

Clough Hill, Cambridge

August 12th 88.

VICTORIA-LYCEUM

UNTER DEM PROTECTORAT

JHRER MAJESTÄT

der

Kaiserin Victoria.

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My dear Nell

I hasten to write you a line about my safe arrival here by the 4.32 train which I caught quite comfortably; but the journey was terribly hot, especially the last part, when the train was so crowded with men and cattle as I have never before seen it in England.

Mrs Gladstone ran out to receive me here and Mrs Clough was as nice and kind as could be - so that is all right.

I won't say anything about the new

you will have a pleasant journey. Please tell Ruth, her cats are quite fresh again.

and then
chief among
members of my
students' own

hall, as I dare say you have seen it
in June. I have a small dismantled
students' room on the first floor, which
enches our feet how far I have not
grown a student's habits; for the hard
little creaking bed made me very un-
comfortable all last night, and I
woke up with a headache. But the
dinner at Sidgwick. Well ^{last night} was very nice.
I sat next to Miss Gladstone, who
inquired much after you; on my other
hand was Miss Winbush, having
come on a visit like myself, by an
earlier train. She looked very pretty

Miss Clough thanks you.
Daisy's answer to Mrs. Marshall.

and artistic in a white dress of soft material,
embroidered with sea-green
silk and a sash of the same colour.
But there is a home about her. I do
not like very much. This hall as yet
looks very bare and unfinished, and
the workmen are about it all day,
even on this holy Sabbath-morning,
when I have chosen to stay at home
to write to you instead of attending
chapel with Miss Clough. I am going
to see Mrs. Beall in the afternoon
I think. The garden is a wilderness
and the day quite grey and coolish,
so that Brighton stands out with

my cheerfulness in my retrospective
vision. The chief element of my enjoy-
ment was however the feeling so perfectly
at home with you all and being in-
dulged with so much kindness. Coming
here is a great contrast in that respect -
I am not only a foreigner, but a stranger
and have quite grown out of this sphere
of old companionship and interest.
The great affair of the day here is Miss
Ramsay's marriage to the Master of Trinity,
himself a senior classic of old days, now
a widower of 56 with 4 or 5 children,
some married, the youngest a girl of 8 years.
You know Miss Ramsay is 22.
Good bye my dear, with much love to
you, your mother and sisters, and Charles
fare you for all your kindness. Those
1763