

Much to see & remember —

I left yesterday mornf. at 10,
reach W. this A. M. at 10. A
very high wind & very rough,
especially last night, but I
bore it much better than I
expected, & have not, for a
moment, regretted the Exped.

Charles looks well, & it was
good to see him — did not be-
lieve I would really come —

My head spins a good
deal today —

I would go Monday to Stille — but I
do not know the fauna's relations, & am
afraid a better outfit not reach
them in time — do not have to
wait until Tuesday —

Thanks for all your letters
waiting for me here — I am afraid
I shall be made there even bristly.
As I have so many birds to make
in my way home —

Hard garden, are the ruins of the grand, banquetting hall of
old monastic days, where the last Abbot of Westminster was
tried & taken back to be hung over his own gate-way -

We went through a Norway into this Court yard, & on
our right lay the Bishop's Palace, his chapel at one side -
Mrs. Church took us into the Palace & see the gallery, where
are portraits of old Bishops, centuries back - Wolsey, Land,
Ken, &c. &c. It was evidently the living-room - 40 ft. long,
I should think, & narrow - Two fire places, round one the
space brought out so as to shut in a little sitting room; full of
tables & books & tapestries & ornaments, the walls plain red -
at one end the Bishop's Chair, very like our 'President's
Chair' - The Misses Eden, the Bishop, Lord Auckland's daughter,
received us pleasantly, & kindly took us through the large
parlour, the great drawing room, ^{with} arched windows with marble
columns, the dining-room, making the points - At the stair-
way we came unfortunately on the poor Bishop, being helped
out for an ailing, Paralytic & feeble, he is only a wreck -

Then Mrs. Church took us to the Bishop's Chapel down stairs,
a pretty little Church, we should say, & through passages
& little doorways into the garden again, & back to her house,
where I sat down & rest & the gentlemen went to explore
the library (old & quaint, chained books) &c. &c. - Presently Mrs.
Church & I & the two little girls went to lunch; before I was
half through Dr. Gray came to take me & see the Chapter House
supported on one central shaft & making arches in every di-
rection & 9 seats around the walls for the old assemblage of 49
Bishops attached to the ^{Cathedral} ~~Chapel~~ - The great stone stair-case
leading there, with stone seats at the side for the tenants &c.
to sit on when they came to pay their dues - To the crypt, where
were old stone Cypins & effigies of old Bishops & Abbots, through the
beautiful cloisters, across the rease, into quaint Capital & the
kitchen, a man with tortoise, another stealing papers, &c. &c. back
to their rooms, where after lunch we took tea to the K.C.,
Door faithfully, Lane -

Westminster Abbey, of which Wells may part - So tradition
free - I always believed another free - was chiefly a
collection of political quibbles! - Mr. Warren & Mrs. Church
chief friend - He is away in France - The family mansion
in the Park is uninhabited, for he prefers living, in the ^{in the church,}
rectory among his people - A younger brother, &c. came to see

So we left the Church in the afternoon, the door of the
great old farm-house stood open - Low stone &
very poor, the house stood lower than the Church
& you descend steps, making a walk one side (indeed
nearly all round) the pretty green yard, with its bright
patches of pramium &c., & old stumps & ruins to race
to the little, blue, bellies which had quite over-run them.
Mrs. Church said to Dr. Gray, "Stop in & see an English game
house" & they disappeared inside, as we drove off, they
met us on the way back, & said the 4th farmer, no more
any more & see me, to Mrs. Church - I drove to the
farm yard, where they were walking the cows into hay-
pits (looking I should think, I see, yellow, too faint, but
a solid bundle rising on one side, & carried in the back)
& through the old tower gateway, a remnant of the old
half fortification, & then up higher down the slope & in
at the door, where two Pagnons & his pretty, quiet daughter
greeted us - The house was quaint & old, low ceiling, high,
small windows - I saw one lady in the first room for the
old man, his daughter & grand daughter, then through a
set of rooms, kitchen with the large kitchen, where was the
great pale, round the dairy - Cheese room, ^(all things) &c. &c. -
great fine hand, tanks, & men & maids at work over the
big milk, & a dark, winding stone stair to the room where
the cheese was kept - They make a 100 lb. cheese every day,
half the remainder of one & once as thick - Such a quantity

Washington, March. 19th

My dearest love, I meant to have
written you a long letter today with
an account of all my doings, but
I have not felt quite up to it -

The sea always upsets me, & my
liver always quarrels with it - Yesterday
I had a sort of crampy threatening, but
kept very quiet all day, have taken some
medicine & other precautions & am
better - But it always takes my strength
down wonderfully - I suppose, besides
the effect of the sea, I took some cold
staying out in the air in the morn^g,
but the saloon was so close & crowded
that I felt better in the air, & stayed
wth out really chilled - And besides I
have been too much excited & interested,
& of course must pay for so much
pleasure - But I am perfectly willing

* I was really cold, & such a change from the warm summer of City Point!

were clond up about the farmer was the character. -
Mrs. Boyer in looks all over, & Mrs. Boyer in his gentle
turn of speech. - He had a long talk with Dr. Gray on the
absolute superiority of everything English, & though he allowed
us something, he said finally to Dr. Gray, "but you can't have
any comfort!" It was somewhat the same time, he had
good wheat flour, he admitted, "but then we could not have
good bread, for we baked in stone ovens" - "Yes, they had Amer-
ican ovens, but not equal to English ovens, & a more health-
ful" - "Cheese factories!" - It was quite delicious, the milk
the same, back to a cup of tea brought into the parlour,
& then a sit-down tea at 8 o'clock.

Monday morn. we were up early & got a drive to
see the Cathedral, of the diocese. Mrs. C. went with us,
we leaving home at 8¹⁵ - Soon after the train stopped
at Wells, & the Minions dropped us in the square, an
old, stone gateway, flanked in by buildings on each side,
before us - Passing through, we came on a broad, smooth
green, one like rising up the grand towers & sculptured
font - Quaint, old houses all round this green, &
along narrow courts running down in various directions;
these make the Cathedral Close, & except where there
may have been opened through, all are enclosed, so
that to get in you pass through these stone tower gate-
ways - We hurried across the green, under another gate-
way, & by an iron-railed fence, in at a gate, & just under
shelter of the Chapter House, a little old, stone house with old
& heavy double wooden doors, & saw the bell - Here lives Mrs.
Church's brother, who is at the head of a little theological
seminary connected with the Cathedral - We left our
shawls & bags, & hurried back to the Cathedral, just in time
for daily morn. service in the Choir - The Cathedral is in

a most perfect state of preservation - So fresh & fair-
looking inside, as the morn. sun streamed in; the beau-
tiful, stained glass windows facing me, old, & that lovely
mosaic of colour - Old windows have, so that the figures
& subject are nothing, only that beautiful blending of hues
And I could raise my eyes & it & the graceful clustering
columns, as the choir boys chanted the responses in their
white surplices, & the rich, manly voices swelled in psalms
& anthems - I am not going to try to describe the
Cathedral, which is a very perfectly preserved speci-
men of early & purest Gothic - Mrs. Church kindly
sent me some photographs, & when I have looked at
them a little longer, I shall send them to you & look at
I keep for me -

After service we went back to Mrs. Church, the
other Mrs. Church's sister, sweet & fair & gentle, one of the
prettiest women I have seen, & too pretty to be fat,
four and six, I should say - The youngest we did not see -
She took us to walk round their own pretty garden,
this aspect, closest English turf, & to show us the Wells
from which Wells takes its name - great springs bubbling
at once into ponds through the limestone, making us
think of Bellefonte in Penn. - These lie in the outer
enclosure - Then through a low gateway into the Bishop's
own private garden, surrounded by a wall 20 ft. high,
towers at the corner, & a terrace running along inside for
the archers & bowmen in olden time, to repulse attacks -
The [] all over-grown with ivy, having three green-
sustained loop-holes to look through, over the moat still
full of water, across & green fields with sheep & trees, & distant
hills beyond - The garden is very charming, the palace makes
one side, & running into it & separating from another court.



Gray, Jane Loring. 1865. "Gray, Jane Mar. 19, 1865 [to A. Gray]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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