With the break of day and the beautiful light, a beautiful panorama opened before our eyes — something I had never seen. At 3 a. m. a tugboat came out to guide us into the New York Harbor, where we dropped anchor at 8 o'clock. The fantastic harbor made a great impression on us, first to the right was a forest and a steep hill where a river, with beautiful stream, flowed along. Except for a few fishermen's huts, there were no buildings to be seen. As we turned right, there was a neighboring fort well fortified, to protect the harbor in war-time. Beyond the Fort on the left lay mysteriously the stately Island, which lifted itself majestically along the shore. On the terrace above were beautiful homes, each with a gorgeous garden and with a fine view from their balconies. It looked like Paradise - our "Jaffet" and our "Vesuvius-Theal" does not compare with it.
It seemed as tho' the country spoke to us—Cynics, who had repelled their voyage and thought of all the coming hardships now blanked over their cowardice and discouragement. Here it plants in wonderful height, as friendly, it seems to speak—"Come in here you can build your cabin." There are many such places, that are still in the wilderness, waiting for you to make your home and your curing. Then as we were at anchor, the police came aboard, but had nothing to do with us—Just officers and the doctor examined us. That is, only those who were sick.