

like a carpet-sweeper, & walked, with a little sand
for the most of the, backward & forwards; then
water in the main sea, & an india-rubber scraper
gathers all up & pushes it down little drain-
holes at the sides - It was a pity they could not
holystone the sails, for I used to lie & wonder
if they could look white to anyone at a dis-
tance! - I dined up stairs again Saturday -

Sunday morn. - I ventured up to breakfast,
but did not dare to venture up to dinner, for
Dr. Gray tried reading aloud to me for a few
minutes Saturday, & it made me very sick a-
gain - And I thought I should not like to ask
the clergyman to stop, & let me go down stairs.

By noon the wind got ahead again, & a very
uply motion it made. It seemed as if all the
machinery in the boat had got into my head, &
I can't get it out even yet - I was in my berth again.

Monday again a very high cold head wind,
but I got on deck & saw our passengers land at
Queens town, & inside Port say it was sheltered
& quiet, & how delicious the half hour we were
at rest! The wind died away somewhat in
the afternoon, so I got up stairs & the last dinner,
& sat a little while stilled.

Tuesday morn. the waiters wanted to clean up
the cabin & go ashore, & breakfast us at 7 1/2 instead
of 9, & every body's surprise! - But a dreary

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Charlton House, New
Sept. 17th. 1868

Dear Sue,

It seems incredible, & I do
not quite believe myself to be myself,
when I think a fortnight ago at this
very time we were in our own dear
home in Cambridge! And now across
the Atlantic, & settled down in our lodging,
unpacked, & ready to begin the routine
of Dr. Gray's steady work again! - So it is,
but I don't feel natural, & don't dare to
trust myself to think much of the
other side of the Atlantic, lest I grow
homesick -

Dr. Gray's letter from Liverpool told
of our safe arrival. Patience may have
its "perfect work", but I don't think it
always meets with its reward, judging
from his account of my passage - I deter-
mined beforehand I would indure & not
fret, & I didn't - But the sea is a cruel

place, & I counted the days & hours until
it should be over -

We might have carried out our plan
& gone just as well on Friday night, for
the tug did not arrive at the wharf until
12, & we did not start until 2! However
I had a very comfortable 10th hour on a settee
on deck. Blistered up, & the day was lovely -
The sail was really beautiful & the steamer,
& it was rather exciting getting on board, as
when a roll came & the tug was lifted
up the side of the great vessel, the sailors
held a platform firmly between the two
vessels, & you were hoisted up & over. There
were lots of steerage passengers with all sorts
of bundles, but it was soon over, & we were on
our course. The dinner felt raw, & St. Gray &
I partook of a little soup & a bit of chicken -
I was famished, for we breakfasted at 8 o -
I had only had a cracker & a half ounce, & it was
nearly 5 - I went down stairs though, leaving
the dinner table, & took to my berth for I
was tired too, & soon reported me of almost
lately - I kept my berth through Sunday, but
Monday got some clothes^{on} & laid for awhile on

the main deck - I had no idea it could be so
lovely in weather at sea, it was so soft & warm
I began to believe the possibility of sea's account
flying in her berth & glancing herself! But
Tuesday it rained - St. Gray got me up to
lie in the saloon awhile, & I ventured up to tea
at 7, & stayed about 1/2 an hour. Wednesday I got
on deck again, but an east wind & rain were
setting in, & it grew rough; we were on the shores
inhabitable banks of Newfoundland, & my firm
belief is, that whichever direction you go in mid-
Atlantic, it is always rough & the wind ahead! -
Before night I was miserable too, & kept my
berth all Thursday - Friday was a fair wind & a
fair, & I got on the upper deck for some hours,
though it rained part of the time, - And I went
up to dinner - Saturday again was pleasant with
a fresh, fair wind, & I had a pleasant time
in the middle of the day, lying on deck again,
& looking at our beautiful vessel, & watching the
cleaning up - It would delight Lippie's heart to
see how every thing is scrubbed with good hot
soap-suds, The outside of all the boats, the masting,
Then the harness cleaned, & the decks polished.
I think the last would be a capital thing for
kitchen floors, if they were made of hard wood.
It is a piece of stone, cheap in a sense something

"a bit of toast" - "What not think else, 'nell, Mrs. Gray, it is getting along, not living - Not a bit of chop, or beef-steak? Well I suppose you know best -" "Then a little beef-tea for lunch?" "Well I'll put some by, you'll perhaps take it later!"

I learnt a new art too, of making beds - You smooth over the under-sheet & beat up the pillows - Then take the upper-sheet, blankets, & white (or black & white) quilt all even at the top, turn them over half a yard, & then fold both edges in half a yard so as to make it just wide enow to cover the berth, lay it in, & there! You have a neat bed to look at, & what more do you want? Tell Mrs. Fisher could do it easily, Johanne had some struggling -

Our passengers we had the New York party & Mrs. Hummer of Boston, who kept the Captain's table in a roar of laughter. Then the Eschewer, a gentleman with yellow red whiskers $\frac{1}{4}$ of a ft. long, (I don't exaggerate) & hair & face much the same color - His wife who looked New York, & talked Yankee, & acted English, they were Canadians, (believe me) with some Punch's time noddy - Then some Spaniards, & clumsy men folk -

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welcome - Old England gave us nothing indeed; a dull, brooding, somber sky, muddily hazy rolling around us, & a low, brown shore in the distance - A chill wind & altogether uncomfortable - However, each minute brought us nearer our journey's end, & everyone looked pleased - But it was a weary waiting the morning into dock - Truanteine the waiters had washed all the places in the hanging shelves, one judiciously threw his table-cloth over his shoulders & wiped on the ends, & then the shelves were smothered in the cloths - The curtains, all carefully put away at sea, were hung again at the saloon windows, & everything touched adjusted. We didn't care as we were not going back -

So you see after all I spent far the larger portion of the voyage in my berth, & only eat four dinners - But I did escape much vomiting & that horrible nausea - Partly I think because we had no storms, and partly that I took a little food, - and only at long intervals - And when I began to feel badly, kept wholly quiet - But I did not get over the feeling somewhat, as I have before, everything brought it back - Perhaps it was because I began so feeble - And we had so much rain & mist I could not spend much time lying on deck - All the nice maps came in play -

But I might write you ocean of life from my
deck - It was so dull, hearing people so much,
& then trying afterwards to puzzle them out.
There were Mr. & Mrs. Turnbull in the state-
room adjoining, for Mrs. T. "perhaps saved her
side," she said, by having a light ale night; & I prof-
ited thereby, to my great comfort - Then there
was Maria, Miss T's sister, I could not get her
name until I saw it in the list of passengers,
& the children, Ida & Willy, & sometimes they
were sea-sick & very quiet, & sometimes Willy
called to Ida out of the ventilator in the
morning, early - And when they were sea-sick
they ate cold beef & pickles for lunch - Then
there was the French lady who spoke only a
few words of English, & frantically called
"Johnnie! Johnnie!" Johnnie, the curly
haired, fair-checked, "ladies' cabin boy" -
The most busy persons on board, as far
as I could see - Comes with four break-
fast, then for the empty cups, then to empty
the cups & bring fresh water, & then makes
the beds, & at lunch again with beef-tea, &
at dinner Johnnie rushes to the tables up-
stairs, & cuts beef & chicken & mutton & vegetables,

& remembers what everyone likes, & then
comes for pudding & jelly & tart & pastry. Did he,
I open my eyes in wonder at what my
fellow patients dined on, when I did go to
table & left them below! - Then in the eve-
ning comes the tea, & Johnnie's last appearance
with clean towels - And someone cries, "Johnnie,
bring cold water," Mrs. Fisher shrill voice
cries in the distance, "Johnnie, Johnnie!" & some-
one says, "where is that boy?" - Then there was
that young man who lighted the lamps, & sang

"Oh I am so happy,

The days begin to slide,

And the days are fast coming,

When I shall be his bride! -"

And last by no means least, Mrs. Fisher
the stewardess, a fine woman in the English
sense, big & rather pretty, dressing daintily,
but really very kind & attentive to the sick,
though she well did not think her so care-
ful of her general work as might be - First thing
in the morning down sails Mrs. Fisher, & one
hears her cheery "good-morning" in the distance.
"Well, Mrs. Gray, & how do you do today, Mary?"
& what else you have for breakfast? - "See

I have been unpacking today & putting away, & trying to get the Boston out of my head —

We have a cozy little parlour, & this Ev. Dr. Gray sits reading & I writing by two candles, every now & then lamenting for, & our nice Cargel business — Our landlady seems very obliging; herself, daughter & maid make the family besides ourselves —

Dr. Hooker & wife are away, expected home tomorrow —

We expect the Hales tomorrow to lunch & to show them New —

This afternoon came a letter from mother from Isle of Wight & Southampton; but she did not tell me where to address her — I can't but hope she may pop in upon us — Friday morn'g. —

I can only finish my letter with lots of love to you all —

We got news in Liverpool of the Maine election — Ford! —

Until Nov. 1st. You may address to the date of my letter — adding Surry, England —

Ever faithfully, Jane L.

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Our side, the table first was the doctor, & there were some from Chicago & Phila., & a rep., & Mr. & Mrs. Hale from Northampton, very pleasant they are — Then at our table Mr. Walker, his wife did not appear until we landed, & Mr. & Mrs. Lewis of Chicago, again, very pleasant & sociable — Mr. & Mrs. Senior soon from Wisconsin — We returning to England after 11 years away, & every day dreaming of going back; — Not much use in transplanting her — Next us came the men, Mother Curack & Mother Ward, kind & friendly they were; some looked so like Aunt Mary I liked to look at her — Only somehow it seemed like to see a man in loquetties! — Two young girls under their charge — A young man & wife opposite with a baby down stairs — every day at dinner he cut up bread in a plate, & plunged for the most help to cover it with gravy, & send down stairs by the ubiquitous Johnnie — Then the bright black-eyed Mrs. Cuddleton, her 4 children down stairs, going out to join her husband to sail with him for Dallas! Is it the

have? We were 75 cabin passengers, 200
steerage. - Plenty of children to laugh & cry
& frolic, to climb everywhere & take life as
if ship-board were man's natural state.

Most of the passengers were well, & we
enjoyed the passage highly - It is a fine
vessel, & very steady with a fair wind &
sails set. The motion easy, less far than I
remember on the Cunarder, & rolling lightly,
like a cradle rocking - But she is narrow,
& the state-rooms small & crowded -
But if one were well, & only used the state-
room for sleeping, she would be a very
nice ship - The saloon comfortable for
the ride, the upper deck very pleasant -
An invalid mixes the habit of lying on
the main deck, & the larger ladies' cabin
where, dull days, the ladies gathered - Here
the ladies' cabin was small, at one side,
& chiefly suited for nurses & children -

The Capt. seemed polite, & certainly
Commanded his ship well, & kept all above
stairs in admirable order -

But I think a sea life a dirty thing,
one grows so careless & negligent, & about

every sense is offended. - To think I!

But, Charles, we took our tickets through
to London in Boston, & saved 15/ apiece in
fare! - And we left Liverpool in the
11.30 A.M. Express to Millersden, there
changed cars, & 10 minutes took us to
New, & we saved the expense of going
through London, & leaving Liverpool
yesterday noon, were here at 8 last Evg -

We have a little room you can occupy
here, (you are used to little rooms now,) &
you can be cozy & cheap with us -

We came on with the Hales & had
a compartment to ourselves, & enjoyed
the ride very much - Though things
looked at times strangely brown for
England, the hedges bare in some places,
the grass dried up, & even the trees
rather leafless - They mourn over the
dry season here in the gardens, &
Dr. Gray, who has been over them today,
says they look far from well -



Gray, Jane Loring. 1868. "Gray, Jane Sept. 17, 1868 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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