

New April 20th 1851. Finished at Paris.

Dear Sue, After the Great Exhibition the Hookers kindly took me back to New with them; though Miss Hooker would scarcely let me go home to dine, though I felt so tired & soiled & dirty after a day in London & smoke that I longed to get on the sofa, after having washed my face & got my heavy boots off - Dr. Gray went to leave a card on Lord Rosse, & his letter of introduction - After patiently waiting until 7 o'clock I ordered my dinner, & before I had finished Dr. Gray arrived - The next day the Hookers sent for us to dine with them to meet Mr. Julius & Mrs. Thompson, a friend of Dr. Hooker's, who was staying with them - Mrs. Thompson has been a long while in India, & was in Affghan when that trouble broke out, & was imprisoned with Lady Sale & her daughter - They were all shut up in one room, about 20 of them! Lady Sale & her daughter the only women, & to add to their distress, Lady Sale's daughter was confined during their imprisonment - Mrs. Thompson's hair turned quite grey at the time - And he looks so strangely with his still youthful face & this white hair about it - He has a peculiar face, but his quiet, gentle way is very pleasing - The Dr. Hooker came home in the same vessel - Thursday morn. Miss Hooker sent for me to come to lunch with them to meet Mr. Darwin, who was coming to see Dr. Hooker, & who is distinguished as a naturalist - There were quite a party of gentlemen, for Dr. Wallich was also there, 6 gentlemen at table, & Miss Hooker & I the only ladies, for Lady Hooker though down & about, rather avoids the crowd & confusion - Mr. Darwin was a very lively agreeable person & Thursday Evg. arrived a box from Dublin containing among other matters, some pretty box-wood ornaments, a pair of bracelets & a pin from Mr. Adhemar - Friday I was as usual busy in writing - And Saturday I believe I was quiet in the house all day - Sunday a week ago, Dr. Gray went up to London to church, & I went here at New - And in the afternoon, just as we were thinking of taking our usual walk, Mr. Self arrived from London with his little girl - He is ^{the agent of} Putnam of New York in London, & does anything in the book line for Dr. Gray - He is a sensible & well-informed man - But one of those very quiet people whom it takes some time to find out how much he knows - We went with them about the gardens, which I shall really sigh to leave! And am afraid the chief object of discontent in getting home will be our very small

unimpaired, little garden. Not that we could hope to equal them, but we might have something above, & not a sort of remnant of existence! Then we see what England alone has in the way of Botanic Gardens, it seems a shame that the first limited ⁱⁿ garden, a Continent surpasses in all other in vegetable productions, can boast only one little, poverty-stricken apology for a garden! What would often be thought a small private garden here!

Monday we set aside as a regular day for sight-seeing - so we were up in good time - off to London by train, & on reaching the Waterloo Station took a cab to the Whitechapel end of the Tunnel, which we then walked through - I think those wonderful achievements do not often strike one at the time as anything remarkable, & the Tunnel is especially so for nothing helps me to understand or realize it; you go down a long flight of stairs, ascending round the walls of a huge circular well so it were, & then you enter a long arched gallery as it were, dimly lit down the center by ~~various~~ rows of arches, & lighted by gas - On some of these arches one calls to sell fancy articles, & jewelry, & on the other side you ascend a similar flight of stairs, & emerge in happy St. Paul's has certainly a remarkable method of finding its way about - Here we came out in a queer, strange place, filled with little winding crooked streets & blind passages, & in some ancient, picturesque manner we found our way to Wall Close Sq., a little place in the middle of the City, where Mr. Hard, & his father before him practiced Medicine, & where on morning of Cleopatra he left his home - the practice to his eldest son - & yet there we had to go through the part of London, particularly Rescinded by Dickens in Drumby, where I felt a Captain little need - And when we got near Wall Close Sq., I had to turn up a host of little houses, when I saw the sign for it, for Major Rastbach's shop. ^{of a good number of houses} ^{James' London} These are cleaner than one would suppose, except for the little mud - But they are terribly crowded with shops of every kind - And one at a time does this smoky air, which I generally find myself fancying. "Today is a particularly dull day," instead of saying that it is brighter one is rare - I was surprised to find Stephen Hard's house so pleasant - When Mr. Hard was there he quite surrounded the main door & filled up the little yard with his various hard Camps - a small, which were the only things which could keep plants alive in the smoky dull air of London. After a pleasant call, seeing Mr. & Mrs. Hard, & Charlotte who was then from Cleopatra, we took our way to the Tower - through narrow streets & lanes - But some hand

Reading down

are quite familiar, & others very old. Love Lane, in Lady Wanchow's family & ancient looking, I believe Lane, pointing Lane &c. &c. - The street, surrounded by its massive walls ~~into~~ deep ditches for Cannon, its wide deep ditch, more like a canal, & the side next the thoroughfare laid out as a garden, looked so me out of place, a sort of relief of the past in discordance with the busy streets crowded with more or less life surrounding it - Passing under a tower where soldiers stood guard, & over the bridge, we came to a gate way with an office on one side, where we procured tickets for the Rooming & Treasure Chamber, and were introduced on to a room quietly fitted up with tape covering in the corner of some incomprehensible building, & wait until the due return of the 1/2 hour. Should bring a cordons to desk the visitors collected meantime - The tower contained a little town of its own, as it were, within the walls, a ^{sort of party} ~~a party~~, leading quite around, & the space partly filled with the different buildings for public purposes, the soldiers barracks, & the new parts they are rebuilding, where the fire burnt them down, for officers quarters - The gardens are old soldiers dressed in the grotesque costume of Henry the VIII - At the stake of the hour one of those gardeners summoned us, & sundry others who had pathos meantime, to follow him, & leading us along the street, led us into an ancient building, where is the famous armoury - The armour is nicely cutback & bright, & mounted on shining horse men & horses, natural size, & shows with very ancient-down through various gradations, until James the 6th's time, when a breastplate & helmet were about all left - Some of the horses in the oldest time were most heavily armed, & the weight of the armour for rider & beast must have been no trifler - There were also sundry instruments of torture. Thus, screws, & a machine called ^{in English} ~~the~~ ^{double} ~~the~~ which held a person immovable, & some other - There was the very stock on which Lord Drott, Adamastock, &c. were beheaded. We were out in 45 - The mark left by the war made me start & shudder to look at - In my mind the plainly truth so strongly to mind - There was also an office of Queen Elizabeth in her former costume in which she rode in some public procession; both horse & rider covered with jewels - there were handsome ornaments of swords, bayonets, &c. arranged in figures, & the whole

hall was handsomely arranged - From there we went to the Treasury Chamber, where under a huge glass case protected at safe distance by iron bars, were displayed the crown jewels - I never saw set jewels look so handsomely - There were some 1,000,000 of £s. I believe - Victoria's crown was on the top, & was very handsome; there was a superb Sapphire in it as large as a large Lima bean - Below on one side were the gold sceptre for her, & the king's sceptre, & some beautiful gold ornaments used for the Coronation feast, they were of different designs, one representing the White Tower, & from a foot to 18 inches high - They are called celloars - The bracelets, the gold spurs, the ball, all parts of the Regalia - On another side was Anne Boleyn's crown, a very simple, pretty one, & some salt-cellar, (there are 3 in all,) large gold tankards, &c. On another the King's crown, the Prince of Wales', the swords of State & Church in rich scabbards, & the blunt sword without edge of mercy; all these are carried out at the Coronation - Then there was the crown made for Mary of Modena, James II's queen, a superb silver gilt small fountain which is made to flow with wine, &c. &c. Among them a gold eagle which contains the coronation oil & the gold spoon - Altogether it was a very rich display - As we walked back to the entrance gate the warder pointed out a grated window, which he said was in the room where Anne Boleyn & Lady Jane Grey were confined, & an open space where they & all who were executed within the walls, were put to death - And another window which he said was in the room where the princes were smothered - A dark low gate, with a huge grate, opposite another gateway through which we passed with its portcullis still hanging, was the 'Traitors' gate' - But I believe the Thames does not flow now close to it - From the Tower we took our way across the foot of Tower Hill of bloody memory, a sort of paved open space or square which rises in front of the Tower, down into the City - And I went with Dr. Gray to the Banker, & he with me to do some shopping, & then having stopped with a shop & had some soup for lunch, we took our way past the Museum House down Ludgate Hill, & turning aside went into Guild Hall - There was not much particularly interesting or imposing, & I was mostly interested in the great statues of Fog & Major, grotesque giants they were, half savage half classic that is to say clothed in armour, & more painted in grotesque colors - ^{having been in the interior of St. Paul's, the Grand, to see} Thence we took an omnibus down, Regent St. where I had a little to say, & then walked back over Hungerford Suspension Bridge to the Station; I got back most heartily tired - I found at New when I got back, a parcel from Dublin, from Dr. Harvey, with the motto - Some of which I hope came safely by the last steamer - And with them a parcel of 'Lusitan' towels' he said, to convince me there was such a place as Lusitan (where he has been lecturing this winter). He said one cousin had designed the letters of the markings & another worked them. They turned out 1/2 a doz. of pretty hemstitched handkerchiefs, beautifully marked with my initials, in different patterns, & of various - I was quite pleased.



Gray, Jane Loring. 1851. "Gray, Jane Apr. 20, 1851 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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