

English looking than now, only the houses are so different - Stone building of every size & shape, - thatched roofs are more picturesque than our square, white houses, I must say, though the question of comfort I don't consider now - We went through a fine park & Orchardleigh, a beautiful, modern house, built by a Mr. Duckworth, a retired lawyer with a large fortune. The family were in Switzerland, but had left word we were to see the gardens, the Church having said before, they wanted to bring us - I think the English country house both for outside effect & inside arrangement unrivalled for comfort & beauty. Both outside & inside help each other, - and this was one of those houses one reads about, with drawing-rooms & conservatory opening in, charming with creepers & tall plants planted in the ground; then the gentleman's morning-room, & dining room, & billiard room, & waiting room &c. &c. for we went through the house to get to the conservatory & garden - All so handsome & luxurious, & yet for use too - The windows, looking out on bits of garden, & an architectural wing or porch coming in to help effect; the gardens about the house are laid out in the architectural way so prevalent now, & do come in well with balustrades & terraces & steps, stripes of brilliant colour & beds, brilliant masses - Beyond was lovely park & green slopes with groups & single trees & a pretty little lake & then a pair of distant views, all making quite an ideal effect - Mrs. Church says they are delightful people, & very

42

New, Sept. 17th '69

My dear Luc,

Went as still at Mr. Darmin's - Sir John Lubbock, great on pre-historic men, came to ~~break~~ lunch on Sunday, & very politely asked us to come & pass a few days with them - Miss Tredjenood, Mrs. Darmin's sister, whom we saw last autumn, dined with us, & was as pleasant & sociable as possible, & very much amused with accounts of our life on the Nile, especially with our Christmas dinner; for there seems a general idea it is a land of hard fare & distasteful diet! - In the afternoon as I was showing Mrs. Darmin some of our photographs, a lady on the farther verge of middle age called, a younger gentleman & lady with her - She was rather dowdy in dress & awkward in manner, though not unscrupulous, but very plain in her way & certainly nothing of the registered ease & gracious courtesy one hears about in English nobility - I was amused to hear when she was gone that it was Lady Sandringham, who has taken Holywood, the late Lord Cranworth's place, the beautiful park we drove in last autumn - So I have actually talked a little with a Dowager Marchioness - A nice pleasant lady too, but the magnificence & beauty & grace of high rank is, I suppose, very much as it is in other ranks, very much individual; & it is only in words, my dear Lucy,

girls that people impress you at once as titled ladies -
We left next morn'g early, the Darwins kindly sending us
in their carriage, Henrietta D. going too, & went back to
London, taking rail-way aspects from Paddington for some.
We reached Whitley Rectory about 4 1/2, & had a most cordial
welcome from Mr. Church, whom we thought looking un-
commonly well - Mrs. Church was out seeing some old
women in the village, so that her time might be free
while we should be there - And what a nice 4 days we
had, talking & looking over photographs, &c. &c. - They are such
delightful people, & live in such a quiet, home-like, easy
pleasant way - That little parlour, with its cozy easy-chairs,
& crowded books every where, & hung with photographs & en-
gravings, & filled with pretty things all having some asso-
ciation! The sunny window looking on the garden, so gay
with scarlet geraniums & beds of blue & yellow, tall hollyhocks
of richest shades lighting up the ivy covered wall behind!
I could not bear to say good-bye when the 4 days were over
& think we should not see it again! - They were most
cordial in their invitation to Charles & the girls to come to
them later, & I hope they won't miss that chance of seeing
such a charming English interior -

Tuesday the neighboring Squire lent his wappanette &
coachman to take us a drive - A wappanette as far as
I can describe, is an inside Irish painting car on 4 wheels -

We went to call on a Mr. Paget the County member, Melbury,
but he was out. But it gave us a chance to see a pretty
park & nice old house in front, & then we drove through
extensive grounds & some woods that looked very home-
like, to an immensely high tower that Mr. Paget has
built in memory of his eldest son, who died young - It is
rather a fashion in that part of Somersetshire to build towers
as memorials. - One could see 4 or 5 from this one. A curious
way, & rather useless one would think, for it must have
cost an enormous sum, but the tower seems likely to be
lasting, if the memory is not. It stands in a wood, a little
picturesque cottage near, where the keeper lives, & the base of
the tower has a little house attached containing a room where
parties come to pic-nic! - I did not go to the top, but stopped
at the balcony mid-way, & had a fine view there, especially
towards Glastonbury & where the British Channel should be
seen, but though the day seemed bright & clear, there was a
 haze upon the horizon, so no sparkle of water to see - Dr
Gray & Mr. Church saw the city of Bath from the tower.
Mr. Horner (Jack Horner's descendant, as I wrote for a year
ago) dined with us, & Mrs. Horner & a son & daughter, all
very nice & pleasant - The next day the Squire lent his
carriage again, & we drove over the pretty rolling hills, &
saw many smelling sallies & poplars & hotted trees that made us
think of Breida County near Languist - I always said how

Squire's home in the little village of Gales - A nice, old -
fashioned, comfortable house, trim & spruce, with pretty
lawn & trees & flowerbeds in front, & formal fruit & veg-
table garden behind - He had a cordial welcome from Dr.
Perr, who stayed with us years ago in Cambridge when Dr.
Alexander, & found him after all but little changed. Soft-
ened a little in outline, & the grey hair not so conspicuous
when hair & whiskers were always so light. He was a most
attentive & courteous host, let me go to my room first while he
went off to a croquet party, to which a neighboring clergyman &
his wife had come, & they afterwards came back to dinner, merry
jolly people, & the husband with an inexhaustible amount of
gratulation. There came also to dinner Mr. & Mrs. Hancock & a young
lady staying with them, he one of the great gentlemen farmers,
& Dr. Gray went over the farm next morn'g. Some hours back, saw
the high scientific manner of doing everything, heard about cot-
tages & labourers, &c. - He had a wonderfully exquisitely cooked
& served dinner, with the own man as butler, & two others help-
ing wait. Everything was in bachelor nicety & precision, & at
breakfast & lunch next day, after which we were off again in Dr.
Perr's carriage, fat coachman, & own man to take care of us
to Hollington, & take T. to Torquay - As we rolled along
between high hedges & lanes so deep the sides were above
the carriage, & all covered with a tangled mass of pretty
wild things, I thought if one were only born & bred to it, & so

12
hospitable & cordial. - On our way back we went to Melles,
Mr. Horner's village, & saw a village flower show, held in
one of his great stone barns, cleared out for the occasion, &
where the prizes are contended for by cottagers, though
other neighbours may display - It was fairly dressed with
flags, & the vegetables were very fine - The handsomest flowers
were displayed by Mr. Horner's gardener, but I think the
best potatoes mine &c. by the cottagers - To my eye I never saw
so fine, large, white, thin-skinned potatoes - The Squire,
Mr. Shaw, a stout, good-natured, country gentleman about
40, & Mr. & Mrs. Fursell & daughter dined with us. The Fur-
sells live near, & his family are owners of the great iron works
not far off - The next day, Thursday, we had a family pic-nic
to Longleaf, the place of the Marquis of Bath - A Mr. Gorch &
his daughter went with us - He is a retired clergyman, who has
taken a place in the neighbourhood for the health of an invalid
daughter, for the change of air, & a very tall, handsome, old man,
stately & courteous, & kindly & agreeable, with a hearty love of
nature, & simplicity of enjoyment & gratitude for all the
beautiful things in this world, that made him a very pleas-
ant companion for the long drive; for he took me in his
low pony carriage or waggone, the little girls behind us,
as it was thought an easier carriage than the hired fly,
in which went Mr. & Mrs. Church, Dr. Gray & Fred. Church,
Miss Gorch a charming, lively, nice girl as I have seen this

many a day, Mr. Forch's farm - The driver told me
of the horse protection vice - Mr. Forch asked if I knew
the Tichnors, said they stayed with him once - It was a
long drive, through pretty country, past their picturesque
old frame, & then little hamlets of stone cottages, past
farm-houses with great barns & sheds surrounding high-walled
yards, & the wheat crops just harvested, one saw such fields of
immense wheat stacks generally so trimly built & thatched.
The last part of the way was through the Park of dog-leat. An
enormous area, they say a 10 miles drive, & I can believe it.
There were no gates, but the common road led through rows
of evergreens, then deciduous trees, then underbrush enclosed by
wire netted fences to protect the game - And we saw plenty of
pheasants, quite tame they seemed - Then came trees again &
up & down, some wild ^{& such immense quantities of old wood} some more
"Cawel" ^{to "Cawel" it must be flowers not ferns!} - At last it
reached older trees & more cleared underneath, & a pretty little
lake by which was a boat house - When the family are not
down, people may picnic in the house, but now all the country
seats are inhabited, for the 1st. of Sept. is a famous time,
when partridge shooting begins - So we drove on farther to
an open space & then got out of the carriage (the horses were
sent back to the boat house), & a cloth was spread & an abun-
dant lunch displayed - I think we all did full justice -
Mr. Church backed dishes in the Lake, the little girls helped
wipe, & danced attendance, & Dr. Jay ran hither & thither, &

I was put on carriage cushions & sent - Then when we had
finished & packed away, we walked off a little way to
leave the men & lunch, & sat by the pond & talked, while
the young people strayed off into the woods - The Church
hears a whistle & so do each of the little fets, of chamers
horn, & when he wants to summon them, he whistles
& they respond - We took a different route home, through the
home park, entering by a gate, getting out & walking a little
way we could look from a hill, a steep ^{Heaven's gate it is called,} down over the lovely
lawn, the clumps of graceful trees, the kitchen garden &
forcing-houses below us, & at the bottom, in a green, broad-
ed plain, the old house, an enormous pile of the time
of Queen Elizabeth & a little later, but all of one design &
construction, the walled flower-garden at one side - Be-
yond stretched a fine view of country - Then we drove just
above to the house & could see the ladies as they sat in the gar-
den as the brilliant beds of flowers -

The next morn'g to our sorrow, we had to say good-bye -
Had we only known how long Charles & the girls would
stay in France, we might have had little longer visit -
We drove into Frome, Mrs. Church going with us, for she
was expecting her sister's children & she left in her care for
a while - Then by Sunday rail way changed to Taunton -
There we found Dr. Prior's own man, & nice carriage &
horses waiting for us, & so drove 7 miles to Palace House, the

could forget the fearful differences of high & low, the immense contrasts in wealth & comfort, or feel, as you see good, faithful people do, they are heaven-ordained & immutable differences, that after all I could imagine no life pleasanter than this English country life on one's estates, a house-keeper to take the care of one, (what a jewel of a maid Dr. Prior had!) & everything so running in its accustomed tracks, duties such as one seeks, & life rolling so easily, with time at one's control & one's charities self-evident, one could feel useful & yet not over-worked, & could take leisure without feeling idle, & not be perplexed as to where one's work should lie - It is very fascinating this country life as one sees it, & it is a so much more leisurely life than ours!

But the present hopelessness of the lower classes in England, ^{& ambitionless} hopeless in themselves, as well as the indifference of others, make me restless & unhappy, true born American that I am, & flinging in the wide-spread chance for all, - & the hope that may be birthright to everyone of us -

One thing strikes me, how much horses & carriages are helped by drags in England; a break or a shoe, or something of the kind to almost every private carriage, & they use them down hills, such as we trot down mercilessly at home. It must save both carriage & horses -

The rail-road ride was pretty to Torquay, close to the sea-shore in some places, quite on the beach at Dawlish, with

high, deep red bluffs, that were sometimes tunneled through.
Torquay itself, instead of nestling in a valley as somehow I
had fancied, is built on high, rocky hills, & the roads wind
round them, so that one house looks on the roof of another.
The shore is picturesque, with red rock & green turf above,
this 'unfortunately it was not green ~~then~~ for they had been
suffering from unprecedented drought for months.' - It was
very pleasant to see dear Mrs. Lombe again, she is our old
friend, Bessie Hooker, & she was cheerful & bright, though a most
suffering invalid - Dr. Lombe is one of the heartiest of good-
natured men - Mr. Edgerworth took tea with us Sunday Ev.
Monday morn^g. Dr. Gray was up early & off alone for an excursion
to ^{to Exeter &} down the Dart to Dartmouth, one of the most unchanged
old towns in England, with a queer church with carved pulpit,
& old timber & plastered houses - The sail he said was pretty,
with beautiful woods on the river bank, & the castles at the
mouth quite grand - I stayed quietly, as I had been having
a bad cold all the week & felt rather dull - At dinner
that day we had the 3 Miss Munroes, Gen. Munroe's sisters.
Fanny stayed with us 10 years ago - She was wonderfully little
changed & they were fresh from three months in ~~Switzerland~~
land, & were uncommonly pleasant, agreeable women -
Dr. Lombe was engaged all day as umpire in a grand Croquet
tournament going on at Torquay - So I close for Sept 6th.
on Sept 10th. with love to you all from your affe. Jane -



Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane Sept. 17, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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