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Lettre de Vernon Lee à Mary Robinson - 27 septembre 1925

Auteurs : Lee, Vernon (Violet Paget)

Information générales

LangueAnglais

CoteBibliothèque Nationale de France, Manuscrits, Anglais 247

Nature du documentLettre autographe manuscrite

Collation

- 4 pages
- carte postale

Support

- Carte postale
- Papier blanc

Etat général du documentBon

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Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

6 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[amitié \(Maria Pasolini\)](#), [amitié \(Maria Waser\)](#), [amitié \(Mary Robinson; Mme Darmesteter; Mme Duclaux\)](#), [art \(architecture\)](#), [art \(peinture\)](#), [écriture \(conditions matérielles\)](#), [paysage](#), [santé \(Vernon Lee\)](#), [tourisme](#), [transports \(moyens\)](#), [voyages](#)

Dossier génétique

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.□

Citer cette page

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Texte & Analyse

TranscriptionMontericco, near Imola

Sept 27. XXV

Dearest Mary, you will want to know my further adventures ? I think I wrote you from Zurich, telling you how I had crumpled up in after the night journey and had to take a day in bed in my Swiss friend's most hospitable chalet by the lake. It was only a bad chill, and I was all right next day. And the restfulness of the little white, student's room (for it my friend's elder son had been turned out for my benefit) with the boy's books, his foil and neat skull on the porcelain stove. The sense of *not going on* was inexpressibly delicious. It is a bore for everyone else, being ill in the house of a friend but there is something nice about it one has'nt in one's own house. Well! the sense of kindness. And my Swiss friend, who might be - almost my granddaughter, was enchantingly motherly.

My journey was further interrupted by a breakdown of the engine on the Gothard. I arrived in Milan in time to see my train departing for Bologna. I had to go from hotel to hotel begging for a room. And when I got one it was'nt inviting. But I presumed it was a piece of good luck, took a taxi and drove to Sant Ambrogio and the Duomo, and what was better, slept like a sack that night to the clanking and tootling of innumerable tram's raging round. I was so pleased with myself that next day I actually changed trains twice in order to get two hours at Modena to see the cathedral. I have'nt done anything so adventurous except in Mabel Price's company for nearly thirty years, and this sense was better than the cathedral, though the cathedral was good.

But as a result of it all, and of the endless chatter and vociferation of Italian hospitality, and also the sudden plunge back into a kind of summer, I am quite imbecile, and must beg forgiveness for this inane letter.

This is a great four-square brick villa, tower-shaped and with a fortress-like buttress, among vineyards and thin woods of oak and cypress on the very lowest spurs of the Apennine near Bologna - the great Venetian place in front of a Pier della Francesca landscape of peaks and dentellations, pale like his pictures, blue and dun, behind. And belongs to Maria Pasolini's younger son, with charming wife and endless children and nephews and nieces. On Thursday I shall at last get home to my servants and my doctor and I hope my work ! Dear Mary, how can I thank for your dear news ? Yrs V.

[postcard] Imagine the first floor the height of a Paris 3d, the rest to match

Notescontient une photo

Contributeur(s)

- Geoffroy, Sophie (édition scientifique)
- Miteran, Cécile (transcription et indexation)
- Walter, Richard (édition numérique)

Présentation

Date 1925-09-27

Genre Correspondance

Mentions légales

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Publication Inédit

Informations éditoriales

Destinataire Robinson, Mary

Persons cited

- Pasolini, Maria
- Price, Mabel
- Waser, Maria

Couverture Imola, Italie

Notice créée par [Sophie Geoffroy](#) Notice créée le 21/09/2018 Dernière modification le 23/08/2021

Montevideo, near Imola
Sept 7. 1844

Dearest Harry, You will want to know my further adventures, I think I write you from Zurich, telling you how I had crumpled up in after the night journey & had to take a day in bed in my Swiss friend's most hospitable chalet by the lake. It was only a bad cold, & I was all right next day. And the soft fulness of the little white cloud that I soon for my friend's elder son had been turned out for my benefit) with the bright brook, his frail and neat skulch on the green lawn. The scene of not giving on was inexpressible

delicious. It is a treat
for everyone else, being ill
in the house of a friend, but
there is something nice
about it even at home.
The cause of kindness. And
my last friend, who might
be — almost my
granddaughter, was so charming
in her.

My journey was further
interrupted by a breakdown
of the engine on the 1st March.
I survived in a hospital in
time to see my train departing
for B. I had to go from
hotel to hotel begging for a
room. And when I SA

one it wasn't inviting.
 But I ~~was~~ pretended it was
 a piece of good luck, took
 a taxi and drove to
 San Ambrogio & the Duomo,
 and what was better, slept
 like a sack that night
 with clanking & footstep
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 pleased with myself that
 next day I actually
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 at Modena to see the cathedral.
 I haven't done anything
 so adventurous except
 in Michel Pore's company
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this scene was before the
Cathedral, though the Cathedral was
good.

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of the endless chatter and
reciprocation of human hospitality
and also the sudden plunge
back into a kind of summer
Diana quite involuntarily & must
be forgiven for this inane
letter.

This is a great
four square brick like, tower shaped
& with a fortification like battlements, among
romantic past this words of oak
& Cypress on the very lowest of the



10

*Residence of a Parisian in
Monteficco
Monteficco*



MONTEFICCO - IMOLA

Imagin. K. H. H. et J. H. H. H.

Of the Apennines near Bologna —
the great Venetian plan in front
of a Pinella Francesca (and copy
of peaks & decorations, pale
like his picture, blue & green,
whimsical. And belongs to Maria
Faschini, younger son, with
charmy wife & gaudy children
& nephew & nieces —
Thursday evening at last get home
to my servants & my doctor, &
shiny work! Dear Mary,
how can I thank you for this? For V.