

AUSTIN CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTIN, January 9, 1879.

MY DEAR APPEAL: The Virginia *Enterprise* has a correspondent—Lucy Hooper. At the corner of Juniper and Spruce streets in Philadelphia is a three story brick house with a pavement of diamond shaped tiles, in which for some years lived Bob Hooper, a bandy-legged, red-bearded old dog fancier. He was a member of the firm of John Hooper, Son & Co., and had some taste in bric-a-brac and bijouterie generally. The sale of his household goods attracted attention and secured a goodly sum; for he had accumulated a nice collection of old China, antique furniture and nice glassware. His wife, a fat, rosy woman, was an occasional writer for the local press, but of rather mean pretensions. They moved to France, where I met them some years ago, and now Lucy Hooper not only corresponds with the *Enterprise*, but a half dozen other papers; and yet Lucy's whole forte is gossip. But Lucy is an amiable and sprightly woman, and is probably supporting herself and Bob by hard mental labor. During the war, when we had a grand fair in Philadelphia, Lucy Hooper, Anne M. H. Brewster, the authoress, Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, daughter of old William Duane, Secretary of the Treasury under Jackson, and who was supplanted by Roger B. Taney because he would not remove the deposits from the U. S. Bank, and the writer, were all members of the same committee. Anne Brewster lives in Rome, Lucy Hooper in Paris, Mrs. Gillespie in Philadelphia, and your humble correspondent in Austin. Anne Brewster, who wrote "Compensation" and "St. Martin's Summer," is the most talented of the lot; a woman of rare natural ability, rare education in art, literature and music, and taste far above the average; has lived in Rome for many years, the center of a choice circle and an acknowledged leader in all pertaining to art or literature. Mrs. Hooper seems to have made her permanent home in Paris and a name by her gossipy letters. It is pleasant to recall their faces and the old times in which I knew them well. I have since met them both in Europe, and talked over with them the old days when they wrote notes in my office and we swapped gossip—in the "Quaker City." Anne Brewster once sent me a number of the *Atlantic Monthly* in which one of her short stories was published. It described a young and beautiful girl dying of consumption, and as her visitor entered her chamber, the warm sunlight was streaming through the windows, while her breath came in *short pants*. In a frolicsome mood I wrote her and said, "Why, being a female, why didn't you say short pantalettes?" It was flippant and vulgar, and she repaid me by nearly a year's silence. One day I got a three cornered billet in nearly these words:

"My Dear *Bachelor*: Come and see me. I am at Mrs. Cuyler's, and want to talk with you.
ANNE BREWSTER.