

Cleveland. April 12th / 85.

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My dear Husband,

Here we are at Cleveland and as it is an even storm fore of rain, we are writing our letters today, or perhaps tomorrow, mail day. We may have rain again and then we shall not want to stay in the house. He came here last Saturday, and have had good and bad weather in about equal proportions, yesterday lovely sunshine, today settled wet. Never-
theless Noel, who has brought all his dressing materials, is planted at the window, making a picture of the coast westward. He are close upon the sea, and set a fine, that is always enough for me. It is a sort of compensation, though but a small one for the loss. I am glad to say Noel and Mabel are already better for the change. Mabel has never really been weakened by her cough, but Noel has very much, and before he came away I felt anxious about him. He looked so pulled down, and so

dark about the eyes. I hope now, with care, he will be ready for school again by the 25th of this month, when the term begins. Mr. Douglas says he is working exceedingly well which makes it all the more pity he should not be able to teach to it. His love of penmanship is a most precious gift to him, for he will never be able to join in rough sports with other boys. He is developing a rare and beautiful character. He has Hilary's common sense, and Mabel's imagination combined. He shall stay here for two weeks and a half, and for the last week Hilary will come to us, as I think the little chance will do her good before she starts for Paris on the 30th. I hope Mlle Tallon's will prove to be the right place for her. All that I hear of the lady is in her favour, and I have made careful inquiry. Clevedon is a pretty place. His

is not the "season" and so all is quiet and comfortable. He can do as upon the sea. He could almost jump into it out of our bedroom window at high tide. The pier, extending 800 feet into the sea, is opposite the garden gate. I have taken a weekly ticket, so we spend much of our time out, for the children get more benefit from the air there. It is like a private promenade for us, for nobody else seems to use it. Then on the hill by the sea is the old church where Arthur's Headlam, Seymour's friend lies buried. His place goes as near as interest to the Museum. One gets a new light on many of the best of description in it. That little song "Break, Break," was written here. I have bought some of the 6th editions of the Beverley books, so that the children may not be dull on wet days, and so you very comfortably;

Mary Estlin is staying with Hannah,
who keeps nicely, and that is a great
blessing. I think it best that we
all needed this change, and so she
was glad for us to come. His writing
I have your letter, sent only by H. B. I feel
as if the Burmah affair would come
to pass for you soon. You will feel much
more at ease in your mind about it
from having left affairs to be settled
by a higher wisdom than your own.
I hope it will all be for the best, and that
if you do go, you will take care of your
health. It is not a place that has a
good reputation for that. Bishop
Sheahan may well look worried.
One need not now, as in St. Paul's
time, desire the office of a Bishop.
I remember him very well, a
man full of power and energy,
quite different to an ordinary
bishop, being a living, thinking,
breathing man, as well as an
ecclesiastic. Now I will stop. Still
the rain keeps on. Mabel sends her
love to you. Does she become more prompt
and energetic? No. but so she is. You love

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