

my arm! And in every gallery in Italy where we were,  
at Munich, quite as valuable art, they make no ob-  
jections. But Germans are very funny. I told Kied. I  
had come to the conclusion they must be a very bad  
people & used such an awful amount of regulation  
everywhere! - There are some very beautiful Groggion  
too, Madonnas with large groups of saints, & all that  
lovely pace & sweetness that make his works so fascinating.  
Then there is the same Carlo Maratti we have, a little  
lighter in color, as if cleaned or a more recent painting, but  
so alike to the soft, sleeping child, I'm sure they are the same  
hand. There was a madonna of Saverio Perato I liked better  
than any thing I saw of his, such other, little boys, mostly,  
but sweet, earnest, little boys, the cherubs looking on - And  
yet I do not believe it is quite a painting as some others of his.  
Then that wonderful picture of Titian's, "The Tribute Money".  
It disappoints me at first; it scarcely seems his coloring,  
the face of Christ is so pale; but it grows & grows on you, the  
indignant, reproachful, yearning expression, contempt for  
the meanness, the lofty purity, the human teacher & the  
heavenly judge. "Why tempt ye me?" You almost hear the  
lips say. And then the delicate hand contrasted with  
the coarse Jew. In this picture, only the two heads -  
It is one of the few faces of Christ that elevates instead  
of lowering one's ideal. I feel as if Titian when he painted

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1884  
Ragatz June 27 - Lucerne, July 8 -

Dear Lu, Dr. Fay & the girls were up early on Tuesday  
morn'g. off for Trebing, to visit the school & mine. One of  
our fellow passengers on the City of Paris, was a young man  
Johann <sup>Mr. Hartmann</sup> returning to his studies there. And by a happy chance,  
as we came thro' it in the cars, he was in the Saloon, & Dr. Fay  
& he exchanged greetings, & Dr. Fay promised to come & visit him  
Monday, when Kied. I came on from the ship, Mr. Schugler  
Pantlandauer called, who was one of Dr. Fay's students, & spoke  
with <sup>at Harvard</sup> a short time ago. It seems he is also a student at it,  
& volunteered all attentions, & Dr. Fay & the girls had a nice  
time, & were much interested. The next day they went,  
on their way back, to the Forest Academic, where men are  
trained to take care of trees & forests, &c. The Professor has a  
curious & successful way of experimenting on what each plant  
prefers in sort of chemical substances. And shows them very  
neatly, placing each in its own specialty. -  
Incidentally I got my letters ready to post, & then went &  
had a long & interesting morn'g. in the Picture gallery -  
I must confess to my shame, I am not so carried away  
by the Sistine Madonna as most people are. It is very  
beautiful, but I have seen so many fine engraving copies,  
& looked at them so much, that there seemed nothing  
beyond in the picture - Most of the great pictures I have



found something beyond any idea I had formed of them. Here the child is unearthly & outline - But it is not the man-child, it is only the God-child - Mary is a beautiful, sweet, thoughtful girl, pure heavenly, holding the child & wondering, half-frightened - She is not the mother, he is not hers - And so it does not move me as do some others of Raphael's where there is that tender, deep, mysterious love, that "ponders three things in her heart." - And some of his children are real babies, with an unconscious, heavenly intelligence. - The two figures of St. Barbara & the Pope are grand, & those two angels, angels indeed! - But a picture that was far more beautiful than I expected, was Holbein's Madonna, the next treasure of the gallery & the picture - How lovely, stately, tender sweetens on engravings do any picture to for one effect is the superbly brilliant, fresh colouring - I scarcely believe any where else are there such pictures of Holbein's as that, & the magnificent portrait next it which was long credited to Leonardo da Vinci - Such a refined & intelligent beauty <sup>in them</sup> - Then there are some beautiful Titians - A stately, beautiful Madonna saints, some fine portraits, & such besides with back very soft flesh that seems as if you saw it alive! Oh what a painter he is! There is such a grand dignity in what he does, as well as the perfect colouring - Then there

are some very beautiful pictures of a new painter to me, that is to become - Palma - something like Titian, & such "sumptuous brooches, dignity of face." He had a very beautiful daughter, who appears constantly in his pictures, Titians, & Giorgionis - Then there was a little Madonna & child of Murillo, more a Madonna than one often seen from him, & a noble Saint - Then fine Rembrandt, such superb portraits! How he did enjoy his own beauty! And grand Rembrandt, many Dutch & Spanish pictures, & so such Landscapes of Ruysdael! But one thing is fearfully appalling, the best pictures are covered with glass! As if some you can never see the whole picture at once you see yourself, or the felt frames, opposite, or somebody's purple dress! How I longed to smash it! The gallery too, is hampered with petty regulations - To take my statue, a shawl or cloak, I am so liable to be chilled - When we paid for admission I had it on my arm, the man said I must leave it, or wear it - So I put it on - In the gallery I was too warm & threw it off, an attendant walks up & says I must not carry it on my arm! It struck me or rather stung, when I saw an old lady in loose, backless, proof cloak, another with her dress turned up & pinned round her waist, & a young man with a bag of bread hanging on one side! If I wanted to carry off a picture, I could do it much better under my shawl than with it on!



little over an hour, how can one remember! It was both  
seeing once however - L. & R. Sarrit in the winter - Then  
I went back to pack over - The Longfellow left before  
I could see them again - After dinner Dr. Fay had  
agreed to meet Mr. Reichenbach & daughter at the Zoo-  
logical gardens, so we took a carriage, & meeting Mr. Shippen  
asked him to join us - It was a pleasant drive, through  
the handsome streets, & fine private houses standing in  
gardens by themselves - The <sup>Zoo</sup> gardens are well laid out,  
& shaded by trees, & the animals in green enclosures  
with sheds to sleep in, or in warmer buildings, as suit  
them - We walked quite a distance, but did not meet  
Mr. R. - Saw the monkeys & the bears, the Bactrian  
camel & lovely antelopes, birds, big white cranes sitting,  
flamingoes &c. then the lions & Leopards, hyenas & jaguars,  
& two tigers, more superb than anything I ever saw!  
Then we returned to our carriage, admiring the men -  
Such men as one sees almost every where, such a size &  
colour & perfection, it does one good to look at them!  
Chiefly standard - I wish one could ever hope for any-  
thing like them at home. We drove back through the  
"Jussieu garden", a great park adjoining, & famous for prome-  
nades & drives & exp. music - Well laid out, with  
handsome drives & trees - Then back again - You see in  
these high latitudes day-light lasts long, & it is not dark till

(2)  
this & the head in the Peter Palace, they are the same, & his  
Ecce Homo, & entombment, the same idea is in all, had  
something beyond common thoughts to paint a head, & as in  
the figure in Raphael's Transfiguration, there was something  
like inspiration in them -

The Longfellow had come to the Bellevue the day before,  
& that Mr. Jewell & Alice came & made me a  
visit, & Alice gave me quite a buffet of Cambridge news,  
& when they were gone to the theatre in the Ev. I had another  
nice visit from Mrs. J. - The next morning I had  
another long stay in the gallery, & was so fortunate as to get  
under Mr. T. Appleton's guidance, who gave me a deal of  
nice criticism on painting, especially the Rembrandts &  
the Dutch school - I learned ever so much - Fortunately  
he had some plans of some thing where we needed them  
most - It had poured all the day before from 10 o'clock,  
but it cleared by noon on Wednesday, & Dr. Fay & the girls  
were back at 5 - I think Dr. J. took a little cold from the  
damp air & chill, after coming out of the mines & climbing the  
immense ladders. He seemed quite rheumatically. But he  
went back to winter clothing, as indeed we all have, for it  
has been nothing but chilly, cold, & much rain -

Thursday morn. Dr. Fay & I went to get some photographs,  
& then to the Royal Porcelain Establishment - I am very in-  
terested about China, but I must say I had my set improved



China about Dresden China confirmed. - It is not so delicate,  
or peaceful in shape, or so truthfully & carefully painted,  
or such fine, pure colours as French. - But I suppose real  
China lovers have a deal to say about glaze & lay &c.  
But if such treasures were not so full always, one would  
like one or two pretty little bits one saw - It is very agree-  
able however - Then at 11 Dr. Fay & I met Mr. Appleton  
to go into the "Pious vaults," or royal treasure chamber - The  
basement story of the fine, old, Castle which constitutes  
its ugly side, round courtyard & along the tower, & in palace  
to the King of Saxony - Parties are admitted by ticket, & care-  
fully escorted, as one sees necessary, when you see all  
the treasures, many only arranged on shelves - But whether  
because we were few, or our guide very good-natured, I was  
astonished at the confidence he showed, letting us walk  
away round the room & scatter, & insisting on our lifting  
the gold cups & see how heavy they were! There was a  
room of bronzes, then Carved ivory, & gilded cups, statuettes,  
crucifixes, jewel-caskets &c. &c., mounted in gold & silver,  
one room all amber things, great, semi-transparent  
cups, caskets, &c. &c. as lovely!; Coral caskets, & all sorts  
of ornaments - Then a room of odd ornaments, great  
natural pearls in queer contorted shapes, made into  
little figures, the body of a mermaid, head & tail fitted  
on, or a man supplemented, little half-naked boys, &c. &c.

no end to the odd conceits - Then superb, rock-crystal,  
great tankards & hand glasses, this finer than glass!  
Immense, silver-gilt bases & nine-colored affairs &c. &c.  
a fireplace, all of precious marbles, & stones, & smelted  
gemets, &c. &c. found in Saxony - Room after room of  
these grand things, & all kept for show, for as I under-  
stood, the King was not allowed to see them now,  
"they belonged to the State"; though many had been  
royal presents in old times - There was a golden egg  
that opened & showed a yellow folk, in that an em-  
amelled bird, in that a little crown all diamonds,  
the bottom made a seal, & still within was a dia-  
mond ring - Rings with patches in them, & some of  
the first patches ever made, "Nuremberg eggs" -  
The last room was the grandest. I never saw such  
jewels, such diamonds, most lovely pink & yellow ones;  
necklaces, sword belts, shirts, buttons, buckles, cap  
ornaments, &c. &c. then the same in pearls, &  
sapphires, & emeralds, such a superb pearl neck-  
lace. <sup>Three great pearls!</sup> Then the swords of grand occasions, the  
swords &c. worn at coronations, & a case of most  
superb weapons taken from the Turks in battle  
altogether. It quite dazzled me with splendor -  
I have left out all the beautiful mosaics & enamels,  
the cups of <sup>one</sup> agate & amethyst, &c. But seeing it all in



of Prague & an old view of the town carried in relief in wood.  
A wonderful shrine all silver, & silver angels flying over it,  
of St. John of Nepomuck, the old stately stone monument  
of the tomb of Bohemian Kings & Emperors, & an old Chapel  
inlaid with Bohemian precious stones, older than the church,  
& the memory of the first Bohemian martyr, St. Winceslaus  
murdered by his brother. His helmet & seat of mail were  
enclosed in a case, & sundry memorials shown. Also a  
chapel of his Christian grandmother, St. Elizabeth, martyred  
also by her heathen grandfather his mother. Rather uncom-  
fortable people these early heathen Bohemians, for St. John  
of Nepomuck was thrown over the bridge by the King, be-  
cause he would not reveal the Queen's confession. The  
outside of the Cathedral was beautiful, flying buttresses,  
but the front is unfinished & imperfect, though it has  
a tall spire. Down the hill we came, through such  
streets of great, stately palaces, Count Palatine, (Hollander's castle?)  
this & that, that it made me feel a very common  
person indeed. Across the old bridge, with statues each  
side, & among them St. John's, to, with a cross & mark the  
place where he was thrown over, & the five gilt stars that  
shone over his body on the water, & through another hand-  
some, old tower, where three or four miserable medicevals kept  
for 60 years some 30 heads, cut off Protestant leaders, ex-  
hibited, with a crowded, dirty, narrow quarter, where we

3

The next morn'g. After packing we went over for a fare-  
well to the gallery. You don't know how hard it is to  
say good bye to these pictures. There is a beautiful  
Magdalen by Battoni, which I like better than Car-  
acci's, which is also here. The last is no larger than  
the Engravings one sees of it, the other life size. Both  
are often copied. But one had to tear one's self away  
to be ready for the rail-road. We took the Car  
at 1 for Aussig, & there again for an hour more to Teplic,  
which we reached at 5, & found Mrs. & Mrs. Howland &  
Altoni all waiting in the station, & had the warmest  
welcome. Mrs. Howland had had a letter from Mother  
saying she might be in Vienna, Saturday Ev'g, & we  
telegraphed to her to meet us <sup>at 5</sup> home or at Prague. But  
no answer came, & we missed that chance.  
Teplic is a famous watering place, famous for  
its hot mineral baths. Mrs. H. said there were 3000  
visitors there in a summer, & that to far, besides them-  
selves, there was only one English speaking family. They  
were comfortably established in a quiet hotel, looking on  
a square with a tall, statue fountain in it, & the Prince  
Palace making one side, a garden of roses in front of it,  
& opposite, at the other end, the ugly, little church. Every-  
thing was very neat & thoroughly German. We had all  
the privileges of the Howlands' parlor, where they take



their meals - Germans are not peaceful eaters, indeed  
I have gazed in wonder sometimes, three nice looking  
people handle knife & fork as they do! And the Ho  
had got very tired of Table d'Hôte - So we were very  
cozy & home-like, enjoying our quiet Saturday Sun-  
day very much - I had a walk on Saturday in the  
Princes Park, a grand resort of the bathers & public  
promenade, & a beautiful piece of landscape garden-  
ing it is, with trees & lawns, shrubbery & stream, made  
into lakes & rivulets - And oh, the new! Tiny red, huge  
cabbages, lovely white, very pink! And all fresh, fair  
& perfect, as if slugs & wee-bugs were never known in  
their happy world - Sunday was raining & so were in  
all day & renewed life memories by having service at  
11. It is there on the paths, & is looking much better.  
Among ourselves - He here sorry to say good bye Sunday  
Aft., but had to leave at 2, & got to Prague at 1. - We  
came some time ago on German beds, & down quilts or  
pillows for cover, very good & comfortable. we have found  
them when one had a comforter or blanket & upper  
sheet beside - But the new development of the pillow  
put into the upper sheet like a big pillow-case, or else  
the sheet turned up & buttoned neatly all round the  
comforter, require little people & quick sleepers - It was  
a question all night with me to keep my toes covered,  
a not easy & unpleasant - I meditate much on how

Germans sleep. do they sit up in bed & never move?  
Or do they wear their jackets & bed & so only need to  
cover to their wrists, or do they literally "fold the  
drapery of their couch about them," chagvalis fashion,  
or roll up? Dr. Gray did the last when it was com-  
forter, but the feather beds are a puzzle, or I try them  
corner-wise - - Dr. Gray & the pile had a "prowl" that  
Aft. & the next morning we took a carriage & ice this  
curious old town, which seems a combination of all we  
has been in; grand palaces look like Verona, an acad-  
malus one think of Bologna, a queer old square is like  
Cumberg, a steep street is Avignon & again Perugia, & the  
dirty, narrow crowded lanes of little shops are almost  
as narrow, without the beauty & picturesque of Paris.  
Opposite our windows nearly was the Old Powder Tower,  
tall & handsome the Moldau flows through the town, &  
as we were waiting for Dr. Gray at the Botanic garden, we  
were amused with watching the immensely long,  
jointed safs making their way down the crooked, rapid  
current. We crossed the handsome suspension bridge,  
& climbed the high hill called Bradan or Bradishin,  
one mass at the top of Valaces, now library, university, this  
& that one's palace, Ex-Em. Ferdinand's palace & Chapel opposite  
park, & the old Cathedral. - The last we went into, it is under-  
going repairs, but has many curious things, & a crucifixion & Christ



The bathous was too fresh in my mind to admire all the old medievales in Mahalla - But it is a pleasure to have seen a perfect Grecian temple, & very handsome it is, standing crowning a green hill, its majestic front of steps, & grand portico of columns surrounding - And the inside is beautiful with red & white marble, & blue & gold ceiling, & the white marble victories & busts - It seems rather a jumble of heres & warriors, poets & painters, musicians & kings, - but one likes to see all sorts of gifts claim their honours, & King Louis certainly carried out everything he did with great finish. All who crossed the polished marble floor had to put on felt slippers, & the floor did justice to the case-tatters - It was a three miles drive through villages & plain fields, & as the sun came out on our way back, we enjoyed it - We were staying in an old hotel, "the Golden Cross," where Charles V was entertained in years ago, & the landlady had a son, Don John of Austria, by him - All of which was unfolded in verse, on the outside the tower at one end, next our room. Our room was so large the girl said Dr. Fay would have to hunt over it to find me in the morning! One day we are in a closet, & the next in a great hall! - The left that left for Munich at 5, & for there at 8. Went to the Bavarischen Hof, & got a cordial greeting for our return -

could see some Jewish faces, the Jewish quarter, was <sup>(4)</sup> to a dingy little building, with high peaked roof - This is one of the oldest buildings still in use for worship, known - How old no one seems able to settle. The lower part the oldest, Byzantine, & the wall continued up <sup>to the</sup> top. The Jews say the oldest part was built soon after the fall of Jerusalem! You descend some steps into it, & it is dark, dingy, shabby, mean - Narrow wooden seats, little brass candle-sticks, a tawdry cup-board with a faded oil edged with brass bells in the shape of a pomegranate for the ark containing the tables of the Law, a brass candle-stick seven-branched, of the familiar shape given on the Arch of Titus, a great dusky banner overhead, given by an old Emperor for their defence of Prague, on all one notices, except some narrow slits in the wall through which the women could listen! They showed a line high above the seat, where the Moldau had overflowed & over-run, a few years ago - A pity it had not washed it cleaner - Near by was the old Jewish burying-ground, disused for many years. The earliest graves about 1600, I believe - All Hebrew inscriptions, & the emblems of the tribes above - Little stones instead of flowers heaped on the edges of the grave-stones. Thick & crowded salmox without order, they were - Shrubs & bushes tangled in a mass - <sup>front</sup> ~~some~~ more elder bushes, & Dr. Fay observed "the old



sons of Israel were fathered here!" Which one of the gentlemen in our party admitted, both, & the other didn't - They were too confessedly American, & not of the best type - I am sorry to say a good many Americans of a poorer type take to travelling in Europe - Then we went to see the old church where Kues preached, & where Tycho Brahe is buried - The steeples are chiefly remarkable for apparently increasing on the budding principle, as Dr. Gray remarked - A clote of steeples not uncommon about there - The Rathaus is on the opposite side of the square, mostly modern, but the old tower, where is the clock, & as the little guide-book says, containing the skulls "with the over-painted original faces" of the generals Wallenstein had executed for alleged cowardice, - the old brute! - Then we went back to dinner, & was quiet in the Aft. Dr. Gray went to the Herbarium to do some botany, & the first to buy fanned, &c. - We were up early next morning & off early for a long ride to Regensburg (Ratisbon) - Started <sup>by 7.15</sup> at 7, but had three miles drive to the Station, got there at 4 - Had a good dinner on the way - Eating one finds well managed, at almost every large station you can get bouillon & some simple meat, - almost always good rolls, & generally there are two or three stops for refresh-

ment - I find a cup of bouillon now often very nice - I was rather disappointed in the handsomeness of feet of Ratisbon, it certainly looks old, & is quietness, but there is little grandeur, & things look gloomy & heavy - It may have been helped by the rainy day. We went to the Rathaus, & from old place, & saw the large, low, dark ceilinged room where the Emperors <sup>formerly</sup> held the meetings of the German Diet held here <sup>but so late as into this century</sup>, some smaller & handsomer rooms near by, & then went down cellar into the dungeons, & the room where prisoners were put to the torture, & the judge sat behind a grating to write down any words they dropped in agony - It was horrid! Not exciting, but a sort of plain, bare simplicity, of the literal truth of a few of those dreadful torments men have practiced, that it disgusts one with human nature! - One wants to go & read of ever so many Saints & high-souled heroes, & feel that men were worth anything, <sup>when some</sup> ~~that~~ would do such things! - Thank God! Whatever our views may be now, we don't see these wretched things, & hate to look at them & remember they were used! And then to think of shutting a man 15 years in one of those utterly dark holes! Why they didn't turn idiots in a month, I can't imagine! The cathedral of Regensburg is famous for size & beauty - The spires, very high & fine, are surrounded with scaffolding, <sup>now</sup> as they are finishing them -



The next morn. was very busy; Dr. Gray took me to the Frauenkirche, one of the oldest churches in Munich, & where there is another of those great monumental tombs. This was a sort of canopy, & underneath was the Elector(?) lying on his back, his hands folded, the mounted dog or lion against his feet, & two little figures lying beside at his feet. I could not tell whether they were his children or his pages. A full sized bronze statue stood on either side, of a warrior, & the man himself, in robes of state, knelt above. There is some fine stained glass in the windows. Then Dr. Gray & I renewed old times, & did a little shopping together, & then met the girls at the Penicothek to say good bye to the charming Musillos & other pictures. There is among the old German pictures, such a quaint, odd one by Memling, in which he has put the wise men seeing the star, their journey, seeing Herod, the nativity, & the shepherds, & then the Magi, the crucifixion, & supper at Emmaus, & ascension, &c. &c. all in groups, & yet come amidst in a pleasing whole! And the colours so soft & bright, & the faces painted with such expression, & some with so much beauty: do you know of the three kings (the Magi) <sup>one</sup> is always a black man? — While I took my nap after dinner, Dr. Gray & the girls went to call on Madame Martinis, & unfortunately found her out, but Dr. Gray saw Dr. Eichler. — He found letters from mother from Vienna, & saw there was no chance of meeting her at present. A very great disappointment; come from Charles from Bologna



We were off at six for Augsburg, & shortened the next day's journey  
a little. Went again to the drei Mohren; & before tea, I crossed  
the street a little way to the Rathaus, & saw the "Golden Hall",  
which is indeed a magnificent room. The ceiling, in richly  
painted compartments with gilded mouldings, made me  
think of the Doge's Palace at Venice. But the hall is much  
higher, & the doorways richly carved, with wooden columns &  
gilded capitals, & the side rooms with panelled wood ceilings, & costly  
stones in brooms, reaching to the ceiling! Altogether it was palace-like.  
Next morn. we took the train at 8 for Lindau. I always try  
for nich-sauten (smoking forbidden) but small provision do the to-  
bacco-loving Germans make for such odd people, & we were crowd-  
ed with a young man & a young woman, & an old couple, round, fat &  
jolly, who had their parrot in a cage resting between them, as they sat  
opposite, & Polly was pecked all the way, it liked travelling, they  
said, & the cage served for table, when they breakfasted on sausage  
& roll & red wine; Polly shared too. At Lindau we took steamer <sup>dining on board</sup> &  
crossed Lake Constance to Rorschach, & there, rail-way again, to Rapperswil.  
The morn's ride was interesting, mountains began to appear, some bare  
clipped, but in the aft. we seemed, after crossing the Lake, really in  
Switzerland, the valleys narrow & green, the hills high, with bare rock  
faces now & then, & behind them mountain ranges, their grey rocky tops  
broken & picturesque, & on the highest, patches of snow. The country  
too looked poorer, little bits of cultivation, instead of great plains, & the  
houses smaller, with little vegetable gardens & a tuft of flowers in them,  
as if time lacked for much but necessities. With always love, I signed.





Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane July 2, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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