

New-June 24th '57-

(1)

Dear father & mother, "Knowing your journal was so behind hand why have you not been writing these many days?" I hear you exclaim! Behold my apology - I have been so busy with other things I had ~~not~~ done no mending for a fortnight or more; & though one leaves home in good order, a year's wear & tear makes some difference, especially if mean & thin things are subjected to the tender mercies of foreign washer-women; & you may imagine the awful heap I displayed to Dr. Gray on opening a cupboard door Saturday morn. I told him I must get through it before night! so I had a good days constant occupation; & Sunday we went over to the Ward's Church, passed the night there, went in yesterday to the Zoological gardens, & did not get home here until a 7 o'clock dinner, & ~~was~~ tired to write or do much of anything - And Tuesday morn. I am almost always too nervous to do much of anything until I get my letters, & I read a little, & read a little, & make believe he industrious till comes the welcome double knock of the Post-man at 12 1/2 - Such a grand heap this week! Thank you, dear mother, for your charming note - I agree with you that father's rest in summer is quite imaginary - But since my experience with Dr. Gray I have come to the conclusion that there are some minds whose anticipations so far outstrip the possibility of human accomplishment that life must needs be a continual labour & drive under high pressure - great constipation, is it not? But I think father has more chance of some time getting through than Dr. Gray - For his heart is not so much in his law as Dr. Gray's is in botany - And some time he may renounce it entirely - But as long as a dried specimen remains, I expect the dear plants will be the first great object with my spouse - I am glad the Alderney seems so amiable, but I fancy she will need much cosseting - How I long to be at home again! Now the time is so near I grow very impatient, & shall be glad when we are journeying, that one need not stay thinking of it in quiet - But we shall leave a great deal unseen! - A long letter too, from Lizzie - I can scarcely believe the accounts of Kattie! - I hope I shall see Mrs. Sam. Putnam - & I want to know if they stop in London - I was very glad too to hear the good news of Aunt Sally Gray, & glad it was a boy - Letters too from Sue & Charlie, & from Mrs. Carey of New York - I hope Beverly may benefit Sue & all her family for they seem to need it - I was sorry to hear from her that father had dyspepsia, but Beverly must cure that - Did Lizzie go out fishing in the old Shaker bonnet? - How exactly I can picture her & Am. on the headlands, safely shut from the view of the house, but for a moment ^{coming} into sight were one making the tour of the grounds! - I am glad Dr. Putnam had a nice voyage home & seems so well - But I am afraid the additional flock he reports on me is invisible - Only think of Ned Cunningham's adventure, I remember reading the account, & with the remote possibility of its being him, looking for the names, wh. however were not given - Charlie's description of his room was capital! Perhaps for the necessities he surpassed us, but we out-did him in easy-chairs, a portion of which I would sometimes like here, for our deficiency in that respect makes my little rocking chair at home even more charming

in anticipation - Mrs. Fanger, for speaks of, had a daughter who visited the Duchess in Berlin - and Mrs. may remember something about her - At least I do, & the ending some bunches of flowers. - As the letters of the week say sitting of the fire in Cambridge - I wrote myself that, all up our road is safe - Now I have run on, pushing out the poor journal - But the bond of some one to talk 'home' to, makes it all appear in paper - Mrs. And Anna comes I have to doubt I shall be more quiet, & spare you sundry discourses - But now for journal in good earnest!

From the Race de Regs Mrs. Ward & my self took our way to the garden des Tuileries where we found Dr. Gray, & with him with a very happy survey of the great galleries of History, Mineralogy, zoology, &c. so - Admiration! Specimens admirably arranged, concerning which however I have not time to tell you even one thing within the power of my comprehension - which not being scientific after they are not - I decided with Madame, as I wished to save my strength for the Theatre in the Ely - Madame was always pleased to have one dine with her for it cannot be done alone - I she never could last any thing! But Anna came for us in the carriage, & Mrs. Ward returned - I joined her to hear the last performance of Rachel in France - Madame said it was not so easy to sit tickets before hand, & in getting there we found an immensely long line of people waiting, & were obliged to take our places at the end - The Theatre Francaise is in the Palais Royal, & therefore the approach to the boxes was under the colonnade, which was no comfort; the building is there, at least the corner where the box office is, & applicants for tickets were in a long line running round the corner, two streets, & to the end - As you see in the Annex noted here, after awhile slowly advancing you felt such a passage strictly forced by women bare, where men in you could not get out until you reached the office, but which of course brought many one up orderly, though there were no boxing time, was in pushing, & in inevitable shoving, if a person felt out of his place instead of others pushing & taking it he was mistreated both again, you may be sure how good it was that Anna found it very endurable, but of course it was a long fight - our slow advance to the ticket was bought, & the ladies passed in at the other end, & our spirits sunk as to our chance of success, but there was no plucking, we must keep on - Just as the couple before us reached the box office the ticket door was thrown open in some tickets! But a moment after it closed again, for tickets had been put in for sale again, but in a more rapid way than the first time; the gentlemen waited, & Madame offered to take them, they agreed & gave on, & we were made happy, we hurried up stairs, & were introduced into a box just as the family scene was about half through - there is nothing very striking in our accustomed to the English stage or even French acting, & that is the scene of panting, over acting, & the stage time is almost invariable with us - there all is brief, & in unexcited scenes the more as natural as in a parlour, & yet everything is left to the actors themselves, there seems no help from scenery, startling scenes, & unexpected reverses - In theatre the scene never changes from the beginning to the end, the actors are few, sit on recent tables place upon the stage until there dies at the end. All is left for the words which

pass between the actors themselves - And yet it is so intensely interesting & exciting! Some manner of perfection say anything, therefore, as actors & actresses I think French acting decidedly of a higher order than English - I judged it very much though I could not follow any well, & should like to be more familiar with the theatre actors - The after piece which is a light play, was also very good, but with the same peculiarities, a few scenes a trait, & the natural tone & manner - And one who followed with as much difficulty as I did could comprehend more readily a rhapsody than a tragedy. The actresses are dressed so beautifully too! As ladies of fashion's elegance - I fancy they were sometimes as advertisements to their admirers - The theatre always large & handsome - I was particularly impressed with the depth & size of the stage - But I think I have told you before how the boxes were arranged - Boxes in front, like a watchman's box, so you cannot see at all your next neighbours, & of course, being very close, they were not very bold - For my only view was - And Madame & I being seated were obliged to stand if we would have the whole stage & actors before us - Wednesday we had made arrangements to go to St. Cloud & Anna & Mary to the station to join us - Mrs. Ward set out at 10 o'clock, & when fairly on the way I found he did not know it, & I had only a general idea - I knew there was a shorter cut, but feared missing it, & so took a long walk, & after with much occasional reaching the station in time, found Dr. Gray thinking us quite lost, & who escorted us onto the assurance we had gone round three sides of a square instead of a straight line. Humble Snow feared the fatigue, & so Mrs. W. & I went alone, & at the station at St. Cloud were met by Louis Duchesne, & a friend friend of hers - He walked to the Chateau which is a perfect gem of a place! Some of the maidens looking out into the beautiful park & gardens, & others upon the fine walls of the suite - St. Cloud though belonging to members of the royal family (it was here Demitria of Poland Charles's sister died & unfortunately) was never a royal residence until Louis XVI brought it & gave it to Marie Antoinette, who was very fond of it, & improved very much the park & grounds - Napoleon's pleasurable were also very fond of St. Cloud & lived here very much, & many of the most important events of Napoleon's career were originated & occurred here - & many events are held as having occurred in such a such room - Louis Philippe & his family were also here a great deal, & it is now the summer residence of the president of the Republic, & so has a more furnished look than many of the palaces which are uninhabited - And it is interesting from a number of the beautiful furniture being preserved from the time of Louis XVI & his joyous retinue & fiddling, & the more chastened & classic magnificence of the Empire - In looking at the beautiful bed occupied by Marie Antoinette

& then by Josephine, ^{I hoped} that at least Louis Napoleon was not allowed that as his chamber, that one must degrade it by associating it with him: - Napoleon's private study was still furnished as he left it - The arms of the couches & chairs represent swan's heads & necks, the soft white beautifully contrasting with the green silk covering - There was one magnificent dining gallery, the ceiling superbly painted, beautiful pictures upon the walls, & the furniture chiefly of fine inlaid cabinets, each differing from the other, of the time of Louis XV - I never saw a palace before I really coveted as a residence - They are sometimes too large & nothing home like, all state apartments, or all for show, or something inconsistent - But St. Cloud is charming! neither too large or too small, variety & not meanness & confusion, & looking so charmingly onto the beautiful grounds - I should like to live awhile at St. Cloud! - Leaving the Court yard of the Chateau by the great gates, we walked a little way down the street, & then turned into other great iron gates which admitted us into the park - In almost all these French palaces & castles the town comes close up to the entrance gate, & the front seems almost like a city residence - It is only at the back that you are surrounded by the beautiful gardens, & look across them into the parks - The Park as we entered, lay along the river bank, & we took the broad path on the edge on our way to Leves - It was delightfully shaded by trees, & gave us glimpses now & then up stately avenues or down wooded dells into the deeper recesses of the park - We had a view of the great cascade & fountain, quite empty of water at present, as it was under repair - But in truth it only plays on certain stated days - The road after awhile left the river, but we still kept this broad avenue of trees, pretty flowers in the grass at the side, until we reached the gates which admitted us into the main St. of Leves - We had walked a mile or more, & our party began to think it time to lunch, so we stopped at a little cafe, & the rest indulged in coffee & bread & butter - One could easily imagine selling bread by the yard - We see the great French loaves, such as the common people eat, & such as you find in a common cafe like this - They are at least 3 ft. long, & about as large as a man's leg, tapering towards the end - I think the French must love crust, for their little rolls are often drawn out in the same extraordinary way - A half of one of these loaves was brought us, but I did not dare to take any coffee, for the French coffee is so strong that I find I cannot bear even cafe au lait - After our refreshment we took our way to the porcelain manufactory, which being a public work, is in a great building, & great court yard in front with a soldier to stand guard at the gate, & dandy blue-coated individuals in cocked hats to direct your steps right inside - We passed into a series of rooms where was arranged porcelain already manufactured & for sale - Beautiful sets of tea set, sugar bowl, cream jug, & cups & saucers, arranged in morocco-covered cases & lined with velvet or satin, & each piece its little nest to fit into, sometimes the tray, also of porcelain - And each piece painted differently from the other, but the same series of objects running through the set - One set exquisite flowers, another landscapes,

another the lozes, love impatient, love despairing, hopeful, &c. &c. taken from celebrated
 pictures, & then portraits &c. &c. Then there were magnificent great oval 5 or 6 ft.
 high, tables, caskets, cabinets, &c. &c. The cheapest things, even little common vases,
^{costing} enough to make one draw ones breath. In another room were more common din-
 ner & dessert sets, their chief beauty consisting in the delicacy of the china & the
 graceful forms. There were some splendid sets set out on tables, ^{for} one I know
 the plates were 20s per piece. Some of the most beautiful things were copies
 on porcelain of famous pictures. They were life size & as large as the originals,
 painted by the best artists, & once done imperishable as far as brilliancy of
 colouring & the delicate touch goes. I only thought them a little too bright
 in coloring. The two most beautiful I thought, were Titian's mistress & Ra-
 phael's Fornarina. The price of each of these I think was 3,500 fr. = 7,000
 Did I tell you that one day I called upon Mrs. Thorndike, who had been attend-
 ing the sale of Louis Philippe's china? From Tencilly, St. Cloud, The Tuilleries, &
 all the royal residences. There was a dinner set, very chaste & simple, & with
 the S.P. crown upon it & on the under side the palace where it belonged, which
 I told Mrs. T. I thought added to its value, shewing undoubtedly whose it ^{had} belonged.
 There was also an exquisite dessert set, such a lovely peculiar colour & such preat-
 ful shapes, & one set of plates with medallion heads of all the great men of France.
 I was very sorry I had not known of the sale, I should so like to have gone &
 bought something. & she said many things went very low in price. All
 she bought was real Siens. After inspecting the porcelain we were ad-
 mitted by our ticket to the Museum, which is a collection of porcelain &
 china from all parts of the world, ^{or at least of the} shewing the art & style of each nation.
 Then other rooms contain models of all the things which have been made
 in the manufactory, & a superb assemblage it is. On leaving we were for-
 tunate enough to get an omnibus just leaving for Paris, or bidding good bye to
 Miss McCrall & Miss Butcher, Mrs. Ward & I took our places, & reached so. 9
 Some 2 hours after I had agreed to meet Dr. Gray. But what with Mr. Ward's
 little lectures on botany in the Park, & lingering over the different things,
 we were much longer than we had anticipated. However Dr. Gray & I still
 found time to go & call on Madame. Alere, Madame. Prussins daughter. X The
 next morn. Thursday we were up very early & breakfasted & off to the station
 to go again to Barriere, where we were invited to breakfast, Mrs. Ward, Dr.
 Gray & myself. We had our warm welcome from Madame. Bilmorin & her hus-
 band, & spent an hour or two rambling about the grounds. The children all
 with us. The little Philippe came for his breakfast, & Madame. went with me
 higher up in the wood to go to the chapel for a chair. It was a little rustic
 house we had passed before, & I had noticed was locked as little Madame
 was trying to open the door. It was fitted up inside as a little chapel, &
 Madame. took two chairs out & we sat down, as she was nursing the baby she

told me the children always fought in the chapel the first place of every
kind, which belonged to their father, & the first after him - He said when
he was away last summer the gardeners from the kitchen & hear, & the said
it was the first place & must be in the chapel, the gardeners said they might
eat it, & when they came from the kitchen for them a fear for the
chapel - they said the chapel had had no fear - when he came home he
found that fear in the chapel - It is such a sweet custom - I believe I told you
some the age of the children struggle between with me the was married when
he was 15 - her eldest child was born when she was 16 - Kevin is 8, & gets a few
fruyers, Maurice 2 1/2, & Philippe 2 months - You would have been married to
De La Haye's son had playing see saw in the children's balcony, & that him
fasten to a cupboard in the centre by an iron post, so that they could make
it turn round, or saw saw - I'm afraid I had the advantage being the heaviest,
though De Haye almost threw himself full length at the end of the pole to
get the advantage of the lower - And he is the only sat in the place & looked
on - After some investigations to try some new microscope for De Haye, we had
breakfast, which was in truth dinner, only the potage & the pudding were
omitted; but there were several courses of meat & then sweetmeats & fruit
& red wine & brandy with it - They said they & the children breakfasted
so every day, & then dined at 6 or 7 o'clock, last - Some took both a coffee & chocolate
in the early evening, others took nothing until the 12 o'clock breakfast - It
has been of to sit in the par with Jean, & we all were very unwilling to
leave when it at length became time to go - In the grounds is a great cellar
where they lay in the first French revolution - Some 100 people took refuge &
lived for some time - And they said in the revolution of 30 they stored
bread & wine there, so he believed should they need a refuge there again -
De Haye told you in Egypt with his children - I believe you are such a pretty little
lady, she had credited for me herself & her children, turned the night - And
I'm sure I hear witness to her charms when I declare I am not in the last
pages of her - They went in over to the station in their own carriage, & once con-
fident of Stephenson - But as it only held two De Haye had a seat with the
cocher, and as usual I had an enormous bouquet of flowers - With which
I also formed Aunt Anna - On getting back we found an invitation from the
Cabinet for the evening, but I was too tired, & persuaded De Haye to go & represent the
form - Sunday morning, Mr. De Haye presented himself at 11 to accompany us to
Veblachien Nationale - Aunt Anna & Mary had come & join us, & to the two
had visited Madame - It was a long walk, & Mary had taken very little break-
fast & no lunch, & with fatigue I had a sick head ache when we, & she was
obliged to return before we had seen some of the most interesting things - Mr.
De had escorted her & Aunt Anna to a carriage & then returned to join us - He was
introduced us to Mr. Champollion, the son of the great Champollion, who has some

Office there which gives him at any rate the control of the keys - The library,
which ranks as the first in the world I think, was in the former palace
of Cardinal Mazarin, & the ceilings still retain the decorations of his
time - The first room for books we entered was filled with old Spanish
romances, most ponderous weighty tomes enough to daunt the
most moderate novel-reader - Then we passed into an enormous room
filled with manuscript, many very curious & ancient - The prayer-book
of St. Louis, the legends of Rogers of Here, some with the beautiful paintings
so minute & finished, others joyously bound in carved ivory or silver set
with jewels - One glass case was full of interesting autographs, modern sold -
But it is endless describing all - Mr. Champollion was very kind in allowing
us to see the most interesting ones - He passed down a long cases in a long
gallery, beginning with the earliest specimens of printing, & extending
to the handsomest efforts of the modern art - And looked through a
curious & interesting cabinet of autographs, some beautiful. Cameo in stone &
shell, rings, figures, cups, vases &c. - Some of the cameos were formerly figures
the treasures of some Chapel & church, & being supposed to represent, on the
life of some saint, ornamented some shrine or holy vessel, but their pre-
cious origin & meaning having been ascertained, they were very properly
turned over to the Bibliothèque - We were obliged to hurry very much at
the end, & leave many interesting things unseen, because I had made
an appointment with Mr. Delessert to come. I see his gallery of pictures -
he had also sent us an elegant invitation to dinner the next week. Should
we stay in Paris long enough - Which the proposed opening of the dinner
decided us to do - Mr. Delessert's brother De Haye lived when in Paris he passed
up - He had very large & valuable herbarium & collection in other sciences,
& a noble library, & was always most hospitable & kind to strangers, par-
ticularly scientific men, & using his great fortune for the aid & ad-
vancement of science & literature & art - The brother, without the taste
for Botany of his brother, still keeps up the herbarium, & I told you that
before that we had visited the fine Library & herbarium in afternoon
under the roof of Mr. Delessert the Librarian - Herbarium, Library &
picture gallery, & reading house, & then museum, are all included in one
great hall in the Rue Montmartre - Mr. Delessert is a thin featured
slender man, but I suppose one would call old now, but with a very
delightful expression, & kind friendly manner - He ushered us from
the drawing-room which was hung with some beautiful copies of some
of Raphael's masterpieces, & other great pictures, & some fine paintings of
modern French artists, through a conservatory now empty of flowers into
the picture gallery, a long double room lighted from above - The great

fully cool & shady - A fountain generally terminates the vista, & standing by a fountain, often in an open green circle surrounded by the living green wall, you see 3 or 4 fountains terminating the avenues leading off, & some walks which lead winding through the mass of green & are soon lost, suggesting more retired promenades - We kept down a straight avenue, after leaving the beautiful Basin de Neptune, to the Trianon & first went into the grounds of the little Trianon, which were laid out in Marie Antoinette's time in English style, & offering with its winding paths, its beautiful trees sometimes singly sometimes in groups, the ever-changing points of view, a complete contrast to the formal garden grounds - The swans in the little stream were very tame & came most eagerly for my bits of biscuit, quite frightening me by their eagerness - There was a beautiful group of rocks, so natural one could scarcely believe they were artificially arranged & so charmingly overgrown with ivy, the fine trees, the yellow Laburnum dipping its peaceful clusters in the little lake or drooping amongst the Siberian firs, all made us exclaim how much more beautiful now, that every thing was so green, it must be than when Marie Antoinette saw it herself - We saw the Swiss village, the mill where Louis XVIII was miller, the Inn where Louis XVI & she were landlord & wife, & peeping in at the window saw the very table they used to dine from, the farm-house where Charles X played his part - The dairy where we climbed up to look in again, & could see the marble table & marble shelves running round, the little fountains running with fresh shells on the four sides, & the dark sort of cellar where the milk was kept, all just as it was when poor Marie Antoinette played Dairy maid & made butter with her own hands - From there we went to the great Trianon, the interior of which I described last winter, it had received some additions in fine tables of Florentine mosaic, bases of Louis, &c &c down the centre of the great gallery; the cradles of the little King of Rome & the Duc de Bordeaux standing in the chamber of the Comte de Paris; the furniture as well as curtains & magnificent beds prepared for Victoria, & her dressing-room with one specimen left to show how splendidly it was arranged - But on the first breaking out of the revolution of '90 one of the French generals appropriated the furniture of this room to his private use, & in his apartments it still remains! - From the Trianon we went again through the grounds - Making our way to the Sapi's test, so famous in the history of Versailles, which is a broad avenue

covered with turf & leading from the gardens & fountains just in front of the palace down to the great sheet of water at the end, railed with trees on each side & decorated with statues - The gardens above this in front of the palace have most superb fountains & reservoirs decorated with bronze statues, the trees around are clipped into the form of beehives & cones, & on one side are beds which our guide told us were now for many years planted as when the grounds were first laid out, the beds bordered by box being in the shape of fleurs de lis - Wandering through the grounds we saw one avenue terminating in iron gates, & on going to them to look through they said it was Marie Antoinette's concert-room - a circle in the grove & a colonnade of handsome pillars surrounding it where seats were placed for the audience, when in the day the Queen gave orders for a concert there that day. The performers were in the centre, a few steps below - Through similar iron gates in a different direction we saw the Queen's ball-room, one side surmounted by a high terrace where was arranged a beautiful cascade falling over rocks which was illuminated by ^{lights} ~~reflected~~ behind the water - One great sheet of water was called le Miroir - now half ~~is~~ filled up - in the time of Louis XVIII, & planted by him as was his garden in England - A lovely bosquet indeed, a green plat in the centre, beautiful trees sprinkled over it, & bordered irregularly by shrubs & flowers the low plants arranged as to form lines of colour - We were favoured with trifles by the gardener through our guide who professed himself an old servant of Napoleon, said he came with him from Elba, & his wife was his nurse to the little king of Rome - He told us many interesting things, said Nap was a kind master but expected his servants to foresee his wants, *spécie très petite*, &c. &c. By the time we reached the palace we were well tired, & I am sure I could wander days in those superb grounds! The palace we saw perhaps more of than in the winter, particularly in the private rooms the most interesting parts to me, & our guide gave us some additional facts - But we were too late to get into the upper story, where are the portraits of distinguished people for so long a course of history - But we enjoyed our day highly though all were most heartily tired, & the two gentlemen showed it most -

I must repeat my caution not to address letters to us after the 1st week in August, though perhaps you can write to us at Halifax if there should be any news - We are about engaging our passages for Aug. 23rd - Next week we go to Ipswich to the meeting of the Br. Sci. Ass. - Aunt Anna comes when we get back - 1st of August we leave for Killarney & an Irish tour - I hope the missing letter may come to hand - It should have come from Paris in the Humboldt - With warmest love to all the dear ones, one & all, most affectionately -



Gray, Jane Loring. 1851. "Gray, Jane June 24, 1851 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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