

Bruckhausen bei Alfeld <sup>a/l.</sup> 2. Sept.  
08.

My dear Kelly, AL/3844

It is not nice of me not to have written to you before this, and your kind letter yesterday made me sensible of this omission. But when I came here I found such a heap of letters and cards to be answered on business, and afterwards the prospectus to be planned, written out and sent to the printing office before the end of the month, that perhaps there is some excuse for me. I meant to write when I was at liberty and knew you were back in England or at least on your home-journey. Both conditions are accomplished now, and I hope you will find my letter at Roedean when you arrive there.

Allen stands Lady Gaird sends her love to you.

My journey was not altogether smooth, since I arrived at Zurich in a thunderstorm and found there was not a room to be had either at

Habis, Victoria or National. As I did not wish to go about dripping with rain any longer nor to drive into the town, I charged my "Dienstmann" to take me to some decent hotel in the neighbourhood of the station. Apparently his notions about decency differed somewhat from mine, for he landed me at a sort of tavern, where the only room they could give me was one of 3 beds, every one of which appeared to have been slept in before, & striking petroleum lamp with no oil left in it and no candles. Having dismissed my man, I resolved to bear the consequences, though, on eating some cold supper in the guests' room downstairs, I found fleas hopping about on the tablecloth, from which circumstance I foreboded an uncomfortable night, especially as I did not get the candles I had asked for. However, I managed to sleep somehow in the bed I had selected as looking most trustworthy or least formidable, and found

next morning that at least they kept a decent portion, who escorted me to the station all right. The weather had changed after this thunder storm or perhaps on passing the Swiss frontier, for ever since there has been rain, wind and a much cooler atmosphere. My stay at Ft. Berchtesgaden was so much the less enjoyable, and on ~~when~~ spending Tuesday night at Cassel on my way home I had the same ill luck as at Zurich in not procuring a room at the place I went to in the first instance. However, I was lodged quite comfortably at another and got here all right next day, but found my sisters very much depressed on account of <sup>Ellen's</sup> stepdaughter, Fanelie, who appears to be in the last stage of her insidious disease, to judge from the symptoms. They have now taken her to the hospital at Cassel and I ~~she~~ went there a few days ago to keep her company during the day, as she would otherwise be quite lonely there, her brother engaged at his post, ~~most~~ of the <sup>being</sup>

8/64

time. When she comes back, my sister Ellen will take her place, but as the doctors say Tronchi's may get him on for months or even a year. I do not think they can keep this ~~up~~ and <sup>I will have to</sup> must provide some other person, outside the family for the task. The nursing is of course done by the sisters at the hospital.

Under all these circumstances you can well imagine that my return here has been a "coming down" in every sense of the word. I appreciate the most enjoyable time I spent with you all the more and fall back on its delightful impressions and remembrances with a very grateful sense of you and Miss Pringle's kindness. It is moreover very pleasant to think that your friendship - which lies at the bottom of all that enjoyment - is an enduring thing, so that I may look to the future for a repetition of the good time.

I leave here on the 14<sup>th</sup> of September to return to my work and solitude at Berlin. Please remember me kindly to Miss Pringle, and if you have leisure for it, write to me once more (to Berlin). Yours affably  
Alia von Cotta