

Clumberland Place. New. Jan'y. 12th. 1857.

Dear Father & Mother,

We have been quite experiencing English climate this last week, in dull days, rainy ones, & otherwise frequent showers. The weather is very mild, more like our April, & one feels that it is so; yet this dampness makes me very chilly, in doors & out, though one cannot say now it is because I do not exercise, for I am quite a walker - I truly long for a good, sharp, clear, frosty day. I declare, father, when I left home I should not have believed you would have written me so few letters! And neither would I have believed I should have borne it so patiently - For though I long to see your handwriting when I open the weekly budget, I console myself, if I do not find it, by thinking my sympathy & companionship are no longer so necessary, now that you find all you want at your side; & it is a happy thought - Don't I grow weak? I begin to feel very much so, & not to think I am of half so much importance in the world as I fancied. In truth you have quite spoiled me at home, among you all; & I lay some of my sins at your door; & it does me good to change quarters, & find your own world gets on about the same without you; & that this side of the hemisphere is not so wonderfully enlightened by your presence; that indeed you see no perceptible addition to it in any way (except that indeed you leave the contributions of your tiny purse). As for your commission about the pony, dear father, I can do nothing now. When we are in London perhaps I may be able - It is a weighty responsibility; and I think a good idea would be for you & mother to take a little trip across the Atlantic ^{or there} - This next year will be quite memorable with the grand Exhibition, almost worth a trip across the Atlantic itself, and I am sure you would both enjoy it so very much - Only I warn beforehand, it costs, & it costs, & it costs! But then it is worth some self-denial at home - And if one will resolutely resist the temptations of shops &c. &c. you may keep the matter within bounds -

But to continue the account of the damps of this smallest suite in the vast ocean of humanity - Friday, after I had completed my letter, I made myself ready to dine at the Wooler's. Mother will be glad to hear

that I did not go in short sleeves - Ifancy Miss Procter never wears them as her chest is weak; she always wears high sleeves, so here I am spared that fashion - She had written me at noon, to say as it was so wet & I should probably ride, that perhaps I would be so obliging as to bring Miss Hall. So I sent the note on to the lady to explain matters - ordered the fly then at 5 1/2, which duly went, & then came for me - It was rather an odd introduction, for as it was dark I could not see whether the lady was old or young, handsome or ugly - I could hear she had a sweet voice - We rode up together, they talk at a mile, & when fairly in the hall stand at each other civilly, as we unobtruded - She was not young, & I should later than she had charge of her brother's children, Vincent & Isabella, & had them here in Kent at her house, superintending their education - She was very pleasant & we had a pleasant evening - Dr. Wallich could not come having a cold in his chest; but we found there Mrs. Berkeley, a bolonist of the purple tribe, who was passing a day or two with them - One Sir William's luggage still kept from presence up stairs so that we could not have the pleasure of his company -

Wednesday 24th - My letter which duly came yesterday morning, set me quite wild with the news that Miss Charles was probably in London - One felt it to be quite provoking to be so far off - not know how to get at them - I wrote to him at once, enclosing it to Dr. Borte, feeling sure he would go there) begging him to come & pass today with us - And sat by the window all that afternoon staring at every passer-by - This morning I again took my morning post at the window, but no one came, & Dr. Fing came back to lunch at 12 1/2 to see if Dr. P. were here, & as we had heard nothing from him, agreed to go to London & see if he could hear anything of him, while I chided if perchance he came - Mr. Hard came for a few minutes, & I went to let him into the garden with my private key, & after an errand, hastened back; but no one appeared during my absence - Recently a note came from Dr. Borte, dated yesterday morning, in which he said he had heard nothing of Dr. Putnam - Oh dear Dr. Fing came back, & was surprised not to find Miss Charles here - he had been at Dr. Borte's in the morning, & saw that Dr. Borte, & meant to come at once here, but I suppose something has fascinated him in the other way - They said he meant to go to Paris tomorrow - dear me! I shall cry if he goes & I have not seen him! It is provoking sometimes to be so far away! - And I dare not go to find him, but we cross each other -

Thursday 25th - This morning before breakfast Miss Charles came - How glad we were to see him! He came & breakfasted with us, & then we went over to New Garden with him, with which he seemed quite delighted - I suppose we were about three hours - Then he must come back to take the minutes with them, as it was to go this afternoon to Folkestone to go tomorrow to Paris - We met Sir Tim. in the morning - How pleasant it was to see a home face! Only the moment he was gone there were so many things to ask & to say! It seems as if one only saw him a moment - We seemed in good spirits, though he looked thin - And had a pretty rough voyage - He means to be in London again in October - then I hope he will have more time - But to get back to my journal, which left off on last Friday 23rd - The only thing I can remember of Saturday, was getting a note from Mrs. Deaneham at Boulogne, telling me that her husband had had a violent attack of sore throat, & so he has been quite ill, though, from much better - And that I posted off at once to Lady Wroth with the intelligence, where I found Lady Fanny & Mr. Howard calling - That is to say, their names were so called, but being sick I could not see them - Sunday morning we went to New Church, & had the service murmured over in such a manner that it was really painful, I heard a sermon on the Trinity the thoughts of whose reasonings & quotations from admitting he was for leaving out - as our services the service is ruined, for it is too solemn & too beautiful, to be moved, but I like it much better than when I first heard it - There are parts of service to which I can never respond; but the whole congregation joining as they do, & they do heartily in the English church, makes all seem to take a more personal part in the devotional services - Then all such & cannot look about, & I have been struck with the general air of devotion - I am also making the service so important a thing, brings before people more forcibly than our doctrine that they go to church & worship & praise God as much, fully as to be instructed - The sermon seems to be with us often so carefully what a congregation assemble for - Now the service is the great object of the gathering of the congregation - I suppose it has had too much effect in the sermons, which are more practically instructing, & partly also I suppose, because the church is so much a sort of paradise

ing of younger sons - But I should like to give our service some of the
worship & the devotional spirit of the English; & to give that some of the
extemporaneous prayer & some of the pulpit eloquence of ours -

In the afternoon we walked in the gardens, though we had
a drizzling rain - I wish, dear father, you could see this superb park-
house - It seems like taking a stroll in an enchanted garden - And
I was delighted with a dear little robin which came tamely sus-
pended ^{up} begging as it were crumbs - They say the little creatures
often get thus in the green-houses, (thous they are called) & stay all
winter - Monday morn^g. I walked again to Richmond to do
some little errands, & subscribe to the circulating library - We pay
7s. = 1.75 for 4 weeks; have out, say 3 volumes of a work & 2 other
books at a time, & keep them as long as we please; the man sends
to New every day - Newspapers here are very expensive, 6d. = 12 cts. each
number - So they are let out by the hour, a penny an hour - We have
it the last in the evening & keep it all night, & so pay 2d. - Miss
Booker came to see me Monday afternoon - The more I see of her
the better I like her. She is not handsome, but has an agreeable face;
has dark eyes & hair, is thin & tall; & simple & sincere in manner, with-
out any display, though at first a little formal, perhaps - Lady
Booker has too much manner to be agreeable to me, though she is very
kind - And has a warm heart - She is constantly sending us some-
thing; a pot of milk butter, Brussels sprouts for dinner, a little pot of
Devonshire cream, &c. &c. the cream is the Clotted, or clotted cream so
renowned, & is very nice; something between butter & cheese; a very
good substitute for butter on bread, but particularly nice on a dum-
pling - Tuesday came the welcome letters - from Susan, Charlie, &
from Aunt Mary, with which I was perfectly delighted! - How strangely
come now all your kind condolences over Dr. Gray's accident & he almost
well again! - But the kind sympathy is always pleasant - The letter
about the accident is not journal, & Sue is welcome to keep it - Aunt Mary seems
to be a long way behind in the journal, only at Geneva! I don't think I should
have been at all shocked to see ^{her} sewing on Dr. P's coat on Sunday, but rather
have thought it very striking - Thanks, many thanks, for the ^{document} ~~papers~~ ^{papers}! -
I shall certainly go to Harland's the first time in London - I will, be so ^{kind} as
to cut out for me every week, the list of passengers who sail in the steamers - They
never have them in the papers here - And by getting them from you, I should
sometimes hear of people's coming that I should be glad to see -

I quite long to hear about New Year & all that was done - What a disagreeable adventure for Georgina & Lizzie Tutnam! I should think it would haunt them like the night-mare. - I had a very pleasant letter last week from Mrs. Todhunter - She is so very sweet & lovely! She lost a little infant last summer, a peculiarly lovely & interesting child from all accounts; she never mentioned its death while we were in Dublin, but writes so very sweetly about it! - I had a note too from Dr. Barry Monday, playful as usual, in which he says that he had been presenting a report of donations to Trin. Col. Herb. to the Committee to be printed, & in it is, 'Specimens of Indian Corn from Patrick & Charles Lorin Jackson!' What pleasant recollections I have of Dublin - And getting your sympathetic letters, brings back how much we owe them! -

As I have already said, I got the letters Tuesday, & as they brought news of Uncle Charles' arrival in England, I did not dare to stir out but for a very few minutes, lest he should come while I was gone. - In the morn. Dr. Gray, wishing to examine a portion of Sir Wm. Herb. which is in the gardens, I went in with him, & went over the Museum - This is a collection which Sir Wm. has begun, the last 3 or 4 years, of reputable productions, manufactures, &c. for instance, Flax in all stages, from the rough fibre to damasks, linens, & delicate handkerchiefs; sugars of various kinds; straw manufactures; fruits, Blossoms, &c. &c. His specimens of Indian corn are not as good as might be, & any good ears you may have to spare please put aside, dear papa, for we have promised to improve the collection if we can! - There was one thing which would have interested you very much, dear father, ingenious cross-sections, shewing how the wood of trees was injured by pruning; the wounds never healing, & decay slowly going on, though exteriorly covered with new wood & bark. - Indeed the Museum is a very interesting place. - Wednesday, I have already said, I sat like "Patience on a Monument," waiting & hoping for Dr. P. - Mr. Ward tantalized me once by coming ^{to} see us in the afternoon, & I ventured out for a few minutes to let him into the garden by our private key - He came partly to persuade us to reconsider an invitation. To a party they have tomorrow evening; but I do not wish to go to large parties at present, & Dr. Gray is unfit; so we persisted in refusal. - But this morning my patience was rewarded by seeing Dr. P. - This afternoon I have been to call on the Brookers; and they to finish some of my letters this Ev. as we dine there tomorrow -

Shall I tell you the quiet economy of our days here? Mothers will be amused, if father is not - We are knocked ^{up} by our good landlady at 7 1/2, who brings warm water - And, by the way, the English are decidedly effeminate in the use of warm water, if one may judge by the way they always supply it, when they suppose you have any ideas of abstinences - We used to have 6 kettles full a day at Pontilas, until I reduced the supply to 4 - namely in the morning one at each washstand, at dressing time again, & at bed time - It was brought in little tea-kettles, the most capital things for keeping water hot; & a block stood on the lower shelf of each washstand to put them on - but this is a depression while we are dressing - We are generally ready for breakfast about 8 1/2 or 9, & on ringing the bell the old lady brings up the teacotile & sets it on the grate, & then the waiter with tea pot, cups, &c. &c. a loaf of bread, & a piece of butter; the same loaf comes up & down until we have finished it, when another takes its place; so with butter, & everything - We have a toasting fork, & while I get the sugar & tea from the cup-board & make tea, Dr. Gray toasts his bread - And now the little fish, which Lady H. sent us, & which are sprats not herrings; & capital little seasoners & relishers too - The breakfast over, Dr. Gray takes hat & coat & departs to Sir Wm's. I occupy myself reading, writing, sewing, &c. take my walk, & the time passes only too quickly - The loaf & butter reappear on a tray neatly covered with a towel, for my lunch - In the morning I say what we will have for dinner, & give out a pair of candles - The table is laid for dinner & Dr. Gray comes home a little before 5 - The Cook asks, "what beer will you have today, Ma'am?" & goes to the public house with a pitcher for a pint of stout or ale, & her return is the signal to bring up dinner - Of course our meals are very simple, but very good - We have excellent beef & mutton, & such turnips I have never seen, so deliciously good before! Then cabbages are very different from the coarse, strong things with us - so nice we both like to them - And curled Kale & Brussels' sprouts are an agreeable variety - For dinner, what is not eaten is carefully laid by, & a corner of a pudding duly reappears, & the remains of meat - After dinner is cleared away we are busy, & tea ^{preparations for} brought at 7 1/2, Tea kettle, the loaf, & butter again - at 10 o'clock the old lady puts her head in at the door, to know if we will have anything more this evening?" and we generally go to bed about 11 1/2 - We burn a pair of candles every evening! But I long sometimes for our nice French lamp - Monday morn'g, comes on our bills, & all the items for food & coals - And so the week goes by - I say give very affectionate love to all, Do not be too much astonished, if my next letter is from Paris! -

Dr. Gray sends his best love to all, & thanks for the kind sympathy - And heartily joins in the wish for a warm world in

From your ever loving Jeanne -



Gray, Jane Loring. 1851. "Gray, Jane Jan. 12, 1851 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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