

Very rarely on the corse is seen Anne Brewster, whose letters to the New York, Philadelphia, and Boston newspapers everybody knows. Miss Brewster is a dainty little lady with white hair, and a pronounced tendency to regal trains and duchess-like laces that make her seem a veritable Queen Mab. She has elegant Monday receptions, where a long line of carriages block the Quattro Fontane before her house, and all best Americans in Rome, with not a few distinguished Italians, with jesuitical looking priests, are within her doors. Miss Brewster is a Roman Catholic, and her views of the political situation at Rome are taken from the very antipodes of feeling of the *Post* correspondent, Signora Bomplani. Reason feasts and souls flow at Miss Brewster's receptions in her interesting and artistic home, where are books that would almost make the most Christian of Bibliomaniacs a thief, and bric-a-bac to make the most conscientious aesthetic housekeeper a kleptomaniac. This lovely home has given its hospitality to every distinguished or undistinguished American genius that has come to Rome for years. To Buchanan Reed, in his writing of hope and moral power, she many times gave a helping hand. She was the intimate school friend and the companion of the last years of Charlotte Cushman. It is said that the more gentle and refined lady was somewhat crushed—not by the genius, for genius does not crush, but lift her—but by the domineering temper and vigorous, but somewhat coarse personality of her friend, and that since that friend's death she has blossomed like a flower into a social bloom and perfume that the great tragedienne despised.

MARGARET BERTHA.