Venice

Jan. 23rd, 1886.

My dear Doll.

I just wish we could drop in upon you tonight & answer your letter in person. I wanted to like to talk with you until 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. He has been trying his best to get one up with us all day long. But like your husband, I think fights do you see what a splendid opportunity there was to fix you to exercise your farm was not about two miles apart. Yes, we are still in Venice & shall continue to to 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 & letters make the smell of it while we have the opportunity. It seems a long time since I wrote you last July. I hope you
I wrote you back we were enjoying the
sea fairly. Think of it now in the
midst of winter. I can't believe we
ever lost them. Yet we had great
fun at the hotel party. With the gay
evenings on the Piazza, the walks on
the sands. The summer passed quickly
down. It was the middle of Sept
before he left for the country. But as
that is the vintage season. The time
when all Italians go into the country.
We can get there. We were just in
the height of the season. The train
into Padua, the train to Bassano, a lovely place in
the edge of the Italian Alps.
Then we stayed a little more than
a month. The walks & drives in my
direction were beautiful. The peasants
the most picturesque we have seen
everywhere. I never laughed as much
in any life as when watching these
terrible people come into town in market
day. Which was every Thursday. They
brought every sort of a thing, even
in carts that looked as though in
rented ages before Arabia. Yes,
little donkeys huddled on, corned with great baskets of red and white cocoa, sometimes women were driving the cart, sometimes the donkeys, in which case the women pushed behind. all were dressed in their neatest and brightest clothes. the women wore red or fine dress skirts, made short or full, with a waist always of different color, large white shirts. gay handkerchiefs about the neck and another on the head, ermine stoles, warm scarves. you can imagine they looked like a flower garden suddenly transplanted onto the men in their colored suits—also, the pointed boaters that. I will just give you one young fellow’s dress so 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 and white chevroned tail, black and white chevroned tail, a blue crested feather, some gilt dangles hanging down. He...
also wore short ear-rings, finger-rings, a large silver watch chain and a pea-grain vest. I attached to this chain was an enamel locket in size. Here I have given you John Jellin's story exactly without one bit of exaggeration. I you thought you had seen him casing the shops eyes at the pretty girls as he stood on the corner when they passed driving their black pigs, nearly all the young girls drove black pigs. While ones are unknown almost this section. Each looking things as they are long slender bodies, long noses, big flapping ears, regular noses, one of whom I must made me ashamed to have one seen on his premises. An Italian lady seeing my amusement asked me if our pigs in New York Call U.S.A. to New York to them. Geography in this section is one of the last only I was not-like there. I when I told her the difference in American pigs the four-legged ones. I 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 Bassana, on a bluff overlooking the valley, a just opposite we had the grand entrance to the town. thus all these people from the mountain districts had to pass our windsors. Well, so intent were
The hosts spoke upon their own affairs that the risk of so much travel of the slightest importance whatever. But I did go into town and see the bargaining at the different market places, especially the pig-markets. I laughed till I cried, and still I laughed again, for I cried with joy. Four pigs were laughed up by the tail, or the hind leg, or one ear, or looked all over or 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, in such squealing you never did hear you would have thought a whole regiment of them were being taken at once. I still amid all the noise the bargaining went on as claims as possible. I'm told that he never studied pigology, 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 like the same, bringing big, long, umbrellas, some were brown, some green, red, purple, and near

Hack. The vintage was a curious thing. We always in the country made the large cask drawn by three white men in the carts huge tanks of grapes, but you should see great thirty men with their pants rolled up above the knee, a bare foot, leading the grapes into wine. You would think they could never drink it but come how you would. All about Bassano were large fine saloons belonging to值得men & cannibals that were real cannibals. The villas were beautiful. The scenery was grand, there were walled towns, towns, castles, all belonging to the middle ages, churches, rich in marbles & fine carving. Bassano was a most interesting old town. With its hard, bare wall, picturesque galleries & terraces, a six-grand little Square (Piazza in Italy) round in large Hooks of pink Venetian marble, stones all joined 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 sculptors, Canova, & then to the ancient walled town of Maseria, 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 18th century period. Here we found the home where lived the author of the novel of Romeo & Juliet which story was actually founded in fact connected with The Capulet family. I always supposed the story was original with Shakespeare.

From Vicenza we went to Verona where I once 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 stayed there about ten days or one very enjoyable moment. Each evening, Italian-like, we went to The Caffe & after wards walked around the Arena & up to the old picturesque Piazza. Here on the Sienesi, it was full of men, & we enjoyed these walks immensely. The Arena is a beautiful ruin, next in size to The Colosseum.
at Rome. The most perfect all the Roman ruins there are are exceedingly beautiful. Till the Piazza, Corte & Siboni possessed for me a wonderful fascination. There was the old 10th Hall erected as far back as the 11th Century, another building fine date of 1300. Of them there were palaces with in carvings of the 14th & 15th Centuries, others all frescoed on the inside with life-like figures. One was the "Last Supper" then there is the palace where the great Francesca Caligari entertained Dante's held his brilliant court from 1812 to 1827. Romans & Juliiacs are said to have lived & loved about the year 1803. & Edouard, Prince of Vienna was Bartolomeo Scala a descendant of this Scala or Caligari family which ruled Vienna from 1259 to 1406, whom the city passed from the last descendant into the rule of Venetia. I always fancied myself in a grand theatre. When almost these Piazzas, the scene was so rich & grand, so like that of a theatre, the people came on from under the arches, & around the curtain, just as actors always do. I would like to walk to have gone to the theatre there & heard the "Two Gentlemen of Venice" played, to "Romus & Julian" just fancy the absurdity of these being nothing like the "Promised Bride." All the palaces & churches of Venice are very rich in fine marble & carvings, in one church we saw 40 different varieties of marble.
From Bologna we went to Mantua, which city seems to tell you at once that it is little and died long years ago. But the little that remains of its ancient magnificence charms you. What three brilliant days must have been! We went all through the 500 rooms of the palace of the Gonzaga. I think that those halls praised are remarkable specimens of richness and beauty. & do the Palazzo Dino. We went back to Bologna after leaving Mantua intending from there to go to Cremona. But we, a northern historical Italian town, and then to milan & the lakes again, felt a cold storm set in & decided to return to Venice for traveling in such a day. The Italian climate off form the snows of general travel is far from comfortable on bad weather. It was fortunate that we returned for the storm was long & severe, causing heavy floods of rain causing damage all over the country. The weather was anything but pleasant. After the middle of Dec. & we were host comforted with our feasts, fish, our turkeys, & paper. Now we are having fine weather through unusually cold for this season. So hence a winter has not been known in Venice (they say) & yet the temperature has not been

Below 25° & 0°. Think the air just freezing! nice, but far. The Italians, it is little cold. We have had those big snow storms. The sky had blue. I fun making snow men on the pavement. It was very amusing to watch their enthusiasm. The winter seems to have been very cold everywhere. I fancy in East Saling you cannot as many flowers in bloom as in Nor. when your letter was written. The ocean passage are dreadful. I think not like it be obliged to cross just now. There is nothing in the line of news in Venice just now, except that we have had a thrill of earthquake & a girl, shaking up we had two. Just as such things are quite fashionable just to move houses through the world to take a hand in. All that could be done. She can't behind the times I can assume you. The Cardinal season is now. Communing & things are getting lonely almost the street. The other air falls & the Piazza will be a little like this year as Caesars is so much farther off. Don Carlos. or as Mr. Smith calls him, the future King of Spain. Passed two extra days in his walks, he is what you would call a handsome man, but doesn't look as if he had character enough to make a nation. But I suppose the rest of nature, but I suppose the rest of nature.
couldn't make much of a long speech if he tried. Do run in & see 
Mr. Doe! I have en so much to say 
if you & can't begin to get it in a 
letter, I'm & yours. "Come", do you 
have been to hear ingrate. I have 
never heard him but often wished 
I cared, he says to many unwise 
things. How sad was the death of 
Minnie! I cannot realize it 
not during his long sickness. I felt 
then he must get well & miss I 
can but think that we shall find 
how the acenbioned place when we 
return. How terrible the news will be 
for Minnie & her mother— I am 
so sorry for them. How to do shall 
miss him. Do you hear anything 
more of Eddie Haynes brother? She 
didn't impoer on nor name did 
she. Doesn't oh make one feel old 
Doll! I think that little Hale 
child is actually married. Well. But 
fy me will have to move on a get 
buff like Vandebill & make room 
for the children don't we. I think 
in Vandebill-o case it is rather tough 
I have to go & leave all these 
millions & start fresh in the next 
med like everybody else. Kind 
like to have peeped in upon you 
at yom Thanksgiving dinner. He 
didn't celebrate Thanksgiving but 
tried to do some thing Christmas 
next Years. Our Dominica continues 
as faithful as ever & we are enjoying
our sense keeping expence to its fullest extent. We are getting our letters which come from the Lyrthote Alps, from there we sent it to us by Post every two weeks. I can tell you if it is splendid, and comes in with handsome looks. I tell Wallace it is a shame to cut them. It costs us including duty just 36 cents per pound. There is letters with C. S. James' price. You ask when we are coming home. We have not fixed upon a definite time yet. Just 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 and don't carry them out. When we don't make any generally do something to me cease to work. As to the purchase of jewelry, I have picked up some odds and ends which I think now when we have the good fortune to meet I can show you. Tellie that I can write about them. Mr. B. into near me reading I tend to love it your husband & yourself. We have a frighten fire in the store, which it happens I think is very necessary, because we will be warm & comfortable have no hanging Venetian lamps which give a soft red light & good fig. Run about lamps on the table; plenty of easy chairs, a big freal sofa, so if you will drop in any evening it will make you very comfortable.
introduce you to our big, small, easy cat who is always here when he is not on the roof with his friends. He will share the seat chair in the room.  I wish I could get away for anything except going and sitting in my room.  I will give you a good cup of black coffee, which Domineca knows how to make, some English biscuits, and let you try our butter if you like.

Then I am sure we can write you with a good hand from mine.  But enough for this, let us hear from you again soon.  We are getting enthused in the Cape Cod froths.  Of course we have no interest in your Doll, it seemed too natural after all these long years of our family travels.  My eyes ache awfully.  I am some 1,000 miles before you find the end of this letter.  I will continue in my next letter.

Then send me a note lot to let me know how your husband and yourself are.  Write to me affectionately, Belle.


Please excuse the hollowness in this letter. I have written hurriedly, so my repetitions are a few.  Belle
Via England.

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

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