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Lettre de Vernon Lee à Mary Robinson - 9 Janvier 1880?erreur: 1881

Auteurs : Lee, Vernon (Violet Paget)

Information générales

LangueAnglais

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Les folios

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

8 Fichier(s)

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

Analyse

[Written across the first page in red ink:]

On account of the wet weather they have not yet finsihed the cast from the little

Orphans copy

Flor. Jan. 9. 80

My dearest Mary. You seem to want an answer to your postcard; So I won't delay. Dearest little Princess Quesara, I can't tell you how sweet I think of you to want to dedicate that poem to your Vernon, nor how much pleasure it would give me to see my name associated with the one that is always uppermost in my thoughts.

Also, as a writer, I my vanity would be extremely gratified, because I do so completely believe in you as an artist; and it would also be a sort of friendly introduction into a world into which my intention has been (& is) to get by mere solitary battering.

But there seem to me several reasons against it. Some perhaps absurd, but one which I think you should certainly take into consideration. As the book as a whole is dedicated to an old friend & encourager of yours, would there not be something – how shall I express it? – something strange in any portion being dedicated to someone else, especially a someone else of whom you had never heard when you probably decided to whom to dedicate the whole?

I don't know the etiquette or the *rationnel* of dedication: of course the effect depends on what is or is not the custom. I should be horribly sorry if you did anything which you might afterwards regret, --I think at this moment, when you care for me as you do, you can scarcely judge fairly of what you might afterwards think on the subject. Also, I don't think you will ever have reasons to be ashamed of *me*.

~~As the~~ as to what I feel; but from one of the things you have said & from my knowledge of my own temper, perhaps you may later have occasion to hear me blamed & blame me yourself for what you might think a crude & unwomanly way of speaking: you know that on that point there is a difference in our temper or our education (I felt it dreadfully, to my disadvantage, that evening you went out of the room at Siena, tho' I afterwards completely sympathised [^]with[^] & admired yr behaviour) – well, perhaps someday you might be sorry to have bracketed yrself with me. And I should be dreadfully sorry at that.

You know, or don't know, that one man, who rather admires me as a writer told me (on my Contemporary articles) that I might give Ouida lessons of impropriety of language: I don't care a rush for what such folk say, but you & your people might. The principal objection is the filching, as it seems to me, of parts of the book from Mr Symonds.

Dearest Mary, it costs me a great deal to say this, because I should dearly like the thing. But I think I ought to say what occurs to me. The intention in itself is more than I could hope; and it will be very pleasant for me to think, if ever I hear that poem praised, of the time when I told you the story out of Cinthis; that very happy time on the bench on the Uffizzi stairs, which is so short a time since, but seems so infinitely long ago.

Do just as you think proper; I am too selfish to say deliberately *no* to what I should like; only I must suggest my doubts to you.

It is very kind of you to send me the photographs, which I suppose will come tomorrow. I hope, dear that some day you will show me the originals, as I showed you the pictures at Siena.

I have been feeling very ungrateful & discontented of late; seeing a good many people; coming home in the evening from people who are so friendly & encouraging to me, I yet feel a sort of rage at the notion that they are what I must live with always ^all year round^, weekly, daily, and that the one person I care most for I can barely hope to see for a few short days every two or three years. I can't say how much touched I am every time I think of that sentence about the picture of the lamps at Siena.

Did I thank your sister ~~abbe~~ for her likeness? Tell me about Miss Poynter; I fear she w^d very much disapprove of my ways if she knew them.

Goodbye dearest Mary

Always yr Vernon

NotesDédicace d'ouvrage
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- Walter, Richard (édition numérique)

Auteur(s) de la transcriptionGeoffroy, Sophie
Auteur transcriptionGeoffroy, Sophie

Présentation

Date1881-01-09

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Informations éditoriales

DestinataireRobinson, Mary

CouvertureFlorence, Italie

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Fla. Jan 9. 80

My dear Mary. You seem
to wait an answer to
your postcard; so I won't
delay. Dearest like Prince
Quercus, I can tell you
how much I think it
of you to want to dedicate
that poem to your Vernon.
How how much pleasure
it would give me to see
my name associated
with the one that is always
uppermost in my thoughts.
Also, as a writer, all
my vanity would be extremely

gratified, because I do so
completely believe in you as
an artist; and it would be
a sort of friendly introduction
into a world which
my intention has been (I is)
kept by more solitary
battering. But there seem
to me several reasons
against it. Some perhaps
about, but one which
I think you should
certainly take into
consideration. As the book
as a whole is dedicated
to artist friends

Encourage if you would,
 there not be something - how
 shall I express it? - something
 strange in any portion being
 dedicated to someone else,
 especially someone else
 whom you had never heard
 of, or who probably decided
 to whom to dedicate the whole?
 I don't know the etiquette
 or the rationale of dedication:
 of course the effect depends
 on what is or is not the
 custom. I should be horribly
 sorry if you did anything
 which you might afterwards
 regret - I think of this now,
 when you care for me as you
 do, you can scarcely

judge fairly of what you might afterwards
think interesting. Also, I don't think you will
ever have reasons to be ashamed of me
as low as I feel; but from one or two
things you have said & from my knowledge
of my own temper, perhaps you may so
often have occasion to hear me blamed
& blame me yourself for what you might
think a crude and unbecomingly way of speaking.
You know that on that point there is
a difference in our tempers or our education.
(2) I feel it doubly, to my great advantage, that

evening you went out of the room
at Siena, tho' I afterwards
completely repented
admired your behaviour - well
perhaps someday you might
be sorry to have backbited
yourself with me. And I should
be dreadfully sorry at that.
You know, or don't know,
that one man, who rather
admired me as a writer
told me (on my contemporary
articles) that I might
give Occidentals one of
impropriety of language.
I don't care a rap for what
such folk say, but you or
your people might. The
principal objection is the
filching, as it seems to me,

of part of the book from
McGraw-Hill.

Dear Mary, it costs me
a great deal to say this.
Because I should really
like nothing. But I think
I ought to say what occurs
to me. The intention in
Italy is more than I could
hope; and it will be very
pleasant for me to think
of you I hear that you
praised, of the time when
I was in the city of
Florence, that very happy

time on the lunch on the
 office stairs, which is so
 short a time since, but seems
 infinitely long ago.

Do not say anything proper;
 I am too culpable to say
 deliberately no to what I
 should like; only I must
 suggest my doubts to you.

It is very kind of you to send
 me the photographs, which I
 suppose will come tomorrow.

I hope, dear that, some day you
 will show me the originals,
 as I showed you the pictures
 at Siena.

I have been feeling very ungrateful
 & disappointed lately; - seeing

a good many people; coming home
interviewing from people who are
so kindly & encouraging to me,
I feel a sort of rage at the
notion that this are what I
must live with ^{all year round} always, ~~with~~
daily, and that the one person
I care most for I can barely
hope to see for a few short
days every two or three years.
I can't say how much touched
I am even time I think of that
sentence about the picture of
Melampo at Siena.

Did I thank your sister for
her letter? Tell me about
Miss Pagner; I fear she will very
much disapprove of my ways
if she knew them.
Love always
Fanny
always Fanny