

See Kallis . 5715

Lambert's Little
Caley is dead.

Malvern Irish. Oct. 3

86.

My dear Henry Catherine,

We are not

going over to Liverpool so soon
as Tuesday. Mr John says he had
rather wait until he has a
direct communication from
Mr Hadstone, and that could
not come before the middle
of the week. He went yesterday
to Boreley for today to preach.

I wonder what the Liverpool
business will turn out. I did
not tell you, I think, that there
is a bearrage, in addition to
the stipend. I keep thinking
over in my own mind, all

roots of rays and see as I should
then think it his duty to accept
the offer. I have been thinking
that for my rate one year from
next March, when our lease
expires, we might keep on this
house, and you occupy it at
the rent you paid in Richmond
Road, I paying the rest and
coming with the children when
we wanted change. When we
last taken to the Liverpool house
what furniture is necessary,
there would still be enough,
with what of yours is stored away,
to spread out and make a
comfortable appearance, and
a large c. double stock of glass
crockery, dinner, which would
sufficiently furnish the house.

Then only today, another idea
came into my mind, supposing
things should come to anything
about Liverpool. Mr Dawson
has long wanted what he calls
the "scientific frontier", namely
to carry the wall quite down
to the bottom of the orchard, so
dividing the garden equally.
I would propose his taking
the whole of the orchard, building
a wall across the bottom of
the tennis lawn, so that he
would surround us, instead
of our surrounding him
as at present. This would, I
suppose, reduce our rent to
sixty pounds, and raise
his to seventy. The garden
would still be ample for us.

In that case I wonder if you and
I could together buy this house
which should not, with the garden
so curtailed be more than £1100
or £1200. I would leave by will,
my share of it to you, and you
could leave yours to me. The
thought of joining it up is a
great trouble, and if we
could manage to keep a
home in it, I think it would
be worth while. But this is
all, so far, a castle in the
air. If we joined in it, it
would not be beyond our
capacity, and there would
be a pleasure in beautifying
it. I shall send this to
Locarno on speculation.

Yours affectionately
E. J. Stephenson

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