

Venice

Jan. 23rd 1886.

My dear Doll.

I just wish we could drop in upon you to night & answer your letter in person. I would so like to talk with you & tell you ever so much more than it is possible for volumes of letters to contain.

And Mr Smith is longing for a first class fight. Has been trying his best to get one up with me all day long. But like your husband, I won't fight so you see what a splendid opportunity there would be for you to exercise your power here we are about 4000 miles apart.

Yes, we are still in Venice & shall continue to be ducks a while longer in preference to being geese somewhere else. Could you keep in upon me you would think we ducks were having a pretty good time & better make the most of it while we have the opportunity. It seems a long time since I wrote you last July. I hope you

won't wait so long again before writing.
I began to wonder what had become
of you. & finally concluded that you
must be bringing up those long talked
of trains. in which case am sure your
silence would be pardonable. if they
were like all other trains in the world.
But I see instead of trains, it was
relations that have kept you so busy.
& now to cap the climax you want Mr
Smith & I to come & add to your
labors. I think you had better get a
good usk Doll. for you know to fight
& entertain together will require all
your strength. I don't know just now
when we shall get on the other side
but would advise you to get yourself
in the best condition possible for the
occasion. What fun you cannot have,
with your keen sense of the ridiculous,
when making your various calls &
converting the neighbors. I would just
like to be with you occasionally. but
don't think I should like to lend
many fine prettish handkerchiefs.
You must put a stick in your
pocket next time. About the time

I wrote you last we were enjoying the
sea baths. Think of it now in the
midst of winter. I can't believe we
ever took them. & yet we had great
fun, in a jolly party, & with the gay
evenings on the Piazza, & the fies on
the water. the summer passed quickly
away, & it was the middle of Sept
before we left for the country. but as
that is the vintage season. & the time
when all Italians go into the country
who can get there, we were just in
the height of the season & in fashion
we went first to Padua. & from
there to Bassano, a lovely place in
the edge of the Italian Tyrol, &
there we staid a little more than
a month. The walks & drives in every
direction were beautiful. & the peasants
the most picturesque we have seen
any where. I never laughed so much
in my life as when watching those
people come into town on market
day. which was every Thursday. they
brought every sort of a thing & came
in carts that looked as though in-
vented ages before Noah's ark. We

little donkeys lugged on, covered
with great paniers of old cloths,
Sometimes women were drawing the
carts, & sometimes the donkeys, in
which case the women pushed
behind. & all were dressed in their
best & brightest clothes. The
women wore red or blue dress skirts,
made short & full, with a waist
always of different color, large white
sleeves, gay handkerchief about the
neck & another on the head, colored
streakings, & wooden shoes. You can
imagine they looked like a flower
garden suddenly blossomed out.
The men wore colored suits also, &
the pointed Tyrolese hat. I will
just give you one young fellow's
dress that you may have some
idea, & then he was so satisfied
with himself that I don't think
I ought to omit him. His trousers
were of pea-green cloth. Coat of
dark green velvet. Black Tyrolese
hat with pea-green band in which
were black & white chicken tail
feathers, a pea-cock feather, & some
gold dangles hanging down. He

also wore ~~sharp~~ ear-rings. finger rings. & a large silver watch chain over a pea-green vest, & attached to this chain was an enamel locket in blue. Now I have given you this fellow's dress exact without one bit of exaggeration. & you should have seen him casting sheep's eyes at the pretty girls as he stood on the corner when they passed drinking their black pigs; nearly all the young girls were black pigs. white ones are unknown about this section. & such looking things as they are. long slender bodies. long noses. & big flapping ears. regular racers. one of our farmers would be ashamed to have one seen on his premises. An Italian lady seeing my amusement asked me if our pigs in New York (all U.S.A. is New York to them. Geography in this section is one of the lost arts) were not like these. & when I told her the difference in American pigs. the four legged ones. & that they were white, she was perfectly astonished, she didn't know there were such things as all white-pigs. Our hotel was situated just outside the old town of Bassano. on a bluff over looking the valley, & just opposite us was the grand entrance to the town. Thus all these people from the mountain districts had to pass our windows. Well, so intent were

They ~~have~~ people upon their own affairs
that the rest of the world wasn't
of the slightest importance whatever.
But Doll, you should go into town
& see the bargaining at the different
market places. especially the pig-
market. I laughed till I cried &
still I laughed again - for I could
not stop. poor piggy was caught
up by the tail, or the hind leg, or
one ear, or looked all over to see
if he was sound, others were being
forced into carts against their will,
while others were being carried away
in the arms of stout peasants, or
such squealing you never did hear.
You would have thought a whole
regiment of them were being butch-
ered at once. & still amid all this
noise the bargaining went on as
serious as possible. Mr. Smith said
he never studied pig-ology so
thoroughly in his life. If I could
only talk to you I could tell you
things all day long about those
funny peasants. I thought I should
kill myself laughing at their
manoeuvres. On rainy days these
peasants all came to town just
the same, bringing big cotton
umbrellas. some were brown, some
green. blue, red, purple, but never

black. The village was a curious thing
to see. always on the country roads were
large carts drawn by three white oxen,
& in the carts huge tanks of grapes -
but you should see great Turkey
men with their pants rolled up above
the knee. a bare foot, treading the
grapes into wine. You would think
you could never drink it but
come here you would. All about
Bassano were large fine estates
belonging to noblemen & counts that
were real counts. & the villas were
beautiful. & the scenery was grand.
there were walled towns. towers.
castles, all belonging to the middle
ages. & churches rich in marble &
fine carving. Bassano was a most
interesting old town with its hand-
some wall, picturesque galleries &
towers, & its quaint little square -
(a Piazza in Italy) paved in large
blocks of pink Verona marble, &
horses all fastened on the outside.
In 1796. Napoleon captured this town
& the marks of his grape shot are
in some of the old buildings along
the Brenta river. After Bassano
he visited Possagno, the home of the
greatest of modern sculpture. Canova
& then to the ancient walled town
of Mantua. then to Castelfranco
which contains the ruins of a

magnificent old castle within
which was originally the whole
town. From there to Cittadella
another beautiful walled town of
medieval lines, & then to Vicenza
a city of beautiful palaces of the
15th Century period. & here we found
the house where lived the author
of the novel of Romeo & Juliet
whose story was actually founded
on facts connected with the Capulet
family. I always supposed the
story was original with Shakespeare.
From Vicenza we went to Verona
& there of course visited the home
of Juliet. where we found an
old woman at the door, washing
& selling chestnuts. & the handsome
court turned into a stable yard.
I was charmed with Verona. it
is the most interesting of the
medieval cities. We staid there
about ten days & were busy every
moment. Each evening, Italian-
like, we went to the 'Coffe' & after-
wards walked around the Arena
& up to the old pictmosque Piazza
Corte & the Signori, it was full
moon, & we enjoyed those strolls
immensely. The Arena is a beautiful
ruin, next in size to the Colosseum.

at Rome. & more perfect, all the Roman
 ruins there are exceedingly beautiful. But
 the Praggas. Este & Sigmari possessed for me
 a wonderful fascination. There was the old
 Town hall erected as far back as the 11th
 century, another building bore date of
 1810. & then there were palaces rich in
 carving of the 14th & 15th Centuries, & others
 all frescoed on the outside with life
 size figures - on one was the "Last
 Supper" then there is the palace where
 the great Francesco Scaliger entertained
 Dante, & held his brilliant court
 between 1312 & 1329. Romeo & Juliet
 are said to have lived & loved about
 the year 1303. & Edcalut. Prince of Verona.
 was Bartolommaso Scala a descendant of
 this Scala or Scaliger family which ruled
 Verona from 1259. to 1405. when the city
 passed from the last descendant
 into the rule of Venetia. I always
 fancied myself in a grand theatre
 when about these Praggas, the scenery
 was so rich & grand, is so like that
 of a theatre; & the people came out
 from under the arches, & around the
 corners, just as actors always do. I
 would like so much to have gone
 to the theatre there & heard the
 "Two Gentlemen of Verona" played, or
 "Romeo & Juliet" but fancy the absurdity
 of there being nothing but "The Promised
 Bride". All the Palaces & churches
 of Verona are very rich in fine
 carvells & carving. in one church we
 saw 40 different varieties of marble.

From Verona we went to Mantua,
which city seems to tell you at once
that it lived & died long years ago.
but the little that remains of its
ancient magnificence shows you
what those brilliant days must
have been. We went all through the
500 rooms of the palace of the
Gongagas, & those that have been
preserved are remarkable specimens
of richness & beauty - & so is the
Palazzo di - We went back to
Verona after leaving Mantua
intending from there to go to
Cremona, Brescia, or others of these
northern historical Italian towns
& then on to Milan & the lakes
again, but a cold storm set in
& decided us to return to Venice,
for travelling in out of the way
Italian towns - off from the route
of general travel is far from
comfortable in bad weather. It
was fortunate that we returned
for the storm was long & severe
causing heavy floods & much
damage all over the country, & the
weather was anything but pleasant
till after the middle of Dec. Now
in Venice we were most comfortable
with our bright fires, our books &
papers. Now we are having fine
weather through unusually cold for
this season. So severe a winter has
not been known in Venice. (they say)
& yet the temperature has not been

below 25° & we think the air just
fracing & nice. but to the Italians it
is bitter cold. We have had three big
snow storms. & the boys had lots
of fun making snow men on the
pavement - it was very amusing to
watch their enthusiasm. The winter
seems to have been very cold every-
where. I fancy in East Salisbury you
harrits as many flames in florn
as in Mr. when your letter was
written. The ocean passages are
dreadful. I should not like to
be obliged to cross just now.
There is nothing in the line of news
in Venice just now, except that we
have had a shock of earthquake
& a good shaking up we had too.
but as such things are quite fash-
ionable just now Venice thought she
would take a hand in & see what
could be done. She isn't behind
the times I can assure you. The
Carnival season is now commencing
& things are getting lively about
the streets. the oper air balls in the
Piazza will be a little later this
year as Easter is so much farther
off. Don Carlos, or as Mr Smith calls
him, the future King of Spain - passes
here every day in his walks. he is
what would be called a handsome
man, but doesn't look as if he
had character enough to rule a
nation - but I suppose he wants
to try just the same. He has
completely lost his voice, so he

couldnt make much of a stump
speech if he tried. Do run in & see
us Doll. I have ever so much to say
to you & cant begin to get it in a
letter. Mr S says "Come" too. So you
have been to hear Ingusob. I have
never heard him but often wished
I could. He says so many sensible
things. How sad was the death of
Mr Warehouse. I cannot realize it.
All during his long sickness I felt
that he must get well. & now I
can but think that we shall find
^{him} the accustomed place when we
return. How terrible the floor will be
for Mamma & her mother. I am
so sorry for them. How we too shall
miss him. Do you hear anything
more of Addie Haynes Siskey. She
didnt improve on her name did
she. Doesnt it make one feel old
Doll, to think that little Hale
child is actually married. Well. I
suppose we will have to move on & get
but like Vanderbilt - & make room
for the children wont we? I think
in Vanderbilts case it is rather tough
to have to go & leave all those
millions & start fresh in the next
world like every body else. Would
like to have peeped in upon you
at your Thanksgiving dinner. We
didnt celebrate Thanksgiving but
tried to do some thing Christmas &
New Years. Our Domenica continued
as faithful as ever & we are enjoying

our house keeping experience to its fullest extent. We are getting our butter now from the Lyndale Alps, have it sent to us by Post every fortnight & I can tell you it is splendid. & comes in such handsome cakes that I tell Wallie it is a shame to eat them. It costs us including city duty, just 35 cents per pound. Here is that with C. Salisbury prices.

You ask when we are coming home. We have not fixed upon a positive time yet, but think each year before its close we shall surely start for the other side. Some day I expect we shall drop in when you least think of it: that is about the way we do things. We make plans & don't carry them out. & when we don't make any generally do something. So we cease to make. As to the purchase of jewelry, I have picked up some odds & ends which some day when we have the good fortune to meet I can show you better than I can write about them.

M. S. sits near me reading & sends his love to your husband & yourself. We have a bright fire in the stove, which Stations think is very ingenious, because we will be warm & comfortable, have two hanging Venetian lamps which give a soft red light, & two big kerosene lamps on the table; plenty of easy chairs, & a big broad sofa, so if you will drop in any evening we will make you very comfortable &

introduce you to our big malleable
cat who is always here when he is
not on the roof with his friends -
He will have the best chair in the
room & is getting too lazy for any
thing except giving mid-night
sermones & taking the risk of getting
hit on the head with a tool jack -
We will give you a good cup of Black
coffee, which Dominica knows well
how to make, some English biscuits
& let you try our butter if you like -
then I am sure we can tempt
you with a good brand of Madeira
wine - But enough for to-night -
let us hear from you again soon -
we are getting interested in the
Cape Cod folks. Of course we have
no interest in your Doll, it would not
be natural after all these long years
& our Ferry St walk. My eyes ache
awfully & I am sure yours will
before you find the end of this
letter. Will continue in my next
& till then good bye, with lots of love
to your husband & yourself from
yours. affectionately. Belle.

Don't forget to write soon, & direct
as usual, Care. Drexel Harjo & Co.
Bankers. Paris. France.

Please excuse the tautology in this
letter. I have written hurriedly &
my repetitions are fearful. Belle -

Via England.



Mrs. C. C. Buswell
East Salisbury
Mass.
United States of America

Via England.



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