

W. E. Johnson 5702
Totley House
Axford. Lincs.

My dear Mary Catherine,

Mary and I

got here all night last night, a
little after seven, having been
on the road since nine. We
dropped Mabel at Nottingham.
The day was tremendous hot,
and we were very tired. This
morning, instead of going to
church, as it is still very hot,
Mary and I are sitting in the
orchard, which is a quite ideal
one, with remains of a wood
about it. Some of the trees are
very old. There is a belt of
poplars a little way off, the
wind amongst their leaves is
like the sea. The house is ample
and comfortable, with a fine

circumstances of kitchen and dairy
about it. It is altogether more
wild and picturesque and
familiar than the Indians,
and one can be much more
let alone, so that I think I shall
get some good out of the change.
Mr Plummer and Miss Cobble are
very kind and pleasant. In
character he much reminds
me of Mr Buck, but there is not
quite so much polish in his
manners. His simplicity and
kindness are the same. Mr
last left us on Friday afternoon.
John came home in the evening
and we left next morning. The
Shakespeare at Mrs Owen's was
very pleasant. The matter was
all that could be desired, except
that about five it began to
look very threatening. However

there was no rain. Mr Fittou
read Images, but of course the
part did not suit her. Mrs Barrett
was to have read it. See Vicar was
Eupheline. Mr Black, Posthumous,
Had the part of Frederick. Miss
Worbury, Miss Douglas, Miss, Martin
parts about the same length. The
reading occupied about 4 hours.
Mrs Owen had written an abstract of
the play, which was read beforehand.
Also it was read out that Mr Stephenson
had joined the Society, in the room of
Mr Sandford, and the Vicar made a
nice little remark on the way
of welcome. Before the meeting he
bore up to me most cordially and
then stopped, having discovered that
it was not you. However, even then
he seemed to think it was someone
he ought to know, and we got through
a shaking of hands. His mistakes were
not at all. Mary, who looked charming,
was not anywhere near me, but in
the outside circle of new readers.
She said after the reading, he had

approached her twice, then seemed
uncertain, then asked her if I was
Mrs Stephenson, so evidently he
had mistaken her for Lillian. Then
as we were going up to tea, he came
to me, said he had mistaken me
for you, asked me and where you
were, and said emphatically -
"he miss her very much." He came
up to me again afterwards, and
began to talk about the play.
There were not many members,
not more, I think than twenty,
and about ten others. Miss Kaper
asked after you. Mr & Miss Bennett
and Miss Hutchinson were there.
Mr Bathurst read the part of the
poet. Mr West could not go, because
of his hay fever. I was glad to be
able to give him a fortnight of peace
and quiet. I let him do just as he
liked, and I believe he enjoyed it.
He had several afternoon teas
while he was here, so that I have

done my part, for the present, in
entertainment. I asked Mr ⁵⁷⁰²
Douglas's three masters at dif-
ferent times, as I wanted to pay
some attention to them, on Noel's
account. Mr Ogden is an intelli-
gent man, and so is Mr Evans,
but Mr Fessell impressed me as
a "young man of the period".
Mr West read to us a good deal
of Keel. Mary and I note it
out from his dictation, and
then we read it and he explained
what was not clear. It was a fine
exercise, and I really felt glad
to get my brains into working
order again. There is much
that is noble and suggestive
in Keel's thinking, and it
has the very essence of Christianity
in it, though not in the orthodox
form. It brings one into a
new world. John preaches his
sermon at the Priory Church

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this afternoon. Mr Westcott
is going to leave some help in
his parish, gratuitously, from
the brother in law of Mr Wallace,
who is just ordained. He is to
take Weston and the Great Hills.
We had three good drives with
Mary. Noel learning how to hold
the reins, he seemed to enjoy
it very much. Hannah left
on Thursday, to my relief. Her
successor does not come until
the 17th when I return home.
Mary sends her love to you. We
are sitting in the orchard.

I hope you are still enjoying
the visit, and pure mountain
air. I feel as if this place would
do me good. The Bull Docths
are only paying one per cent
this half year. I dare say they will make
it up next. I gave Mrs Duttons 3/-
of snappers on June 18th as they will last
some time. Your affectionate E. S. Stephens