

placed not them - And think I could not have got anything more appropriate. It is not bricks as the bee for a sign like those white walls, & it is made up with touches of different colors, painted at the sides - Some paper, for most things all this, but I have the ornamented walls want to know -

Fortunately the rain stopped before we got to Exeter so that we could finish our cheerful protest the necessity of avoiding wind under umbrellas. But I seem to hold out resistance like an Englishman & what else could we do in dirty London streets? Mr Charles would be utterly horrified, I am afraid, were he to walk in London & see the women when it is really raining! - By the way it does sound queerly to hear people are so dirty as they are; they call a dirty & nasty man as we should say, 'dirty little fellow' -

I was glad to get back to our hotel, & have a chance to read my letters from home which Mr Ward had given me in the morning, but which I had been obliged to carry in my pocket until then - Mr Ward dined with us. Mr Harvey came to tea, & Uncle Samuels & Augustus came in having just returned from Cambridge - Mr Samuels looked very well & seemed in fine spirits. The barny has gained flesh - he seemed about 500 lbs, & it was such a shame to see him spin - he said he should be obliged to go back to Dublin. Naturally, for his father had been thrown out of his carriage & was quite injured - Friday morning after finishing my letters, I went to have a long talk with Aunt Sophia - It was a fine bright morning, & she had her bonnet, but on the corner of the afternoon came darkness, & when I went home in the evening I had to take a lamp to go! 'I never saw anything like it in Italy & I fear it is early, as it was here!' - You may imagine how much there was to tell & to read, & how left afraid that I should quite soon find myself out. On my return at Exeterham with Mr Ward to meet Mr Harvey & some other gentlemen and Augustus kindly started me home - Saturday we planned an excursion to Hampton Court. My new bonnet had come home, & it was a real anticipation to have something decent on my head; for my head and new shawl & felt quite ashamed to appear in the streets in the rain & a dark road all the way to Hampton Court, & the station is only a few minutes walk from the Palace. There was a troop of horses flying in just as we entered, for the yard or court of the front entrance is used in one side as a cavalry barracks. The buildings are all red brick, decorated with red & white with a lightish colored stone, & the towers and where he entered is the oldest part, some of Henry's time - But it has been kept in such good repair & improved so that I fear there is not much that is original left, though the style is antique - The first hall we went into I was looking at with interest, hung with old tapestries & banners, & stained glass windows, till I found in our little guide book, that it was undoubtedly built on the foundations of Henry's great hall! & that the side windows & stained glass &c. were some only modern improvements of a few years; the tapestries were old, but

not nearly so fine as that at Exeter - I wanted to see the real old palace & state of Henry's time when he entertained Henry the VIII. & especially at Hampton Court - It is after all but a small portion of the palace which is thrown open to the public, for it is a sort of royal Windsor - That is to say the ladies of the Court & nobility &c. in reduced circumstances are removed to & apartments from them here, so that one constantly asks "In the morning, Lady Wells told, Lady Hamilton &c. to see" &c. &c. - I suppose though they don't like them to wear uniforms - The portion where the picture gallery is, is more modern & was built very much by William III & Queen Mary, for this was a glorious palace of Stuart & of Anne's - And the rooms are named from their names then, 'the King's drawing room', 'Queen's drawing room', &c. The furniture is of course entirely modern, except one or two tables & a few standards, & the walls are plainly painted in gentle hues with some dark wood and panels, the fire places are small, few & simple, & though there are many more they are not generally large, & so that it did not quite come up to my idea of a palace - There were one or two state beds left for show, covered with pink velvet & embroidery, very expensive in their way, but quite faded & worn now - It for the pictures we had come to recently from the fine state gallery - There was a history picture by Corelli, & was interesting in the historical portrait, especially the beauties of Francis II. & Anne - The room more familiar of George II. & Frederick. Some of Henry when they were children. But when we got into the fine garden with its broad walks & the trees, & all in such beautiful order & cultivation, & looked back at the palace it really had a fine effect, though I believe it is not in accordance with any order of architecture - The pictures are very fine, & we walked through them, & through the more private garden, & into a long alley walk quite walled in & bordered not with hedges but & turned to & to make from roof & walk, to the green house devoted to the famous paper-mill, which produces every year such a enormous supply of paper - Then being quite satisfied ourselves with our visit, we turned our faces to Hampton Court - I have said nothing about the ~~many~~ ^{many} pictures of Raphael, which are the great boast in pictures of Hampton Court. I must confess I was disappointed in them - I was not prepared for what they are - They were drawn as patterns for tapestries, & are larger than life, done with old crayons on stout white paper - They are chiefly scenes from scripture, & for the purpose for which intended, were drawn carefully & boldly, the shadows in great masses & the lines broad, & giving to me in the state an unfinished look - I do not think I have a good eye for paintings except it is too trained - I enjoy a thing which looks to me like life - Particularly when

The subject is subtle or expressive; but I have not an artist's eye to appreciate the more picturesque posing, or what often they call "great effects" — We went to a little inn near the station where we took a simple dinner, which was charged at anything but a simple price — And then taking the "rail" were in London again about dark, & walked to our hotel, where I found a note from Dr. Harvey & a beautiful shawl he had sent me — They call them Shetland shawls — They are knit of the finest wool, finer than Irish wool, on large needles, & look like a delicate cottonweb, & being large & square, wrap round so softly & gracefully! It is pure white — And such a pretty note as he wrote! Saying a good cousin of his was interested in disposing of these shawls, knit by the poor Shetlanders, for the good of her own soul & their bodies — And he had got some for his friends in America, of which I was on the list, &c. &c. And warned me not to let it be seen on my shoulders this side the Atlantic, lest it should not be thought nice enough, but it would do for summer days at Cambridge — But it is so pretty I am sure I shall wear it whenever I get a chance — He also sent word to Dr. Gray that he had written his name in Hooker's Flora Antarctica & left it at Mr. Wards for him —

They really take more pains with the men than the women's clothes in London! The dressmaker did not wish me to try on my dress, but Dr. Gray had to go to the tailors to try on, & the most polite of tailors brought home his coat & vest in the eve. & tried it on, & suggested some little alterations to improve the fit which it would be advisable to make on Monday morn. — And snatched & bowed & was as civil as possible. Sunday morn. was bright & fair, & had I been going to church I should have thought it wise to put on my lilac dress & white shawl and look smart! But I had taken a heavy cold in Munich, & have had more dyspepsia than in the mountain air of Switzerland ever since — So I thought Sunday morn. I would keep quiet — Dr. Gray went to Clapham to church with the Wards, & I was busy writing — About the time for church to dismiss I looked up, & it poured! There were the poor people scrambling home, ladies with their best dresses turned up standing in doorways, & getting into recesses, & calling for cabs, &c. — Oh the treacherous skies! However it held up enough for us to walk comfortably to Aunt Lizzie's to dine, though it poured so when we came back that we had to ride — We had a very pleasant dinner & Aunt Lizzie's account of their adventures, & some of their experiences when they were in London in the season or it was so far, were very amusing — We should have liked to have been near them, but Berkeley Square & the West end were too expensive for us, & we contented ourselves with a less fashionable, elegant & expensive hotel — Monday morn. I went round there again, for Lizzie had kindly agreed to do some little shopping with me, I saw Aunt Lizzie for the last time, but it was quite a comfort to see her looking so very much better than when we reached London — They were to leave for Paris the next day, & I have not heard from them since they got there, though I suppose you all have — I spent the rest of the day in horrible packing! With all my efforts I could not do with less than the two trunks & two large bags, though I must say that I had been obliged to break through my rule & carry specimens & many botanical matters — Then there were two large packages of plants & books, mostly for Mr. Bentham.

I was quite in despair at the idea of going into a house visiting with such a train, but it could not be helped. - Mrs. Lawrence learning we were in town sent an invitation to dine socially, which we declined, being too busy - Mr. May went round to Aunt Lizzie's in the A.P. & bade them good bye - New dresses came home, they must be tried on, & what with bills to pay, &c. &c. I was glad when bed time came, for I was quite tired out. - However all was ready Tuesday morn'g. except my travelling dress, which I had sent away to be altered, & which had not come! I began to get quite fidgety, but about 8 1/2 it arrived, & all I could do was to hasten it on - It did not set very well before, but now it is quite shocking, however with an apron I make it help out as an occasional morning dress - We had 3 miles to ride through London, quite in the opposite direction to which we had come from the steamboat, but got to the great Northern Station in time for the 11 o'clock train, which is an express train, & the travelling is said to be faster than on any road in England - They go from London to Didcot 53 miles in 57 minutes - It is the "Broad gauge" - At Swindon those for Gloucester changed cars, & I could not but think of James' baby! - The side branch to Gloucester is managed quite nicely - On reaching Stonehouse crossing, the cars continuing to Cheltenham are detached & go on their way; those for Gloucester are turned round on a moveable platform, & so facing at right angles the old track, a new engine is attached, & in a moment you are darting on to Gloucester without any of the trouble of changing places - According to directions from Mr. Penham, we were at Gloucester to take the stage coach for Landinats, & there he would send a fly to meet us & bring us on to Contrilas in time to dine - So at Gloucester was my first introduction to an English stage-coach - It is a small carriage for four inside, who are really quite crowded unless very small people - Then there is a seat behind on the top, rumble as they call it. ~~But~~ ^{For} thus you see it makes 3 seats on the top besides the driver's seat - And the luggage all goes on top, except a box for small things, under the rumble & under the coachman's seat - It holds therefore nearly twice as many on the top as inside - I wanted very much to ride on the top, for the scenery is very pretty, but the sky looked a little too threatening, & I could not afford to risk my new bonnet & sack so we took places inside - The first part of the way was quite pleasant, but a heavy shower after awhile coerced me for my prudence - The coachman seemed quite a Mr. Toller in size & consequential appearance! - At Landinats we found "the fly" which is what I should call a hackney-coach, & after 10 miles driving through pretty scenery, old farm-houses, little churches, picturesque cottages, &c. we suddenly drew up at Contrilas House - Suddenly, for though we thought from the mile stones that we must be near, yet the road makes a very sudden bend to the house & you do not see the house as you draw near because the farm-house with its immense barn, & innumerable & indescribable out-houses quite shut it out on that side - Next the road is a high stone wall with a solid wooden gate opening in the middle passing through which a straight gravel road bordered by young lindens with grass plat on each side leads in a few yards up to the house - Which presents a long front, built in Elizabethan style with three stepped gables & long windows - (in width not length -)

And here I must abruptly close again, for Mrs. Olive has kindly come to drive us to see Kentchurch Park -

I send a letter as soon, as some apology for my late hasty
scrawl -

Please, dear papa, drop this letter for Dr. Torrey in the
Post Office, and with most affectionate love to all the
dear ones,

I am ever
Your Jeanne -



Gray, Jane Loring. 1850. "Gray, Jane Oct. 14, 1850 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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