

April 19th 1875

13 Rue de Chateaubriand. Champs Elysees.
Paris.

My dear kind friend

You have not thought me ungrateful, because you have always done me more than justice - not perhaps respecting my love, for you but in all other respects. - I see your new poem advertised - here I am far from news - only seeing the Pall Mall & Daily Telegraph. I suppose that your work is over. I mean correcting the Poë's &c. The writing verse is to you a labour of love. - I heard of you from my dear lady Goldsmid, who told me that you had been dining there & had made the dinner so pleasant, as if I did not know that, and added that you were in good spirits about your son & his painting.

I am sure you have heard what a terrible illness I have had. Five weeks I lost my bed - (agitation of the lungs - burnt up with fever - my poor Edith had a sad time of it, you know what illness is in a boarding house. - Each obliged to hold me up in her arms whilst our good Mary gave me food & Mademoiselle Bode-Ruffy came twice a day. Madame Roth was very kind would have served us if she could. She did lend us a kettle. Mr. Byrne Fenck also. I am very thin - and very feeble - but I drive out every day - and walk a little. I shall never be the cooman I once was - I shall come home at the end of May & begin to look for a little home. -

I have seen some extracts from Macrader's life - I am sure I shall be interested in it. I wonder how Praver feels about the story he has brought down by Charles Grovelles' memoirs. Praver's fault was, his admitting that he had suppressed anything. He had, or had not the power to do so - and if he did keep back something, why not more. (Grovelles was plainly a man who had kept bad company - that of coarse women - and perhaps that is the worst society for a man - you have never done that. - You had such a Mother, Sister & Wife - that you naturally shrank from coarse society.

I hear that Madame du Deane is in Rome - and thinks of

going to Naples. He was not well of Nise - and very
restless - He cannot live without excitement - and never was
quicker. I hear from London that Lady Selbry has been
detected cheating at Cards by Mr. Pittman - I do not believe it
it is one of those charges that one cannot disprove. -

I forget if you know Nise. It is beautiful - I dearly love
the Sea - I am never weary of watching it.

As soon as I come home I shall submit your old friends
N. S. to you - and take your advice respecting its publication
I have had three letters from American publishers, asking to
have the Sheets sent them - and one man sent a Telegram.
I have taken no notice of them as yet. One man says I send
a handsome sum over for Charles Lamb's life. This of
course Fannie had. - I have not had one word from
Forster. I suppose he was quite engrossed by the Lyttons.

I can tell you nothing. I hear often from Mr. Sartoris.
The President Grant & his Wife are coming to England -
I wonder how Sartoris & they will get on. Mr. Sartoris
will get on with any one. - my niece Marie de Vergy has
gone into a Convent. her brother Albert will be married
in June - so goes the world. -

Mr. Bengons books are advertised to be sold here. -
I was too ill to see F. Lehmann & Helmi Collins when they
were here. Mrs. Thacheray is in Paris.

And now my dear friend I trust all is well with you
& yours. Do you ever see Mr. Hardman? If so remember
me to her most kindly

Yr affectd Old friend - and humble admirer
Anne B. Procter

I live in a poetical neighbourhood. one end of my St. Mary is Mrs. D
Byron. the other end. Mrs. Balguy.

Robert Browning Esq^r

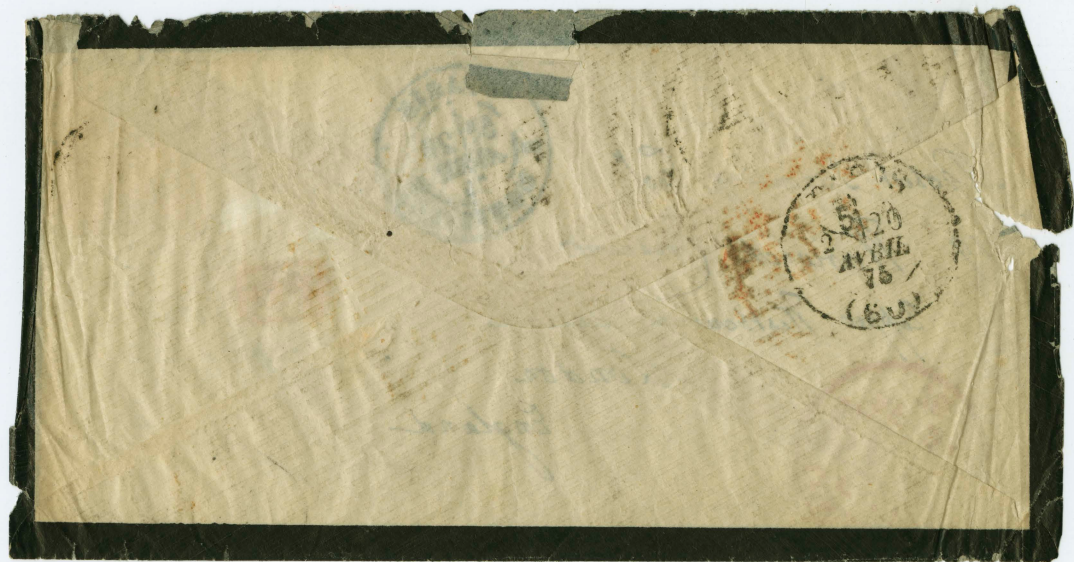
19. Warwick Crescent

Upper Westbourne Terrace

London

England





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