

Nov. 16 & 17 & 19<sup>th</sup> 1850

Pontillas House

Dear Charlie,

It seems to come each one's turn to be occasionally cut with a short letter - But one cannot control events - Tell however that saucy Mrs. Jackson, that I do not think the comparison between the stocking-basket & journal holds at all - In the first place the stocking-basket is a thing of the past - Then if she were here she would be much writing & so many things to do hard to accomplish - If she were to look at my letter-book she would see that I have not been idle; & then there is sewing to fill odd moments which we can't carry down stairs, walking letters a good deal of time, now that it is dark soon after four; And then it is cold work writing in one's room, & the fire is only lighted there shortly before dressing-time; it is not agreeable, nor does it seem to me quite sociable to be writing much down stairs, & not particularly so taking a long time every day up - Besides we read aloud in the morning, I have sundry sketches often for others, & occasionally a drawing to trace from some of Mr. Bentham's botanical plates for Dr. Gray - He counts up sometime the number of sheets of journal, & the letters & notes I have written from Pontillas - And then prick her to the heart.

But I left my journal very abruptly, saying who Mrs. Bentham expected - viz. Mr. Harcourt & Lady Frances Harcourt - a daughter of the late & sister of the present Earl of Bxford - or Lord Bxford, as they always call it. And now be enlightened, oh ignorant Americans! & know that when the daughter of a peer is Lady, she keeps it when she is married - though the husband has no bit of a title at all - He is still plain Mr. or Capt. but she doesn't become Mrs. but puts the Lady Ann or Lady Fanny on to his name - as Earl Somers daughter is Lady Barnet <sup>of Mr. Capt. Somers</sup> Broder (euphonious that!) where as a baronet's wife or a knight, who has a Sir, is Lady with his last name, as Lady Rydges, Lady Hooker - Mr. Harcourt is son of the late Archbishop of York & of old family, but is a rather bluff, rather red-faced, not very stout, oldish gentleman, clothed in monstrous cravat - He is not much of a talker, but has travelled a great deal, & when he does speak is sensible & agreeable - Though his style is rather jerky - Lady Frances is best described as fat, fair & forty - Quite handsome, with a charming smile, so full of meaning & good nature - As Mrs. Bentham says of her "she looks very happy herself, & glad to make others so" - She had a little of the English stiffness at first, but is truly pleasant when you get over that - She is always busy sewing or drawing &c. & indeed the English ladies generally are, some fancy work or some thing seems always at hand & take up in the evening, or when sitting down - We had a very pleasant dinner Monday, for Mrs. & Mrs. Bentham & the

Harcourt have travelled so much in Germany & Russia, & Turkey & Italy, that there were many new & interesting things to hear. Mrs. Miles posted from Pittsburgh to Edessa 4 years ago, & have at various times passed winter in Vienna, in Florence, &c. &c. They have travelled a great deal in Europe & I am trying to persuade them to turn their faces westward. Under the rule, I would say, that I get hold of Lady Blessings book, by a little maneuvering, I civilized a little the trimmings of the Westmoren ladies. For I thought it a shame the bride should appear in such garb, & she has had no chance to go to London as yet & get clothes. And between you & I English ladies have not much skill in trimming trimmings. How should they, for the maid or the matron to pretty much all. I have come to the conclusion that a maid is an expensive luxury, to judge from the amount of clothes the maid said it would take to make a dressing room like mine for Mrs. Bentham (maid) - And if I had one I would certainly turn my eyes myself. But a good maid makes her lady's dress, gets up her nice smelling smocks her capes, & turns her bonnets, besides her plain work, & always dressing her hair, &c. & putting out what she is to wear, & taking away what is taken off. I should have said before that Mr. Harcourt departed in the morning for Boulogne to pay a short visit to General Vendome, & meantime Lady Blessings occupied the single room to leave the large room & drawing room for the Barcones. Tuesday morn was quiet as usual, &c. &c. There being so many ladies we scattered more than usual. At half past half past ten my carriage was at Park Hill service, & it was proposed we should drive to Kentchurch. The carriage would only hold three, so Mrs. Bentham proposed, as we were the walkers, that one should walk there & the other back. So I gladly agreed to walk there with the gentlemen. Mr. May thought he could not spare all the afternoon, so I discreetly & quietly accompanied the gentlemen, & I am, profiting control over my tongue, scarcely ventured a remark, & only listened to their conversation, which turned somewhat on building castles for the labourers. I found Mrs. Alice doing a great deal in that way - One likes so much what they hear about him. No seems he to be such a good landlord. They spoke kindly of the labourers, & yet it sounded strangely the sort of quiet way in which they talked of them as beneath. I expected & right to be beneath; in truth what I think strikes me most is the general want of feeling that the lower classes stand on the same road platform of morality & humanity. I can't exactly say what is the feeling, but it is disagreeable to me. And I sometimes feel how often all we stand all alike as Christians, & how the first shall be last & the last first. They cannot understand us, & when I speak of anyone ready to file the first place from any place, they say 'Oh, is it here?' a very forward instance.

But here they are exceptions with in the rule - Now don't imagine, Lou, I deliver orations or pronounce lectures. I feel as if what I should say would not be understood; & then the older I grow the less inclined am I to plunge into talk for principles, partly I fear that I care less for them, partly that a great deal of enthusiasm is dampened & gone, & partly that I more & more distrust my own power & capability. And for but foolish words injure the poor cause - So I listen & am silent. But you meet some people, dreadful radical & thus call them, who seem to feel quite differently. And I like Mr. Wolfe because he feels more as we do at home. But of course this feeling is perfectly natural in people born & brought up as they are. White castle is acknowledged by all -

Kentchurch looked finely but not so well as when we were there before. The leaves had fallen very much. We went into the lower rooms this time. There are fine suites of apartments, & very handsome passages & entries, the entrance are floored with stone & wainscoted, the rest of oak. The rooms of course looked bare & desolate, for the carpets were up & the covers of the furniture, & every thing snatched up. I should like to see them when the family are there. They hope to return about the 1st of December. It seems to me a wonderfully speedy recovery. Mr. Radcliffe was at about steady or rather with the help of his servant, & it is only three months since one leg was broken & the bone of the other shattered. He found quantities of lovely violets in the beds, & some most superb bunches, almost as large as a poppy, red & blue stems. Mr. Bentham walked back, & I took his place in the carriage. Lady Fanny was very pleasant, I asked after Mr. Everett, whom she had heard speak once in New York at some public meeting. She said he was much respected in England. He had a pleasant, easy being. Wednesday morn at breakfast came as usual my package of letters from Mr. Bartol & a line from you Charlie. Thank you, Charlie, for your particular care about grandfather. Dear, dear grandfather! I am sure another week cannot bring me news of his being still living. It is very, very sad to receive bad news away from home so enough strangers. And I had so hoped when I left home to see him again! But it would be a relief now to hear of his death, for I would not have him live to suffer. And I fear he did, from the last accounts. So thank Mr. Bartol very much for the letter from him & say I will answer it soon. I was so very much gratified by receiving it - You must have had a fine autumn, roses & honey-suckles still at Beverly at the end of October. Thank Father for kindly helping the letters to send me the latest news. Pray give Anna Blance

kindest remembrances from me if she is still in Boston. She means to be quite a linguist, but I am glad of it - as many languages as one can have the better. Tell her to teach Pat & Charlie as much French as she can now. It will be good practice to talk it with them, & save trouble as they grow older when they come to study it. The children here are taught French very young, the mother often speaks it with them, and so when grown up they talk with great ease - and faults & blunders are more easily cured than a new language is acquired. - As to the Skiffles at Cambridge, what is it? Nothing more than the back kitchen I suppose, for nothing else needed it. The Initials which you liked so much, see, they have just been reading here; & Mrs. Bentham says it is a capital picture of the manners in Munich & Germany.

Lady Fanny was so obliging as to promise to copy a drawing, which Mrs. Bentham has off Pontidas house, for me. Mrs. Bentham had told me she would let it copy for me, when I proposed making a lame attempt myself; it is such a nice picturesque old house! and Mrs. B. asked Lady Fanny, who draws very nicely, & she kindly agreed, & began Wednesday morn. before they left. They went at 12. meantime Mr. Bentham had been advising Dr. Gray to stay a little longer, as there was still so much work to do, & so Dr. Gray thought, & was not very hard to persuade to postpone our departure for Dublin for a week, so I wrote to that effect to Dr. Harrow. Then Dr. Gray & I went off to ~~lunch~~ with the Frooles to meet a clercymen who had been in America, & was tutor for a while to Henry Clay's sons. He was very anxious to meet an American - Such a party of black coats as were there! Friends staying with them - the gentleman particularly liked, an Uncle of Mr. Froole's. Mrs. Froole showed some beautiful plaster medals of some of the more famous works of Thorwaldsen, Canova, Antiques &c. Sulphurs they call them - They were lovely. The party walked back to Pontidas with us. Thursday morn. I wrote diligently, & was up in good time. The thought Mrs. Clive would come to take us to the ploughing match at 1, instead of which she appeared at 11, & we had to just fold our letters, & hurry on our bonnets & into the britschka. There were 5 of us, Mrs. Clive & a young nameless lady with her, Mrs. Bentham, Lady Wray & myself. It was a wonderfully easy carriage, & the fine roads about us. We met at the field quite an equestrian troupe from Whitfield. Mrs. Clive & Mr. Wicksted on horses, Mrs. Wicksted (Mrs. Clive's sister) Lady Oxford, Mairsey, Alice & a young daughter of Miss W's on ponies, & all but Lady Oxford's pony from Mrs. Clive's stables! I saw ploughing with one horse & three horses tandem(!) & 2 horses abreast (G.O. ploughing) & hedging - but cannot say I was as much edified as I wished, as I had no one to ask questions, though Mrs. Clive helped me through a hedge to see the hedging after we got out of the carriage, & partly explained it - but was afraid of being a bore.

Dear father & mother,

I last left my journal at the account of the ploughing match - I was in hopes, dear father, to have learnt something which should be amazingly edifying to you on English farming matters - But I cannot say that I have succeeded - In general matters stand upon such different grounds, that what does for one will not do for the other, & climate & cheap labour make the whole affair quite different - And then I have very little opportunity of learning - The ladies garden a good deal themselves seem to understand it, but then again, their cool climate & cloudy sky is greatly to their advantage - As for cattle they are generally very poor looking, but I am not very learned - I can only say that I scarcely saw a red cow between Liverpool & Dover, they were white or the Durham colour - whereas here it is quite an exception to see anything but a red cow with a white face - Mrs. Bentham has a nice little Alderney cow which supplies them with milk, cream & butter! She must be a good milker, for they must use a great deal of butter just now they bay, as she is drying up - But then again it must be an easy matter to keep a cow here, when they can be pastured pretty much all the year! They have a nice fashion of serving the butter at breakfast in little <sup>stamped</sup> parts about the size of a cent, & floating in water - But such delicious butter as one finds every where in England & on the Continent! I am afraid I shall despise the common productions of our market at home - It is generally quite fresh, & a salt cellar is put upon the table for those who like more salt.

And as for the people who were present, I did not see much more of them - Nor did I much care - Lady Axford's marrying such a man as Lord Axford is quite enough in my opinion though people do not seem to think it strange here - Lord Axford is a miserable man every way & intemperate they say half the time - He was a younger son neglected in his youth & left to run about the streets of Paris - That the elder brother meeting with an accidental death he came into the Earldom - He is moreover in straitened circumstances - a not uncommon thing going with the title as far as I can judge -



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Gray, Jane Loring. 1850. "Gray, Jane Nov. 16, 1850 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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