

We go to London on the 29th Sep:
44 Gros Place, a good friend has lent me
her House & Servants, & when I settle myself in
Albert Hall Mansion, Kensington Gore.
The weather is perfect - we take long walks
two hours and a half - and are able to sit
at work & read out of doors -

Your letter arrived this morning.

2 Pilmar Place
St Andrews. N. B.
Sunday Aug. 27th '82.

My dear Mr. Skirrow

How kind it was of you to write to
me - you who are in that lovely place Nomburg -
I was there, some years ago - and I only
wish we had gone there this year - what
nice walks & talks we should have had!
There is something melancholy in hearing
of the dinner you & the George Smiths are
going to have together.

I tormented myself with thinking, that we
shall all be in London again -

We came here - on the 26th July - and
on the 6th Sep^r we leave for Dunnichen
near Forfar - a place that belongs to a dear
friend of mine for Theophelus Petracca and
is now let to Mr. J. Lehmann - I say
Mr. because the husband is at Nomburg

and I begin to fear will not return until
my visit is over. Lord Northwick is also
expected, and Mr J. Lehmann wishes me to
assist in amusing him.

We like this dreary old town very well -
It suits us ~~very~~ admirably - we have a fine
sea. good sands. and the Links ten miles
round are excellent for walking - a good
clean cheap lodging. three pence a week -
and fruit & vegetables in profusion. I never
buy so many Strawberries as will please
four people - and two pence cream. - The
people here have been very polite, and have all
called upon us. - but my dear Mr Shirree they
don't care for me - nor I for them. - All their
interests are local - sometimes they make a
small effort to suit me, as they term it, It
is equally melancholy.

We have dinners here - and five o'clock teas -
and Golf path always - I am cheered at
times by seeing a fat old man in a

Scarlet coat, (the Golf club living) and he reminds
me of hunting - the bounds & the meet. -

While Melville lives here the father of the Novelist.
You may remember his books. he was killed in
hunting.

You may have seen the death of a Miss Wade
in the paper. She was on a visit at Mr Cholmon-
delays where Drcuming is - She went out to
Sketch. fell & was never able to explain, how
the accident happened - Let's hope Drcuming
will write a poem about it.

I hope you go over to Frankfurt, and
buy some Gaps there. It is beautiful. and
look at the three pointers - Do you know that
my name was Sheffer. I have the arms
born by that remarkable apprentice. My
grandfather altered his name to Sheffer
as more English. making the h a k. -

Pray give my love to Mr. Skerrow
and accept the same from

Your old grand
Jane B. Procter

J. D.