

## IN MEMORIAM.—MISS CLOUGH.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

WRITING precisely twenty-three years ago, upon the then novel agitation for the higher education of women, Mr. F. W. H. Myers sympathetically says that when, after any such struggle, "victory is at length secured, it is almost always found that, beneath the turmoil, some quiet unostentatious energies have been at work, and have done not a little towards the ultimate discovery of right and removal of wrong. The prison-house has not only been shaken by the storm, but sapped by the stream." Such a quiet, unostentatious agency for the bettering of women's lives, such a steady stream, undermining prejudice, and wearing away obstacles, was Miss Clough, late Principal of Newnham College. Doubtless, the worth of her work has, of late years, been fairly recognized, but the last thing she ever strove to gain was public notice; and it must be a marvel to many that one so unpretending and simple minded, and who started from such a meagre basis, should have effected so much.

When lectures were being given to women in all large towns by University men, it naturally occurred to some people to start similar lectures in Cambridge. A committee of ladies and gentlemen was formed to organize these lectures; and, as women from a distance were anxious to attend, a place of residence was provided for them in 1871 by Professor Sidgwick, and Miss Clough undertook the management. This was the embryo Newnham College—only five or six aspiring girls residing in a private house with Miss Clough, and attending outside lectures! The small body was, however, informed with a strong and nimble spirit, before which vast visions rose of a Women's College, affiliated

to the University and enjoying the privilege of the best lectures and the highest examinations it provided. These visions, as everyone knows, have gradually taken substance; but they would long ago have vanished, had it not been for the care, patience and wisdom, with which Miss Clough managed her little community. Many were the crises through which it passed. There were no precedents to fall back upon, and new problems kept cropping up day by day. The public eye was staring hard and rather coldly at these women students who had ventured to invade the sacred precincts of the University; and many were ready to prophesy disaster. Miss Clough had to steer clear of public offence, and to manage the students at home without too much interference with their liberty. And it was no easy task. The students were elated by their position of pioneers, and were eager to enjoy at once all the privileges that could only be obtained by submitting, for a time, to restrictions. The young do not care to feel their way: they want to claim victory as soon as they have won in the first skirmish. So, in these early days, Miss Clough had many dilemmas to face, and much friction to overcome, without and within.

But, for all that, she declared that the true happiness of her life dated from the time when she came to Cambridge. It was then that she first had the work that satisfied her, and the life that suited her. There was plenty of scope in it for her many plans and projects, and plenty of close human interest. Talking once to some one who was complaining of scant happiness, Miss Clough said: "My dear, you must not expect it all at once; I had to wait for it till I was fifty!