

neighborhood. Mrs. Church says that there is scarcely any-  
one Mr. Church really cared to associate with, & that for  
the most enjoyed talking with Dr. Gray. "Coming in contact  
with someone who didn't care whether the old women had  
the rheumatism, or the scholars were stupid at the  
night school."

The house we should call small - Parlor, Study,  
Dining-room & Kitchen one floor, Chambers above, & offices  
above them. The furniture very simple - Everything  
necessary for comfort, easy chairs, stands, cushions, every  
thing thorough & complete in the chamber, yet more plain  
than we have - But the books! Such nice books everywhere!  
It delays my writing just to read the titles in our  
chamber, & Mrs. Church said the house was fairly over-  
run - The parlour looked out with a broad, sunny window  
on a pretty garden, enclosed with a high wall, on which  
were trained peaches, &c. The ornamental tree cut in perfect shape  
held full of gay flowers - Red in one, blue in another, & so  
on - A little, narrow window in one corner looked into a  
little conservatory, only in rudiments as yet - A semi-  
circular case ran along the wall opposite the fire place, a  
table on one side, another in the corner, a semi-circular  
at your head - A couch against one wall, the window opposite.  
Beautiful Louis & Italian photographs framed, some in  
pairs, some of the Ancestral Ho. pictures, & Charles a most  
fascinating thing lately found in France, under the white wash  
in a church, & pieces of Dante, &c. -

The first Ev. we were here, there was a Choro meeting,  
or Mrs. Church was with them in the dining room. She  
takes charge of the music - They are all men & boys, &  
have to be taught to read staves of them, as a preliminary.  
That is the work of the Night School in winter, all the chance  
for learning of the laboring-classes - Of course, choruses &  
anthems are more the music than hymns -

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Kew. Oct. 7th. '68

My dear Sue, To keep a proper chronology  
I should begin my journal with saying how  
delighted Dr. Gray came home from London on  
Thursday Ev. with his dinner at the Little Club  
of gentlemen where he went by Dr. Hosker's invitation.  
He has had an invitation to make use of the  
Athens Club House while in London, & beat  
there to wait for Dr. H. - This is a nice place & of course  
brings a resting place while in town - You can make  
your toilet, or get a dinner good & cheap, & read all the  
papers - They dined at an inn in Albemarle St. -  
Dr. Hosker, Wm. Frankland a chemist, Sir John Lubbock  
the pre-historic man, Lyndal on heat, Herbert Spencer,  
Huxley & many others were away -

Friday morn. we were to be off in good time, & so  
to get me across the bridge! Cars uncertain at Kew, the  
"Fly" would not start under 3/6, omnibus might not be in time.  
So we called our shabby fly, & I took the Bath Chair -  
We went to London & took a train from the same station  
for Salisbury - But in England you must not cross the  
track, & I think to get round that large station (Waterloo)  
was about as far as going from our house to the Arsenal -  
The country to the S.W. of England is quite different from  
the centre - Some parts more like home, for we passed  
"plantations" (young woods) of trees, & down large tracks of  
uncultivated, wild land covered with heather & grass -  
Then "coverts," underbrush, & copse we should say, then  
game is preserved - The cuttings of the rail-road too, at

the sides were not so trim & neat. But the cultivated fields had that perfectly exquisite, smooth look, & such quantities of sheep! And so large & fat. Plenty of thatched cottages, picturesque, but they don't look nice to live in, & many farm houses, with yards & stables, & pleasant looking country houses, the gardens built round with a high wall of stone or brick. We stopped at Salisbury long enough to be tantalizing, but not long enough to see the Cathedral, & reached Frome at 3 1/4 o'clock. Mr. Church waiting for us. Whately (pronounced Watly) is 3 miles from Frome, & we took a fly (Cun. Hack. Coach) out to his home. Between Salisbury & Frome (Mrs. Frome) dead a deer on a high, green hill-side, was a white horse so plainly marked in the chalk! Just as if all under the tree it was snow white, & the tree had been <sup>cut</sup> put in the huge outline of a horse. I suppose it must really be some ravine & hollows to give the effect at such a distance, but it was quite startling. Mr. Church says it is not Ralph's White Horse, but <sup>still</sup> a very old one.

The road we drove by was up & down hills, through country hedges, filled with all sorts of pretty things, hawthorn, black & white berries, something else higher up, red, hawthorn, holly. I could not see the house as I wished, as we drove near, being shut up in the carriage, but we drove through a little village of stone houses, came suddenly into a beautiful shrubbery of Portuguese laurels, then out on a smooth soft lawn of greenest turf, & there in front, was a small stone house. Ah me, I wish I could do justice to Whately & to its inhabitants! Mr. Church has one of that charming Oxford set 18 years ago, & he & Dr. Gray have kept up an occasional correspondence ever since. The house of the most cultivated, & scholarly men I have

met, decided in his own views & opinions, & yet that broad intellect, that warm heart & quick sympathy, that makes him understand & enjoy people of entirely different opinions & habits from himself. He is a great friend of Newman's & Gladstone's & John Smith & Frazier, a strong liberal & yet High Church. He was a friend of Longfellow, so far as with what different minds he comes in contact. He has preached some University sermons at Oxford, & I could read some of them, for I am sure you will like them. He is one of those men who believe in the progress of the world, & yet sees its harmony with Christianity, & tries to develop it. He does not hold up his hands in horror at the heathen modern thought, but tries to show where amidst it is truth & strength it can & comes that. He does not look like the broad man he is, for his health is delicate & he is very thin; ~~that~~ forehead is broad & full, but the mouth is pinched, & the face very pale until he laughs, & then that fresh, child-like burst one looks & catches again. Mrs. Church is tall & fair & fresh, with lovely golden hair, dressing with the utmost simplicity, & yet always so smart & ready, so sincere & unpretending. She is the true country clergyman's <sup>wife</sup> taking the charge of the people, keeping things in order physically & morally, & to the Sunday school on Sundays, plays the harp, & leads the choir & manages the alms. She teaches her three little girls, superintends her dairy, has trained her cook herself, cuts her children's clothes, & sits down for pleasant talks, & goes for walks & drives. The parish is very small, very poor & very in the neighborhood.

sermon, the job always assigned - he remains sedentary,  
I shall <sup>never</sup> see the great comfort & happiness  
of this English Church does not understand making  
use of its men, if he is not put in some more influential  
position - For though no doubt he does good work wherever he  
is, the congregation cannot number more than a hundred,  
& with 2 or 3 exceptions, entirely laborious, uneducated, & he  
whom a man of half Tom Church's gifts & acquirements could  
teach quite as well - I expect when Mr. Flatstone is prime-  
minister he will come in for promotion -

We must not through the porch on the other side the  
church - In a little side path, gracefully built on, was an old  
knights effigy & tomb - There he lay in armor, his legs crossed,  
his spear - The sharp point of the lance knocked at once away, &  
name & family all gone - There is something pathetic &  
we always, in these old monuments - to think of the honor  
paid, the old stone carved to carry down the name of fame,  
and all one can say is, that perhaps from the corner  
left, he went on a Crusade!

They were very anxious I should see something of  
the pretty scenery as I could not walk, the young  
carriage which had brought some of the young ladies to  
church, took Mr. Church & me a short drive through  
some lovely scenery, with its combinations of ravine,  
wooded, picturesque valleys & broader <sup>elopes</sup> making me think  
of Nevada Co. - We went through Wells village, larger than  
Whaley, with quaint, old stone & shingled cottages standing  
in all sorts of positions to the road, & then through Wells Park  
with its noble avenue of beeches, & woods & dells, the scene  
quite close & as we drove through - The lord of the manor  
& resident there is Mr. John Storer, a respectable descendant  
of John Storer, whose great discovery of the filium signatus  
this day in which the arch Storer in the time of Henry VIII  
came into possession of the great landed estates belonging to

Saturday was a very beautiful day, Mr. Church  
Mr. Church had proposed a long walk, to cross the  
park the east of the East of Wells & thence to inspect  
the seat of the Marquis & North a very interesting  
old house architecturally, & to come back by some  
other way. Mr. Church, some young ladies, as he  
is to stand for their number - But showers came  
up, & they did not get off until after lunch, & so had  
to give up the speaking - But they had the miles  
ride walk, & saw something, which Dr. Gray says  
is a fine house somewhat the style of Haddonfield  
Hall, if I remember that in my picture from  
Mrs. Church & I were to have had a drive in a  
young carriage borrowed from a neighbor, but it  
looked too threatening, & I did not like to venture  
the exposure - I was glad too, to sit still after the  
journey of the day before - So I showed off the Cal-  
ifornia stereoscope, & talked, & viewed a little. Mr.  
Tom & Mrs. Furdell came to call - They had the  
loveliest little black spaniel dog I ever said, so small &  
so pretty, & she quite took to me - Presently he  
began the most intense admiration of the rebel  
General Lee, & quantities of such talk, which I could  
not stand, & gave him a good strong set-down; for  
natured I tried to be, but took some trouble of  
Southern Society - After they were gone I could not  
but apologize to Mrs. Church, & told her it was for  
all, & subject with us, & I could not talk independently  
about it - But I think she rather enjoyed my language

I thought I had the best of it. The gentlemen who  
go into our did. not have dinner until 4 1/2. Mrs.  
Church says indignantly they dine at 4, as visiting  
Mrs. P. better, have a cup of tea at 5, & then tea  
& cold meat at 8. But even here, in this quiet  
place, the dress at 6 o'clock, she wears a white  
saint silk. Christ the keeps <sup>on</sup> a morning dress when  
the choir or village people come for anything in  
the day, she says. The three nice little girls come  
down in pink dresses & blue sashes. This dressing  
towards 6, is such an universal English custom!  
The children are kept so much in the back ground,  
it is hard to get acquainted with them. They are  
carefully trained to come & shake hands, <sup>also</sup> in the  
morn'g, & very civil in manners. But they are  
not expected to be noticed & spoken to but little.  
And yet they are lively & sociable among themselves.  
I think the habit here is to keep children  
more in the back ground than with us. They  
dine at 4 o'clock time, & then have an early  
tea by themselves.

Sunday morn. I went to church. It all seems  
like an English story book! The old Church, partly  
built in the time of Richard II., & grey iron stone  
with a short pointed spire, <sup>standing</sup> in the churchyard with  
old grave-stones, & a dark just tree on one side. The bell tower,  
as it was only through the short fields; a path, with gates half  
open. The churchyard lay on the other side from the church  
door where we entered. Much closer than the common

road, lay on this side, an old manor house, now a farm  
house, & its same yards & ick yards quite commanding the  
Church on this side.

It seems that the rector has & keeps the church in two  
pairs, the parish the church. The church here was about  
half as large as the nave, & Mrs. Church has nearly rebuilt  
it. It is paved with tiles, inside the altar railing was the  
altar with a crimson velvet cover, a gold cross embroidered  
on the front. Between the railing & the altar, a few running  
along the walls on each side, the rector one side, the Episcopalian  
priest the other, then the reading desk & lectern. The pulpit  
at the junction of church & nave, about 10 or 12 feet  
square, on each side. A gallery reaching a foot  
way down, where was the harmonium & men & boys making  
the choir. The walls of the church some three or four feet thick,  
& the windows all little panes some 3 or 4 inches square.  
It was Communion Sunday, so there was no sermon in the  
morn'g, only the service & the Communion. The morning  
service the responses were partly chanted, the choir  
leading & all the congregation joining. And there were  
some hymns. Dr. Gray & Mr. Bate stayed to Communion.  
Dinner was early at 1 1/2, for there was Sunday school  
again at 1 1/2, in a room in the village. Mrs. Church  
said she always had a hot pint on Sunday, because  
it was the only day of the week that the old women  
had a hot dinner of meat & they so enjoyed the hot  
gravy! The old women in the village sending there for their  
Wednesday dinner. One of the maiden ladies, Miss White,  
who had kindly sent the pony carriage for us & Sunday,  
came to dine, so she taught also in the Sunday school.  
Cordial, kind & pleasant. A grand daughter of the first  
Lord Auckland.  
I felt & went to church again in the aft. I wanted  
to watch & hear Mrs. Church preach. In simple, common

Hard garden, are the ruins of the grand, banquetting hall of  
old monastic days, where the last Abbot of Westminster was  
tried & taken back to be hung over his own gate-way -

We went through a Norway into this Court yard, & on  
our right lay the Bishop's Palace, his chapel at one side -  
Mrs. Church took us into the Palace & see the gallery, where  
are portraits of old Bishops, centuries back - Wolsey, Land,  
Ken, &c. &c. It was evidently the living-room - 40 ft. long,  
I should think, & narrow - Two fire places, round one the  
space brought out so as to shut in a little sitting room; full of  
tables & books & tapestries & ornaments, the walls plain red -  
at one end the Bishop's Chair, very like our 'President's  
Chair' - The Misses Eden, the Bishop, Lord Auckland's daughter,  
received us pleasantly, & kindly took us through the large  
parlour, the great drawing room, <sup>with</sup> arched windows with marble  
columns, the dining-room, making the points - At the stair-  
way we came unfortunately on the poor Bishop, being helped  
out for an ailing, Paralytic & feeble, he is only a wreck -

Then Mrs. Church took us to the Bishop's Chapel down stairs,  
a pretty little Church, we should say, & through passages  
& little doorways into the garden again, & back to her house,  
where I sat down & rest & the gentlemen went to explore  
the library (old & quaint, chained books) &c. &c. - Presently Mrs.  
Church & I & the two little girls went to lunch; before I was  
half through Dr. Gray came to take me & see the Chapter House  
supported on one central shaft & making arches in every di-  
rection & 9 seats around the walls for the old assemblage of 49  
Bishops attached to the <sup>Cathedral</sup> ~~Chapel~~ - The great stone stair-case  
leading there, with stone seats at the side for the tenants &c.  
to sit on when they came to pay their dues - To the crypt, where  
were old stone Cypins & effigies of old Bishops & Abbots, through the  
beautiful cloisters, across the rease, into quaint Capital & the  
pillars, a man with tortoise, another stealing papers, &c. &c. back  
to their rooms, where after lunch we took tea to the K.C.  
Door faithfully, Lane -

Westminster Abbey, of which Wells may part - So tradition  
free - I always believed another free was chiefly a  
collection of political quibbles! - Mrs. Warren & Mrs. Church  
chief friend - He is away in France - The family mansion  
in the Park is uninhabited, for he prefers living, <sup>in the church</sup>, in the  
rectory among his people - A younger brother, &c. came to see

So we left the Church in the afternoon, the door of the  
great old farm-house stood open - Low stone &  
very poor, the house stood lower than the Church  
& you descend steps, making a walk one side (indeed  
nearly all round) the pretty green yard, with its bright  
patches of pramium &c., & old stumps & ruins to race  
to the little, blue, bellin which had quite over-run them.  
Mrs. Church said to Dr. Gray, "Stop in & see an English game  
house" & they disappeared inside, as we drove off, they  
met us on the way back, & said the 4th farmer, no more  
any more & see me, to Mrs. Church - I drove to the  
farm yard, where they were walking the cows into hay-  
pits (looking I should think, I see, yellow, too faint, but  
a solid bundle rising on one side, & carried in the back)  
& through the old tower gateway, a remnant of the old  
half fortification, & then up higher down the slope & in  
at the door, where two Pagnons & his pretty, quiet daughter  
greeted us - The house was quaint & old, low ceiling, high,  
small windows - I saw one lady in the first room for the  
old man, his daughter & grand daughter, then through a  
series of rooms, with the large kitchen, where was the  
great pale, round the dairy - Cheese room, <sup>(all things)</sup> &c. &c.  
great fine bread, tanks, & men & maids at work over the  
big milk, & a dark, winding stone stair to the room where  
the cheese was kept - They make a 100 lb. cheese every day,  
half the remainder of one & once as thick - Such a quantity

were clond up about the farmer was the character. -  
Mrs. Boyer in looks all over, & Mrs. Boyer in his gentle  
turn of speech. - He had a long talk with Dr. Gray on the  
absolute superiority of everything English, & though he allowed  
us something, he said finally to Dr. Gray, but you can't have  
any comfort!" It was somewhat the same time, we had  
good wheat flour, he admitted, but then we could not have  
good bread, for we baked in stone ovens - "Yes, they had Amer-  
ican ovens, but not equal to English ovens, & a more health-  
ful - "Cheese factories!" - It was quite delicious, the milk  
the same, back to a cup of tea brought into the parlour,  
& then a sit-down tea at 8 o'clock.

Monday morn. we were up early & got a drive to  
see the Cathedral, of the diocese. Mrs. C. went with us,  
we leaving home at 8<sup>15</sup> - Soon after the train stopped  
at Wells, & the Minions dropped us in the square, an  
old, stone gateway, flanked on each side, by  
before us - Passing through, we came on a broad, smooth  
green, one like rising up the grand towers & sculptured  
font - Quaint, old houses all round this green, &  
along narrow courts running down in various directions;  
these make the Cathedral Close, & except where walls  
may have been opened through, all are enclosed, so  
that to get in you pass through these stone tower gate-  
ways - We hurried across the green, under another gate-  
way, & by an iron-railed fence, in at a gate, & just under  
shelter of the Chapter House, a little old, stone house with old  
& heavy double wooden doors, & saw the bell - Here lives Mrs.  
Church's brother, who is at the head of a little theological  
seminary connected with the Cathedral - We left our  
shawls & bags, & hurried back to the Cathedral, just in time  
for daily morn. service in the Choir - The Cathedral is in

a most perfect state of preservation - So fresh & fair-  
looking inside, as the morn. sun streamed in; the beau-  
tiful, stained glass windows facing me, old, & that lovely  
mosaic of colour - Old windows have, so that the figures  
& subject are nothing, only that beautiful blending of hues  
And I could raise my eyes & it & the graceful clustering  
columns, as the choir boys chanted the responses in their  
white surplices, & the rich, manly voices swelled in psalms  
& anthems - I am not going to try to describe the  
Cathedral, which is a very perfectly preserved speci-  
men of early & purest Gothic - Mrs. Church kindly  
sent me some photographs, & when I have looked at  
them a little longer, I shall send them to you & look at  
I keep for me -

After service we went back to Mrs. Church, the  
other Mrs. Church's sister, sweet & fair & gentle, one of the  
prettiest women I have seen, & too pretty to be fat,  
four and six, I should say - The youngest we did not see -  
She took us to walk round their own pretty garden,  
this aspect, closest English turf, & to show us the Wells  
from which Wells takes its name - great springs bubbling  
at once into ponds through the limestone, making us  
think of Bellefonte in Penn. - These lie in the outer  
enclosure - Then through a low gateway into the Bishop's  
own private garden, surrounded by a wall 20 ft. high,  
towers at the corner, & a terrace running along inside for  
the archers & bowmen in olden time, to repulse attacks -  
The [ ] all over-grown with ivy, having three green-  
sustained loop-holes to look through, over the moat still  
full of water, across & green fields with sheep & trees, & distant  
hills beyond - The garden is very charming, the palace makes  
one side, & running into it & separating from another court.



Gray, Jane Loring. 1868. "Gray, Jane Oct. 7, 1868 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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