

The trip across the Atlantic Ocean was made in a sailing vessel and took thirty-five days to complete. During the passage we encountered three calms which totaled eleven days. One Sunday morning the ship was facing east, and there was not the slightest breeze to flutter a bit of sail. When land was finally seen, my heart was filled with fear and great homesickness. I was fearful of entering this strange land where I understood no one, where I had no friends, and the general dilemma, NO MONEY!

It was ten in the morning when we arrived in New York, and at five o'clock we started up the Hudson to Albany. The TOO HONEST immigrant innkeeper took a dollar (\$1.00) for a dinner. All my cash totaled one "fuenf Franken thaler" (\$.95), which I gave to him.

What was I to do now? My two fellow-travelers, a young man and a young lady from Loewenstein, had permitted themselves to be talked into buying passage to Buffalo at three dollars each. Being out of funds, I told them that I could not travel on with them, but would have to seek work in Albany, New York. They wanted me to come along with them. Both of them and a stranger each contributed one dollar to pay for my passage. I did not know this stranger and have never seen him again, so I still owe him that dollar.

Instead of traveling on the railroad as we had been led to believe and anticipated, the passage was on an ordinary canal boat. This trip from Albany to Buffalo took nine days. There were no sleeping quarters, and there were no warm meals. My two companions bought bread and milk when an opportunity presented itself to go ashore. Often the ruffian crew would not permit us to board the boat again, and in order not to be left behind, we had to run along the shore. We sought relief by jumping off bridges onto the boat, which naturally was very dangerous.

Finally on September 24, 1849 [other sources say September 15, 1849], we landed at Buffalo, New York. Health conditions at the time were bad in Buffalo. Cholera was rampant in a high degree. We went to the home of a countryman on Genesee Street. The same day the young lady who had traveled with us felt ill. The same evening they took her to a hospital. They said that no one was permitted to keep sick at home. On the following day, the young man, my fellow-traveler, also become ill, and we took him to the Sisters Hospital. We took him there on Friday, and when I went to inquire about him on the following Tuesday, one of the Sisters (nuns) who spoke German said that he had died and had been buried the day before. I asked about his belongings (400 Gulden had been given him before he left home) and she said that she knew nothing about anything and that only a key had been found in his clothing.