

nearly all got seasick; the few who did not have the bad luck of getting sick, were unable to eat at the tables, as neither the dishes nor the eatables could remain in their places on account of the rolling of the steamer. We therefore had to be satisfied with holding our food in one hand, while we held on to something else with the other, so as to keep from falling. This storm lasted the whole day, but on the second it grew worse, as it was accompanied by an intense fog. Complying with the rules of the steamer, the fog-horn was sounded twice every minute so as to prevent collisions etc. About ten o'clock that morning our steamer received an answer from another one, and as the sound was constantly increasing the passengers became so alarmed that they provided themselves with life-savers, intending to save their lives as best they could. I admit that when I put a life-saver on I felt "cold chills" creeping up my back. I was only fourteen years old and was anxious to see my parents and my native land before I should be buried in a watery grave. My anxieties were soon relieved though, as the sound of the other steamer's whistle constantly diminished until it was inaudible.

It continued stormy for about two more days, and on the tenth day of my trip which should have lasted but seven days, I arrived safely in New York harbor, where I was greeted by my family.