

when I may expect this. I should not like to think the time will never come, however remote it now appears. If I could only get a good fortune to tumble into my breeches pockets, all at once! How nice it would be!

I frequently see Jos^h Hume, who always speaks with pleasure of his visit to you, & of your kindness to him - I do not think it altogether improbable that he may one day return to the U. S. as a permanent residence -

When he first came back he talked of it very seriously, but of late I have not heard him speak of such a project - At present, he has some government employment - Should he be again idle it is probable that his notion of emigrating to the U. S. may return.

We are here, in some excitement on the subject of the resignation of Mr. Russell which some suppose will end in the disruption of the entire ministry - However I am as little of a politician as ever, & so to day, I care nothing for the matter - Neither do I take a lively interest in the war, tho' I regret that so many gallant spirits should have lost their lives thro' the inefficiency of the management at home - if such be indeed the case - I beg my kindest & affecⁿ regards to Mr. Gray, & hope that I am not quite out of your good books - also to the dear Torrys, when you write - I am faithfully
J. C. Gray

8 Upper Bedford Place,
Russell Square, London.

My dear Gray, As it would be impossible to justify, or even adequately to excuse my long silence by any reasonings or explanations, I plead guilty to whatever you, & dear Miss Gray, may have said upon the subject, excepting always the possible accusation of having forgotten you - which I never have done, nor the many kindnesses which I have received at your hands - Indeed, my dear, good little wife has very often reproached me for neglecting to write to those whom she well knows that I remember as my valued & cherished friends. For many months past, I have, again & again, resolved to atone for my past faults of omission, but really I had kept silence so long, that I felt almost awkward, if not ashamed to break it abruptly - And then, again, when I have gone to my Counting House saying to my wife, now I really will write to my friend Gray to day, something has happened to prevent it - I lead a sort of horse - in - a mill life, leaving my home at 10 o'clock - & returning to dinner at 6 o'clock. In the evening, I never write, & in the morning am subject to all sorts of business,

interruptions - However, I have now
something to impart, of interest to
all who have a regard for me - amongst
whom I must still hope to number you &
dear Mr. Gray - in spite of all my short-
comings. On the 3rd. Decr. a dear little girl
was born to me, who is exactly 7 weeks old,
at this present writing - and, as my wife assures
me is a very pretty, & a very fine baby, which
I, for my own part, am in no wise disposed
to question - Certainly she is a very thriving child,
& has not had an hour's sickness since her
birth. We have baptized her Annette Simon,
(her mother's maiden name) - I think I assure
you that in Decemr. 2/53, my dear wife was
prematurely confined with a still-born boy,
a great disappointment, at the time, but now
happily forgotten - This being the great event
of my family, I have little to add to it of a
personal nature - Though I do not grow
younger, I suppose, yet I am stronger &
better in health than when I left the U.S.
or indeed than I have been for many years.
Dingy, smoky London agrees mostly well
with me, & I have every reason to be thankful.
My house - an extremely comfortable one -
is in an ~~extremely~~ very airy part of London

& is also very quiet - two great comforts, to me
at least - we have 4 or 5 open squares in our
immediate neighbourhood - & the Brit. Museum
(to which I never go!) within a couple of streets
of us - We are also very close to our good Book
but as he never dines out, & I very seldom,
we make but poor neighbours - However, he did
come to see my dear little baby, a fortnight
since, & I recently overhauled his drawings
of Cairnes - By the way - he bid me ask you
whether the package of Cairnes which you recently
sent to him (from California) are to be returned,
or whether he is to keep them - Poor Stokes is
dead - I used to meet him frequently, as he was
a brother of my craft - a stock-broker - but I have
never seen Brown (now 83) since my return -
neither have I been to New - not even to the Univ.
Loc.!' You will judge from this that I am doing
little in the way of botany, nevertheless, I have
my Cabinets safely in my breakfast parlour,
& I please myself with the thought that some
time or another I shall amuse myself with
their contents, tho' at present, I must confess,
that I see small prospect of it - I have to thank
you for the papers you have so kindly sent
me - at present I certainly have only looked
at them, but when my leisure for botany
returns, I shall hope to study them with
advantage - tho' as I have said, I know not



Carey, John. 1837. "Carey, John undated." *John Carey letters to Asa Gray*

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