

our feet, for he devoted himself to us, & showed us the things
most interesting & worth seeing in the progress of prehistoric
Art, especially, early races from on to the highest period,
bronze ornaments, & terra cotta figures, immense other
things worth weeks of study - Then to the sculpture of faint-
But it is hopeless to attempt to describe - Then we went
down to lunch in the basement, & having done a good
day's work were satisfied for that time - I rested while
the rest went to the reading-room - Mr. W. was very
kind & cordial, & we had a delightful moment. - Dr. Fay
went back to make some more, leaving me to Mrs. Watson's
care & get to the North London road, he was to dine with Mr.
Bentham & go to the Linnæan Soc. in the Ev. - Mrs. Church
went with us a short way, & then we bade him good bye. He
was to go back to-day - Mrs. Watson guided me through
the Soho Bazaar, where one finds all sorts of odds & ends,
& then by omnibuses we got to Highbury Station, near her sister,
& she kindly put me in the train for New - It was Charing Cross,
& this morn. we baked to sharp frost on window panes &
frost, & today has been really cold -

I have kept quiet, resting - Only a short walk for a bit
of sun-shine & some errands - Mrs. Hooker came to call
with Lizzie Darwin, who is passing a few days with her, &
later came Gen. Brown, handsomer than ever, & very
pleasant -

I have had nice letters this week from Mary Anne
& Minnie Batchelder. The last with plenty of Cambridge
news, but nothing as to who is the new President of the College.

Yesterday morn. came the news of Grant's triumph,
but I wish Butler had been defeated - We hope things
may get on better now at the South -

Today brings mother to London, I suppose. Poor A. H. G. & me -

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New - Nov. 10th - '88 -

My dear Sue,

I bade you good bye Monday
Ev. that I might be sure my letter went before
I went to Clapham - I was very busy all
Tuesday morn. cutting some work, & we had
our lunch & took the train - Really one must
see them, to form an idea of the number of R. roads
that encircle London, crossing & interlacing, &
trains perpetually passing; how half the people that
go wrong, is I think to the fault of the general con-
fusing - We took tickets to Clapham Junction, a
charming place - A railroad above you, another below,
one on each side, rail-roads at right angles, & acute
angles, & obtuse angles - They say the trains pass three
daily - You are not allowed to cross the track, & instead
of the usual fashion to mount a foot over a bridge, you
divine down to subterranean communications, they are
numbered & have names up, but suppose you are in
a hurry & catch a train, & must buy a ticket in No. 5
& then take the 5th. turn to your right, or 6th. turn to
your left, you get fearfully bewildered! - Dr. Fay took a
sudden fancy to take the Clapham branch, instead of
a cab as we had proposed, & so we darted down one
flight & up another, & then a porter caught the bag &
dived off underground & we after him, & just caught a
train, & then stopped because the train was late, some
ten minutes outside a station - At last we reached Clapham

ham, & found we were at Clapham Rise instead of
Clapham Common as Dr. J. had intended, so that we
might call on the Harbours in our way to the Harbours.
Well, we took a cab to the Harbours, & a private
carriage stopped on our way so we reached the door -
He went in one parlor & waited, & when Charlotte
came in, began asking how he should get to the Harbours,
when it turned out Mrs. Harbours herself was the
lady calling - especially to see me! So she made her
call in one room, we in the other, mean times! -
Well, we settled down & staying quietly, I got a little
rest, & we had a pleasant dinner & left, meeting Mr.
Brothwaite, Charlotte's fiancée - Next morn'g, Dr.
Jay went back to New, & I stayed & lunch - Did some
shopping, getting little things odd to find, & after lunch
they sent for a cab for me & set off alone to call on Mrs.
Harbours, a nice, comfortable looking, elderly lady, looking
thoroughly English with her round, rosy cheeks, & then to
Clapham Junction - Cabby did not know the way & drove
slowly, though paid extra & drove fast, & I flew nervous -
At last I was dropped at a gate leading up a long path;
I dropped my face into his hand & raced off, bag, bundle
& umbrella, through the rain, & reaching the underground
passage, sped along looking for Richmond hole, - for I had
to take ~~two~~ trains to get to New, as the New train did not
stop - I emerged on the platform at No. 4, but there was no
ticket office there, so I dashed back to the porter on the stairs,
"all right for Putney, Miam," "But where shall I get a ticket?"
"At No. 5, but shall I get it for you?" So I left him to go up &
down stairs, & gave him 2d. for his pains - Thanks to the

train generally being a little late I was in good
time, got to Putney, got out & waited there 10 minutes,
seeing green-eyed monsters with red eyes in their tails,
orbed-eyes with yellow, dash by in the dusk, or stop,
& at last got my train & got to New at dark - Dr. Jay was
in the station to meet me, & happily the heavy rain
had stopped - And I consider myself an uncommonly
smart woman to have made my way alone -
He walked yesterday morn'g, & a clever chap & while
dressing remembered it was the 5th of November, by
hearing cries & singing, & presently a group of children
came under our window with a stuffed figure in a
hand-barrow, & a black mask for its face - I could not
catch the words, but the leader rang a hand-bell
as a sort of accompaniment, & "hurrah" echoed the chorus -
Before we were dressed came another with a red mask,
& while at breakfast two more - He threw out some
pennies, & heard the bells all around the Green -

After breakfast we set off for London for the British
Museum, where we had agreed to meet Mrs. Dabney
& Mr. Church - When we got to the gate, behold it was a
closed day! However, Dr. Jay was admitted as a student
for the Botanical Department, & we made our way there,
& explaining our trouble to Mr. Carruthers, he sent an or-
der to have them admitted; meanwhile Dr. Jay had
to work, & I looked over some lovely drawings of plants -
Presently word was bro't Dr. Jay that a gentleman
with Mr. Mackelgne was waiting for him, & going out we
found Mrs. Dabney had been patiently waiting among
the stuffed beasts, & first agreed, & going in, we found Mr.
Church with Mr. Mackelgne. He was one of our old typical
acquaintances, years ago, & getting a closed day was falling on



Gray, Jane Loring. 1868. "Gray, Jane Nov. 6, 1868 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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