

*Mrs. Stowe and her Neighbors in Rome.*

Our own establishment in Via Gregoriana seemed to us in a day or two as natural and homelike as if we had always lived here. It is true our parlors are not on the sunny side of the street; a fact which lessens their value in the market somewhat, since sunlight is deemed the most precious thing going here, as indeed it should be. But it is a healthy, airy location, only ten minutes' walk from the Monte Pincio, the great public walk of Rome, and is a street, moreover, full of agreeable neighbors. Miss Cushman has established herself in a set of rooms on this street, where she lives in company with Miss Hosmer and Miss Stebbins. Nothing could be more artistic and charming than her rooms. They are furnished with that quaint old carved furniture which has come down from olden times of Italian magnificence, and which is both historic and poetic. Gems of modern art adorn the walls—a portrait of a Roman girl by Page, and a superb view of Venice by Tilton. Both these paintings are characterized by a peculiarity of color and style which could not fail to make them remarked in any collection. The view of Venice reminds one of the most splendid Claude Lorraines, but with individual peculiarities which shows that the artist paints from within and is no copyist.

Opposite to Miss Cushman lives Mr. Tilton, and this little knot of artists seem to have many pleasant little reunions. Receptions in Rome are the finest and pleasantest things possible. As so many are sojourning together in a strange land, there is all the kind of freedom of a continual journey or pic-nic. One discourses about one's room, one's tea, one's bread and butter, one's china, and in short everything that belongs to one's establishment. One tastes your tea and pronounces it excellent, and asks you where you got it, and delightedly imparts to you in return the grand secret of a place where you can find English biscuits. Old residents here pique themselves on getting up national dishes out of the possibilities of an Italian kitchen. Fish-balls and corn-cake, for example, have been spoken of at certain breakfasts. Rome is said to be a great place for gossip. We believe it—not from any peculiar experience of the kind, but from the nature of the case. Gossip is generally one of the fruits of sociality. If you think about your neighbors much you will talk about them; if you talk about them it turns to gossip; and so, doubtless, there is much wondering about Mr. A., and surmising about Mr. B., which does no harm unless it becomes uncharitable.—*H. B. S. in the New York Independent of July 12th.*