

That was not far from Arlington, & we drove
up to the stately old house, & went over it — It
is a singular mixture of elegance & shabbiness,
the rooms large & well proportioned, but the
walls finished in common white wash,
handsome marble fire-places & mean &
shabby wood-work — A great many rooms,
a very large house, & yet what we should
call a flight of back-stairs to lead to the
upper rooms — Of course the effect would
be very different when handsomely fur-
nished, as they say it was, in Lee's time —
But there has been so much destruction
in this frantic desire for riches, they have
recovered & locked up almost everything —

Leaving there was the saddest sight
I have seen this many a day, & old men's jaws
as close together as they could lie, ~~now~~ after
row, line after line, each with its head-band,
^{then} against the fence, between it & the carriage
road, & graves lying side by side, as you rode along
you could read the names — I have wondered
brown mounds becoming cemeteries, they gave

the more impression of the insatiable
spirit of war than any thing I have seen —
Leaving there we passed a magnificent bridge —
Leaving all out of ground & stockaded, & crossing
aqueduct bridge to Georgetown, & came back
to Washington by 5 P.M. — A long day's ride, & very
tired I was, — ready to go to bed early, when
the W. paper brought the acct. of the R.R. accident —
They all tried to persuade me the res had
delayed you, & you could not be there — But I
was pretty wretched & wakeful after I got to
bed, & my sleep not very refreshing, though I
knew I could do neither for nor myself good
by worrying & so tried to keep calm & quiet —
The next morn'g I was weary, sore & lame,
& it was hard work to keep quiet & calm, for
the thought would come you might be in
pain or distress, or something worse, & I just
near you! & I wanted to pack & go to you at
once — At last I took Carrie's sensible advice,
& telegraphed to Dr. Torrey — Your telegram never
came — The message went at 12 1/2, & I had the
answer before 2, "Dr. Gray passed through safely
yesterday & left for Boston" — Oh, how grateful &
relieved I felt! Dear love, how I suffered at the
thought of your suffering, & how grateful I ought

I was lazy & stayed in door - Dr. Gray went off
to Clapham to see the Birds & went to church
with them - Came back in the afternoon & we
had a quiet Cf. together -

~~no Tuesday~~
~~Monday~~ I went over to see the Herbarium,
having a letter to carry to Dr. Gray - It is the
old house of the King of Hanover, Cumberland
House - Not very palatial, but a handsome
country house of 50 years ago say, though I fancy
really older - Not so convenient as Dr. Gray's,
for the plants must be in different rooms, up
stairs & down & off here & there - Certainly the
effect is not so neat & finished - But they
always contrive the windows to look out on
something green & lovely - Fresh lawns & beautiful
trees - I came back through the gardens -

But such a day! One hour bright sunshine, two
next such a whirl of wind & rain! I was caught
& hurried in the museum, ^(on 2) & have the rain
over, but had too much walking & standing,
& got over-tired

There is Monday - It rained in the morning, but in
the afternoon I got to call on Mrs. Hooker, but
sat unconsciously, getting London addresses &c.

Cups of tea were brought in - She says it is the
universal custom now, the afternoon tea -

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New, W - London, W

Sept. 24th '78

Dear Sue

Has there ever such a doll
minute! When we first came we had
dull, cloudy days, though showers now & then,
but for or there sunshiny clear though,
a soft, pleasant air like one of our bright
October days - Friday it rained all day &
since then I cannot tell, one half hour to
the other what it will be - This morning we
rained at 8 with the most tremendous rain;
after breakfast at 9, it was so clear & bright
I planned a long day today in the garden -
Suddenly, half an hour ago, all was thick, black
clouds, a roaring, driving wind & falling rain;
I began to regret I had not gone out early, for I
thought I should be shut up all day - Now it
is bright sun-shine again! But how long it will
last I cannot tell, for I cannot see the west
or South - But certainly all over, clear &
truly beautiful! - But it has been warmer
than I expected in England in October - Sun
& sea-coast open out of doors, but I have a fair
chance of being there during some part of it - For one
room are wholly having no sunshiny in them

The only fault to find with them, for me are very comfortable -

Oct. 1st. I have been very busy running up a piece of work & so left my journal until today - And now I have not much time, for tomorrow unless very unpleasant, we are to go off down into Dorsetshire to visit Mr. Church - A clergyman, one of our old Oxford acquaintances with whom Dr. Jay has kept up a correspondence - You will judge I am better, & so I am; but still lying still seems more agreeable than trying journeying again, but Dr. Jay is anxious to make some visit before the season gets later, & thinks a change may be a good thing for me - I have got over the fiddiness in my head & begin to feel more like a living being - It is a great relief! -

My journal this last week is not much for I have been very quiet - But let me note one improvement - We have bought a study lamp, one of the German Student lamps so common with us, but cracked up wonderfully as an invention of Pilschke, Brandt & Co., a reading & microscope lamp, Cost 18/ which put into gold would be 4.50, not cheap - But - it gives us eye again in the Cof., & makes it possible to be busy -

Saturday morn^g had a long time in the garden, caught in showers, & waited in the Temperate Orchid house for me to be over, & a pretty place to

rest in! Sat in the dorr, part of the time, of the above house, & heard the wind find & crackle through the strange foliage - Dr. Jay carried over to Dr. Hooker in the morning the California Phlox, & they were all delighted with them -

They invited us to a tea dinner - Being alone the children had tea & they dined at 6 1/2 - So I went & saw most of the children - Mrs. Hooker looks quite handsome without her bonnet, she was in muslin shirt & silk skirt - The next youngest Reginald, 2 years old, was playing on the sofa when I went in - does not speak yet - Brian P. is a lively little fellow with most charming manners - Charlie, 12, ^{and} at school - The daughter is 14, shy & quiet - In a white alpaca, short waist trimmed with black velvet - Eldest, Fiddle, almost 16, very delicate, anxious for his lamp - I should have thought him 14, the girl 13, - But they have all very graceful finished manners, & a sweet gentle way of speaking to each other -

We had a pleasant Ev. & came home early - Saw some charming water colour sketches by one of Mrs. Hooker's Uncles, quite an album -

Sunday was fluctuating & cold & showery -

found him at the Fort, I would
keep on to City Point - But I could not
get my pass attend - So Helen & I landed,
& the rest of the party went on - I thought
Charles would come in the aft. boat, but
I suppose that unfortunate sentence
deceived him, he did not get the telegram,
& so waited for me at City Point - Last Ev.
came a telegram from him saying he
would come down this afternoon, so I have
lost a day -

Helen & I walked up the wharf, & saw
a dining & waiting Saloon, & turned in there,
thinking it too early to go to the Stackpoles -
I eagerly watched every one who came on
the wharf, saw no one I knew, & after awhile
that I would try some breakfast - Found a
neat & comfortable dining-room, (he had a
fair waiting-room,) very good bread & butter,
& tolerable tea, & they only asked me .25 cts.
I expected at least \$1.00 - About 8 we

Fortress Monroe -
March 13-'65

My dearest love,

Here I am with
Martha Stackpole, having a very
pleasant little sojourn - He left
Washington on Saturday Aft. He
went down to the wharf where we
met our party, & I stood on
James Clark there, who talked
away as fast as ever - The regular
boat was very crowded with sol-
diers & officers returning, & the Quar-
termaster in charge told Major
Potter, if we did not mind waiting
a little at the Arsenal, he would
send us down in a despatch boat

that was return. As we crossed
the crowded boat, & found ourselves
in a small, comfortable, pretty
little steamer, in which we were al-
most the only passengers, & had it
all to ourselves - We had to wait so
long to take the ordnance on board,
that we did not start until 3
hours after the other boat - It was
very pleasant & beautiful moonlight;
we had a comfortable tea, & turned
in about 9 o'clock - I shared a state-
room with Mrs. Chase, & dreaded going
to bed, but got on very comfortably
the first part of the night, - Had
some naps, but after we got into the
more open water, I was at times un-
comfortable, though never fairly sick -

They called us before day-break,
& dressing was a ticklish operation,
but I got through at last & seated, &
began to feel better, - Saw the sun-rise,
& soon after we reached the Fortress,
at the same time as the other boat.
It was a great piece of good luck
our coming in that comfortable way -
We must make up our minds to
share the dirt & crowd on going back.
We landed on the wharf, but saw
no Charles; but I thought we were too
soon for him - Fortunately Goddard of
the Staff was on the regular boat, & Major
Potter introduced me, & I begged him
to tell Charles I was here - I was a-
fraid Charles might not get my telegram,
& I said in my letter if I could ~~not~~
get my pass altered, & did not find

Well! I think it would be refreshing as they do not dine until 7—

Dr. Gray had gone up to London, & as I was waiting dinner for him, Miss Sullivan, who was at our house in C. last November, called - In her brougham, with Coachman & footman on the box! Very cordial & pleasant she was - Wanted us to go to her place at Philham next Monday to pass the night & go with her to see the fire-works at Sydenham - I was afraid to venture so much, & Dr. Gray thought he should not be back in time on Monday - we are to dine with her at Dr. Hooker's on Wednesday next -

Yesterday, Wednesday, Mrs. Hooker & I had arranged to go to London to lunch with Mrs. Bentham, & to order some boots, &c., &c. - But the threatening clouds prevented - So I stayed quietly & tried to rest off Tuesday's fatigue -

A letter came from mother from Glasgow - She was to cross that night, Tuesday, to Ireland, & they hope to be in London a week from Saturday, Oct. 10th - She could give me no address to write to her, & unfortunately had mislaid my letter at Glasgow - I could only

address to the P.O.

Today I took a brougham & went to Richmond to try a little shopping. I got on pretty well but bother somewhat over dividing pence into shillings & shillings into pounds. Such a stupid currency! — I did not find things much cheaper than with us when you put everything into gold —

Monday came the home letters, so delightful! — Many thanks to Lizzie for hers, a snat me from Isa, & yours, dear Sue, Charles & Lizzie

Putnam's notes — Last Ev. came another from Lizzie P. enclosing a note from Kate Eliot —

It is such a pleasure, no one knows like they hunger & thirst for them in a strange land, to get letters from home! —

Dr. Gray is just back from dining in London with Dr. Hooker at a little club where he has had a famous good time — He has had an invitation to the Athenaeum while in London, & gets all sorts of civilities & attentions — A letter came this Ev. from Mr. Loring just landed from the City of Baltimore — I am sorry we are going away these few days —

Very much love to you all & individually —

Perhaps my next letter will be more entertaining —

Ever affely, Jane —

slaves, but a well-conducted population on the whole, & learning to take care of them & selves -

The Hospital was perfectly immense! - No end of the low wooden buildings, & then rows on rows of tents -

This morn^g. Helen & I have been nearly round the ramparts - ^{they are 1 1/4 miles round} The mud is high, but the air soft & lovely - The grass is green, some little low things in flower, & the willow catkins come out -

I suppose we shall not go back to Washington until tomorrow aft. - The boats leave City Point in the morn^g, & reach Washington 7.30 the next morn^g -

It will delay my going to Philadelphia - But it is very pleasant here - And then this sweet baby & fondle - done to the family, & kind remembrances beside - from ^{your ever} faithful & only, Jane -

that we would try & find out the Major, & we walked up the wharf, through Suttler's buildings & stone houses & met Major Stanton in the street - He said he had been looking for us ever since the boat came in - He led us across a foot bridge over the wide moat, & under an arched passage, long & narrow, & we were inside the mighty Fort -

It is much larger than I had imagined, enclosing a space as large as Boston Common. The casemates are fronted on the inside with rows of green doors, a long window on each side, a brick walk in front. Then green turf, then the road, a brick side walk, another strip of turf & trees, another side walk, then yellow houses,

two stories beside basement ~~attic~~, each divided into 4 dwelling houses. One cuts up a long flight of ~~stone~~ steps, a broad piazza roofed over; the blackpoles have the upper story, or there is a flight, inside the door, of stairs; a parlour, bedroom, & small room; an attic above where Helen & I sleep. The rooms are large & pleasant, the parlour very sunny, & they are comfortably furnished, with pictures of pretty things about.

Martha looks very pretty, a little delicate, but very erect & motherly. And she has a darling, little baby so plump & fresh afair. She is a most kind & pleasant hostess, & Lewis is very pleasant; & they make us very much at home. — Kitchens ^{off hands} run out behind the house, then

a row of beautiful live oaks, then the parade ground. Beyond that stables, & the men's quarters, & all sorts of buildings enclosed. Helen & I had a long nap yesterday morn. & I had a long talk with Martha. — Late in the afternoon Lewis drove me over to Hampton & round by the Hospital back. — Hampton they say was one of the prettiest villages in these parts, but Majordomo burnt it down, fine trees & all. — The negroes have built up small houses of sticks & boards, & it is a thickly settled, shabby looking place now. We met quantities of dandies in their gay Sunday dresses. — One lady in bright new pink mouseline Gambaldi, another in a brilliant yellow skirt with flounces, & a hat trimmed with bright scarlet velvet. They all ^{are} run away

neighborhood. Mrs. Church says that there is scarcely any-
one Mr. Church really cared to associate with, & that for
the most enjoyed talking with Dr. Gray. "Coming in contact
with someone who didn't care whether the old women had
the rheumatism, or the scholars were stupid at the
night school."

The house we should call small - Parlor, Study,
Dining-room & Kitchen one floor, Chambers above, & offices
above them. The furniture very simple - Everything
necessary for comfort, easy chairs, stands, cushions, every
thing thorough & complete in the chamber, yet more plain
than we have - But the books! Such nice books everywhere!
It delays my writing just to read the titles in our
chamber, & Mrs. Church said the house was fairly over-
run - The parlour looked out with a broad, sunny window
on a pretty garden, enclosed with a high wall, on which
were trained peaches, &c. The ornamental tree cut in perfect shape
held full of gay flowers - Red in one, blue in another, & so
on - A little, narrow window in one corner looked into a
little conservatory, only in seediness as yet - A semi-
circular case ran along the wall opposite the fire place, a
table on one side, another in the corner, a semi-circular
at your head - A couch against one wall, the window opposite.
Beautiful Louis & Italian photographs framed, some in
pairs, some of the Annals &c. pictures, & Charles a most
fascinating thing lately found in France, under the white wash
in a church, & pieces of Dante, &c. -

The first Ev. we were here, there was a Choro meeting,
or Mrs. Church was with them in the dining room. She
takes charge of the music - They are all men & boys, &
have to be taught to read staves of them, as a preliminary.
That is the work of the Night School in winter, all the chance
for learning of the laboring-classes - Of course, choruses &
anthems are more the music than hymns -

4

Kew. Oct. 7th. '68

My dear Sue, To keep a proper chronology
I should begin my journal with saying how
delighted Dr. Gray came home from London on
Thursday Ev. with his dinner at the Little Club
of gentlemen where he went by Dr. Hosker's invitation.
He has had an invitation to make use of the
Athens Club House while in London, & beat
there to wait for Dr. H. - This is a nice place & of course
brings a resting place while in town - You can make
your toilet, or get a dinner good & cheap, & read all the
papers - They dined at an inn in Albemarle St. -
Dr. Hosker, Wm. Frankland a chemist, Sir John Lubbock
the pre-historic man, Lyndal on heat, Herbert Spencer,
Huxley & many others were away -

Friday morn. we were to be off in good time, & so
to get me across the bridge! Cars uncertain at Kew, the
"Fly" would not start under 3/6, omnibus might not be in time.
So we called our shabby fly, & I took the Bath Chair -
We went to London & took a train from the same station
for Salisbury - But in England you must not cross the
track, & I think to get round that large station (Waterloo)
was about as far as going from our house to the Arsenal -
The country to the S.W. of England is quite different from
the centre - Some parts more like home, for we passed
"plantations" (young woods) of trees, & down large tracks of
uncultivated, wild land covered with heather & grass -
Then "coverts," underbrush, & copse we should say, then
game is preserved - The cuttings of the rail-road too, at

the sides were not so trim & neat. But the cultivated fields had that perfectly exquisite, smooth look, & such quantities of sheep! And so large & fat. Plenty of thatched cottages, picturesque, but they don't look nice to live in, & many farm houses, with yards & stables, & pleasant looking country houses, the gardens built round with a high wall of stone or brick. We stopped at Salisbury long enough to be tantalizing, but not long enough to see the Cathedral, & reached Frome at 3 1/4 to find Mr. Church waiting for us. Whately (pronounced Watly) is 3 miles from Frome, & is a fly (don't ask). Back. Coack. But this time. Between Salisbury & Frome (Mrs. Frome) dead & dead, on a high, green hill-side, was a white house so plainly marked in the chalk! Just as if all under the tree it was snow white, & the trees had been ^{cut} put in the huge outline of a horse. I suppose it must really be some ravine & hollows to give the effect at such a distance, but it was quite startling. Mr. Church says it is not Waters White Horse, but ^{it is} a very old one.

The road we drove by was up & down hills, through country hedges, filled with all sorts of pretty things, hawthorn, black & white berries, something else higher up, hawthorn, holly. I could not see the house as I wished, as we drove near, being shut up in the carriage, but we drove through a little village of stone houses, came suddenly into a beautiful shrubbery of Portuguese laurels, then out on a smooth soft lawn of greenest turf, & there in front, was a small stone house. Ah me, I wish I could do justice to Whately & to its inhabitants! Mr. Church has one of that charming Oxford set of years ago, & he & Dr. Gray have kept up an occasional correspondence ever since. The house of the most cultivated, & scholarly men I have

met, decided in his own views & opinions, & yet that broad intellect, that warm heart & quick sympathy, that makes him understand & enjoy people of entirely different opinions & habits from himself. He is a great friend of Newman's & Gladstone's & John Smith & Frazier, a strong liberal & yet High Church. He was a friend of Longfellow, so far as with what different minds he comes in contact. He has preached some University sermons at Oxford, & I could read some of them, for I am sure you will like them. He is one of those men who believe in the progress of the world, & yet see its harmony with Christianity, & tries to develop it. He does not hold up his hands in horror at the modern movement, but tries to show where a guide to it must be sought. It is not a matter of course that. He does not look like the broad man he is, for his health is delicate. He is very thin; ^{his} forehead is broad & full, but the mouth is pinched, & the face very pale until he laughs, & then that fresh, child-like burst one looks & catches again. Mrs. Church is tall & fair & fresh, with lovely golden hair, dressing with the utmost simplicity, & yet always so smart & ready, so sincere & unpretending. She is the true country clergyman's ^{wife} taking the charge of the people, keeping things in order physically & morally, & to the Sunday school on Sundays, plays the harp, & leads the choir, manages the clothing club, teaches her three little girls, superintends her dairy, has trained her cook herself, cuts her children's clothes, & yet sits down for pleasant talks, & goes for walks & drives. The parish is very small, very poor, & very in the neighborhood.

muddier the higher you go - Soon on the right you see
a low bluff, that goes on for a long distance - by the
a wooden wharf or rather pier, run out for a landing
place, ^{newport news} just this side, like the remains of a
black hull almost out of water, that is what
is left of the Congress - The masts & spars were
taken from the Cumberland, & she went to pieces
long ago, you sail almost over the spot - just
beyond the land is anchored the Roanoke, a
fine raged, iron-plated, & three masts
mounted, just beyond the masts of the Florida
stick up through the water, looking with ropes
& rigging as if she had gone down only yesterday.
The river begins to contract, so that you can
see each shore plainly, but still it is very wide,
& that is the most striking thing about it, for
the banks are low, nothing picturesque about
them - occasionally wooded for a little way, &
sometimes a house to be seen close to the shore or
off in the distance - Half way up were the ruins of
Jamestown - A few white chimneys, & the walls of the old
church said to have been built by Capt. Smith - The
passage on the left bank fort Ponchartraine where the
Corps crossed last May on pontoons - On the right Pamlico
land, another land run out into the river on piles - There
was quite an extensive fine camp on the right bank as it flew
Quick words I fancy, as we drew near City Point on the left
we saw forts & soldiers, who cheered the boat - We drew up just
at dark, saw numerous small vessels & by ones, twos, & threes
landed at a wharf, passed through a warehouse, crossed a ^{road} track,
mounted a long flight of stairs, & made our way through
a short street, across a square, to the Small by House.

To take up my story when I left off
at Fortnes Monroe - After writing my
letter to you I went up to get a nap - I had
not been there long, when the nurse came
up with the baby, & said there was a lady
down stairs, & would like to see me - I found
Miss Buttrick, Mary Curtis, Mrs. Geo. Gordon, & a
Major Morris - It seemed very odd to meet
Cambridge people in such an out of the way
place! - They were all staying at Norfolk, &
had come over to see the Fortnes -

Charles arrived at about 4 o'clock, & said
he wanted to persuade me to go the next day
with him to City Point - I must confess it was
not very difficult, especially when I found our
returning party must needs stop at Fortnes
Monroe, & so Helen Henry could easily join them
to return to Washington - The Starbuckles were
very kind, got up a room for Charles, as the
hotel was a mile off & gave all up to have break-
fast soon after 7 the next morn'g, that we might
take the boat - I was sorry when I saw how
tired Martha looked, the baby had been moping
a good deal at night - And more sorry when
we got down to the wharf & found no boat there
The waited & waited, no boat - The Baltimore
boat was in, but that stops at the Fortnes, only the



Gray, Jane Loring. 1865. "Gray, Jane Mar. 13, 1865 [to A. Gray]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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