

MEMORIES OF THREE GREAT WOMEN.

LENOX LIFE OF HARRIET HOSMER, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AND EMMA STEBBINS.

Lenox, Mass., July 10 (Special).—From time to time Lenox has been the inspiring home of artists.

Harriet Hosmer, the daughter of a physician in Watertown, Mass., educated by her father to delight in all out-of-door employments, was for many years a pupil at Mrs. Sedgwick's school. Her genial nature and pleasant greeting on the street made her a universal favorite. Here soon appeared that talent that has made her famous. At an evening entertainment given in Mrs. Sedgwick's house by her scholars Harriet Hosmer, dressed in antique guise, read Miss Edgeworth's article on "Bores." Knee-buckles, a long silk coat with deep lace ruffles at the wrist, and a well-powdered wig metamorphosed the young girl into a veritable "Dr. Primrose." Just such honor perhaps the well-known authoress had never before received, for Miss Hosmer had illustrated the reading by busts and other figures modelled in clay by her own hands. Her Lenox life was characteristic, and her exploits numberless. A day's drive to Monument Mountain was always in order for the summer session. Upon one of these excursions our heroine was seized with the mild ambition of climbing the east side—a mass of bowlders and sheer precipices. Accompanied by two young gentlemen of the party, her willing companions, the attempt was made. "With toilsome step and slow" they reached a point within twenty feet of the summit—a pitiless expanse of smooth rock, giving neither twig nor crevice for rest of foot or clasp of hand. Only a rope-lift could bring the climber to her friends, eagerly watching the athletes, and for this her valiant knights were eager and ready. But the fiat of refusal went forth, softened by Mrs. Sedgwick's comforting assurance that "Hatty could climb better than any girl, but not so well as a boy."

One winter night, when sleep had locked the whole household in its embrace, and a brilliant moon illumined the landscape, Miss Hosmer, with two or three of her companions, sought the "Court-House Hill," famous for its coasting facilities. The road was well-worn and a storm had made the snow everywhere as smooth as polished glass. In an old sleigh, the hills fastened perpendicularly to the body, the girls started upon their madcap descent, the speed increasing every instant. Before the foot of the hill was reached some slight obstacle turned aside the vehicle and overthrew it, the icy road-side receiving an indiscriminate mass of blankets, robes and bruised girls, who crept painfully back, and silently returned to their rooms to repair, possibly to conceal, their injuries. By the dim and friendly light of an early school breakfast few questions were asked. Lenox preserves an interest in Miss Hosmer and always rejoices in her prosperity.

Miss Charlotte Cushman became a resident here when, through sunshine and storm, assured success had ripened and she had gained the delight of doing what she desired for her beloved family. She bought a plain little cottage just below Fair Lawn and fitted it up with great simplicity, adapting it to her own wants and the pursuits of her friend, Miss Emma Stebbins. Miss Cushman always spoke of her "little home" with great affection. There she spent a part of her few remaining summers. Her magnificent presence in the one reading she gave at Lenox—almost her last—left an indelible impression upon the audience. When the end came the cottage, with all its belongings, was left as a memento to Miss Emma Stebbins, a sharer in all Miss Cushman's artistic aims and pleasures. Miss Stebbins was herself an artist whose works are well known. The drinking fountain in Lenox is a tribute from an English friend to her lovely spirit and her tender care for animals. She shared an "apartment" in Rome with Miss Cushman, each pursuing her own line of study during the day, their evenings a reunion of that society so dear to artists and so characteristic of the Eternal City.