

Folkestone. Jan 21. 1851 - Tuesday -

Dear Luc. You will exclaim "how under the sun & moon came Jane at Folkestone!" - True here I am, a run-away, under the care of Charles Arrow, so oddly do things come about in these strange countries, & on my way to Paris to make a visit to Aunt Lizzie & Nell. The storm last Eof. kept the boat from crossing; & I am lying with the agreeable prospect of being very wretchedly sea-sick two hours hence - But to explain how I got here & all about it - Well! when Uncle Charles was going on, Dr. Gray proposed I should go with him & see Aunt Lizzie, as the delay in his work began to make it doubtful whether we should have much time with her in Paris in the Spring. I hesitated about going, as I did not know that it would be convenient to them to receive me - And Dr. G. proposed I should come with Mr. Arrow Monday, if meantime he wrote one word that they would like it - So with that understanding I parted from him Thursday, & in that uncertainty finished my letters Friday - And to continue the journal from that time - We had a very pleasant day with the Hookers; & I was much interested in looking over some of the volumes of the Musée Napoléon, plates of the magnificent gallery Napoleon made, by taking the best pictures from every part of Europe - It was not a very just thing to be sure to rob people of their treasures; but certainly it must have been a most magnificent collection - And I quite sorry Lady Hooker, who saw it when in Paris when quite a girl, and yet remembers it very distinctly -

Saturday I busied myself in many little preparations, if I should go to Paris Monday - And wrote to Mr. Arrow I would meet him at the station if I went - An agreeable state of doubt - We looked eagerly for letters Sunday morn'g, but none came - We walked to Richmond Church - And heard a pretty good sermon on vanity & pride; which came very appropriately to our Sunday's experiences in church - For the Sunday before we sat in a pew behind the flunkies - in admiring view of the powdered head of one, & this time in the pew with a gorgeous red & purple livergy - I am afraid we don't improve the pew-opener with much dignity -

The church at Richmond is interesting from containing a tablet to Thomson the poet - And on the outside of the church are monuments to Mrs. Holland Authoress of "Son of a Genius," &c. And to Edmund Kean - We had a charming walk to Richmond & back thanks to our private key through the 'Pleasure grounds'; a large space planted with trees & laid out in walks, adjoining the gardens, but not so open to the public - Dr. Gray was in a great state of puzzle when we got back, as to whether to go to town or not - a passport is necessary to go to Paris, & he must apply to Mr. Lawrence - But he did not want to make the fuss of getting one if I did not go, & decided to postpone it until we should get Monday's letters - Monday morn'g. I laid out my things ready to pack, having mean time heard from Mr. S. that he took the 8 1/2 train P.M., & would get to Paris the next morn'g. at 9 - Dr. Gray went off to Sir Smith to return at 12, when we expected our letters - At 12 1/2 the letters came, saying they would be very glad to have me come; so Dr. Gray ran off to town, & I to pack - I was to go in in the 6 o'clock omnibus, & he would meet me when it stopped - But he came back at 4 - Had been to Mr. Lawrence's at 2 1/4 "Out -" "Secretary of Legation?" "Not -" "Hours from 12 to 2" - So away he went to the French Consul - But he could only give to British Subjects & on the persons themselves applying - But he said if I would sign Dr. Gray's Passport I could take that, & that would serve me - So the poor man came travelling back to bid me take that, & escort me in - But I must say that I think the Secretary might allow more time - Methinks 'tis a very cavalier manner for the Sec. to say he is ready to attend to people for only 2 hours! But from what Dr. Gray said of him last summer he thought him very English & impetuous - He is a son of John Davis - He took the 8 P.M. into town - Such an interminable drive! - And at the Station found Mr. S. who had kindly procured a pass-port for me from Mr. Lawrence, thinking I might not have one - We took our tickets through to Paris, & found our carriage full of a queer compound of French & Germans - When we got to Fotherstone there was no boat; so we quietly ordered chambers & went to bed - And now cannot sail until 1/4 to 1/2 this A.M. & may not get to Paris until midnight - Unhappy me! There has been a great storm, & I fear I will be very rough! It will sail, though the wind is less -

Paris - Jan. 24th. 1851 -

Here I am in the gay capital, dear Sue, & very lazy I must confess about writing - But it is so pleasant to be again surrounded by familiar faces, & one enjoys so very much seeing Aunt Lizzie & all that I can scarcely summon resolution for such an exclusive occupation as writing - But now I must give some account of myself & tell in the first place how I got here - I left off just as we were about to go on board the boat at Folkestone - There were not a great number of ladies but enough to make a string all round the sofas in the cabin - And I discreetly took a sofa on first descending there were two French women who amused me amazingly they chattered French as fast as possible though one was sick almost before the boat was off but at last for a thing she burst out "Je suis tout a fait miserable!" and I believe scarcely opened her mouth again - I echoed her words internally - I believe I was sick one of the last but we were all wretched enough - There was only a man to wait on us; but he was very kind & attentive. Only he came round cruelly in the middle of the passage to ask for the tickets & every poor woman who had to put her hand in her pocket was made quite sick again & as for me merely turning to say yes when he asked if the gentlemen had not my ticket & the misery around set me off again! Dr. Putnam says he told the man to go to the devil when he asked him for his - There was one person in the cabin who quite interested me - I had noticed her in the cars the night before she was dressed so prettily & stylishly & she appeared to go on board the boat in the most coquettish of little brown beaver hats made half like a child's & bent in round her face & with narrow loops of dark blue satin ribbon inside she had a very white childlike complexion & immense eyes but the expression incomprehensible there was no innocence in them though sometimes she looked but 16 then 20 - Her maid seemed half servant half companion & I came to the conclusion she must be a stage-actress - She was wretchedly sick & when we landed at Boulogne she covered her face with her handkerchief & raced into a dark place nothing could persuade her to come out she muttered something about being hurt & so she would not stir until we were all gone I came to the conclusion

he must have been painted, & that sea-sickness had rather destroyed the effect. I could not overcome my rage to move until he landed at Boulogne & so for once in my life I was out ready & sitting before the time for landing - He had to pass through in one session to have our passports examined & then to have Mr. Puffin-Bone to be examined in Paris & get to the R.R. pit in time - My sister had been so hasty that I was forced to tie again all my baggage in the cab, & the indignation of Mrs. Storr & two Catholic priests but sea-sickness hardens one completely - Our English men got in afterwards & fell to talking about the great beauty & saying she was certainly painted & and on Mr. Storr's asking who she was for he also had been struck with her appearance they said she was Laura Bell whose beauty had made a great sensation in London the past season - An unfortunate daughter of Mrs. Bell a lawyer's son & a gentleman said, "Poor thing, I want to learn more about her she was so very young & so pretty" - We found the French cars more comfortable & easy than the English & possessing one great comfort a continuous - To keep your feet warm in the shape of a long case of metal like a leg & thin botanical incubator & either filled with hot water or hot coal stone & put on the floor - We did not get to Paris until after 11. There we had our baggage examined - but as Mr. Storr was weary of dispatches perhaps that cause the smaller for they examined very lightly - But still with the delay we did not get to St. Germain de Paris until just as the clock struck 12 - I feared they were all in bed but on getting up stairs, the premier, Uncle Lowell found the door on our wing closed & Uncle Charles appeared behind him & soon Aunt Aggie came in her dressing gown to welcome me, & it was delightful to be among friends once more - They have a set of apartments on the 1st floor fronting very pleasantly on the gardens of the Tuilleries - The fifth floor is also on the ground floor & a small story, called the Entresol - You enter first an antechamber - the dining room on one side & a toilet & on the other the passage to the kitchen - The antechamber leads through into the Salon, a fine large room with large windows & surrounded by mirrors & doors - It is very prettily furnished or rather was - Mrs. Aunt Aggie says its elegance is departed - Aunt Aggie's chamber door from the Salon, beyond the little library - Then behind there is Aggie's room - which I have opening into a little passage which runs from the dining

room - Then between that & the dining room is a little room where the second piano stands & where Augustus takes his lessons & lastly the apartments - Uncle Charles & Augustus & Aggie in a little corner taken of the height of the bed room on the floor below - The end of room takes up one side of the building that fronting on the street & the kitchen is another side & the stairs are also on that side - These apartments are so independent as your own, since they have their own servant & conduct matters as they please -

I woke in the morning quite bright - Aggie came to breakfast with her hair dressed in the fashionable for she is getting for her picture to be sent to grandma I never saw anyone so much changed by a fashion or so much improved - It softens her face because the cheeks generally look too full & taking the hair from her forehead & showing the fine broad front makes the face well shaped & proportioned both not looking bold - When you know what a peaceful pretty face she has & the dress is very simple & becoming - When the carriage came for Aunt Aggie & I to go out we went first to fetch Aggie from the painter's and saw the picture - It is I think a very good likeness - Of course the poetry of a picture thrown around it for it is an exceedingly pretty picture - Aunt Aggie & I went to do a little shopping I bought a black velvet skirt - When we drove through the boulevards but came home early as I wanted to write a little letter to Mr. May - Thursday morn' we went out again to try for caps & a head-dress then went for Aggie & after some more millinery went to the Palais Royal to see the Exposition of Christian Artists - I must say I was rather disappointed in the pictures - The tone of coloring is not agreeable & the pictures seemed without much depth had of course I am a poor critic. There were an interminable number of portraits - some of the Italian ones very beautiful, & on the two pictures I liked exceedingly - It was very interesting to go round the upper story the old apartments of the Palace where so many distinguished people had lived - Was an immense building at large & a good large square of streets & on the corner good in the center - We could not find the carriage when we came out & had to walk home

How stupid I am I should have said that on Wednesday
Eve. we went to tea at Mrs. Storrows where we met some
Americans - Mr. Charles Storrows ~~Eldest~~ brother & his wife live
here in Paris, & his father is also too - There were two New York
ladies one with her husband & Mr. & Mrs. Hainwright - They
were dressed very prettily but I must say I agree with Aunt
Lizzie that the French ladies are not so tastefully dressed as
I expected - The fashion at present is for so much ornament -
But perhaps winter is not so good a time - But the city
itself strikes one most impressively - So many fine buildings
arches, columns, &c. &c. - But the streets are now very dirty
for walking. - So get back however to Thursday - Edward
Crowninshield & Mr. Frank Codman came to dine, they are
here in Paris with Powell Perkins! I hope I shall see
the last named gentleman - There are a great many
Americans in Paris -

Mrs. W. J. Jackson

Gift of Susan Loring, 27 June 1984

26 Rue de Rivoli

Jan. 22. '57

Wednesday -

My dear Husband,

Here I am, safely
arrived last night at 12 o'clock -
And I cannot stop to tell you
much of any story now, as I
write to go by today's mail; so
that you may send that half
sheet of journal & those two little
letters by steamer this week, for
I find there is one - I must finish
journal later when I can write
more at leisure -

Many thanks for the letters,
received today - The Hookers are
certainly very kind - Pray remember
her one gratefully to them -

We had a rough time crossing, &
I was pretty sick - Today we have
been driving out - And seen a
good many sights in buildings
& places -

I feel not quite so bright
today, but hope to be nicely
tomorrow -

Very affectionately
Your Jane -

Dear Sue. Here is the last advice!

If I get any thing more by the morning
mail to-day I will add to this. But I
am confident (on the authority of the Times)
that there is ^{no} mail this week: the Times
says there is. So this may lie a week at
Liverpool. As soon as I got back from
London, Monday evening, when I left Jane with
Storm - I found a line from the Hookers insisting
on my taking up my abode with them while
Jane is away. - So here I am (at West Park)
day & night. - my bedroom next door to the
study - so that I just step from one to the other.
The Hookers are extremely kind. I think Jane
will have a nice time in Paris. I quite com-
pliment myself on arranging this trip for her,
while the Lovells & Dr. P. are at Paris.

Many thanks for the kind messages to me from
all. I am all but straight again. My
side nearly well. - no pain or soreness, except
on a sudden twist or so. Yours affectionately
Elizabeth.

Jan. 28th - '57

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Perhaps you wonder, dear Sue, to see my letters come in such detached portions, but in truth I write & send the sheets, as finished, to Dr. Gray to give an account of all my proceedings - And I am really very lazy about writing, for it is so hard to find the right moment - Now I have taken to getting up early in the morning & writing them -

I ought to have said under the head of Wednesday, that I received enclosed from Dr. Gray the week's letter - Many thanks to Nancy for the very long & interesting letter about grandfather - Then to you, Sue - I am sure I agree with your children have too many presents now-a-days, & don't value them half enough - Oh thank you, thank you Lizzie & Patrick most heartily, for the daguerreotypes! I shall send for them as soon as I get back to England, unless Dr. Gray has sent already - And how I shall doat upon them! - Pray preserve the carved box & the little boxstead until I get home - Dear Lizzie Dr. Gray picked off the seal of your letter to lighten the weight before he read it, so you must send it me again - Kittie seems to get on famously with her talking. - How sad the delay of the Atlantic, the news of which we received Sunday - I am quite disappointed, for there was a large amount of journal in my letter, & the spider mits for Lizzie & mother, & I thought this week I should hear how you liked them - But such disappointments are nothing compared to the sad trial it must be to the Nortons, for they say Charles Norton was ~~in~~ to go home to Louisa's wedding; & now she was 6 weeks out, & no steamer sailed Saturday to tell of her arrival at Cork, & not until next Saturday - And the wedding was to have been this week, they say! They will have 6 weeks of suspense, & give her up for lost! We all grieve for them -

But to get back to journal - Friday morn. everything came at once, for it was the day there are so many lessons in the house, & the dress-maker came to try on my dress & the milliner brought home my head-dress, & the music-master was giving Lizzie a lesson, & a woman showing Aunt Lizzie & I lace in the salon - I must tell you what busy people they are here - Ella is up at 6 1/2 to practice every morning - Before breakfast comes Augustus' French master, & at present Uncle Charles shares the lessons - Ella's & Sarah's governess comes to them in their chamber from 10 to 1; all their lessons are learnt in French - Then Ella takes music lessons, & they both take dancing lessons - Lizzie takes French lessons at the house of a young friend, & has music lessons at home, & had Italian lessons, but her master died suddenly, & she does not take another while I am here - Uncle Lowell has lessons in the afternoon in Italian, & Aunt Lizzie

Augustus has become so thoughtful - I don't know how many others
your taking French lessons until I came. - That is all I can remember
at present. Uncle Lowell you know is quite at home in French,
Lizzie & Ella both speak well & easily, Augustus knows, only he is afraid,
& talks. Sally can talk easily - Now Lizzie says she knows nothing,
but manages to understand pretty much all that is said, & is very
pretty much all she wishes - I tell her I think I have done her
a great deal of good, for by pretending to know something of the language
pass myself, we venture out shopping alone, & then she is forced
to speak & understand for herself - I can understand generally.
But my speaking is a nuisance - Friday, when rigid music
lessons was thought, she sent Lizzie & myself out in the
carriage - First we drove by the Place de la Concorde, of which you
have so often seen plates, & which give but a poor idea of its mag-
nificence, with its fountains, columns, statues &c. - Opening from it
are the Champs Elysees, a sort of promenade with avenues leading through
it, one very broad with a walk upon each side & ending in
the magnificent triumphal arch of Napoleon. - Here is the grand
promenade for walking & driving - and on a bright day you see
handsome equipages driving up & down, & riding on horseback, & the
equipages are not as handsome in the whole as in England. - It is
now not so favorable a season of the year to see Paris, for the streets
are muddy & dirty, but the architecture of the private buildings
is handsome, more varied & ornate than in London, & there
are so many fine places & columns, & buildings, & monuments -
The Boulevards are very handsome - They are wide streets,
very wide, & with very wide side-walks, & handsome shops all
along with gay displays in the windows, & the pavement crowded
with passengers in every variety of dress - & along the sidewalks
all sorts of little traffics going on, in cages kept hot over a pan on a
trajet, hot roasted cherimoles in the same way, small wares, &c. &c.
Some of the best shops are not on the Boulevards but in streets
more retired, & no display in the windows, some indeed are up
stairs on the first floor, so that without the address you would
never find them - I suppose in the whole I am disappointed in
the shopping - We fancy every thing is cheap in Paris, but it is not so -
You can get beautiful things, but you must pay a high price - Not

higher than one would at home, for you could not get such things
at home - Glass you can get for various prices - very fair at 30 cts
as nice as I want ever at 50 cts, beautiful at 75 - Shoes are not
enough cheaper to make it worth while, or boots either - Silks are
cheaper as far as I can tell, ~~cheap~~ my waistcoat with, which
looks very rich, at 1.30, but they had others up to 1.75, & a superb
ones in a different style, more antique, for 2.20 - Lace is much
cheaper - but then no one here thinks of wearing anything imi-
tation - I got ^{Brussels} lace picked for my head, the shape of your black,
Lizzie, simple but pretty, for 80 cts. It is as full dress as I ever want.
Bonnets I should think were cheaper - But I should think
my head-dress cost the same as at home. I'd be sure it is, pretty
I should be sure - Artificial flowers are cheaper - You can get a head
some wreath, & bouquet for the room for 2.00 - Paper is very much
cheaper - half price at the very least - Now I wish anyone who
has commenced would write at once, & give me some particular
directions - Then if I do not understand, I shall have time to
make new enquiries - They dye here & clean old silks & satins &
velvets beautifully - They will ask 3.50 for dyeing my cape
shawl, but say it shall be as good as new - And that is not too
much for a new shawl - They have superb laces blk. & white.
But what a wandering article we were driving down the
Champs Elysees! When we came back we went to make some
calls, for the custom here is to call first - I am left cards in Mrs.
Thordike, Mrs. Hainsworth, & Mrs. Starnes - Then got in at Madame
Trossi - She is truly an original - Her husband is brother to Victor Hugo
& a Baron, & she writes herself Comtesse - She looks like one of
these prints in their long peccariats, she is so large & masculine in
appearance, & her dress is so homely - But it is interesting to hear
her talk, for she seems a possessor of a good deal of information &
talent, the room was ornamented with her oil paintings, & she seemed
familiar with the literature of many countries. She received Aunt
Lizzie & Lizzie in the French fashion, with a kiss on each cheek, &
to my astonishment, poured me with a kiss when I went away.
On Thursday morning Aunt Lizzie & I went out with the determination to
do as much as possible to finish up the shopping - & we got places &
a look, but fancy anything wonderful, pretty, French, & only common
and paper &c. &c. - Then we came back to dinner, we dined at 5 1/2

Mrs. Augustus Thorndike & Mrs. Calvert called when Aunt Lizzie was gone
to make some calls, but I saw them - Mrs. Calvert corresponds with
Aunt Anna, & says she is very low-spirited - And wants to go home
in April - Saturday evening we went to the theatre, Les Variétés, and
saw some excellent little pieces well acted - I could not follow quite
so readily as I thought I should, but it is capital discipline in un-
derstanding French - The characters were so well dressed, & the scenery
so good & all so good in their different parts that it was very amu-
sing - The ladies were dressed handsomely as ladies, & one piece, rep-
resenting young cavaliers about the time of Louis XV was excellent -
Wednesday Jan. 29th -

Sunday morn. Uncle Lowell, Aunt Lizzie & myself went to the
Oratoire, which is the French Protestant church where the most dis-
tinguished preachers alternate - Coquerel preached the Sunday before;
I should like to have heard him - We heard a preacher who
was very eloquent, & the manner, which would seem extravagant
& too excited in English, sounds fervent & earnest & is very touching
in French - His text was all the beatitudes - And his sermon on
happiness as the desire of every human soul, & our Saviour's promises
that happiness should be given - "Blessed" is "heureux" in French, so
that the text came with the more force - It was a fine sermon,
nothing doctrinal in it, & I could easily understand all - The
seats are all free throughout the church, which is not imposing in
appearance inside - You give a trifle to a woman for a stove for
your feet & the book of Psalms - After church in the afternoon
we had a drive through the Boulevards & the Champs Elysées -
Madme. Hugo had been in despair, that she had not known until the
day we called there, that Aunt Lizzie had a son - And said she
should call Sunday Ev. to make the acquaintance of Augustus - So
she came in the Ev. & her sister Madme. Louis, the wife of Louis
the physician, came also - She is very handsome, & dresses very
prettily, quite in contrast with Madme. Hugo - But they were both
entertaining - I like to sit quietly by & listen - ^{Aunt Lizzie & family} ~~They~~ know a good
many French people here, & have a pleasant circle of acquaintances,
& there are a great many Americans at Paris - But Aunt Lizzie
does not like French Society - The marriages are in truth more
business arrangements, made ^{by} to please the parents - And young folks are
scarcely noticed until they are married, & then are suddenly allowed
to do quite as they please - But my paper comes to the end, & I
have written as much as I will hold, & must save Monday's visit
to Versailles for the next letter - Most tender love to all, from your ever
aff. Jane



Gray, Jane Loring. 1851. "Gray, Jane Jan. 21, 1851 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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