

Berlin W. Schellinghouse 6
March 13th 92.

My dear Kelly

A-1/3753

It was very kind
of you to think of me at once and give
me the sad news of Miss Clough's death
so promptly. Besides you Miss Charles
and Miss Gardner wrote to tell me and
I also got a notice of the funeral. It is
you also I have to thank for the two
papers with the obituary notice and the
account of the funeral, and it did me
a great deal of good to be thus reassured
that my connexion with the dear old
college is not quite broken even though
the central link has been taken away.

I was in a way prepared for Miss Clough's death through the account of failing health that I heard some time ago from Miss Abner and Miss Bonham-Carter, and dear Miss Clough herself wrote a touching little note to me at the beginning of this winter, saying that she felt doubtful whether she would see me again. But still my remembrance of her was one of such freshness and comparative vigour that I hoped she would get over this winter and recover more strength

in the summer. At any rate the news of her departure was a great shock and made me feel that life is getting sadder and more desolate at every turn. What a true, kind, faithful friend has she been to me through all these long years, and though I saw and heard so little of her, I knew that her interest in my work and personal welfare was always alive.

I was glad to get the papers you so kindly sent, not only because they gave me particulars that I am interested in, but because I ~~was~~ ^{have been} writing an account

of Miss Clough's life and work for an
German educational paper and wanted
some details in the way of dates and
facts that came in most opportunely.
As Miss Clough and her work are so
little known in Germany I must of
course prepare the road for the appreciation
of her personal merits by giving a ^{short}
sketch of the educational movement in
England as connected with the Universities
and I am obliged to ~~give~~ restrict my
account of her personality to a very
small compass in comparison. I am sorry
for that, but there would be no sense

in trying to introduce at greater length
a subject that the public cannot possibly
take the same interest in as myself.

What vexes me besides is that I cannot
get my account printed before April 15th
probably, as this particular periodical
has ~~previously~~ its sheets taken up
by other matters up to that time. One
should like to pay one's tribute of
gratitude and admiration fresh on the
spot instead of allowing it to grow
stale in the editor's desk, but there are
things that cannot be helped. I hope
I shall be able to send you a number
copy of my little article when it is out.
In the mean time thank you very much

for game letters and papers. I wonder
rather of Miss Pindara's visit. What
did take her to Brighton? I have not
heard from her for ever so long, except
indirectly through Caroline Peters, who
appears to have been quite severely ill
lately, "of indigestion". Cannot you
imagine Lois' ironical triumph in "is
insular a disease?". She vows that
English people are always more or
less suffering from dyspepsia, and
just now she maintains that I am
affected by dyspepsia of the brain. She
may be right though, at least I feel

as if a whiff of rustic atmosphere
would do me a great deal of good. There
has been such an accumulation of
interesting lectures in my brain, that
I cannot take in much more at present,
in fact feel rather tired of the term-work.
Just now my sister Gerty is staying with
us on a visit and she will take her away
with her to 'the Hay' at the beginning
of April, while poor me has to wait
for the summer-holidays for a change
of country-air. Even then I shall not
be able to go away very far, partly because
I am out of cash and also because my
presence at Berlin will be necessary
most of the time on account of the

new building we must provide for
the Lyceum. It is an anxious affair in
every respect and will cause me a great
deal of trouble and discomfort.

I suppose you are swimming very
swiftly and smoothly on your great
tide of success, and hope to hear from
you again some time in the Easter
holidays. My mother sends you her
love - she is rather tired with the Berlin
winter too and looking forward to her
summer-quarters at Blankenburg.

My sisters too beg to be kindly remembered
to you and I am always

Yours very affectly
Alia von Colla