

some supper, round which the ladies all sat & we waited on by the gentlemen, & then retired up-stairs again, leaving the gentlemen & take theirs alone - Then some more music, & then back, to bed!

Saturday was a rainy day, so our plan of seeing the Zoo had to be given up, & instead we went to Westminster Abbey - It is a very beautiful church outside & in, grand & harmonious in architecture & beautiful proportions - Higher than is generally in England - The Chapels, quite surrounding the Choir, are full of interesting monuments & beautiful bits of work - Henry the VII Chapel for all know, the Shrine of Edward the Confessor a sort of raised, little Chapel behind the main Choir, & so many kings & queens buried there! - They have cleaned the rust & dust from some of the old effigies, or parts of them, & shown how they were inlaid with color & gilded so richly, & some of the tombs all mosaic work - Didn't we see Elizabeth, & Mary of Scots, & Eleanor, & the vault where the Northumbrians have been buried for centuries seen still, don't that sound grand? And then in the nave all the wonderful specimens of that hideous time in English art, where none you see the like sea, & the ship at the bottom with "all things strange & rare" about it, & the man with toes turned

Kew - Nov. 5 - 49.

My dear Sue,

Friday the Lawrences called on us, Dr. Gray having gone to town meaning to see him, as he had a note saying he was away, they should wait - I could not but admire Mr. Lawrence's energy & cheerfulness, when one sees him so infirm - He has to be carried in one of those injurious English chairs to carry people up & down stairs & then when set down make a nice, arm chair - It was crooked while getting up our little, narrow, winding stairs - Saturday, Dr. Gray & I went again to town & did more shopping - Then separating, he went to lunch with James Lawrence, & I made my way back to Kew alone - Sunday morn. he was off early to join Chas. & the girls at Oxford - And knowing enough people there to well, he was able to put them through very successfully, & they arrived Monday eve. in fine spirits - Tuesday Aff. the Lawrences came down to pass through the gardens & Dr. Gray bent to meet them, I staying waiting for the Church, who came to London that week, Mr. Church to preach at the ordination of the Bishop of Salisbury;

we were very glad to have the chance to take them
by the hand once more, before, as Mrs. Church says
your crossing the Atlantic, "departing into space!"

Wednesday had been an excursion planned to
St Albans with Mrs. Harker, & to lunch with a friend
of hers - I had not felt very bright & the morning was
bitter cold, so I gave up going, but the others had
had a delightful day - seeing the church where
Lord Bacon was buried, old Roman remains, & then
the very interesting Abbey of St. Albans. I went to
Richmond on some errands for a couple of
hours, & was glad I had made the nice decision
to stay, as it was very severe, with a high wind -
Thursday we set off for London, all in our best
attire for the Ordination - The new bishop was
Mrs. Church's Uncle, & she had kindly got tickets
for us, told us they meant to be early, because of
the crowd - And I was surprised to see so many
around the doors when we got there, ten minutes
before they were opened - The Bishop's tickets admitted
us to seats under the ^{Gantum} bays, which is where nave & transept
cross, & we got good places, especially to hear the
sermon, but I fancy those whose seats were in the
transept could hear little. Only a small part of the
abbey is screened off for seats for service, & yet when the

great height is considered, I fancy it requires a very
powerful voice to be heard over all that small part.
Mr. Church has a very pleasant voice, but it was
scarcely strong enough - It was a good sermon, in
which certainly he put & maintained it well for
the episcopacy, & yet was liberal too - But I had rather
have heard him in one of less especial sound -
You can't expect me to give a description of the cere-
mony - I could see but little of the choir where the
ordination went on, but we had a good sight of the faults,
kindly face of the elderly bishop when he went first
& last on his rochet, & then ^{again} & last on his ^{lawn} sleeve -
We saw the Bishop of Bedford & the Archbishop of Can-
terbury, Dr. Tait, with his strong, sensible face - Dean
Stanley was away, so there was only the sub-dean - And
the registrar or recorder in their funny, curled ^{hair} wigs, one a red-wilk grow! - The music was
beautiful & some of the chorister singing, lovely!
We met Mrs. Church going in, but we did not stay
for the Communion Service - We got out about 2
& the first aim was lunch - Then Charles & the girls
went for some calls, & Dr. Gray & I do some shopping -
Friday evg. Mrs. Harker had a little party,
so we all donned our best attire, & heard some good
music & met some pleasant people - Had a very hands-

lunched there often scattered, I going back for a hasty run through some of the Egyptian things - Then Dr. Gray & I went to Mrs. Mashelyns, where we were to dine & spend the night - Mrs. M. is most sweet & charming, intelligent & refined, & great simplicity. She received me very kindly, after taking off my bonnet put me on the softest of couches, covered me with a silk down quilt, left me for an hours rest & just then she came with the tea-tray, Mr. M. came in, & the three pretty little girls, the oldest a perfect little St. John, of Raphael - dinner was at 7½ - Mrs. & Mrs. Hayley, Mr. Farrar, Secretary of the Board of Trade, made up the 7, & about as agreeable a dinner as ever I sat down to - Exquisite cooking, nicely & quietly served; & such fun & quickness, & wit & sharpness! Mr. Hayley may be a sharp antagonist, but he is certainly a most amiable & agreeable man, & they all played & into each other! In the evening, came in Mr. Frank Duff, & I was amazed when I found it was 11½d - Mr. Mashelyn, though a mineralogist, has an especial hobby for jewels, that is cameos in intaglios, & has made a great study of them, - he has some very nice ones, & casts of over so many, & showed straight to me over so much. Nothing could be kinder than they were in every way - We were sorry to say good bye

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down & head up rising above it into the white marble clouds, flecked about on a slate colored sky, & the angels looking away among the same clouds, as large as life! - Happily he has not on a full robe turned my as one other hero has, the rest of his costume being Roman armour - But independently of all associations the whole building contains a wonderful history of art, from the Crusader stretched in effigy on his coffin, hands joined in prayer & legs crossed, & the abbots & queens so solemn & erect as if their last thought was prayer, & where they turn them on one side, as if the thought had changed & taking a last look at the world; then more action, then the mere every day with repining angels & sitting attendants, look, then absurd & preposterous, then representing the man as he sat & looked every day, good & life-like, but entirely inappropriate to a tomb, & now the taste seems going back to the quiet, reposing figure - He lingered in each corner, & then looked round the statuary, & at last came away, & went to the new Houses of Parliament - They are a wonderful pile of most elaborate work of finish, but too monotonous, I think, the same idea stretching on over so over again - But the towers are fine, & the little touches of foliage etc. these off, especially when the sun comes out. There are miles of passages & hundreds of rooms, & some grand

halls, but what he especially wanted to see, the corridor where the peat fires are, was undergoing alteration & would not be opened until January! He saw the House of Lords very ornate, & the House of Commons very much plainer, & seemingly quite too small - Then we went up by Westminster Hall & saw its wonderfully fine oaken roof, but a early policeman would only let us look into the long hall, statues at the sides, leading to the Houses of Parliament. Why - we could not enter there seemed no reason but his brief authority - Then we took a cab to lunch with Charles' friends the Russell Scott's & Dr. Gray & I saw Mrs. Scott & Katie in Catania - very nice & pleasant is Mrs. S. - Mr. S. a true John Bull in looks, & the other daughter & daughter-in-law & son very pleasant - Lunch means dinner, only less formal - After lunch I went in to see the invalid daughter who has still suffering from an uncomfortable accident, the ceiling of the room in which she was sitting having fallen, & she got a very bad bruise upon the leg - She & Katie are to follow us in our lodgings here, for change of air.

Sunday morn. Dr. Gray K., C. & I went to hear Mr. Martineau - It is a dingy, ugly, little chapel on Little Portland St., & only a small audience that day, & it seemed a shame such a man in such a poor place

as London, where so many might be reached & edified, should not have had a large church full - He preached a very fine sermon, & the whole service I particularly liked, & never saw anyone whose whole manner of conducting it was so satisfactory - He is an admirable reader, & so a great contrast to the majority of English clergymen - Then we went to lunch with Sir Past & Lady Syell, meeting Mrs. Col. Syell & her oldest son, who takes strongly to science - They were all very charming & pleasant, & we had a very nice time - Lady Syell has the same sweet, fresh face that seems never to grow old - Then we got back to Kew, Dr. Gray & the girls went to see a Mrs. Hodson, a lady who has the appointment of house keeper to Kew Palace - Which means she has a little cottage to live in, & her maid to see the Palace is aired & swept - But it was a ~~rare~~ privilege to see it, for it is very much left as in the times of "Farmer George" & Queen Charlotte - Then they had tea, "kettle drum" is afternoon tea - Monday morn. we all went to the British Museum, Miss Sulivan matting us there with Miss Fatty, & Mr. Maskelyn kindly took us through Erskine's speech days, their history & gradual change showing the progress of Art, & so through longer & flaccid, &c & a most wonderfully interesting morn - We all

Much love to you all from your ever
faithful

Jane Gray —

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next morn., but I was to meet Chas. the 5th at the Station as they came from Kew, & were to be the Tower - So we marched in company with 8 or 10 others, under the charge of one of the beef-eaters, round through the magnificent armories, with armour from the time of the Saracens & Normans till buff coats, & its use, seeing Bluff King Hal's, & Charles I when 10 years old, & all sorts of weapons, &c. of all times & countries, & the morden rooms where are muskets by the thousands, & gun flowers, passion-flowers, trailing vines & stars, the Prince of Wales' wedding-cake, & every sort of device, of sword-blades & gun stocks, ram-rods & pistols, in the most injurious way - We saw the old chapel of Norman times, & the tower where Elizabeth was prisoner, where Henry VIII was murdered, & the young princes bones were discovered, through passage in the walls 15 ft. thick, saw the block & executioners axe, & instruments of torture, & the enclosure in the yard where Anne Boleyn & Jane Grey were beheaded, & Beauchamp Tower where the cell walls are covered with inscriptions, so patiently cut in, telling of such many hours, & them having seen the regalia, crowns of gold dishes, maces, swords &c. filed out again, & drove off to get just a peep at the grand interior of St. Paul's -



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Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane Nov. 5, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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