Because of a prolonged dry season and constant lack of water in the canal, their boat together with some thirty other transport barges became stuck on the mud banks of the shallow water, and the conglomerate mass of humanity on shore, drawn thither because of this enforced stranding, was exceedingly interesting to the party of emigrants. Unonius comments on the situation:

Our boat seemed to be screwed down in the mud. The traction from shore by several teams of horses availed nothing. We began to fear that this enforced landing would be continued till Our Lord would be pleased to favor us with a downpour of rain. But late in the night the officials of the canal found it advisable to let more water in from a storage basin and thus saved the situation.

They arrived at Rochester on the twenty-second of September. Passing through the locks at Lockport during the night, they began to feel more encouraged in their thoughts of their rapid approach to Buffalo. On the twenty-sixth of September they reached the Niagara river, and only three miles now separated them from Buffalo. They had passed through the eighty-three locks of the canal. At that time the canal was considered a masterpiece of mechanical engineering and a transportation necessity of immense value, as there were no railroad lines between Albany and Buffalo.

LAKE ERIE

They now disembarked with all their possessions, but as it was Sunday, no arrangement for further travel could be made. They presented themselves the next morning to the transportation agent, who without compunction informed them that he had nothing to do with their tickets and was under no obligation whatever. However, after considerable controversy and upon presentation of the receipts for money paid, the tickets were finally accepted as valid, and passage
to Chicago was promised, but not until the following Wednesday. This seemed to be a flagrant falsehood, as three boats were about to leave for Chicago, one that evening and two the following morning. With the kind aid of a Swedish resident, a Mr. Morrell, the matter of transportation was finally adjusted, and they boarded the steamer Illinois bound for Chicago. Here they were put in steerage and forced to submit to the inevitable discomforts of such accommodations.

They expected to reach Cleveland, Ohio, early the next morning, where Iwar had planned to stop. But as it appeared that he was the only passenger for this port, the captain in his majesty as master of the boat thought it not worth while to make port, so Iwar was forced in spite of his protests and contrary to agreement to come along to the next port of landing, Detroit, Michigan. The next day, however, on landing in this city, the captain arranged for his return transportation by boat to Cleveland without cost.

Among the passengers were three Indians which race Unonius and his party now saw for the first time. Unonius writes of his impressions:

The romantic imagination of this race which I had obtained from books of travel and fiction, now fell together in pieces when I saw these men in reality. They belonged to the once quite powerful Chippeway tribe. There was something morose and depressed in their looks and manners, yet in their eyes shone a suppressed fire, and they reminded me of a caged eagle whose sloping wings were ever ready and able to rise to the sky. Their faces, partly covered by musty blankets, were like a sealed riddle, not betraying one bit of what was going on within. But how could they without a feeling of resentment view this crowd of white men and women advance to take possession of their hunting grounds, the heritage of generations? One cannot without sadness contemplate this race, whose entire history, as we know it, has been one of constant retreatment, whose whole past has been but a nomadic migration, and whose ultimate destiny must be complete extermination.