomland forests. Audubon observed both with regularity during his travels along the Mississippi River in 1820.

The big ivory-billed woodpecker disappeared from Arkansas between 1900 and 1915 as the giant old-growth forests were logged out. They were seen near the site where Engelmann observed them as late as 1889.

The Carolina parakeet, the only parrot native to North America, was said to be plentiful in Arkansas as late as the 1880s.

true South, and least of all in the weather and the progression of vegetation.

On the 12th of March, a sour rainy day, we crossed the border into Arkansas, which we recognized by marks cut in a tree, and a quarter mile from there we crossed the Current River, a beautiful clear stream, which although bigger than the Black, is a tributary to it, and yields its name to it. On the southern bank of the Current is a beautiful farmstead with a well-built dwelling and various outbuildings and broad fields on both sides of the river. Dr. Pitman, the owner, has lived here for 25 years.¹⁸ In Arkansas we were greeted by green roses and blackberry brambles; the spring feeling was dampened, however, by a snow shower on the following morning. My goal permitted no loitering, and so we hurried on in spite of the bad weather; soon we heard from a postman that there was a small river ahead of us whose bridge had been torn loose, and could only be crossed by swimming. After inquiring about the best lodging we were directed here to David Plott's and are waiting for the water to recede. Earlier we had had a good laugh over our friend H., who had taken this exact path from Little Rock a year ago. He had complained about the high water, which often soaked him up to the waist; now we have to sit still, whereas he would have waded through it. We have often heard of him on the trip; his mustache, tobacco pipe, and deer rifle had been the wonder of everyone along the way, and everywhere he was described to us by these features. At various places we followed the trail of the emissaries of the Giessen Society¹⁹ and their companions, who had been

¹⁸A number of Pitman households are listed in Randolph County in the 6th U.S. Census (1840). There is at least one listing in the same area, then Lawrence County, in the 5th U.S. Census, (1830). Other travelers into the area frequently mentioned Pitman and his farmstead.

¹⁹The fullest collection of documentation of the Giessen Society is probably that of the city archive (*Stadtarchiv*) of Giessen, a university town near Frankfurt am Main. A clear exposition of the group's purposes and activities can be found in Chapter V of *The Tragedy of German-America, The Germans in the United States of America during the Nineteenth Century—and After*, by John A. Hawgood (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1940).

Inspired by Gottfried Duden's "Report of a Journey to the Western States of North America" (1829), the members of the Society, a group of university-educated liberals under the leadership of Paul Follen and Friedrich Münch,

here in the fall of 1833; people often asked what had become of their grandiose plans, and told stories of the four men with their tobacco pipes and hats with plumes who were searching for the land of Canaan.

A half mile before us flowed the oft-mentioned river, Fouche Dumas, or Fouche du Mas, or heaven knows what, since it was supposedly named after an old French fur trapper, the first white man to have been in this part of the country. Three or four groups of travelers were assembled at the river, all of them stopped by the swollen stream; one wagon tried to ford the river, overturned in the strong current, and the animals and harness and part of the gear could only be saved with the greatest effort. Now the travelers are trying to build a ferry, by cobbling together some boards onto an existing canoe and a second one that they are fashioning out of wood.

Our friend Plott is really quite an original; I wish I could give you a more accurate picture of this lively, humorous, crooked-legged little man, with his hooked nose between sparkling gray eyes. His wife says he would be ugly, but then he is so "smart"—that can hardly be translated; sharp, capable, and witty is what one usually says as a grand compliment to a man no matter what position he has in life. And Plott is certainly smart. Light of heart, talkative, well-schooled, he enjoys sharing his knowledge, but also enjoys learning and acquiring new knowledge. A true son of the soil, he is, like most typical American farmers, capable of everything; he knows how to harness both horses and men, it goes without saying; but he is also a capable trader. He has a small shop which he opens whenever strangers come by, which usually happens every day; and he shows them his selection of wares, his cotton cloth, his linsey-woolsey, cotton twine, saddles, axes, knives, coffee mills, medicines, coffee, sugar, whiskey, and peach brandy, which he praises highly, flattering the women and giving samples of brandy to the men, and joking with everyone so that no one can resist him. His shop is the center of the entire neighborhood, as such shops are everywhere in this country; already

immigrated in 1833 with the aim of establishing a "New Germany" in America. For a time they intended to settle in Arkansas, but most finally settled in the St. Louis area (see especially Hawgood, 109-112).

for half an hour it has been swarming with visitors, who disturb me and make writing quite difficult; before I tell you about them, however (and I have decided that they should be material for my letters), I want to say a few things about Plott's history.

His father and mother came from Germany, were married in Philadelphia, and moved to Reading, or as the Germans say, Reidingen, and then, before the Revolutionary War, with several other Germans, moved to North Carolina. David Plott was born there. As a young fellow his restless spirit drove him into the Spanish land on the Missouri; there he mined lead and palled around a bit with other Germans from North Carolina who had settled on white water near Cape Girardeau. He married there, and came here with his wife about twenty years ago. With nothing more than an open mind, a healthy body, and a hardworking wife, he built himself a nice farm, one of the nicest I've seen on the trip. He owns a good house, a mill, a still, and a machine to separate the cotton fibers from the seeds, or "cotton gin," or merely gin (probably a corruption of *engine*); additionally he has some nice horses, cows, and pigs, and keeps a small shop. Besides that he is a good hunter; and in order to be a gracious host, he shot a deer in the woods, and tells us that besides numerous bears and wolves, he has shot more than a thousand deer. In earlier times he would shoot as many as six or seven in a day.

The gathering of people makes too much noise outside, and what's even worse, it disturbs me here. There comes the colonel, who not long ago was a lieutenant with a division of volunteers on the Indiana border, and demands without any objection that everyone have a drink. Then a doctor comes by, and admires my steel pen, and in his attempt to write his name with it breaks it; I bring out a new one, and he astounds everybody by the demonstration of his learning, which he now provides; *Fluvius*, the river, *domus*, the house, he writes it down; he even succeeds in recalling from memory the first verses of the gospel of John in Latin—not without a considerable number of mistakes, however; and he is known as the most learned man in the region. How happy I was that he didn't know that I was a doctor (I say nothing about it on my trips; otherwise there would be a continual barrage of questions and examinations to deal with, which would pester me to death.), or he would have sought to impress the listeners with his

medical knowledge; he is Irish, or at least from Irish stock, he says, and has been here fifteen years. I also had to hear a lot about the Indians, and the last British war, the Battle on the Horseshoe, where the colonel had fought; then there followed a conversation about the affairs of the province; and soon it became general, with everybody taking part; differences of opinion became apparent, and the discussion quickly degenerated into conflict. The subject was the location of the county seat; Pocahontas on the Black river has recently been suggested; many are opposed to it, however, and want it to be at another place, in the geographical center of the region; there will soon be a general assembly of the residents on this topic, and there is currently a considerable amount of discussion, and everyone seeks supporters for his position.²⁰ Plott seems to have a lot of influence among his neighbors, although he holds no official office; he is with the majority for Pocahontas; those for the other location are simply wishing to profit from its proximity. Sometime soon in Pocahontas there is going to be a festival in honor of the returning volunteers and officers in the army, and that will no doubt be decisive for the choice of Pocahontas—this is a maneuver that politicians use on both sides of the ocean.

Now don't believe that I have written this letter in the midst of the commotion that I described. No, when the doctor grabbed the pen, it was necessary for me to beat a retreat, and as the conversation turned into a dispute, and as the whiskey circulated (the colonel paid for all of it), I took a walk along the river with S. and found that the water had subsided considerably. By tomorrow noon we could probably get through; and the ferrymen who have been working on the raft figure that one can get through before they finish their project. So I hope now to make it to Little Rock without interruption, and to give you soon the results of my investigations.

²⁰See *Memoirs of Northeast Arkansas* (Chicago, The Goodspeed Publishing Co., 1889): 365. According to this account, Randolph County was organized in October, 1835, and the "seat of justice" was selected by a vote of the people "in the summer or fall of 1836." As an eyewitness to a neighborhood debate in March, 1837, still preceding the vote, Engelmann clearly disputes the date given by Goodspeed for the vote to choose a county seat.

*Stacy's farm, fifty miles north of Little Rock, on the 21st of March*²¹
 Today I almost had the same occasion to begin this letter as the last, dear Julius; the rainstorms have again impeded our progress, and we are only 50 miles from our goal. As unpleasant as that is, since I would much rather be in Little Rock, still I can enjoy the circumstance which allows me to take pen in hand again before the impressions of the last days have been forgotten. Also, fate has been kind to me these last eight days, in that I've been able to be lodged in one of the best houses on the road. This time it is not a German-American farmer who has lodged us, but a true border-hunter—but please for all the world do not read this word in the German sense, but in the American sense; I call a man a “border hunter” who lives on the edge of civilization, and not because he depends on hunting more than farming. Our host, William Stacy, belongs among those who have participated in progressive culture (others of his type shy from it and continually move on to the edge of settlement), and associates himself less and less with those who live at the edge, and gives himself more and more to the respectable activity of farming. Hunting now becomes more an undertaking of his muse; game is so plentiful, however, and the muse in this country so without care, that the man shot 16 bears last winter alone! My desire to hunt, which was never very strong, was as in most cases in this country entirely reduced; but how like a fever it has gripped me once again, whenever I walk around the house here and on the trees see the skins of bears, deer, panthers (as they are called here, actually cougar, *Felis concolor*), bobcats, etc.; and yesterday, it was like a little Christmas scene, quite apart from the fact that there were no leaves on the trees and the rain came down in streams: in the space of one hour we saw probably 30 to 40 deer in large herds, which sprang a few hundred paces away, observed us and grazed on without fright; and flocks of quail scurried around, as though they were tame. The rifle that S. brought along was rendered unusable by the rain; otherwise we would have disturbed the peace that reigned in this paradise. Unfortunately I don't have

²¹The farm, as later indicated, was located just north of Little Red River, very near the present town of Searcy, in White County. The area was then still a part of Pulaski County.

the time to spend 8 or 14 days here, for it would be easy with the help of our host to acquire skins and skeletons enough for several museums of all these animals. Elk antlers (in the casual mode of expression of this letter I may use that word, which actually in the German language is an unknown animal; I should translate the scientific name, which actually is not correct either, and call it the Canadian deer) one hardly sees here. In the southern part of Missouri and in northeast Arkansas I have found them often nailed over a doorway, just as I had often met them earlier in the heart of Illinois and in southwest Missouri. They stand as colossal fragments of a bygone time; I almost could liken them to the so-called giant bones, which here and there hang in rusty chains over old German doorways—mementos of a grim past—which here is reckoned in decades. Here every old settler can say: I still remember how the bison grazed where now my fenced-in field is; here, by the spring, which splashes by my house, I used to shoot elk; there, on the creek that runs below my house, I used to set my beaver traps; and bears used to spend the winter in that cave that now is my root cellar. The bones of bison bleach in the valley; a spoon carved out of its horn is still being used in the house; the antlers of the elk age on the fence; only the remains of a beaver dam are still evident, and the bear has withdrawn into valleys more remote. It is actually sad to see how the dry prose of block houses and fences and grain fields have penetrated the romantic wilderness, and forever disturbs the main features of the original landscape. However, the earth is for man, and it is finally better that the Anglo-American and occasionally also the German lives in Arkansas and eats cornbread and pork, and cultivates cotton for the European, rather than that buffalo graze here and beavers build dams. I am diverging somewhat, and want to get back to the trip; but first the observation that deer have multiplied here extraordinarily since the Indians emigrated seven or eight years ago; contrarywise, it has not gone well for other game, namely the bison, which has withdrawn with the Indians. Before I drop this theme entirely, I would like to say to you that just as our host distinguishes himself as a hunter, so his wife as a cook; whatever he bags, she knows how to prepare excellently; venison steak (I should perhaps say deersteak, you have already adopted beefsteak) fried with bear bacon is quite a treat; and you

would certainly find cornbread flavored with bear fat equally tasty. As might be expected, we got good bear meat and bear bacon to eat; at first I took the dish for pork bacon, which I thought tasted better than average; and then I discovered it was bear bacon. The bear is butchered exactly like a pig; the hams are eaten, and the side bacon, often 5 inches thick, is smoked. This and the lard (bear fat or oil) is also the best flavoring for food, better than pork lard, butter, any other type of fat. Who knows? Perhaps it would be a good speculative venture to be the suppliers of bear fat to the kitchens of your *gourmands*. As far as I have experienced it, I can only give it praise.

Our host himself is not at home; he is 30 or 40 miles away toward the White River in order to get corn. Corn did not do well here in the last year; but the Indians grew a good crop, a part of the Creek tribe, which last fall and winter wandered through the area of Little Rock from Georgia and Alabama. A bushel (approximately 1/3 of a *Malter*) of corn costs here now from one to 1 1/2 and sometimes as much as 2 dollars and at that is hardly available. What a prospect for an industrious farmer. And an acre of land here can yield 40 to 50 bushels.

Instead of the owner, we found another man here, who is taking good care of the household, in that he keeps a fire burning on the hearth (one needs that even here in Arkansas at the end of March, and it was particularly satisfying on the rainy days), fetches fresh water from the well, and maintains his end of the conversation. After a few words he speaks to us in German; it is apparently not difficult to recognize us as Germans, especially since S. has his double barreled gun and a large tobacco pipe and "hair on the face," that is, a mustache which occasions wonder and arouses comment from many people. I did not know at first what to make of this man: an elderly, unmarried, seemingly educated man who lives here in the wilderness, and who has lived in all corners of the Union, from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin, from Michigan to Arkansas, and has settled nowhere; he could be neither merchant nor doctor; he is a school teacher! His grandfather immigrated with a large family from Mainz sometime before the American Revolution; he himself was born in Pennsylvania, studied in a German school there, wandered the oceans as a sailor, visited the homeland and home city of his forefathers 30

years ago, was in Pennsylvania, 20 years ago in Missouri, then in Illinois, and then in Michigan and Wisconsin; in the last state he was married, and still has children living there. He spoke only German with us, and good and fluent, not at all Pennsylvanian; however, he often translated English expressions into German (a horseshoe he calls for example a *Schue*—shoe); he speaks of "water rivers"; Greenbay is an *Ausslass*²² of Lake Michigan, and so forth, and often uses English constructions: "he is older than me" and the like. I have mentioned this particularly in order to contrast him with a young German whom we met yesterday. He is a true wonder: a man from the best of families—noble—who apparently received the best of educations, who without doubt four years ago (the time when he left the Rhinehessen Society of Germany)²³ spoke very good German—imagine, that he is a second Robinson who in the wilderness has forgot his mother tongue. However I don't want to say too much; he speaks it still a little, when obliged to by S.; to those who understand even a little English he answers their German questions in English. If he has to speak German, it requires the greatest effort to find the words; he has to pause, think, and deliberate, and finally struggle forth with the beginning of a German sentence, and then English words come in between phrases, and in perplexity he stops and says, "It pesters me so to speak German." However, let me tell you how it was we met this interesting fellow. We had heard of him earlier, and I am always pleased to meet a kinsman and to carry on a conversation with him, and to learn something of his experiences. And until now I have seldom been disappointed; when I visit Germans, I usually expect a warm reception and a feeling of welcome; so it was in Pennsylvania and in Illinois, and so in Missouri and earlier in Arkansas. Therefore I looked forward to getting together with him and believed according to my past ex-

²²In all these examples, Engelmann is indicating mistakes made in one language by transliterating words from the other language. The man translates the English *shoe*, for example, into the German *Schue* to describe a horseshoe, which in German would correctly be called *Hufeisen*, or "hoof iron."

²³The Rhinehessen Society was one of several immigration groups from the Rhineland-Palatinate, an area bordering on France and the Saarland in the south and on Luxembourg and Belgium in the west, which immigrated to the St. Louis area in the early 1830s (see Hawgood, 126).

periences that it would be a joy for him, since he has been cut off for so long from his countrymen, to find himself able to speak again in his rich mother tongue, and to share memories of a common fatherland and culture.

The moon was nearly full in the deep blue heavens when we came to the bank of Little Red River; we had stayed too long on the crest of the hill about two miles away, where there was a surprising view to the southwest into the Ozark forests, and on a sunny prominence around us were captivating flowers which had bloomed in response to the spring warmth, plants that have survived for thousands of years here in these rocks and defied transience. In response to our shouts, the ferry came, an antiquated and almost dangerous machine which was manned by four or five people. Among them I recognized immediately by the hard accent, and when they got into the light, by the blond face and student's cap, a German. He was too busy for us to introduce ourselves. When we got to the ferry house, I asked him, as was customary, whether we could stay overnight there; the man directed me to the boss, also a young, blond fellow. I asked him in German—he didn't understand me was his English answer. In most bitter disappointment over this denial of the beautiful language and the most noble heritage, I turned to one of the Americans, and asked how far it was to the next house; it was eight miles further. After a little discussion, we secured for ourselves lodging here. Afterwards I learned that he had wanted simply to make a little joke. He had wanted (that was by virtue of his dress and his accent impossible) us to take him for an American, and he had eavesdropped on the German conversation we had carried on with one another. And to entertain his fellows he had shared it. Now it may be that he is ashamed of his German heritage; perhaps in some weak way he wishes to flatter his American surroundings; in short it seemed as I said, as if his mother tongue were extremely difficult for him.

I have the singularity that I cannot speak to a German in another language (with my teachers I had of course at times to speak Latin, but that was compulsory); so the conversation with Herr von _____ was extremely spare; I regarded him as apparently he wished it to be, as an American. From others I hear that he has several pieces of property in the area; the one where

he lives he recently purchased along with the dilapidated ferry which he hopes soon to replace. He employs several people, pays good wages, and is himself very industrious, but seems in spite of the fact that he has much land and cattle and horses not to be prospering very much; that may be attributable in part to his outsider status, in part to his condition of being unmarried; the latter he has felt strongly himself and sought to correct, but without success.

I tell you so many particulars of this strange person because he seems so curious to me—should I use the word "original" here?—it is usually not my custom, and I regard it as not appropriate, to reveal to the European-German public the private affairs of German immigrants, as was done by the Giessen Society, which sought out all sorts of private letters, circulated in both handwritten and printed form; and because they are often obtained by untrained people, the letters from America are printed in the newspapers as gospel. The long and the short of it is, the man no longer considers himself a German.

To be continued.²⁴

END OF TRANSLATION

After his return from Arkansas, George Engelmann continued to prosper in his medical practice in St. Louis. He collaborated with Asa Gray of Harvard University not only in the collection and classification of the flora of the United States but also in the development of Henry Shaw's botanical garden—now the Missouri Botanical Garden, one of the major plant research centers of the world.

Their vision was for such a center of horticultural and scientific research, with Kew Gardens near London as the model. With Gray's help, Engelmann was able to persuade Shaw that the library and herbarium were central parts of the scholarly enterprise. And at Gray's suggestion, an administrative relationship was established between Shaw's Garden and Washington University: the director of the garden also became the Engelmann Pro-

²⁴If Engelmann continued his narrative, it was never published in *Das Westland*, which ceased publication after this issue.

fessor of Botany in the Henry Shaw School of Botany at the University.²⁵

Engelmann's scientific interests remained broad. He was the pioneer meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley; his thermometric, barometric, and hydrometric records for the years 1836 through 1882, later given to the United States Weather Bureau, became the basis of many studies of long-term weather trends.

Engelmann also continued to be an energetic traveler. After his death in 1884 at age 75, his friend Charles Sprague Sargent paid tribute to his passion for learning and his regard for his companions in the effort, including Sargent himself:

"... in 1880 [Dr. Engelmann] made a long journey through the forests of the Pacific states, where he saw for the first time, in a state of nature, plants he had studied and described more than thirty years before. Dr. Engelmann's associates in this long and arduous journey will never forget his courage and industry, his enthusiasm and zeal, his abounding good nature, and his kindness and consideration of them and every one with whom he came in contact."²⁶

Few have contributed more to American science.

²⁵Edgar S. Anderson, then serving as Engelmann Professor of Botany and Director of the Missouri Botanical Garden, described Engelmann's role in its history in "Godfather of the Garden," *Washington University Magazine* 39 (1969): 38-43.

²⁶[Charles Sprague Sargent], "George Engelmann," *Science* 3 (1884): 405-408.