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Beach Villa, Clevedon, April 8/85

My dear Husband, You see I am at the end of my paper so I am driven to take a leaf out of a copy book I had brought you and to do his peck exercises. However dear he is not here, I thought the fresh air and sun would do him more good than dead languages, so I have said nothing to him about work. You will be glad to hear that a good report has come from school this evening. Mr Douglas says he writes well, and for conduct he says "Excellent. He satisfies and pleases me most thoroughly." If only his health were equal to his ability. But he is wonderfully better since he came here. Now that I have found Mamma can sit on without me, at least with Mary Catherine to keep her, I shall take more frequent chance with the children. I would not leave the younger ones behind comfortably, but by taking them with me, and so leaving the house free, we can manage very well. I got cold last week, and was in bed all good Friday with headache, but I am all right again now. We are having the most lovely weather, so that we can spend a great part of our time out of doors, and I am glad to tell you it is doing the children great good. This writing makes my head ache so I

must take single lines. Ned's cough has nearly disappeared and the colour is coming into his cheeks again. I wish he could get a little flesh on his bones, but he is very thin, spite of all I can do for him. He is full of spirit and energy again, such a contrast to what he was when we came here. I think he will be all right and ready for school again on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Mabel does not shute off her cough so quickly but it is much better. I am glad she has done with the lessons for the present, for I think she will do better to be left to herself for awhile. I shall make one regulation, that story books are not to be read except in the hour after dinner. I have bought them two or three of Scott's novels to read whilst they are here, and as I want it to be a regular holiday, I let them read as much as

they like, so long as it does not keep them from going out of doors  
There is a road pier here, and I take a weekly ticket for it  
Here I left off, and we started for a walk in the direction  
of Clevedon Court, where Arthur Hallam lived (see Memorium)  
on descending, thickly wooded ground I saw a little cottage  
which would just do for our lodge. It would not be more than  
7 or 8 pounds a year, and it could be made so cozy and  
comfortable. I have quite set my heart upon it and I  
mean to go and see it again. It joins on to the end of  
another, and so I have settled that the people living in  
that other would take care of it for us in the winter. The  
situation is perfectly lovely, woods and dells all round,  
and the sea within a quarter of an hour's walk. I am amusing  
myself by thinking what things I could spare out of the house  
to furnish it, but of course you know all this may only  
be a castle in the air. There is a beautiful church near  
Clevedon, Lady Elton, and everything is just as sweet  
and lovely as can be, delicious without bounciness. I shall  
leave this until tomorrow when I hope your letter will

From Libby  
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leave come Thursday. See letter came last night. I am very glad you  
are all right. We shall wait anxiously for next week's news about Admiral  
Dilian is coming today I hope. See will bring her letter to enclose in this. We  
are having such fine weather and it is doing us all a world of good. Noel  
has made such a pretty little painting of a woodland scene here. I get good  
news from home every morning. Mamma looks up favourably and  
all yours are well. Noel and Mabel send their love. I am going to see that  
cottage again. Mr. Denny is thinking for pretty I could make it. I am glad you  
have seen Mr. Ginton. I should like to meet them both again. You ever love Ep.