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Cumberland Place, New - June 12 - '37
near London -

Dear Lizzie,

First I must thank you for your nice letter which I received today, & in which you carry me right down to Beverly & make me quite long to be there! - The time for coming home seems indeed soon, a year yesterday since we sailed! - And now that the time grows near I begin to be very impatient; but there is an immense deal to do before then - We had letters also from Sue & John - I am glad Alice & the baby are getting on so well - So Charlie is really off! How I shall miss his visits at Cambridge - He has been my most faithful visitor there - And I feel such a sort of charge over him I scarcely can consent to his living away! - Ah, dear me! How this world keeps changing!! - I was glad to hear Mary Hopson was about again, much love to her from me! - Charlie said last week the Alderney had arrived - I hope she won't be too delicate; they say they have to coddle them up here in England, where I think they have no winter - But I am glad the Englishman & his wife promise so well - I hope father may get something like English cabbages from the seeds I sent - I believe I have not acknowledged last week's letters from Sue & Charlie - Many thanks for them, & pray believe they are always worth the postage - But to get back to my journal, poor journal! back so many weeks I dare not count - But now I mean to make it a business until I am up with dates again -

I left you at the Jardin des Plantes on Saturday, May 17 (p.m.) & that day we introduced Mr. Ward to his first French dinner at a restaurant - Dr. Gray told us while at dinner a funny adventure he had in the morning - He went, on his way to the Jardin, to a bookseller's, & trying to make a short cut across got out of the way, & stopping to enquire of a garde de ville, a man in a blouse with a tin sauce pan under his arm & a cap trimmed with braid, shewing he had been in some of the volunteer regiments, offered to escort him - So Dr. Gray put himself under his charge, & the man fell to talking & telling of his past life, & asking Dr. Gray what he as a stranger had seen in Paris, & telling him what he should see - "But," said he, "I can show you the world here, which strangers do not generally see - I will come for you tomorrow (Sunday) at 9 o'clock, & take you to some strange places" - They soon came to streets where Dr. G. knew his way, & he would fain have dismissed his guide; but "no," he was a stranger, & his conscience would not allow him to leave a stranger alone in the streets of Paris - Sometimes he would reach a new street & be about to leave Dr. Gray after most minute directions, then his conscience came to him

alarm again & he could not leave him. He was just enough 'happy' not to be very reasonable - But imagine Dr. Jay walking the streets of Paris with this companion under his arm - and under his arm - not last when in sight of the gate of the garden he seemed to think Dr. Jay might find his way alone, but Dr. Jay could not persuade him to take any more. What he paid for showing a stranger his tomb, however he agreed to think a piece of wine with him for good fellowship, & they turned into a little cabaret which was near. But the man would not touch his wine until he had Dr. Jay's address, that he might come the next morning at 9 to show him the note - & he drew a tablet out of his pocket, a tablet, & a leaf provided to clean it with the sleeve of his blouse & cutting it by his pants, & when he considered it in further detention, handed it to Dr. Jay, who said the only way to get out of this difficulty was to write a fictitious address, & then the man having pocketed his tablet consented to drink, having first brushed his face, then with many careful directions to Dr. Jay to walk down the street before him & only the gate at the bottom, & indications of friendship & of promises to see him at 9 tomorrow morning, he took leave - On the way he told Dr. Jay he had been driven in Paris, & took him a little detour to show him the marks of bullets left in doors & walls from one of the restaurants - I thought it quite a pity he had not from the real address & gone to see the wall at Paris. Sunday was a dull day with me again, I think I got tired the day before, so I left in doors & left Dr. Jay & Mr. Ward to go to church alone. Dr. Jay & Mr. Ward & her husband called, & said they were off on Wednesday to London to see the Exposition, & we quite smiled them in Paris - Monday we had appointed for a regular sight-seeing day, & a friend of Mrs. Ward, an English lady staying at St. Cloud, came on to join us - I first we went to Notre Dame where Dr. Jay was to meet us - Jimmy Devlin was on, but the Catholic Church is open on Paris all day, & a wedding was going on in one of the side chapels - The bride was very deeply veiled, as she would be every day, only her cap had some rays that in the holes & she had a long white veil but pinned to her brown - But though perfectly, I never saw an expression of more utter indifference, & all that passed by on about her. There were only two or three people with him, & the bridegroom who looked younger than she did, seemed much more interested in the ceremony - Meanwhile we were waiting for the bride to let us into the interesting chapels around the choir - We were admitted into quite a party, & saw sundry chapels, some with fine funeral monuments, & in one an interesting picture of the death of the Cook, which in the middle of the last revolution - In the vestry we were shown some magnificent robes presented by Louis Philippe to Notre Dame, enough to robe 30 priests - All velvet & gold - Another of gold & embroidered with beautiful colored flowers - a velvet gown

by Louis Philippe on the death of the Duke of Orleans. Black velvet beautifully embroidered with silver - Then we were shown Napoleon's Coronation stay, woven velvet embroidered with gold - The cushion he sat upon, sundry gold things used in the ceremony, some magnificent shroves, plates, among them one set with engravings of the tablets of the Duke of Bordeaux, the present claimant of the title of Henry - But I cannot remember all we saw, & enumerations of gold & jewels are not very interesting - After going the rounds of the chapels we were admitted into the choir - the present altar of white marble & gilding, some large candlesticks & a brass reading desk were presented by Napoleon for his coronation - Most of the ornaments beside the marble paving, the historical statues, &c. & a series of pictures high up, some of which I might correspond with the Gothic architecture, even of the tower of Louis XIV - XV. The seats around an very fine oak carving, & came from the life of the Boyer carved in relief on the panels above, they are of the time of Louis XIII - I stood upon the spot where Josephine stood when crowned Empress, & Dr. Jay stood where Napoleon did, & I thought of Will & his administration of the great man in whose traces are left everywhere in Paris, all the palaces still show splendid remains & specimens of the time of the empire, for the taste & magnificence were so admirable that the kings who came after left them as they were - How full of romance French history, & how like a play, the characters come & go fast - How dramatic it seems, & he in Paris & try to realize it, & that it all has happened within the memory of the man! - From Notre Dame we went to the Palais de Justice - The ancient palace of Louis XIV but for many years a sort of Court house - We looked into a court where they must dispute, the judges & lawyers in black robes & with caps shaped round on their heads. I like them better than English boys. One old corridor restored exactly as it was in the time of Louis XIV is interesting because at one end is a statue behind which the Chamber instantly broke up the wall of Louis XIV in receiving it, that they need not put it in exhibition - It is handsomely adorned as a Court house, finished in such good taste & so convenient, & in such good order, & yet no show or unnecessary display - We judge let us with a conductor, & pointed down to a pated door on the narrow and paid below said it was where Marie Antoinette was confined - From this prison she went to the scaffold - The Sainte Chapelle is now the building contained on the Palais de Justice - But I tell you about that last winter - It is a popular little place, & this time were pointed out the place where was formerly the east of Blanche & Isabelle outlived with her aunt, the little window where Louis XI used to come privately to hear Mass - After taking some lunch at a Pension, we went to the Bastille, & marching through Cortland, up stairs, through side chambers, & at length where sundry warblers were seated before entrance the hall, we were taking our way to the tower & the covered ways, when a man

stepped forward & with a smile told no ladies were not admitted; I was quite
served, it is so disagreeable to get into places, especially among a crowd of men,
where one has no right! - We took our way to the Louvre, hoping some one of its
many galleries might be open - But alas, all were still shut, & we received
the answer handed down from last winter 'open in a fortnight!' - So then
Miss McKenale & I took our way back - Wednesday Ev. we went to see Bondin
the juggler, & as I told Dr. Gray I came back nearer believing in magic than ever
I did in my life - I never saw or could imagine anything so incomprehensible.
After some pretty puppets, which were certainly the perfection of machinery,
Bondin came in himself, & said he would show us how he could make
something out of nothing; & having nothing in his hands he was suddenly
wielding a staff; & then came a glass ball, which he feigned to squeeze
into two, which he squeezed a smaller one from, & then put the two to-
gether; his sleeves were rolled back, his wrists bare, & he stood alone
in the middle of the stage, nothing near him! Then he had a tin corner
copa opened with a knife, & he shewed us quite empty, & then
took from it some two dozen fans, newspapers, flowers, buttons, &c. &c.
& not standing in one spot where you would imagine he could supply
himself, but moving about all the time - Then he brought in a flat port-
folio, placed it on two light trestles so that one could see quite underneath
it, took out first some prints, then two bonnets, then coffee sauce pans
large enough to hold 3 quarts, one full of coffee, another blazing & into wh.
he emptied another sauce pan full of water, all three coming from
this flat portfolio! He then said it was empty, & carried it to us to
see it was quite flat, but he complained it still felt heavy, &
putting it down pulled out a bird-cage with 6 live canaries in it, &
then took from the portfolio 3 live pigeons! - Then a common claret
bottle was brought in on a waiter with wine-glasses, he first filled these &
emptied the bottle, & then rinsing it with water, & a waiter of liqueur glasses
being brought, he handed them round to the audience, & poured from this
one bottle, brandy, rum, amiceed, mareschino, & every liqueur you can think of,
as fast as people could ask, & as quick as he could turn, here, there, everywhere!
Then tell me no more of clair-voyants! His son sat blinded on the stage & told what
ever was given into Bondin's hand; a coin, what country, its date, my keys, how many,
&c. &c. & wrote on a slate the numbers written at the other side of the room,
& no sound made by anyone - His back turned & his folded! - I told Dr. Gray
I could not carry him again to a place of amusement he was so like an
uproarious child, he was so amused & delighted, clapping his hands &
shouting with laughter! But indeed it was quite incomprehensible, & I am
sure I might have sat by Nile with impunity he could never have ex-
plained it! -

(Dr. Gray, 5 Cumberland Place, New near London, is all piousness)
Please now let all my letters be directed to the date of my letter, until the
middle of July, when to Brown & Shipley as usual - We shall get them if they come direct
to New a Day sooner - With most affectionate love to all, ever very lovingly,
a kiss to Kitty from Aunt Jane -



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

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