

9-11-1885

## Violet Paget (Venice, Italy) to Matilda Paget (Bagni di Lucca, Italy)

Vernon Lee (Violet Paget)

Matilda Paget

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Venice Sept 11. Friday L 385 20

Dearer mamma - I got your  
letter yesterday; I greatly  
hope to get the mosquito net  
this evening or tomorrow as  
I am & covered with bites already.

I had heard nothing about the  
Pillari business, but saw  
something about it in the paper  
today. I am very sorry  
for them, poor people; it is  
probably spite on somebody's  
part.

I am very glad to hear  
about the eccentric Portuguese.  
I heard from Charlie Pacci  
a few days ago, they are

on the lake of Como.

I was rather crestfallen  
& disconsolate, when  
I went out in the gondola  
to deliver my various  
letters of introduction,  
to find that the hazard,  
Macnigh, Brownson  
& Harriet were all  
out of town, this being  
apparently the day  
here. When we arrived  
at Palazzo Barbaro, the  
gondolier forthwith



me by the appearance that  
the Curtises also were gone  
away. I was just turning  
away, when a gondola came  
up with a lady & gentleman,  
who called me by my  
name, & discovered themselves  
to be Mr. & Mrs. Curtis,  
parents of the young man  
who came to Florence.  
It seems John had  
mentioned my arrival  
in letters. They made  
me come upstairs &  
return to dinner, &  
sent me back in their  
gondola. They were indeed

most friendly & amiable.  
Mr Curtis is a nice  
Guss Libleman, rather  
timidly anxious to put  
in a little piece of information  
or an anecdote or a tale  
here & there; his wife is of  
heratms du away English  
American, & is pathetic  
over the omnibus frames  
which fly up & down the  
Grand canal; but she also  
is very amiable. I think I  
owed my welcome quite



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as much to Henry James as  
Sophia, altho' they are  
very fond of the latter. These  
sort of Americans who  
shudder at Howells,  
look up to James as a  
sort of patron saint of  
cosmopolitan refinement.  
Their apartment (they go  
about from place to place  
& in winter) is on the  
2<sup>d</sup> floor of P.<sup>o</sup> Barbaro  
a beautiful palace on  
the Grand Canal & next to  
Palazzo Cavalli, where  
Chambord used to live.

It is a vast & luxurious  
residence, full  
of beautiful furniture  
& pictures, & at the  
same time absolutely  
unostentatious. Their  
dinner was also  
wonderfully unostentatious.

The son Ralph, who has  
grown into a good looking  
fellow not unlike

Duncan Halkett, was very  
nice & said he wd. take  
me to studio. He paints



very well. There was  
also another young  
American artist called  
Forbes, who is deaf &  
half blind through  
scarlet fever. The Curtises  
say it would be most  
unfortunate were John  
to marry Miss Barchard,  
as her family is extremely  
vulgar & designing, &  
she has no education.

Yesterday Mr & Mrs  
C. called in the afternoon  
& took me in their  
condole to Surass. They



are really very kind.

Horatio Brown has written to  
say he will call.

The five or six females  
with whom I dine seem  
decidedly stupid. I  
am very silent, being  
so afraid of being  
saddled with the British  
Tons in Rome.

In the morning I walk  
two or three from 9 to  
12; after lunch read till  
4, when I mean to  
go about in gondola. After

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leaves I read in my room  
to bed early.

I am enchanted with this  
place; but shall certainly  
be back the 25th. The pension  
is cheap, but boat, tips  
etc come to a good deal.

I must trouble you,  
very reluctantly, to send me  
200 frs in paper. Austin  
has not yet paid me,  
& the money I have +  
~~now~~ will certainly not  
suffice me.

As to the Pale Male Trumpet,  
I understood that the



Woman Jorutt is accused  
of having bought a girl  
for the benefit of the Fall  
Hall, Mrs Josephine  
Butler and the Bazaar,  
their object being to  
demonstrate publicly  
how easy such a transaction  
was. I did not regularly  
read the papers, & the  
Robinsons never talked  
of his business.

So much love. I have  
got a dining room table bed today  
to spare my lamp; also 2 candlesticks.

M. J.  
What is the name of the Portuguese?