

first cup of good English breakfast tea. Miss Anne Brewster (well-known to the American public by her charming books and letters) receives every Monday from 3 to 6 p. m., and her cozy, pleasant little parlors are always full, for she is a great favorite and has the rare gift of making all feel at ease; besides she keeps up the good old fashion of introducing her guests to each other,—not quite *en regle*, you know, in modern European society,—which is certainly a necessity where English and Americans are thrown together, for as we generally wait to be spoken to, and the English are inclined to be a little stiff and shy, there is sometimes a disagreeable frigidity in the social atmosphere. Miss Brewster is petite, with a small, well shaped face, delicate features and a profusion of lovely chestnut brown hair, which is always tastefully arranged. She dresses, too, with much taste, and would always pass for “uncertain age,” did she not persist in telling everyone as soon as one birthday has passed how old she shall be on her next. This weakness of hers an ill-natured old bachelor here declares to be the acme of coquetry; but it is certainly an uncommon development of this feminine accomplishment.

Among other notabilities, one constantly meets at Miss Brewster's the Princess Wittengenstein, who has sworn eternal friendship with our genial little countrywoman, because of the unbounded admiration she expresses for Listz in one of her early books. There is a striking portrait of Listz at Healey's studio; he is sitting at a piano, his fine figure well set off by the grateful folds of his abbe's dress; the head slightly thrown back, and eyes upturned, while his hands rest negligently over the keys. One gazes almost spell-bound, waiting for the first touch of those wondrous fingers. Healey considers it one of his best efforts, and says he did what all women have been doing for the last twenty years, *i. e.*, fell dead in love with Listz while he was painting it.