

Cambridge. Friday Ev. March 28. '51

My dear Lizzie, I fly to my pen first thing, to use the spare minutes & endeavour to bring up the account rather better to the present time - And I feel as if I owed all an apology for my very abrupt leave-taking this morning; but though I rose in good time & packed diligently, somehow the moments I had counted on to finish that page were not found, & I was forced to send a huge blank; distressing on postage accounts, as well as many others - Dr. Gray accuses me of breaking off as in the chapter of a novel, or in the stories in numbers so common now-a-days, so as to make you all anxious to get the continuation, for I left myself, having just laid my trunk & sack one side of the room, stepping forward ^{we were} to be introduced to the gentlemen round the fireplace - They were Mr. Burzon, tall, dark, with a handsome face, but expressing the simplicity of a child; & such is his character, very well informed, but his opinions & mind formed in his study, Duke's Church & a disciple of Dr. Pusey, & looking sneekly back to the Fathers of the Church & the Middle Ages as the best guides - Yet so sincere & well-informed in modern literature, looking on every thing in such an earnest, kind & gentle way, that he was very interesting - Then Mr. Buckle, another Fellow of Oriel, whom I did not see so much of, but who was very pleasant, the same gentle, simple manners; & Mr. Slater, a member of Corpus Christi, & quite an Ornithologist. But it was very entertaining & interesting to contrast this group, so different from the circle at Hadham - These were the quiet scholars living in these antique buildings, & seeming to gain from the spirit of the past all gentleness, humility & simplicity. - Mr. Church handed me in to dinner, & Mr. Burzon sat next me. It was a handsome dinner, & after the dessert was on the table I began to feel a little red in the thought that I ought to retire. Mrs. Tricawber & Ruth Pinch were the only precedents I could think of, so at last with a little remark to Mr. Church, I rose - He escorted me most kindly into the other room, flew to light the candles which had been put out, & giving me

some books with plates to look at, hoped I could amuse myself, & left me alone - I thought of Mrs. Wilmshurst tapping on the wall of the bedroom - "wringing her ears!" When I heard their burst of laughter, & I had not been long alone before the servant came round the other way, bringing me some coffee, & after awhile a cup of tea. The gentlemen came after awhile & from me Mr. Burgen said I was interested in some points of Oxford, went to get a very old book, containing news of the College as there were many years ago and then he went to get some dried flowers from interesting localities in Palestine; with them he brought an antique specimen of a cauliflower preserved in a case, & some very interesting, rare & curious antiquaries - the play of a soldier in the Peloponnesian war, one of Alexander the Great, some very early, the earliest attempts at civilizing hundreds of years B.C. there were two curious signet rings with Egyptian inscriptions, the one a camp Egyptian, a later one, a peaceful, spotted creature with wings like an Eagle - So as who live on in the present & future with something to show about us, these old histories of past time & deeds seem almost of dreamland; & these relics of the ancient world come as floods & proofs of the reality of those histories, or stories & with such a source of pleasure! And one coin of Ptolemaios, having on the reverse a palm tree & a seated figure beneath it crowned with fruit, & a Latin Epistle for motto. What made me start with its actual reality - It was a precious little collection, in fine order, & you cannot imagine how kindly Mrs. Burgen explained them; not as if I ought to know & so was supposed to, nor yet as if he must begin with my A. B. C. - I am afraid we chide unnecessarily late - And before we went, Mr. Burgen made Mr. Church relinquish us for breakfast the next morning to him. The maid was moping as usual, so we hastened back to our hotel - Wednesday morn. before we got out, the servant brought us the Lilliman's cards, father & son, & we found they were at the same hotel, having come the night before - Admitted a party of three - As they came in to see them as I put on my gloves, we then had a look at them as usual. The next first, to Mrs. Church's room, who was to guide us to Mrs. Burgen - They were not as luxurious as Mrs. Burgen the night before we were in the common room but perhaps more comfortable, looked so comfortable & pleasant with books, large & small, portraits, antiquaries, relics, &c. And commanded a pleasant view of the quadrangle of Bird, with numerous peep leading

to the Chapel & dining-hall - We showed us some plants from Judea sent them by Mrs. Wells, who was missionary from America there; & when he knew quite well when he staid some months in Judea; & a volume of her scholars had collected & prepared, & put them up, very prettily. Mr. Church went in to Mrs. Burgen's room, and there were a plenty of students indeed, nothing luxurious or modern either, there, unless of elegant too very easy arm chairs, but both large & small, scattered about, & some of them not acknowledged rather dirty; the walls were hung with tapestries, sketches, profiles, medallions of illustrious men's right a morning, &c. &c. Some very curious, interesting & beautiful things, but not in good order - He avoided one most hideous in looking of most things, & then showed us some very interesting old cups &c. belonging to the college which had been brought them for us to see - A cross first mounted as a tablet in silver gilt, for an old tunic when they were first known, they even thought most precious & believed to be golden eggs! An old calabash mounted neatly in the same way, with a grain of old silver. On the engraved upon it, exhorting moderation, & to drink to supply the wants of nature - not for pleasure only - Then a beautiful gilt cup given to Bird by Edward the 1st. It is a curious gilt chalice with the top surrounded & set with gems, so that there are elaborate drinking glass, & it has a cover; it is chased & engraved all over with old symbols. It is an old college custom, long handed down, on certain days to have this cup at table filled with spiced wine, & the fellows all standing; & it is used round, each man drinking & repeating the college motto "Bird Bird Throat!" On one occasion Mrs. Burgen added, some way tired of the long standing, once, "Come let us drink Bird Throat!" The rooms we were in were the famous Dr. Pusey's before he was Canon at Christ Church - And here were planned the "Oxford Tracts" - He had a very pleasant breakfast. Mr. Church was very agreeable & well informed. Mr. Burgen surprised me by saying that the fellows rarely kept their shaves many years. I had thought them things for life, but he said that a man of forty would be thought quite an old fellow, & that they generally were either married or got a young long before that - The fellows have amongst their custom - made the gift of several long, which are given personally to their fellows. He hurried back to go to Blankenham for which we had ordered a fly, & where we meant to join the Lillimans - But time had passed so pleasantly that it was much later we found when we got back to our hotel than we had intended. The carriage had been waiting some time, & the Lillimans gave a quarter of an hour - He could only hasten

after them, after I had added a little to the warmth of my dress, for it
was raining & very chilly - The drive was uninteresting, as the country
is very little diversified - But historical associations added to its
pleasure ^{at the end} for we passed through the old town of Woodstock, & Blenheim
is situated on a part of the old demesne, though there are no ruins
left now of the Palace, ^{of} fair Rosamond's tower - But Scott's Woodstock
came fresh to my mind - Blenheim was built for the first
Duke of Marlborough from sums appropriated to that purpose by
the nation - It is in the queer mixed, low Italian style of that time,
but the approach was by a handsome avenue, though a fine park orna-
mented by beautiful old trees, & a pretty piece of water, & the ground
was more undulating & so more picturesque - There are many fine
pictures in the house - A Madonna by Raphael, which I did not admire
as I should, another by Carlo Dolce, some fine bandykes & Rubens, & se-
veral others, particularly Rembrandt & Titian - But it was no satisfaction
to be hurried through as we were by a guide! - Pictures one must dwell
upon to enjoy, & it takes away all the pleasure to be surrounded by a
crowd, & hurried on from one to the other - We joined the Sillimans
before they had got through one room, I believe - The house is imposing
from its size, & some of the rooms are very handsome, but it has a
desolate sort of look, & one quite pities the present Duke, who is said to be
so poor that he cannot afford to keep it up - It must be very hard to
have such a fine place & not be able to live in it as one should - We ended
with the chapel, which is still hung with black in memory of the late
Duchess, & ornamented on one side with an immense monument to
the "Great Duke" erected to his memory by his wife - It was cold & raining
enough as we drove back, & we took Mrs. Silliman into our carriage as
they were rather crowded - Their party consists of Prof. Silliman Senr.,
Mrs. & Miss Silliman, her sister, & 3 young men - When we got back, Dr.
Gray went to escort them about a little, as the two gentlemen had gone ex-
press to London for some meeting that Evng. I sat with my bonnet on, as
they were to come for me after awhile - Meantime it cleared off, & so
I waited, not daring to take off a glove, but I should not be ready just at
the moment - After a while Dr. Gray came rushing in, looking fairly tired
them out, & so able to quite devote himself to me, so we went out & looked
into the Quadrangle of Jesus College, ^{the Wingham Hall} which is quite ancient; then went into
the chapel of ^{Lincoln} ~~Queens~~, which has a cedar roof; walked through the cloisters
of Queens, which are more covered arcades, for the whole building is not
older than Queen Anne's time when it was rebuilt; peeped into the

Quadrangle of All Souls. At last we found our way down New College Lane to New College, one of the oldest, & as the great gates were shut, & I asked the porter if we could get in to service, "but without an order," he said - so we walked away - We had not gone far before a young man^{and} took us, walking with some others, he stopped & said, "you want to go in to chapel I believe, if you will give my name to the porter, Mr. Michole, he will let you in" - Was it not very kind to us utter strangers - So we turned back & were readily admitted.

It was early enough before service & gave us a walk around the cloisters first - They are more truly monastic than any in Oxford, for the quadrangle. They surround it on three sides to any other place, & they are used as a burying ground & perfectly retired by themselves, & such a quiet, solemn walk! - Then we went & looked at the chapel, which is very beautiful - Magdalen chapel is taken from it - It is quite true Gothic, & fine painted windows. In the ante-chapel there is a painted glass window from designs by Sir Joshua Reynolds - The lower part are symbolical figures, but with the too delicate features wanting in dignity & grandeur, of his time - There were some curious old brasses - We had seats in the stalls for service, but they were not as luxurious as those at Magdalen - The music was very good - But the chapel so resounded to a single voice, I could scarcely follow the reading of the lessons - There were more candles than people, for I counted 6 students & 8 dignitaries, then the little choristers! - It was so clear when we went out I had not thought it possible to need an umbrella, but it was raining hard again when service was through, & we had to hasten back to dine with Mr. Congreve -

I arranged myself in the same attire as the Eq. before, & we had for a comfortable & dryish walk up there - We were ushered into a lower room where we found the gentlemen, & I as usual, must describe before them - I really, half the time, quite lose the names; I don't know who a pleasant, handsome young man was who sat next me - There were 2 gentlemen besides Mr. Congreve, of whom one was a Mr. Conington, a Fellow of University, a queer looking man with light curling hair brushed smooth, which gave you the impression on looking at him that he had covered his face with it - ~~He~~ ^{He} was quite lively & quick, something in the Edward Hall vein - Another was a young man named Downes, pleasant & good-natured, of the two others I knew not the names - On dinner being announced we were shown into the next room - It was a very handsome dinner - The plate of both colleges where we dined was handsome, the vegetable & pudding dishes silver, but at Wadham everything was more stylish, we had champagne & you would think it a marvellous change if you could see me take mine - But one can scarcely help it in visiting in England without being thought singular - And water is not easily got at, & without making a very particular request - I am less chance - But one in the vicinity of the hotel, I often go without - Then I left the table Mr. Congreve By Dr. Gray. The beer is excellent!

across the court,
wheeled me into the next room, & then proposed to accompany me to his cham-
ber, which he had not done before. Whisking it less comfortable not to
pup stairs to descend again - I set named Hollings again. However I was
soon in his pretty little winter room, where he left me with some books,
& returned to the gentlemen. They came after awhile, & then was a good
deal of lively conversation. - Mr. Engrave speaking of Dr. Carey said he was
quite medical, in many ways - ^{Especially} in habits of government. And
that his servants said they never had any breakfast in Lent. There was
a good deal of lively, sportive discussion about Miss Storer's young dinner in
Dorset, & laughed very much at Engrave for his comfortable, luxurious dinner, &
the inconsistency therefore between entertaining the gentleman & his poor lateness
unless he would also share with his poor fellow students - in which Mr. Engrave
replied that the self-denial of the Society was indeed admirable, that
they carried it so far they were even so self-denying as to abstain from all
knowledge & learning, & Mr. Engraving added in his given way, "that it was the
perfection of self-denial, for they suppressed even the very appearance of a
struggle." - In discussion as to more different estimates of right, Mr. Engraving said
that it was perfectly natural, "for each person was to himself the moral
man." And there was a good deal of lively discussion on the evening, which
I think is pretty good. - But I could not but notice the kind sort of friendly
feeling between Engrave & Storer, to whom he was evidently tutor, the sociability
& mutual confidence, & the playful way in which Engrave would go into
to what he thought better rich. And I wished there could be little of that
sociable, friendly, compassionate spirit between Mr. Engraving's tutors. It
would do both parties good, & increase the mutual respect, & give the tutors
so much more influence. - He had a very pleasant eye, but such a con-
fidence to the one before, I wish I could put it before you as vividly as it
struck us both good in their way.

Sunday - Really, I do not know as I shall ever catch up, there is so much I
want to write for your interest, & for pleasant recollections for myself. I
don't think I take up the pen at many odd moments, it is rarely long
at a time, & seems to get the story on slowly. - Well to get on with Sunday.
Dr. Gray went round to Mr. Church's room after breakfast & to go with him to
a convocation so it is called, where some degree seems to be conferred -
I intended to write, but presently they came back, for Mr. Church said
it was a very amusing sight, & I must go too - Dr. Gray had asked leave
for Prof. Allen and party to join us. Dr. Gray & son having got back from London
at 10. They went on in advance, being all ready, & I said to Mrs. & Dr.
Gray - I took a short cut & went in now just meaning to overtake them.

When we got to the Convocation Hall we saw nothing of them, but several
black gowns were about, & scabbles with spawes, & one stood looking in
at the door to try to find our party. - Recently Dr. Jackson came
down in full distance from the top of the hall, & beckoned us up.
He was dressed for Dr. in divinity, in a red cloak sort of cassock buttoned
in the throat & reaching almost to the feet, some sort of indispensable
black mantle over it, & the bag at the back of black with lined
with ~~scabbles~~ He showed no gloves to the head of the hall, & asked me
if I would be a Dr., & so gave me a doctor's seat, near Dr. Hollister
Master of New Inn College, & nephew to the Duke of Wellington, who was settled
in the same scarlet attire. - The hall opens from the end of the
divinity school, where we were Thursday, & has sat seats all around it,
being on two on above another. The back ones for the most comfortable,
being divided by arms; there was a sort of carpeted seat at the upper
end, more was seated the vice-chancellor in his robes, & in front a
row below them, sat on each side the Proctors, with black gowns turned
back down the front & up at the sleeves with black velvet. A man dressed
in the gown of a Dr. of Law, a scarlet, full gown lined & lined up with
green coloured silk, was reading some great parchment at one side, &
several individuals in black gowns were scattered about. This was a
preparation of some sort, & presently invited by a man in a black gown
carrying a mace, the vice-chancellor retired into an ante-room. - Presently
Mr. Church had appeared at the bottom with the illuminant, & they
had been seated low down, in the Master's seats, Dr. Gray went down to
explain how we were there, & Mr. Church asked Dr. Jackson if he might
fill the seats near us, brought them up to the two where I was. - After
while the Chancellor came in again, with due accompaniment, & took a seat
lower than before, & the Proctors in front, & then began the ceremony, which
is an odd old skeleton of worn-out forms, of conferring the degree -
First the dean of each college announced those he wished to present,
& after each poem was scanned the proctors jumped up & looked over
the hall & back again. - This in old times was the taking of the oaths, for
as the proctor passed along, anyone who objected to conferring this de-
gree pushed the Proctors sleeve, & then the degree was retired for
that time. - But the faces of some crossed one amazingly, he went
through it all with such an expression of baseness, amusement, in-
difference & stupidity! One time he took an expression so much, when
he need only have stood up & taken his hat. His expression of suddenly
waking up & half laugh, half sneer, was capital.

Then, all the preliminaries having been gone through, the young men to be honoured, who had been looking ~~into~~ the door all the time, were escorted up by the omnipotent beadle. — For first the man would go down the hall under the man's arm or displaced down on one side, to appear in due state affectionately supported as he came up the centre again; & such a manoeuvring it about at intermediate times from one side to the other! Perhaps you don't know what a mace is. Well it is a wand or stick some three feet long, like a highly ornamented bed-post on a small scale, & they carry it folded in their arms as you would a baby — It is of silver or gilded. Well, the Bachelors & masters to be, having been duly ~~summoned~~ escorted ^{to} the top of the hall, the deans stepped forward to present those of their colleges; as some were ^{to be} Bachelors of Divinity, Dr. Jacobson as Professor first stepped forward, & taking the man by the hand made a bow & a Latin speech; he has a fine intellectual broad face, but a great expression of humour twinkles in the corners of his eyes & mouth, and it seemed as if a glimpse of this smile would come now & then when he was rattling over his Latin speeches, though he looked so sober, as if it were all very absurd! — There were 3 for him to present, & after all the rest were through, ^{each upon as he was presented} one stepped forward as spokesman, & kneeling before one proctor took an oath to preserve the Academic rules, &c. & the other knelt their books; then kneeling before the other proctor, he took the oath of allegiance, &c. & they kissed the books again, & after sundry other ceremonies, it was wound up with the Masters of Arts all kneeling before the Vice Chancellor who topped them on the head with a book. — And then the beadle appeared again, & ushered them all out. — I returned to our hotel to write, & Dr. Gray went down to the Botanic Garden to look over some old plants in the herb. At 2 o'clock he came for me to go & call upon Mrs. Jacobson. — He found her at home, & I asked to see her baby. — Presently Dr. J. came in in his carrock, & a beautiful boy came in with him, who came so civilly to shake hands & stare at me! His great black eyes put me in mind of Charlie, though he was a year younger; presently the baby came, & though it smiled & held out its hands at first, it shortly worked to the idea I was a stranger & burst into a hearty flood of tears, notwithstanding papa's jimping, & had to be banished. Mrs. Jacobson took me into her school-room & introduced me to the rest, 4 little girls shading imperceptibly into each other, & the little boy much older than the ~~darkest~~ little fellow, who made me think again of little Pat, for he had light hair & blue eyes, & was slender & something of Pat's expression, though much younger. — Then Dr. Jacobson kindly took charge of us & took us into the Chapter House of the Cathedral.

It is a noble old room with a fine arched roof, & lighted by one enormous Gothic window - Then as we were passing through an arched passage, ~~we~~ opened a heavy door on one side, & going down a step or two where do you think we found ourselves? In the kitchen! - It was built in Cardinal Wolsey's time, & is pretty much the same thing that it was then - A fine high arched roof; on one side an enormous grate, 12 or 15 feet long I should think, & blazing full of coal; & in front of it two or three immensely long spits, one above the other, & slowly turning by means of a jack, & legs of mutton, veal, beef, lamb, chickens, &c. &c. ~~strung along~~ - One other side had a fire place equally large, but more ~~cut up into~~ ^{in a side passage was an enormous grating frame 8 ft. square, mounted on little wheels for legs, which they used to drag back & forth over the coals!} ~~about~~ ^{There used to be a fire in this grate under a great chimney, still open.} There were enormous heavy tables & a cluster of men in white caps, the cooks, were at one side 'twas a strange, queer sight, & Dr. Jacobson shewed it as "cooking Dr. Gray's dinner!" Then we went into Dr. Auckland's Museum, a pretty little anatomical museum, where we saw sundry skeletons, &c. & among others, the skeleton of the beaver with a bill - Then as we passed Dr. Jacobson's house we stopped for Mrs. J., & going into the next quadrangle went into the Peckwater Library - The lower story is devoted to pictures, & there were some of the Early Italian school, but we did not stay long enough to see them much, & going into the story above were in a fine hall for the library - Here Dr. Jacobson shewed us a collection of very valuable drawings, some said to be by Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, expressly for the use of Cardinal Wolsey, & beautifully illuminated, & with his coat of arms enwreathed in the border, & another very ancient manuscript on "the art of war," with such grotesque figures in it, such perspective! & among other missives a windmill projecting with each turn, & wis of bees upon the chimney! - Then taking us into a room where he said there were only two other people who could admit us, he shewed us some valuable ancient coins, old Greek manuscripts &c. &c. Among other things was the book in which ^{Queen} Anne's son, the only one of her children who reached any age, used to write his Latin exercises - On one page the exercise, on the other his tutor's comment - "Your highness has been very negligent!" - "Your highness has ingeniously avoided the use of the infinitive!" - "Indeed, says nothing more nor less, Your highness, than that I have nothing in my head but going to Windsor!" - &c. &c. So if he was Prince of Wales he got scolded sometimes for his Latin exercises! - On the steps of the Museum we

We took leave of Dr. & Mrs. Jackson, & Dr. Fay went to drop some parcels. And while I looked for friends of Oxford - We then returned, he to dress & to go to dine with Don Emphreus in the Hall of Christ Church, & I to take my solitary dinner, then I made the call on Mrs. Sullivan, & then wrote friends. It was time to dress to go to Dr. Doubeney's - Mrs. Church came in a few minutes after Dr. Fay went, to say good bye to him, but said he would come round again in the morning. Dr. Fay returned to show me "in to the 'College' lecture" of my music, which, I assure you is very handsome, & one which I think Dr. Doubeney's Scotland showed - And then escorted me to Dr. Doubeney's. Dr. Fay was quite delighted with the dinner at Ch. Ch. He met again a different set of men - Don Emphreus he said was a very intelligent, well informed person, a good deal travelled, & taking a great interest in education & in advancing the matter as much as possible in Oxford. & as a tutor - And there were many capable men among the fellows - At Dr. Doubeney's I found Mrs. Jackson, looking very prettily in a black velvet. & fresh & handsome after a black velvet. And a young gentleman - But Dr. Doubeney has not much taste, & is just rather in the English custom of not introducing, as if it had not been for Mrs. J. I should have had a dull time - But she is very pleasant - Mrs. Sullivan came late, & after Mrs. Jackson and just a very capable old gentleman came over & sat down by me, & we had a nice chat. I do not know his name - I was quite struck with a remark of Mrs. Jackson's - He was talking with some one in the constantly changing society of Oxford - I have said before, that the fellowships are not kept by, & from them (rather the fellows) are taken the tutors. And of course every year removes one set of undergraduates & brings another. And Mrs. J. speaking of them said, it constantly sends young minds to take a fresh & hearty interest in such successful new students; that one who staid long could not keep up the constant change of interest & affection, & get indifferent, & beside, new men brought fresher, newer ideas. An old tutor or professor get to merely repeating the same lectures over & over again. I think as regards tutors, those who have the immediate influence & contact with the young men, it is very fresh. And I think we had something like these fellowships which are open to all & which rank as a scholar can alone obtain, & which give such admirable opportunity of improving & refining in the short course of an undergraduate studies. And though there are some things much to be preferred in our system, I think the sort of personal interest & responsibility which each tutor has over a certain number of undergraduates, a good thing - And every student must be under the care of

some tutor. We did not stay very late, & took Mr. Sullivan into no carriage to come home - He was naturally a little annoyed at this English custom of not introducing, which I have got so used to & scarcely notice. But I must say that one thing that we particularly enjoyed in the society of Oxford, was that it seemed more like home, there was less John Bullism, you felt more that people went for what they were worth mentally, & were more independent of outward position, & thus in my affections, & Dr. Fay could only reconcile himself to going away by promising himself a little trip next summer again, & see it in its full glory. He went up early the next morning, & I finished my packing, & Dr. Fay is not to get some prints, & wrote Mrs. Church a letter without Don & cap, for the student, tutors, professors, & so on in our domestic costume, black from a cap, which is certainly very becoming, & there is a great deal of nice distinction in the cut of the sleeves & the place of the arm-hole, denoting the collegiate rank. Some of the students wear their gowns tied around their throats as mantles, particularly on the wet days - Dr. Fay & I soon always seemed to quarrel about departures! The weathered minutes started off as we came to the door. I thought it stopped for us, we had to make a little run down the street, & so a most abrupt farewell to Dr. Church. - It was also rather awkward in being a particularly fine day, & we had only seen Oxford in glimpses of our chance, & must leave it with a bright day embracing the solemn courtyard, & not see how they showed under it. ^{now} We took, after I had looked the train to Peterboro - Here we did not begin to see the two houses again so much, as there was a fine Cathedral to go see. It is quite peculiar in its form, where three high, high arches multiplied again & again upwards, make a huge porch, & the greater part of the interior is quite unadorned, with round arches, but it is a very sober & simple, & admirable preservation externally & internally. The choir is surrounded by a double added much later, in the time of Henry VIII, & seconded externally & internally with the Henry VIII Chapel in Westminster Abbey - The rest of the interior is in old Norman style, with round arches, but the fittings up of the choir & stables were modern - Mary Queen of Scots had been here first, but after 25 years the body was removed to Westminster Abbey, the old ways showed us the stone under which she had been buried, & also the one where Catharine, Henry VIII's first wife, lies - The Cathedral is beautifully situated, with the green from church yard on one side, & a quadrangle

with the walls of what were the monks' old cloisters, on the other, & around these, old buildings made from portions still standing of the old abbey, & giving all an ancient, quiet air - And the entrance upon the open space in front of the cathedral is through a very old gateway tower - We ^{lingered} ~~waited~~ ^{some moments} ~~about the tower~~ looking at its corner spires, ^{the} one on the right particularly graceful & light, & the verges told us that the top having been knocked off in the troublous commonwealth times, when Peterborough had its share of fighting, a few years ago they were replacing it, when an adventurous school-boy while the workmen were at dinner, by ladders & ropes climbed the dizzy height, & having scratched his name on a penny piece put it in the spot upon which the new top would rest - He said the boy had turned out a strange mild character, & had at last descended to keeping an apple-stall, over which he placed his name, "John M. - nephew to the Bishop of Lincoln" a piece of family affection I suppose the Bishop would have well spared - We took the 4 1/2 train to Huntingdon, & found there we must drive a 1/2 of a mile to another R.R., where at 10 minutes ^{we} at length set off for Cambridge, & with no more changes & delays, got there & to the Red Lion Hotel, by 7 o'clock -

New- April 4th - Here I am back in New, & must leave until next week all account of Cambridge, & of the grand dinner & party at Mrs. Lawrence's Wednesday, where I saw the Duke of Wellington &c. &c. - We got back Tuesday afternoon, & I have been very busy ever since - I found such a heap of letters awaiting my arrival! Two weeks from America - From Sue 2, & from Patrick two, 1 from Charles, 1 from Joe, & from Elzada - And yours, Sue, to Dr. Gray, for which he expresses many thanks, & says he certainly did not deserve it! - Then from Charles Brace in Berlin, &c. &c. Yesterday I heard from Aunt Lizzie in Paris - They come to England the 1st of May - Our movements are still very uncertain, but Italy grows fainter & fainter - It is a long while since I heard from Aunt Anna - Today is April 4th. & I see a little Charlie's birth-days; I keep them in my heart! Ah, the children, how I yearn to see them sometimes! - Mrs. Brooks' death was very sudden & very sad! - And how many sad things there were to tell me! - Your questions about the flax, Patrick, I will answer next week - Dr. Gray expresses most lively sympathy in your writing troubles - He says he constantly experiences the same thing, the ink will blot, the hand will scrawl, the pen won't write! - It is a long while since you have written, dear Will! - Spring is quite advanced here, the currant-bushes are all out - With most affectionate love to all, & kisses to the children,

I am ever truly, Jane -

* In fathers' Store's Cathedral Churches of England are nice prints of these cathedrals - Look out Peterborough.



Gray, Jane Loring. 1851. "Gray, Jane Mar. 28, 1851 [to Loring]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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