

AL 3822 Berlin. 10<sup>th</sup> October 04.

My dear Nelly

It is long indeed since I found your interesting letter written on board the steamer on your way to Lohrnesburg writing for me at Bernhausen on my return from Switzerland! For of course I gave up all idea of going to England when I found out that hardly any of my friends would be there in August. Probably I should have chosen Switzerland even in case they had been there, for it was a rare and almost unique chance of taking my sister Ellen ~~here~~<sup>out</sup>, who generally is tied to her place in summer and this year happened to be able to leave it for about 4 weeks, her stepson Moritz coming over from Hanover with his wife, children and servants to look after the house and garden in her absence. We had a most successful

Charles remembers me kindly  
to Mrs. Russell - Martinian

journey, chiefly owing to the lovely weather which favoured us all the time from July till the 20<sup>th</sup> of August. We spent the first half at Agentines (foot of Mount Blanc) and the second half at Wengen, opposite the Jungfrau, paying constant homage to these two glorious "Serenities" (they were such indeed in this rainless summer) all the time. On our way home we stayed a few days at Lucerne too and went to see an old friend (former student at Freiberg) in his chalet above Luzern. He had spent a series of years at Johannesburg before the war broke out and also during part of the war, and told us a great deal about his impressions and experiences when out there. He had known Otho Strueger and been to see him too. Some of his accounts reminded me of the "African Farm", and he himself has been leading a rather wild life

going on expeditions into the mining districts and the unexplored parts of the country with the Caffis and their oxen teams, or on horseback, and looking back with longing now to this adventurous, chequered kind of existence. You on your <sup>part</sup> will only have walked in the footsteps of advancing civilisation, I suppose and under the powerful protecting wing of your relative Chamberlain.

By this time I dare say you are on your way back to England, if you have not yet returned, but I should think your school-responsibilities have called you back even before this. I hope the journey has been a great recreation, both physical and mental, and that you have found your people prosperous at home and abroad. I myself did not return to Berlin before the second half of September, our vacation-time

having been fixed now like that of the university, from  
July the end of July till the middle of October. I  
spent the latter part of August and the first half of  
September in Barmhansen, paying also a visit to  
Blauenburg (Mary) for a few days, to stay with  
Fran Guanch. Trithem, your fervent, or rather en-  
thusiastic admirer, whom you may perhaps re-  
member à propos of your visit to Blauenburg.  
She has turned Roman Catholic since then and is  
therefore estranged from most of her former friends,  
of course not from me, who hold with Frederick  
the Great, that every body should be blessed in his  
own way. Blauenburg was very lovely with its  
many-coloured autumn-woods all round and  
I enjoyed myself, partly in a half-melancholy  
fashion, going the same walks that my dear mother  
used to take so often.

I had to come back here into lonely quarters to  
get the prospectus etc. printed and get everything

ready for the reopening of the Lyceum, which takes place next Sunday.

It was rather slow work getting through these lonely weeks, with little to do and yet chained to the spot, but now I suppose she will join me soon, and at Xmas we expect Ellen to stay for about two months, as she usually does. Time seems to me to go round so quickly of late years, that I do already look forward to next spring and wonder what I shall do in the summer. Is there no chance of seeing you over here at some time? Now that my summer holidays like yours, begin at the end of July only, I should not find you at home, going to England at that time of year, and the same applies to most of my friends. Did I tell you, that Dr. DeWitt died last winter? I saw his daughters this summer on my way to Switzerland via Frankfurt.

There is no more news to tell, I believe,  
except that every body is getting older. The  
children of my nephew Leo Gorbz — to whose  
house you went with us the first Xmas you  
came to Berlin — are partly grown up, or  
growing up at least into very tall strapping  
the eldest girl almost taller than her father.

I was amused to see in your letter, that  
Frau von Siemens is sending her daughter  
to you. She herself is a very peculiar woman,  
clever and immensely rich, but not enjoying  
a very good reputation. She is exceedingly vain,  
vain, capricious, and rather "decadent" in  
her tastes and ways of life. Her husband is  
nowhere, I believe, and instead she is by turns  
ruled by or ruling over a circus. But no more  
scandal! Goodbye, dear Nelly, remember me  
to those of your sisters who do remember me.

Yours affectionately,  
John Lubbock