

1869, eds  
Is To  
Proctor

Barry Cornwall

52, WYMOUTH STREET,  
PORTLAND PLACE, W.

21<sup>st</sup> Nov. 1869

My dear Chesley

I am 82 today, & can scarcely write; whilst you are growing young, I write better than ever.

Many thanks for your kind note. It is sad I know to suffer from any nervous illness; but you are only 62 & may safely expect to trample down this & other ailments. It is only temporary: some years ago, my doctor said, "if Mr Proctor has any affairs to settle" & then  
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advised me to think of my will.

This is 40 years ago, & then I  
had a severe nervous illness; but here I am.

The enclosed states as to how you  
will perhaps recognize as that of a man  
whom you knew in your boyhood:

With 100 good wishes I remain

I am still

Your poor old friend

A. W. Procter

260 — 2 pp., sm. 8vo, 21 Nov., 1869, to Henry Chorley, the critic,  
“ I am 82 today,” sympathising with him in his illness, subscribed  
“ I am still your poor old friend ”

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