

Travel Diary of an Unknown Woman, 1844

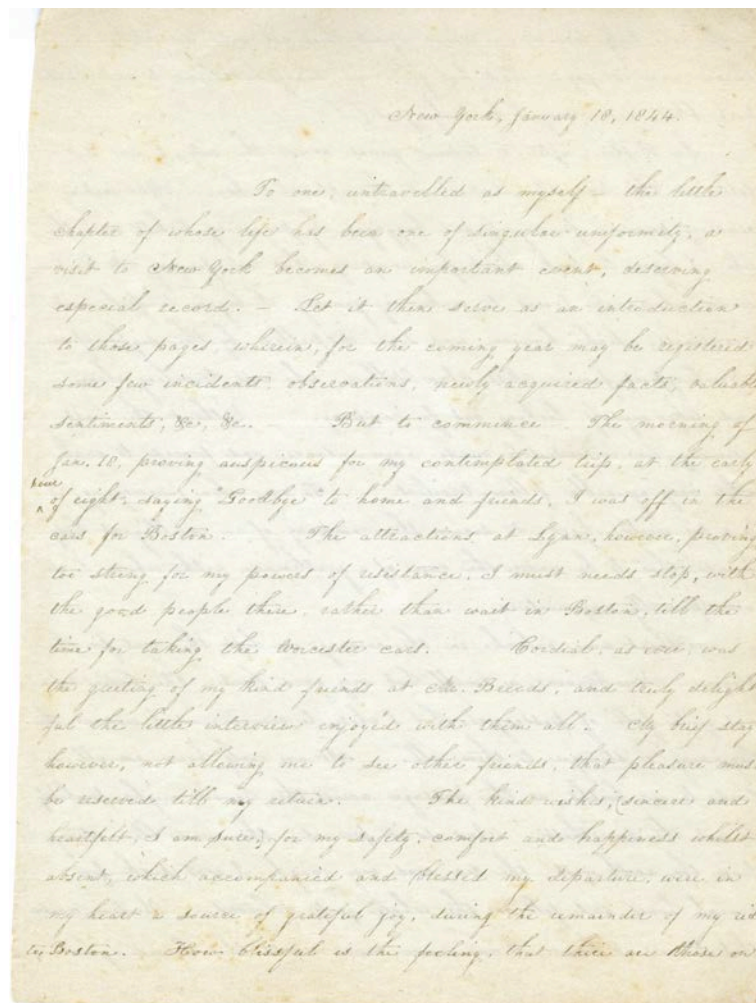
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New York, January 18, 1844

To one, untravelled as myself the little chapter of whose life has been one of singular uniformity, a visit to New York becomes an important event, deserving especial record. Let it then serve as an introduction to the pages, wherein, for the coming years may be registered some few incidents, observations, newly acquired facts, valuable sentiments. But to commence --- The morning of Jan. 18, proving auspicious for any contemplated trip, at the early hour of eight, saying "Goodbye" to home and friends, I was off in the cars for Boston. The attractions at Lynn, however, proving too strong for my powers of resistance, I must needs stop, with the good people there, rather than wait in Boston, till the time for taking the Worcester cars. Cordial, as ever, was the greeting of my kind friends at Mr. Breeds, and truly delightful the little interview enjoyed with them all. My brief stay, however, not allowing me to see other friends, that pleasure must be reserved till my return. The kind wishes, (sincere and heartfelt, I am sure) for my safety, comfort and happiness whilst absent, which accompanied and blessed my departure, were in my heart a source of grateful joy, during the remainder of my ride to Boston. How blissful is the feeling, that there are those on



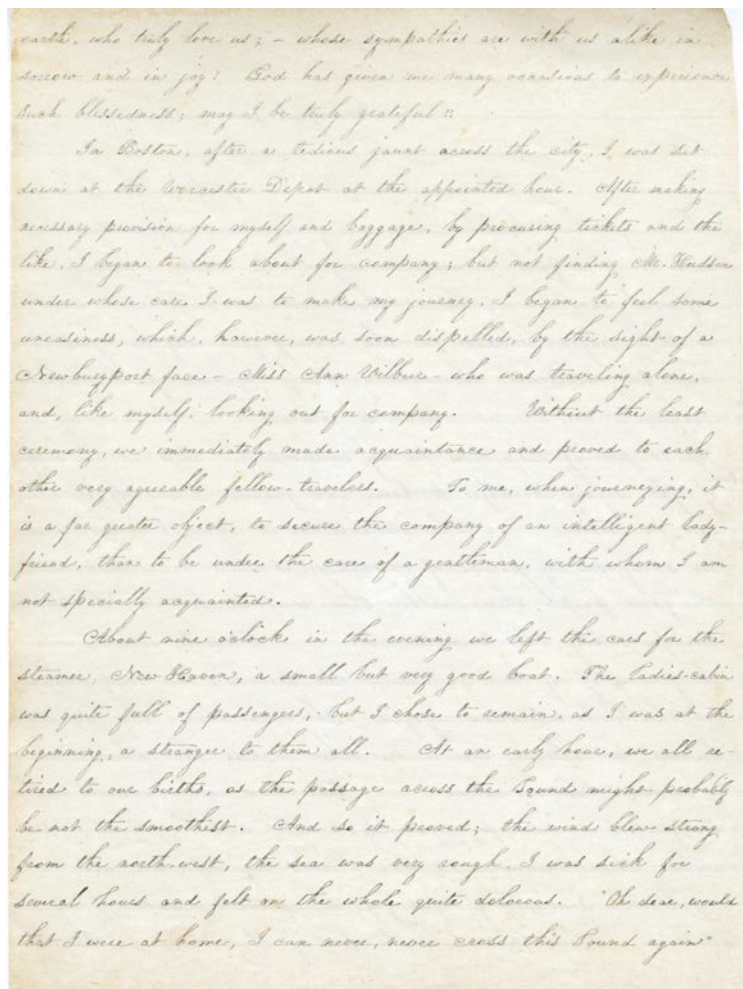
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earth, who truly love us, whose sympathies are with us alike, in sorrow and in joy! God given me many occasions to experience such blessedness; may I be truly grateful!

In Boston, after a tedious jaunt across the city, I was set down at the Worcester Depot at the appointed home. After making necessary provision for myself and baggage, by procuring tickets and the like, I began to look about for company; but not finding Mr. Huston under whose call I was to make my journey. I began to feel some uneasiness, which, however was soon dispelled, by the sight of a Newburyport face - Miss Ann Wilbur, who was traveling alone, and, like myself, looking for company. Without the east ceremony, we immediately made acquaintance and proved to each other the agreeable fellow travelers. To me, when journeying, it is a far greater object, to secure the company of an intelligent lady-friend, than to be under the ease of a gentleman, with whom I am not specially acquainted.

About nine o'clock, in the evening we left the cars for the steamer, New Haven, a small but very good boat. The ladies-cabin was quite full of passengers, but I chose to remain as I was at the beginning, a stranger to them all, At an early hour, we all returned to our births, as the passage across the sound might probably be not the smoothest. And so it proved, the wind blew strong from the northeast, the sea was very rough, I was sick for several hours and felt on the whole quite dolorous. "Oh dear, would that I were at home, I can never, never cross this sound again"



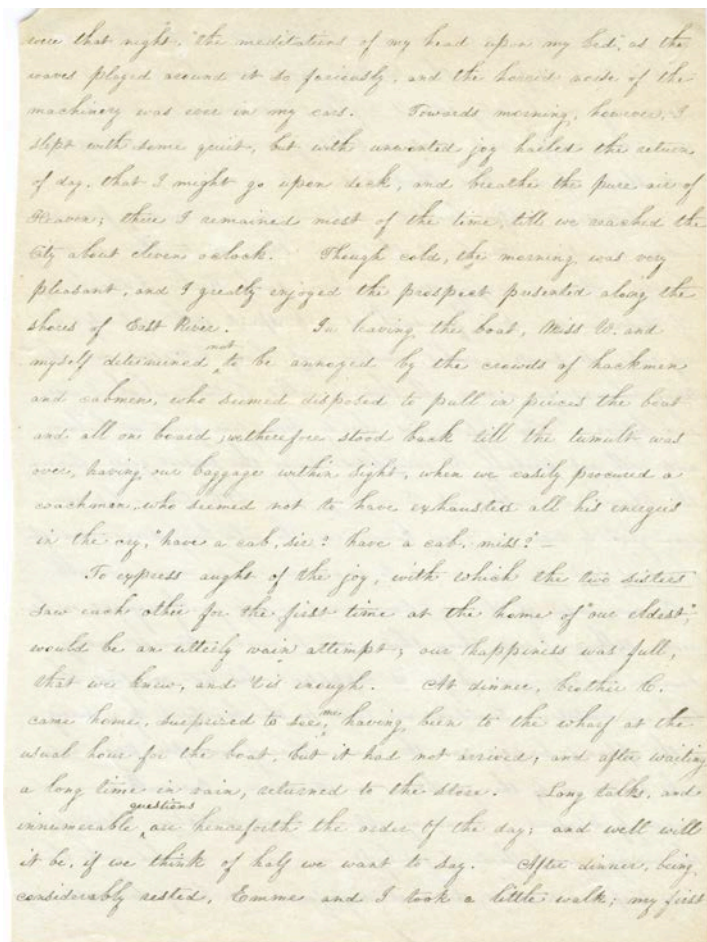
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were that night, "the meditations of my head upon my bed," as the waves played around it so furiously, and the horrid noise of the machinery was ever in my ears. Towards morning, however, I slept with some quick, but with unwanted joy hailed the return of day, that I might go upon deck, and breathe the pure air of Heaven; there I remained most of the time, till we reached the city about eleven o'clock. Though cold, the morning was very pleasant, and I greatly enjoyed the prospect presented along the shores of East River. In leaving the boat, Miss W. and myself determined not to be annoyed by the crows of hackmen and cabmen, who seemed disposed to pull in pieces the boat and all on board; we therefore stood back till the tumult was over, having our baggage within sight, when we easily procured a coachman, who seemed not to have exhausted all his engines in the cry, "have a cab, sir? have a cab, miss?"

To express ought of the joy, with which the two sisters saw each other for the first time at the home of "our eldest" would be an utterly vain attempt; our happiness was full, that we knew, and 'tis enough. At dinner, brother C. came home, surprised to see me having been to the wharf at the usual hour for the boat, but it had not arrived, and after waiting a long time in vain, returned to the store. Long talks and innumerable questions, are henceforth the order of the day; and well will it be, if we think of half we want to say. After dinner, being considerably rested, Emme and I took a little walk, my first

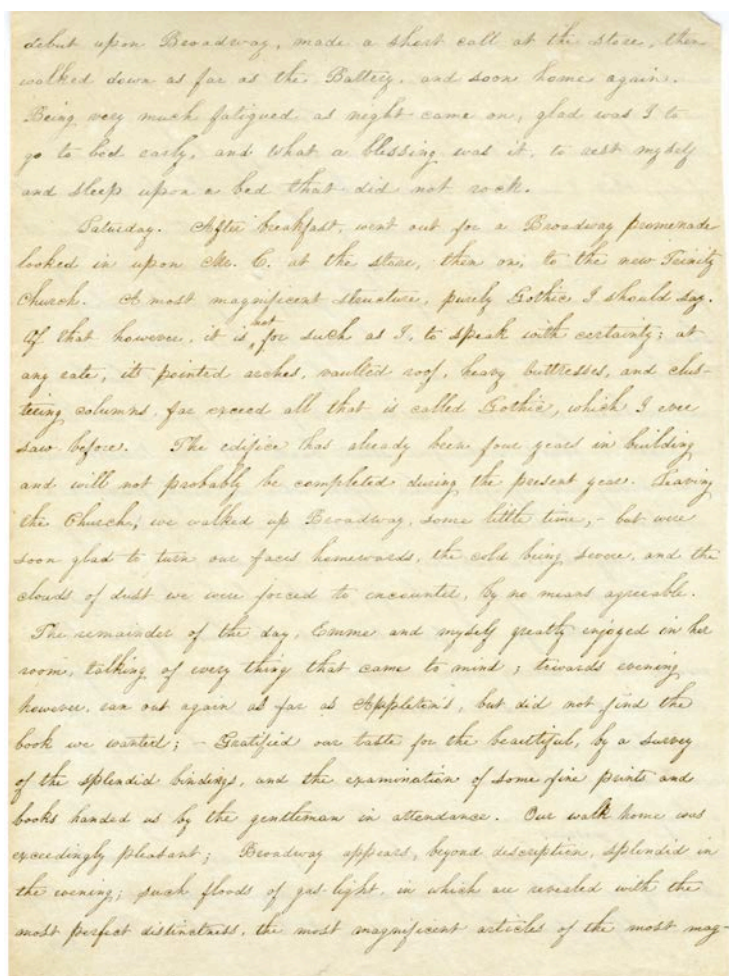


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Saturday. After breakfast, went out for a Broadway promenade looked in upon Mr. C. at the store, then on, to the new Trinity Church. A most magnificent structure, purely gothic I should say. Of that however, it is not for such as I, to speak with certainty; at any rate, its pointed arches, vaulted roof, heavy buttresses, and clustering columns, far exceed all that is called Gothic, which I ever saw before. The edifice has already been four years in building and will not probably be completed during the present year. Leaving the church, we walked up Broadway some little time, but were soon glad to turn our faces homewards, the cold being severe, and the clouds of dust we were forced to encounter, by the means agreeable. The remainder of the day, Emme and myself greatly enjoyed in the room, talking of every thing that had come to mind; towards evening however, ran out again as far as Appleton's, but did not find the book we wanted; Gratified our taste for the beautiful, by a survey of the splendid bindings, and the examination of some fine points and books handed us by the gentleman in attendance, Our walk home was exceedingly pleasant; Broadway appears, beyond description, splendid in the evening; such floods of gas-light, in which are revealed with the most perfect distinctness, the most magnificent articles of the most mag-



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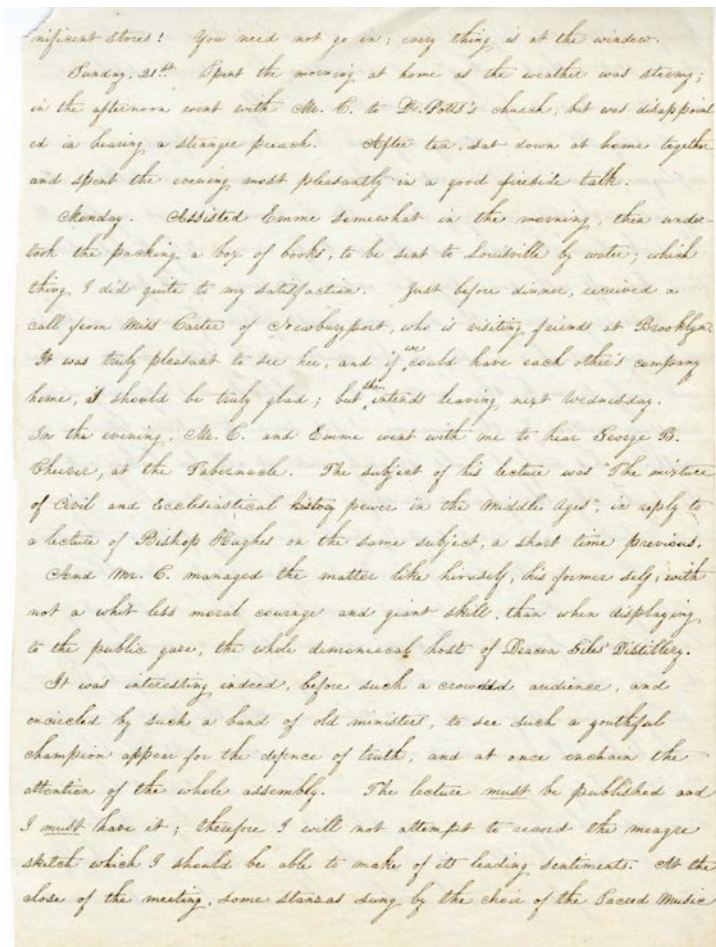
nificent stores! You need not go in; every thing is at the window.

Sunday, 21st. Spent the morning at home as the weather was stormy; in the afternoon went with Mr. C. to Dr. Poll's church, but was disappointed in hearing a stranger preach. After tea, sat down at home together and spent the evening most pleasantly in a good fireside talk.

Sunday. Assisted Emme somewhat in the morning, then undertook the packing, a bag of books, to be sent to Louisville by water; which thing I did quite to my satisfaction. Just before dinner, received a call from Miss Carter of Newburyport, who is visiting friends at Brooklyn. It was truly pleasant to see her, and if we could have each other's company home, I should be truly glad; but she intends leaving next wednesday. In the evening, Mr. C. and Emme went with me to hear George B. Cheever, at the Tabernacle. The subject of his lecture was "The mixture of civil and Ecclesiastical power in the middle ages", in reply to a lecture of Bishop Hughes on the same subject, a short time previous.

And Mr. C. managed the matter like himself, his former self; with not a whit less moral courage and grant skill, than when displaying to the public gaze, the whole Demoniacal host of Deacon Giles' Distillery.

It was interesting indeed, before such a crowded audience, and encircled by such a band of old ministers, to see such a youthful champion appear for the defense of truth, and at once enchain the attention of the whole assembly. The lecture must be published and I must have it. Therefore, I will not attempt to record the meagre sketch which I should be able to make of its leading sentiment. At the close of the meeting, some stanzas sung by the choir of the sacred music



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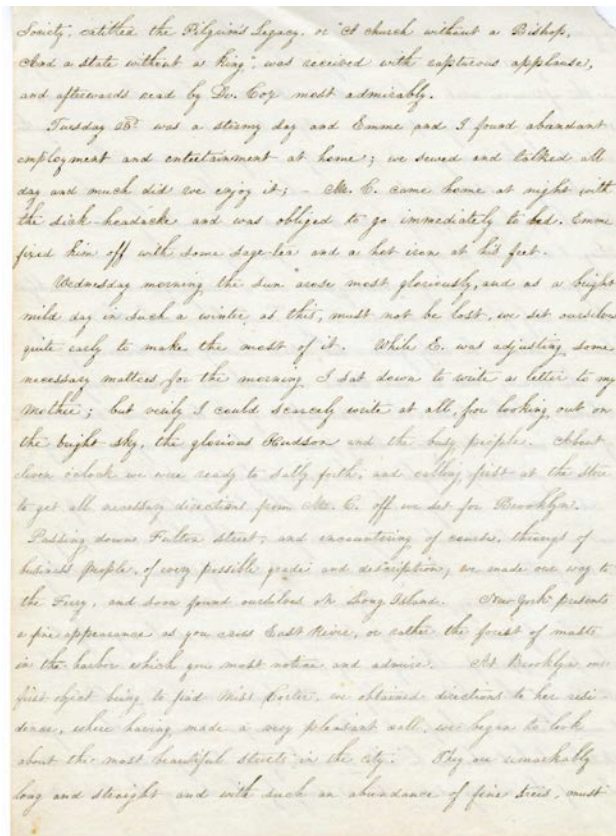
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society entitled the Pilgrim's legacy, or "A church without a Bishop, and a state without a King", was received with rapturous applause, and afterwards read by Dr. Coy most admirably.

Tuesday, 23rd was a stormy day and Emme and I found abundant employment and entertainment at home; we sewed and talked all day and much did we enjoy it; Mr. C. came home at night with the sick-headache and was obliged to go immediately to bed. Emme fixed him off with some sage-tea and a hot iron at his feet.

Wednesday morning, the sun arose most gloriously, and as a bright mild day in such a winter as this, must not be lost, we set ourselves quite early to make the most of it. While E. was adjusting some necessary matters for the morning I sat down to write a letter to my mother; but verily I could scarcely write at all, for looking out on the bright sky, the glorious Hudson and the busy people. About seven o'clock we were ready to sally forth, and calling first at the store to get all the necessary directions from Mr. C. off we set for Brooklyn.

Passing down Fulton street, and encountering of course, throngs of busy people, of every possible grade and description; we made our way to the Ferry, and soon found ourselves on Long Island. New York presents a fine appearance as you cross East River, or rather the forest of masts in the harbor which you most notice and admire. At Brooklyn, our first object being to find Miss Carter, we obtained directions to her residence, where having made a very pleasant call, we began to look about the most beautiful streets in the city. They are remarkably long and straight and with such an abundance of fine trees, must



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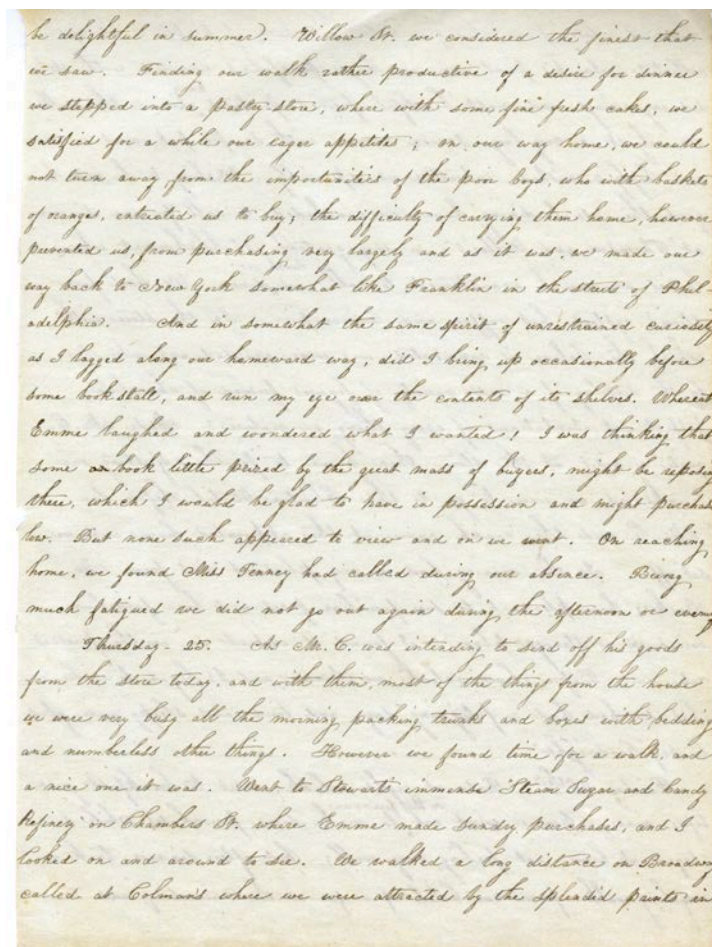
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be delightful in the summer. Willow St. we considered the finest that we saw. Finding our walk rather productive of a desire for dinner we stepped into a pastry-store, where with some fine fresh cakes, we satisfied for a while our eager appetites; on our way home, we could not turn away from the opportunities of the poor boys, who with baskets of oranges, entreated us to buy; the difficulty of carrying them home, however prevented us, from purchasing very largely and as it was, we made our way back to New York somewhat like Franklin in the streets of Philadelphia. And in somewhat the same spirit of unrestrained curiosity as I lagged along our homeward way, did I bring up occasionally before some book stall, and run my eye over the contents of its shelves. Whereas Emme laughed and wondered what I wanted! I was thinking that some book little pured by the great mass of buyers, might be reposing there, which I would be glad to have in possession and might purchase low. But more such appeared to view and on we went. On reaching home, we found Miss Tenney ha called during our absence. Being much fatigued we did not go out again during the afternoon or evening.

Thursday, 25. As Mr. C was intending to send off his goods from the store today, and with them, most of the things from the house. We were very busy all the mornin packing trunks and boxes with bedding and numberless other things. However we found time for a walk, and a nice one it was. Went to Stewart's immense "Steam sugar and candy refinery" on Chambers St. where Emme made sundry purchases, and I looked on around to see. We walked a long distance on Broadway called at Colman's where we were attracted by the splendid prints in



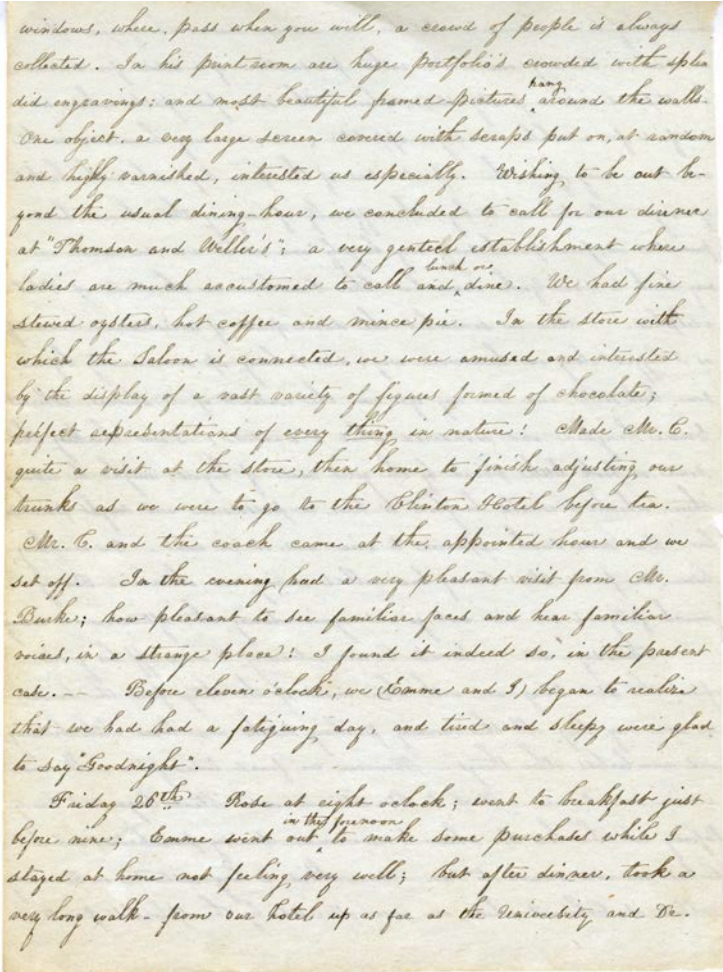
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windows, where, pass when you will, a crowd of people is always collected. In his paint room are huge portfolio's crowded with splendid engravings; and most beautiful framed-pictures hang around the walls. One object, a very large screen covered with scraps put on, at random and highly varnished, interested us especially. Wishing to be out beyond the usual dining-hour, we concluded to call for our dinner at "Thomson and Weller's" a very grateful establishment where ladies are much accustomed to call lunch and or dine. We had fine stewed oysters, hot coffee and mince pie. In the store with which the saloon is connected, we were amused and interested by the display of a vast variety of figures formed of chocolate; perfect representation of everything in nature! Made Mr. C. quite a visit at the store, then home to finish adjusting our trunks as we were to go to the Clinton Hotel before tea.

Mr. C. and the coach came at the appointed hour and we set off. In the evening had a very pleasant visit from Mr. Burke; how pleasant to see familiar faces and hear familiar voices, in a strange place! I found it indeed so, in the present case. Before eleven o'clock, we (Emme and I) began to realize that we had had a fatiguing day, and tired and sleepy were glad to say "Goodnight".

Friday, 26th. Rose at eight o'clock; went to breakfast just before nine; Emme went out in the forenoon to make some purchases while I stayed at home not feeling very well; but after dinner, took a very long walk - from our hotel up as far as the university and Dr.

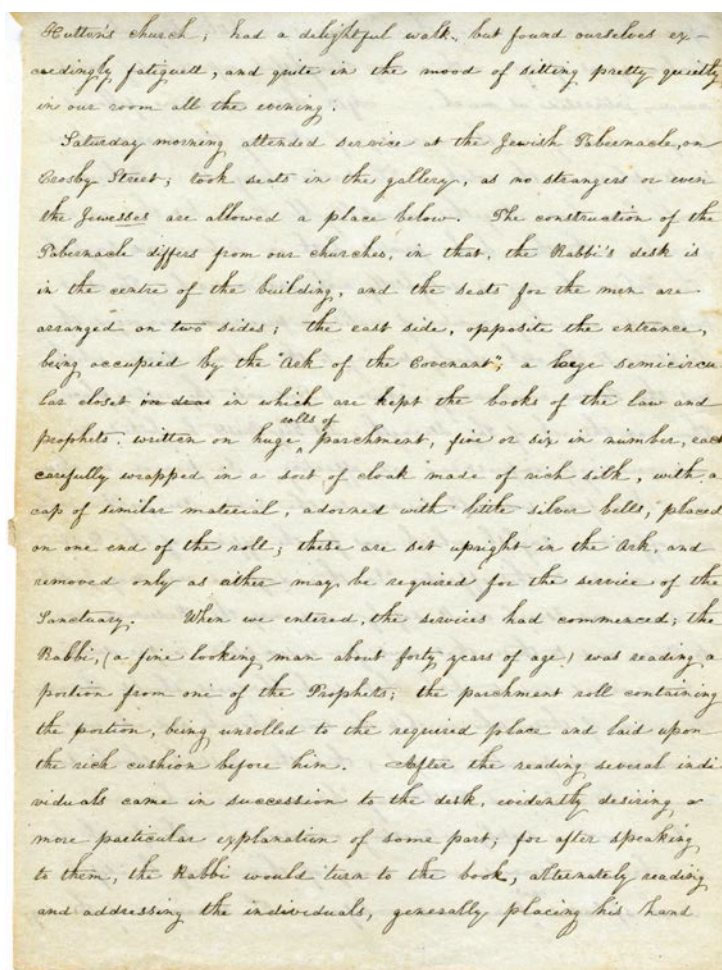


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Hutton's church, had a delightful walk, but found ourselves exceedingly fatigued, and quite in the mood of sitting, pretty quietly in our room all the evening.

Saturday morning attended service at the Jewish Tabernacle, on Crosby Street; took seats in the gallery, as no strangers or even the Jewesses are allowed a place below. The construction of the Tabernacle differs from our churches, in that, the Rabbi's desk is the center of the building, and the seats for the men are arranged on two sides; the east side, opposite the entrance, being occupied by the "ark of the covenant", a large semicircular closet in which are kept the books of the law and prophets, written on huge rolls of parchment, five or six in number, each carefully wrapped in a sort of cloak made of rich silk, with a cap of similar material, adorned with little silver bells, placed on one end of the roll; these are set upright in the ark, and removed only as other may be required for the service of the sanctuary. When we entered, the services had commenced; the Rabbi, (a fine looking man about forty years of age) was reading a portion from one of the Prophets; the parchment roll containing the portion, being unrolled to the required place and laid upon the rich cushion before him. After the reading several individuals came in succession to the desk, evidently desiring a more particular explanation of some part; for after speaking to them, the Rabbi would turn to the book, alternately reading and addressing the individuals, generally placing his hand



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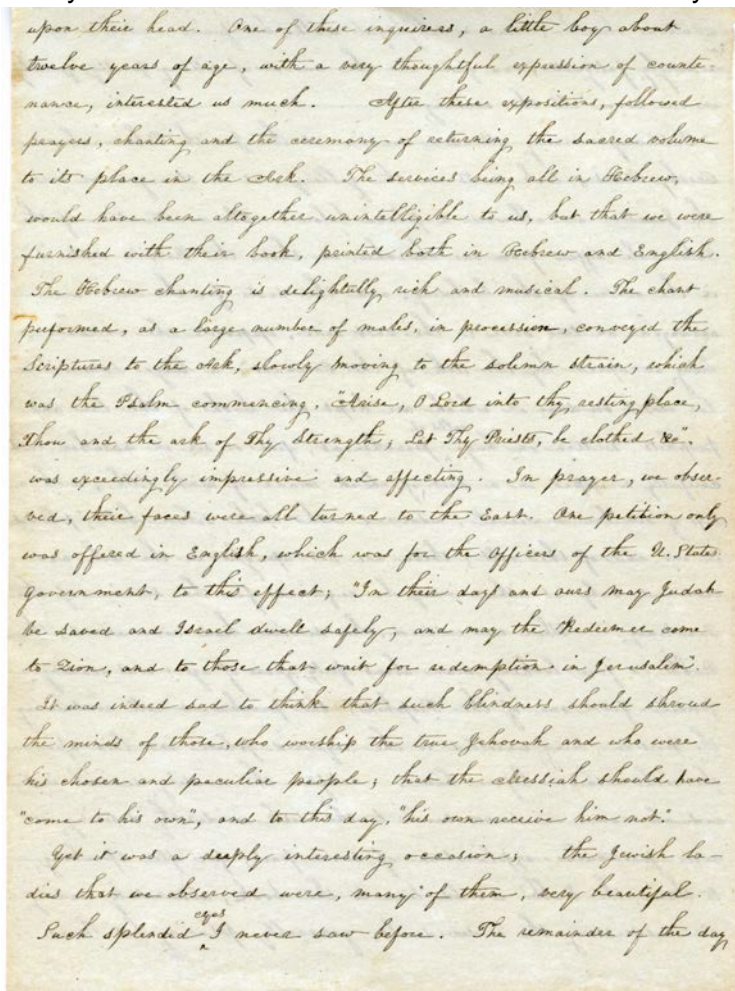
upon their head. One of these inquiries, a little boy about twelve years of age, with a very thoughtful expression of countenance, interested us much. After these expositions, followed prayers, chanting and the ceremony of returning the sacred volume to its place in the Ark. The services being all in Hebrew, would have been altogether unintelligible to us, but that we were furnished with their book, printed both in Hebrew and English.

The Hebrew chanting is delightfully rich and musical. The chant performed, as a large number of males, in procession, conveyed the scriptures to the Ark, slowly moving to the solemn strain, which was the psalm commencing, "Arise, O Lord into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength, let thy priests, be clothed be", was exceedingly impressive and affecting. In prayer, we observed, their faces were all turned to the east. One petition only was offered in English, which was for the officers of the U. States government, to this effect, "In their days and ours may Judah be saved and Israel dwell safely, and may the Redeemer come to Zion, and to those that wait for redemption in Jerusalem".

It was indeed sad to think that such blindness should shroud the minds of those, who worship the true Jehovah and who were his chosen and peculiar people, that the Messiah should have "come to his own", and to this day, "his own receive him not."

Yet it was a deeply interesting occasion, the Jewish ladies that we observed, many of them, very beautiful.

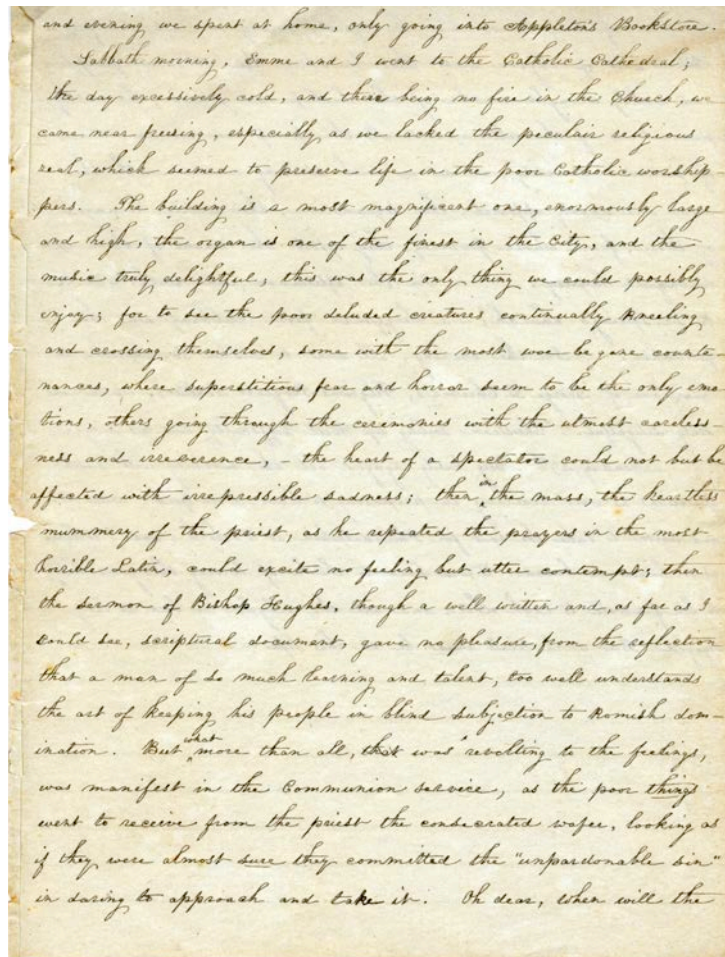
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upon their head. One of these inquiries, a little boy about twelve years of age, with a very thoughtful expression of countenance, interested us much. After these expositions, followed prayers, chanting and the ceremony of returning the sacred volume to its place in the ark. The services being all in Hebrew, would have been altogether unintelligible to us, but that we were furnished with their book, printed both in Hebrew and English. The Hebrew chanting is delightfully rich and musical. The chant performed, as a large number of males, in procession, conveyed the scriptures to the ark, slowly moving to the solemn strain, which was the psalm commencing, "Arise, O Lord into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength, let thy priests, be clothed be." was exceedingly impressive and affecting. In prayer, we observed, their faces were all turned to the east. One petition only was offered in English, which was for the officers of the U. States government, to this effect; "In their days and ours may Judah be saved and Israel dwell safely, and may the Redeemer come to Zion, and to those that wait for redemption in Jerusalem. It was indeed sad to think that such blindness should shroud the minds of those, who worship the true Jehovah and who were his chosen and peculiar people; that the Messiah should have "come to his own", and to this day, "his own receive him not." Yet it was a deeply interesting occasion; the Jewish ladies that we observed were, many of them, very beautiful. Such splendid eyes I never saw before. The remainder of the day

and evening we spent at home, only going into Appleton's Bookstore.

Sabbath morning, Emme and I went to the Catholic Cathedral, the day excessively cold, and there being no fire in the church, we came near freezing, especially as we lacked the peculiar religious zeal, which seemed to preserve life in the poor Catholic worshippers. The building is a most magnificent one, enormously large and high, the organ is one of the finest in the city, and the music truly delightful, this was the only thing we could possibly enjoy; for to see the poor deluded creatures continually kneeling and crossing themselves, some with the most woe be gone countenances, where superstitious fear and horror seem to be the only emotions, others going through the ceremonies with the utmost carelessness and irreverence, - the heart of a spectator could not be but affected with such irrepressible sadness; then in the mass, the heartless mummerly of the priest, as he repeated the prayers in the most horrible Latin, could excite no feeling but utter contempt; then the sermon of Bishop Hughes, though a well written and, as far as I could see, scriptural document, gave no pleasure from the reflection that a man of so much learning and talent, too well understands the act of keeping his people in blind subjection to Romish domination. But what more than all, that was revolting to the feelings, was manifest in the communion service, as the poor things went to receive from the priest the consecrated water, looking as if they were almost sure they committed the "unpardonable sin" in daring to approach and take it. Oh dear, when will the

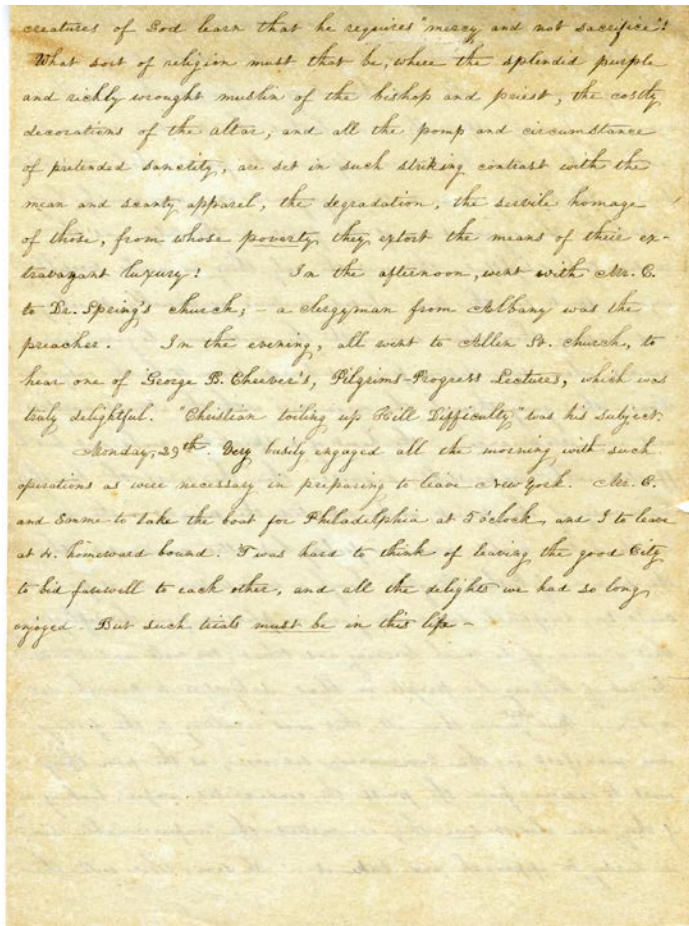


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creatures of God harm that he requires "mercy and not sacrifice"!

What sort of religion must that be, where the splendid purple and richly wrought muslin of the bishop and priest, the costly decorations of the altar, and all the pomp and circumstance of pretended sanctity, are set in such striking contrast with the mean and scanty approval, the degradation, the servile homage of those, from whose poverty they extort the means of their extravagant luxury! In the afternoon, went with Mr. C. to Dr. Spring's church; a clergyman from Albany was the preacher. In the evening, all went to Allen St. Church, to hear one of George B. Cheever's, Pilgrims-Progress Lectures, which was truly delightful. "Christian toiling up Hill Difficulty" was his subject.

Sunday, 29th. Very busily engaged all the morning with such operations as were necessary in preparing to leave New York. Mr. C. and Emme to take the boat for Philadelphia at 5 o'clock, and I to leave at 4, homeward bound. 'Twas hard to think of leaving the good city to bid farewell to each other, and all the delights we had to long enjoyed. But such trials must be in this life -



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