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Vernon Lee: Letters Home

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8-5-1885

Violet Paget (Kensington, England) to Matilda Paget (Bagni di Lucca, Italy)

Vernon Lee (Violet Paget)

Matilda Paget

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A fine yellow fog today

Kinnampou Aug 5. 85

Dearest Mamma Yesterday evening, on returning from Mr. Norton's, I found your letter before me. I am most sorry for all the annoyance that crossed me & has troubled you, for which, as you took the alarm, I feel partly responsible. But chiefly sorry for the stupid ungrateful creature herself. She will certainly have to return to England now, as her parents agreed with me she must not stay at the convent, & the convent is the only place in Florence to which she

Can now so. I shall,
on hearing of Frank's
real departure, which
I yet have difficulty
in realising, communicate
the fact to Mr Robertson
as I think she should
hear of it from one
of us as well as from
Frankie. The Rs. seem
to have been prepared
for something of the sort,
as her presence has
and must have,
referring to Frankie
* our flare up? -

I wish I could give
you Benn's address, but I
have no notion where
he is. His banker, if you
know who that may
be, might be the best. I
expect he will write to
some of you soon.
Mabel seems repentant
for her outburst of the
other day. I do believe
she has no idea that
it is not considered
polite to abuse people's
friends to them.
I am writing to Mrs Brown
to know whether she

Can recommend me a friend
at Venice. It appears he
is always enthusing
about me. My reason
is that if, in consequence
of the cholera in France,
the Italian Government
on quarantine, I had
instantly returned South
by Switzerland or Bremen.
I am anxious to go to
Venice for many reasons,
& this autumn seems
to me a good opportunity.
I would sooner were it
not for the Austrians.

5
Suff. Mass Aug 1

I am all alone in this
lighthouse. Mary was too
ailing to come up yesterday.
I expect her today.

H. James, who had come
up to town for President
Grant's funeral service,
came to see me & we had
a very pleasant talk.

He told me that John
hasly no means been
asking high prices, & that
he had to whom he has ever
made over 10000 a year.
He thinks he may marry
Miss Burckhardt, but that is

It's quite doubtful.

Yesterday I aimed to visit
Dear old New Town.

Lady Strangeford, a half
Russian and French and
Mr Petrie, who is digging
up pyramids, were
there. Lady Strangeford

quite comes up to my

youngful dream of

a residence: this is

made of yellow wax,

with a good deal of

(?) family) rain-blank

fulu hair and enormous
Sapphires. Britannic
sniffs to an immense
degree. She obviously will
not have anything to
do with persons who
know nothing about
Thrace, Rhodes, Andros,
Tavros, Lemnos, or
some such place. To
know who do this is
about as agreeable.

Old Newton is the only
regular. I will not say
Ducal hours, but not the
hours, care's hours,
person of my acquaintance.

I mean the only one who
naturally lives in such
places. Only I wish he
had picked out a
pleasant specimen from
Ladestrandford.

This evening I dine with
Mrs Clifford. Weston
in town till Saturday.

Mrs Laband is at Winstanley
~~and~~ apparently ailing, till
the 10th. She has sent
me her novel by one of her
numerous sisters.

So much love. I am sorry
about Frank's Poor Eugene! But
it was always a rarity.
Tru V.