

Oct 11th 1874
32 Heymouth St
Portland Place. W.

1874

My dear kind friend

I want to thank you for your letter. for the true estimate you have of my good husband - I have no where seen such justice done him. It wanted your true appreciation to understand one who did himself so little justice -

Your letter was like a gleam of sunlight. I had been toiling through a letter & twenty letters a day when yours came.

I have made a copy of the letter for my children. the original I shall never part with.

On Friday we took my dear one to Fenobly, and laid him in a quiet beautiful place - when he was a little boy, he used to stay there with some kind old relations - he loved the place, and whilst we were at Highgate, was continually drawn there in a chair. His old friend & brother Commissioner Helms - Sir J. Pannepole Dreyfus old pupil Phelps & my son, were the mourners. - Montague was only able

to come here on the Thursday, so I had

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all the arrangements to make. This however I am
used to. Even I went to Fenoblay & chose 10
ground. The friend I asked the services of, said
he was afraid to undertake it.

When I came home from Beaufortmouth I
saw at once a great change. Bryan lifted his
right hand with his left to show me, what had
happened. He fell asleep, on Friday - and until
Sunday at 4 in the Afternoon, never opened his
Eyes, (we fed him with Milk & Wine) He then poor
one sigh & died.

Every one has been very kind. The Lecomans stove
at an anxious to serve us. We have passed thro' a
terrible week - one day 45 people called & sent -
Procuring is in France. I send you, dear friends
the Athenaeum. when you have read it, be kind
enough to return it to me.

Yours very gratefully

Anne. B. Procter

You would see in the Daily News, a well meant
vulgar article by Miss Martineau.
My love to Lady James