6-22-1886

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

Vernon Lee (Violet Paget)

Matilda Paget

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June 22nd.

Dearest Mamma. I must tell you of the adventure of last night, which has left me with a strong remembrance of the New Year's Eve.

First, before I forget it, I am going tomorrow to dine with Mr. Webster, who seem affable and friendly, and whom I

This morning I set out for the city of the girls here, but I don't know whom.

Well, yesterday morning, as I was standing on the doorstep of the Beaufort Hotel, I officiously pumped for an clearence.
Sixpence for the cab, there drove aproaching hansom, tall and splendid.
across the Irving in a very tight blue paper hat almost
drop suspended divided where
to alert to main, and
due blue cap embroidered
with fringes to upon short
curly fair hair. Somewhat
extremely, like a Jason prime
in the brahma night. The
individual grasped my hand
and before I knew where these
was saying, in a very slow,
utter, Stihmanian voice with
a curious foreign sounding
accent. "We'll
humble that horrid little"
And so we did put the article in the 19th century. Dan
Milk used in knives. I wish he put in at once. I have been
all this time talking is the
knowledge. He wish put in anything
this write. He wish send it
of this very night.
"But," I exclaimed. "it's no
longer in my hand. It's
gone to be contemporary
and heaven knows what his
wife bring in.
"The beautiful lady smiled
tenderly and continued, with
her hand on the bell handle (it was
meanwhile, stringless) in the
Same placid Sohmanian face.

"You must let. We will get it back from that man. We will publish it to the world tonight. He will go to Nice and ask her where the key to the telegram forms. He will then write for help. Then we will send Alice's envoy. Or I will go in a caracouc to fetch it."

By this time we were inside the papacy and Alice had come down at the Saint. Our rooms, lady Archie, feeling her with the Sohmanian sentences: "Alice, " 拳頭
give us a signature from. Their
next with Garfield on her arm, I'll
and we wish part it into the 19th
century eh. etc. always
with the same gentle smile
into space and the absence
of shadow of the sense. The
abusedly Briton, poor Alice
looking like a scared soirée
Mushroom - "Good Gracious
What a lunatic!"
With all these "With" which
were not even the least in
orders, but in a gentle,
certain prophetic was
which seemed to make the
future absolutely inevitable.
Harm myself & try always writing fans, writing at the same time. But the effort this means is terrible. I must write a letter for July, he must return it at once. With Lady Annie looking strong, looking happy, my side, and a general sense of steadiness on my head, then Mayor Wakefield, Mr. Martin, Terry came to the fire, the women had dinner, nice making, had jokes, for, took wonderful, Wakefield's, the reds, and sitting, sitting, superb, the maid, Lady Annie, who sat in a blue court, family blue, deep, smiling, quiet, give her soup into an unknown.
Fairyland. She is your wonderfully beautiful and charming, of the society of Mrs. Hadman or Mrs. Brown — with a extraordinary and thrilling form far off race. Of being something exotic, fantastic, and with some complete simplicity. Almost3 Mrenny.

The most wonderful thing is that this creative who makes me think of Bikini blue pool.

has the throat & chief of a girl of eighteen, has a real kiss.

All right, he must amaze any woman I ever met before.

After sometime she found mildly impatient at having
To my dear [name],

The thought of you makes me feel a little homesick, and I

am thinking of you fondly. I am writing to tell you how

I feel. If he is awake, why

is he awake? If he is asleep, why

he cannot wake up. I was

with the greater difficulty

she was persuaded to let

Rearward go instead. She

objected to have the article

in the paper, and knowing

had promised me that he

if he had it last night.

Finally, after talking very

nothing seriously about

Psalms, &c., &c., I tried to

make the

beautiful, and making May

Walter's face all red to
sg a song (but she persisted in doing it out in a weird way) and then wandered somnambulistically off to Waterloo Station, absolutely tractile indifferent about trains and to wanting sleep; I knew the dark from Coombe Elder house, if ever she succeeded in reaching Coombe. I never saw another so odd, a fantastic, charming in all my life, particularly as she was obstinate, simple, most minded to have no box. Better than parable, the pathetic quarreling hand asked Philomina. I remember the version of the two thin sisters said to have come too. Hecate's jacket was
23. Thursday, morning. I went early to the office of having been made a visitor after of big business delightful being there and the "hike." And there was nothing for it but to go to the Bank and get the article back.

At the same time I felt distinctly persuaded that know how would just sit in for a week that the might have satisfied him with the promise of an impossibility. Whereas for Bunting had accepted the paper for August: instead to the but quite as useful tone. I went to dine with Mr. Old Bunting, Kenneth to story by which he was so tickled that he agreed to put the paper in in August if it failed with strength. Was it that a triumph although I felt as if I were the heroine of a sensation.
Novel with the result common to
Secklers, of having opened
fortune on cabro. Bro. descending
Inn Drums to Hampstead when
I found Col. Morison's Snr. had
already sat down to lunch.
Dine at there back in time to
see H. James & Sweney here. And
W. D Markets. Again
to Kensington old two streets,
a farm of S. Gill, have a
Hospitality from Wilton, I then
To clean the Hollow. There
did so much turning and
seeing people in all my life put
together. But it all do work it all
merely for that scene on the door-step
With have a
Oh. presley have wrap-to civil
This here actually am sure

Ita-

Mrs Paget
Casa Bertagna
Bagni di Lucca