Winnetou the red gentleman.1st volume.

By Carl May.

Introduction.

I always think of the Turk when I think of the Indian. As strange as it may seem, this has its justification. Though there may be few points of comparison between the two, they are similar in one aspect. One can conclude that both are referred to with a sense of illness, although the term used for the Turk is 'sick man', while for the Indian, it is 'dying man', a term that should be used by anyone familiar with the situation.

Yes, the red nation is dying! The huge patient is stretched out from the fire country to far above the North American lakes, depressed by a relentless fate that knows no mercy. He resisted with all his forces, but in vain; his forces have dwindled more and more. He only has a few breaths left, and the twitches that occasionally move his bare body are the convulsions that proclaim the proximity of death.

Is he to blame for this early end? Did he deserve it?

If it is correct that everything that lives is entitled to life, and this applies to every individual, then the red (referring to Indigenous people) has the right to exist just as much as the white (referring to non-Indigenous people). The red may claim to the powers that be, to develop in a social, state-related relationship according to their individuality. However, some argue that Indigenous people do not possess the necessary qualities for state formation. Is this true? I say no! But I do not aim to write a scholarly piece, so I will not make any claims.  
  
The white had time to naturally develop, progressing from hunter to shepherd, farmer, and industrialist over many centuries. Conversely, the red did not have this time as it was not granted to them. From their first and lowest level as hunters, they are expected to make a huge leap to become chiefs. It should be acknowledged that this expectation can lead to serious harm. It is a cruel law that the weaker must yield to the stronger. However, as this law applies to all of creation and is evident in the natural world, we can assume that this cruelty is either a superficial or a Christian-amended form of eternal wisdom and love.  
  
Can we now say that such amendments have been made to support the dying Indigenous population?

[3] It was not just a hospitable recording, but an almost divine veneration that found the first 'bleaching faces' in the, however. What wages did the latter become for it? The country belonged to this very undisputed; which they lived in; It was taken away from them. Everyone who has read the story of the 'famous' conquistadores knows what currents flowed and what cruelty has occurred. According to the model of the same, it was then continued later. The white came on the lips with sweet words, but at the same time with the sharpened knife in the belt and the invited rifle in his hand. He promised love and peace and gave hatred and blood. The red had to give way back, step by step. From time to time, he was guaranteed 'eternal' rights to 'his' territory, but after a short time it chased him out of the same. You 'bought' the country from him, but either did not pay him at all or with worthless exchange goods, which he could not use. But the creeping poison of the 'fire water' was taught to him, plus the leaves and other, much worse and more disgusting diseases, which cleared entire tribes and have decayed entire villages. If the red wanted to assert his right, he was answered with powder and lead, and he had to give way to the superior weapons of the whites. [4] Faters above it, he now revenge on the individual bleach faces, which he encountered, and the consequences of it were always formal massacres, which were created under the red. As a result, he is originally a proud, bold, brave, truth-loving, sincere and his friends, always loyal hunters, a secretly creeping, suspicious, liars without being able to do it, because not he, but the white is to blame for it.  
  
[3] It was not just a hospitable recording, but an almost divine veneration that found the first 'bleaching faces' in the end as well. What wages did the latter receive for it? The country belonged to this very undisputed; they lived there. It was taken away from them. Everyone who has read the story of the 'famous' conquistadores knows the currents that flowed and the cruelty that occurred. According to the same model, it was then continued later. The white came with sweet words on his lips, but at the same time, he had a sharpened knife in his belt and an invited rifle in his hand. He promised love and peace but gave hatred and blood. The red had to give way, step by step. From time to time, he was guaranteed 'eternal' rights to 'his' territory, but after a short time, he was chased out of it. They 'bought' the country from him, but either did not pay him at all or paid with worthless exchange goods that he could not use. But he was taught the creeping poison of 'fire water,' along with leaves and other, much worse and more disgusting diseases that devastated entire tribes and caused entire villages to decay. If the red wanted to assert his right, he was answered with powder and lead, and he had to give way to the superior weapons of the whites. [4] Above all, he sought revenge on the individual bleach faces he encountered, and the consequence of it was always a formal massacre that occurred under the red. As a result, he, originally a proud, bold, brave, truth-loving, sincere and loyal hunter, became a secretly creeping, suspicious liar. However, he cannot be blamed for it; it is the white who is at fault.

The wild Mustang herds, from the midst of which he once boldly obtained his riding horse, where have they gone? Where can we find the buffalo that used to roam the prairies in numbers, providing him with sustenance? What does he rely on for survival now? Does he depend on the cattle and meat that can be brought to him? Take a moment to observe the abundant riches and beauty present in this flour; who can truly appreciate it? And if a tribe is granted a hundred valuable livestock, they are reduced to two or three old, malnourished cows along the journey, hardly enough to satisfy a scout's hunger. Shouldn't the agriculture of the land flourish for the Native American? Can he depend on his harvest, he, who is legally being further displaced, unable to secure a permanent place?

What a proud, beautiful sight he was earlier, when he flew over the wide savannah on his Mustang, with his mane blowing in the wind. How miserable and deteriorated he looks now, in rags that cannot even cover his nakedness! He, who once confronted the powerful gray bear with his fists, now skulks in the corners like a hungry dog, begging for a scrap of meat!

Yes, he has become a sick man, a dying man, and we pity his miserable camp as we look into his eyes. Standing at the deathbed is a serious matter, but it becomes even more serious when the deathbed belongs to an entire breed. Many questions arise, especially the following: What could this breed have achieved if they had been given time and space to develop their inner and outer powers and talents? What unique forms of culture will humanity lose with the demise of this nation? This dying person could not be assimilated because he possessed character. So if he had to be killed, couldn't he have been saved? If we allow bison an asylum in the National Parks of Montana and Wyoming to prevent their extinction, why not provide a safe place for the former, law-abiding inhabitants of the country to live and grow mentally? However, what use are such questions when we cannot prevent their impending death? What use are accusations when there is no longer any help available? I can only complain, but I cannot change anything; I can only mourn, but I cannot bring the dead back to life. Me? Yes, me! I got to know the Indians throughout many years, and among them, there was one who lives brightly in my mind, tall, noble, and wonderful in my heart. He, the best, most loyal, and most willing to sacrifice of all my friends, was a true representative of his breed, and just as his breed is disappearing, so he too is disappearing, destroyed by the deadly weapon of the white man. I loved him like no one else, and I still love the dying nation, of which he was its noblest son. I would have given my life to save him, just as he risked his life a hundred times for me. But that was not granted to me; he passed away, as always, being the savior of his friends. However, it is said that he only died physically and continues to live here in these pages, just as he lives in my soul – he, Winnetou, the great chief of the Apaches. If I want to erect a well-deserved monument here, and if the reader, with their spiritual eye, agrees, then a fair judgment will be passed by people who hold the loyal individual image of the chief, for which I am richly rewarded.

The author.

First chapter.

A greenhorn.

Dear reader, do you know what the word greenhorn means? It is a highly irritating and unfair label for individuals to whom it is assigned.

Green is called green, and Fühhorn is meant by Horn. A greenhorn is therefore a person who is still green, i.e. new and inexperienced in the country, and has to tread carefully if he does not want to expose himself to danger.

A greenhorn is a person who refuses to give up his chair when a lady wants to sit on it; who greets the Lord of the house before making his bows on page 3 of F07/Winnetou 1; who pushes the cartridge into the rifle barrel when loading, or first plumps, then pushes the ball, and finally the powder into the front loader. A greenhorn either speaks no English or speaks very pure and adorned English. The Yankee-English or even the hill forests idioma is abominable. It doesn't want to enter his mind, and much less come out of his mouth. A greenhorn considers a racoon to be an opossum, and a fairly pretty mulattine to be a quadroone. A greenhorn smokes cigarettes and spits out the tobacco juice. A greenhorn runs away when slapped in the face by Paddy [note: Irishman] with a lawsuit, instead of confronting him like a real Yankee. A greenhorn mistakes the tracks of a turkey for bear tracks, and a sleek sports yacht for a Mississippi steamboat. A greenhorn is too embarrassed to put his dirty boots on his fellow passenger's knees or to slurp his soup like a buffalo. A greenhorn brings a giant ribbon and ten pounds of soap into the prairie in the name of cleanliness, and gets lost with a compass that points north in all directions by the third or fourth day. A greenhorn carefully notes Indian expressions, but when he meets the first Native American, he realizes he sent those notes home in the last envelope and forgot the letter. A greenhorn buys gunpowder, only to realize it's ground charcoal when he tries to fire a shot. A greenhorn has studied astronomy for ten years but can't tell the time by looking at the night sky. A greenhorn carries his bowie knife in his belt and ends up sticking the blade into his own thigh when he falls. A greenhorn in the Wild West builds a campfire so large it can be seen from miles away, then is surprised when it attracts the attention of Indians and gets shot. A greenhorn is just a greenhorn—and that's what I was back then too.

But don't think that I would have had the overestimation or even the idea that this serious name fits me! Oh no, because it is the most excellent peculiarity of every greenhorn, rather than all other people, to just not think of themselves as 'green'.

I believed I was an extraordinarily clever and experienced person; I had to study and never was afraid of exams! At the time, my youthful sense did not want to think about the fact that life is the actual and real university, where students are checked daily and every hour and have to exist before providing for themselves. Unequipped conditions at home and, I would like to say, innate facts had driven me via the ocean to the United States, where the conditions for the progress of ambitious young people were far better and cheaper than today. I would have found good accommodation in the eastern states, but it drove me to the West. Soon after, and for a short time, I earned enough to arrive in St. Louis, equipped on the outside and filled with a happy attitude. There, I was lucky to find shelter with a German family as a tutor. In this family, Mr. Henry— an original gunsmith—ran his craft with the dedication of an artist and proudly called himself Mr. Henry, The Gunsmith.

This man was an extraordinary philanthropist, although he seemed to be the opposite because, aside from the mentioned family, he did not associate with anyone else and even had short and rugged interactions with his customers. They only experienced his kindness when it came to his goods. He had lost his wife and children due to a gruesome event that he never talked about. However, based on some of his statements, I suspected that they had been murdered in a robbery. This tragedy had made him rough on the outside. He may not have known that he was actually perfectly coarse, but at his core, he was mild and good. I often saw his eyes dampen when I talked about home and my loved ones, whom I held dear with all my heart, and still do today.

I didn't know why he, the old man, showed such a preference for me, a young stranger, until he told me. Since I was there, he had become more himself than before, listening to the teachings, and when they were over, he took me in his own way and finally invited me to visit him. No one else had become a preference, and so I guarded the permission that had been granted to me. This reluctance did not seem nice; I still remember the angry face he showed me one evening when I went to see him, and the tone in which he received me without responding to my "Good Evening".

"Where did you put yesterday, Sir?"

"At home." "And the day before yesterday?"

"Also at home."

"Do nothing to me!"

"It is true, Mr. Henry."

Pshaw! Such green birds as you do not remain in the nest; they put their beaks everywhere, just not where they belong!

"And where do I belong to you to tell me?"

Understood! I've been wanting to ask you for a long time.

"Why didn't you do it?"

"Because I didn't want to.Do you hear it? "

"And when do you want?"

"Maybe today."

"So confidently only asks," I inquired of him, while sitting up on the workbench on which he was working.

He looked at my face in astonishment, shook his head, and called out.

Confirmed! As if I had to ask a greenhorn like you for permission whenever I want to talk to him!

"Greenhorn?" I replied, my forehead contorting with wrinkles because I felt deeply wounded. "I want to assume, Mr. Henry, that this word has escaped from you unintentionally and only in jest!"

"Don't imagine anything, sir! I spoke with a full look. You are a greenhorn, and what kind of one! You have the content of your books in your head, that's true. It's amazing what your people have to learn over there! This young person knows exactly how far the stars are from here, what King Nebukadnezzar wrote on bricks, and how heavy the air weighs that he cannot see! And because he knows this, he imagines that he is a failed guy! But put your nose into life, you understand me, into life for about fifty years. Then you will find out, but only maybe, what the right cleverness is! What you know so far is nothing - it's nothing. And what you can do so far is much less. You can't even shoot!" He said this in an extraordinarily contemptuous tone, and with such certainty as if he was literally safe for his cause.

"Do not shoot? Hm!" I replied with a smile. "Is this perhaps the question you wanted to ask me?"

"Yes, it is. Now answer! "

"Provide me with a good rifle, I have the intention to respond by choosing not to."

Then, he placed the gunfall on which he screwed, walked away, stood before me, fixed me with astonished eyes, and exclaimed, "A rifle in his hand, sir? I refuse to believe it, not at all! My rifles only end up in the hands of those I can honor!"

"I have such," I nodded him.

He looked at me once more, from the side, sat back down, and resumed working on the run while grumbling to himself.

Such a greenhorn! He could really make me wild with his audacity!