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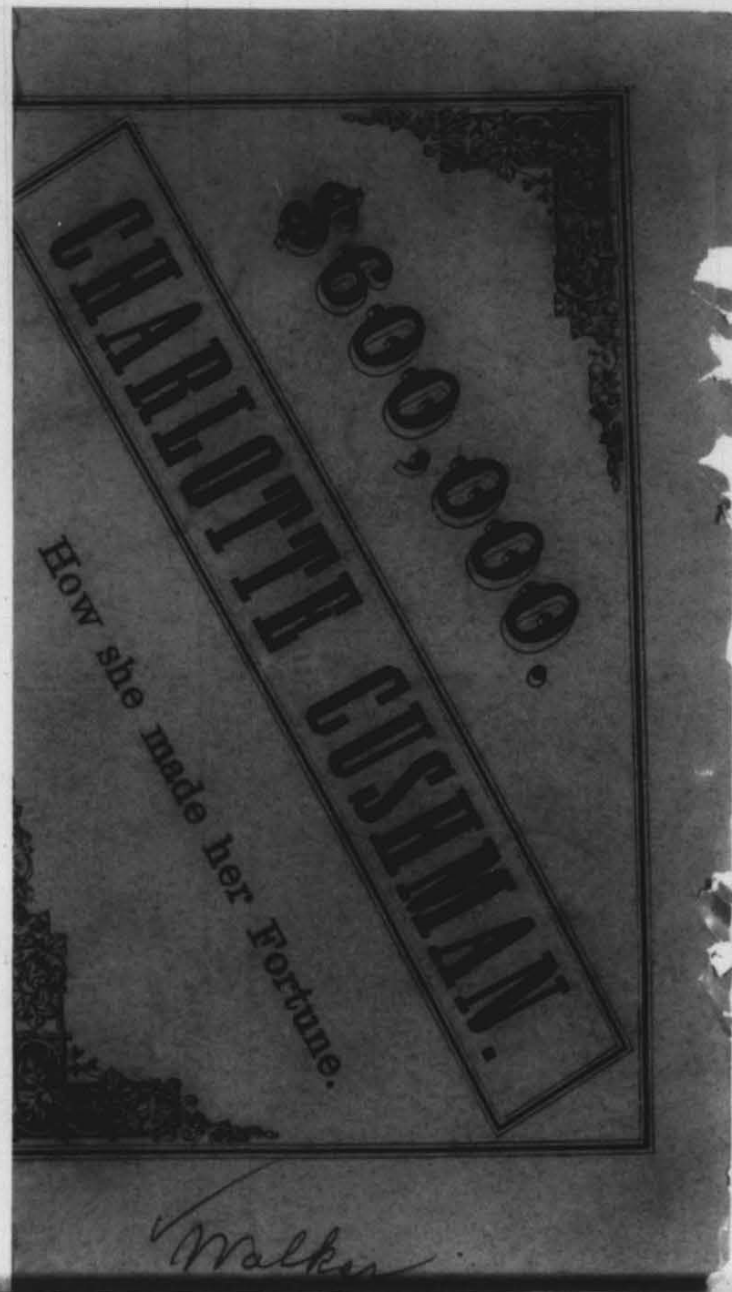
Reminiscences of the life of the world-renowned Charlotte Cushman, comp. from various records, by Mrs. Dr. Walker, her chosen medium ... Dedicated to the world. Boston, W. P. Tenny, 1876.

96 p. front., 1 pl. 18½ cm.

1. Cushman, Charlotte Saunders, 1816-1876.

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Charlotte Ann Fennell



Mrs. Dr. Walker.

May 1913

Reminiscences of the Life

OF THE

WORLD-RENOWNED

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS RECORDS,

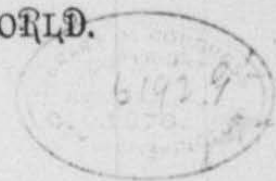
BY MRS. DR. WALKER,

HER CHOSEN MEDIUM:

TOGETHER WITH SOME OF HER SPIRIT EXPERIENCES,
EXPRESSIONS OF REGRET, ETC.

DEDICATED TO THE WORLD.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM P. TENNY,
1876.



May 1913

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PREFACE.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN was an original character. Her aim was high, and she accomplished whatever she undertook. A careful perusal of this narrative will discover to the reader, how she made a fortune of over half a million dollars, and won for herself a world-wide reputation. No one can read it without benefit.

The second portrait presents the authoress, together with the spirit of Charlotte Cushman, photographed by B. C. Hazelton. All persons who have not discovered the truth of spirit photography, can do so, by calling on the artist, at his rooms, 294 Washington Street, Boston.

A few words in relation to the mediumship of the authoress will be interesting to all who desire to know the truth in relation to spirit control, and some of the various ways, which develop these peculiar conditions, known as mediumship. In this case, the loss of a pet son by drowning, while on a passage from Boston to California in 1860, called her attention to the subject, she soon discovered that his spirit could, and did return, giving her all the details of the change he had passed through, before she could have learned the facts in any other way. She has held daily converse with departed spirits ever since.

The reader will discover by comparing this engraving with that of Miss Cushman on the opposite page, the similarity in the outlines of the two faces, and many who are acquainted with both parties, say, that there is a mental

and spiritual likeness, and as Miss Cushman has expressed a desire that her earth-life trials should be given to the world, together with some of her experience in spirit-life. Hence the selection of her medium, is true to the natural conceptions of all intelligent people, and it is believed that much good will come from the reading of this book.

The estimated value of Miss Cushman's estate, is six hundred thousand dollars, all of which has been conveyed by a deed of trust to Wayman Crow, Edwin C. Cushman, and William A. Hargadine of St. Louis, Mo., to dispose of as they may deem best for the interest of all concerned. The income of her property after the payment of all her indebtedness is mostly to accrue to her adopted son, Edwin C. Cushman, and to be finally disposed of by his Will, at his discretion.

Miss Cushman provided in her Will, for an income of from four dollars per week to fifteen hundred dollars per annum, for her brother Charles A. Cushman, and other relatives and friends, including her colored servant Sallie Mercer.

Her investments were largely made in unproductive property, and some of them requiring large means and skillful management to make them a success. These considerations doubtless are the reasons why she made no public bequests.

REMINISCENCES.

A great life has gone out into the realms of space, but not beyond the bounds of sympathy and love. CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS CUSHMAN, the eldest of five children, by a second marriage of her Father, Elknah Cushman, was born in Richmond Street, situated in the north part of Boston, July 23d, 1816. Being of very humble patronage, her early life was full of hardships and privations. At the age of fourteen, she was obliged to take up a pursuit for her own maintenance and help of her destitute family.

A great talent for music was first developed, through her connection with the Choir of Dr. Young's Unitarian Church, which was then situated on Summer Street, Boston. Captain McKay, who was connected with the celebrated Chickering piano-forte manufactory, and a friend of the Cushman family, was instrumental in bringing the girl to the notice of Mr. George Farmer, a young musician of whom she took her first lessons, improving so rapidly, that before she had passed her fourteenth year, she was invited by Mr. Farmer to sing in a club of amateur singers, which was composed of John F. Pray, A. S. Chase, Steadman, Morris, White and Coupa. In the bill of the entertainment, Miss Cushman's name was not mentioned, but she was modestly designated a young lady. It was called a social, vocal and instrumental concert. Charlotte performed

her part so well, that she was immediately brought into public note. About this time she was heard by a wealthy gentleman, Mr. R. D. Shepard, who resolved that such extraordinary natural talent should not fail for lack of cultivation, and therefore, he placed her under the tuition of Mr. John Paddon, an accomplished English music teacher. Her new teacher insisted that she should be bound to him for three years. For two years she was under his tutorship. Meanwhile she became very popular with the amateur singers of the city, and at the end of this time went to New York, to visit some friends, and remained so long away that her teacher considered the engagement broken. Hence she was inspired to strike out into a broad field of action, in which she found ample scope for the display of her superior talent.

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About this time she was heard by Mrs. Wood, the celebrated English opera singer, who declared that Miss Cushman was the finest contralto singer she ever heard, and therefore engaged her to assist in a Saturday evening concert, given in New York. This circumstance doubtless shaped her future course in life, as she was strongly advised by Mr. and Mrs. Wood to sing upon the stage. This suggestion was not approved by her family, who had a great dislike to stage life, as opera singing, at that time, was not permissible in the modern Athens, on a Saturday night. Nevertheless, by the solicitation of Mrs. Wood, she had placed herself under the direction of Mr. Maeder, who had come to this country with the Woods.

Charlotte made her debut at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, April 8th, 1835, then under the management of Mr. Thomas Barry,

taking the character of the "Countess" in Mozarts' Opera, the "Marriage of Figaro."

The debut was regarded as a most interesting event, of the success of the young singer, not yet nineteen years of age. The consequence was, a quarrel ensued between Paddon and Maeder, each claiming her as his pupil. Charlotte gave the preference to Mr. Maeder, and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Maeder to New Orleans, as Prima donna, and there appeared under the management of Mr. Caldwell, taking the parts in the "Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," the "Barber of Seville," and "Rob Roy," etc., etc.

Meanwhile Miss Cushman continued her studies under the tuition of Mr. Maeder, with whom she divided her salary of twenty-five dollars per week, in consideration of her tuition. At this point a serious misfortune came upon her in the loss of her voice. By

reason of the change of climate, and over straining, her voice failed her, and she could no longer sing. At the suggestion of Mr. Barton the tragedian and others, connected with the theatre where she had been singing, she was induced to turn her attention to the dramatic stage, which has occupied the most of her life. She made her debut with Mr. Barton. She read *Macbeth*, *Venice Preserved*, and other plays. Her studies and rehearsals were all carried on in secret, in an obscure garret, without Mr. Barton's knowledge, in order to avoid her music teacher, as he would have defeated her purpose. At length a company, no less than the whole community, were surprised to see Miss Cushman announced to play *Lady Macbeth*, which was ably done, at the benefit of Mr. Barton. After the announcement of Miss Cushman, a new dilemma arose. She had no dress to appear as *Lady Macbeth*.

But in all cases of emergency, there seemed to be a door opened through which she could enter for the display of her wonderful talent, as will be seen by the following: One of the actors, Mr. Caldwell, wrote a note to Madam Clozel, which was delivered by Charlotte herself, requesting the loan of the required robes. But here another dilemma arose, Miss Cushman was tall, while Madam Clozel was short and stout. However, the French actress, taking a kindly interest in her, managed to make the robe fit. Some hearing of the affair, went to the theatre to laugh over the matter, but remained for another purpose. The performance was a complete triumph. From this point, she decided to adopt the stage as her profession, and all her performances were a decided success.

After closing her engagements in New Orleans, she returned to New York, and

sought an engagement with Mr. Simpson, at the Park Theatre, which was then the leading house. But as there was no opening for her there, she was compelled to accept an engagement at the Bowery, for three years, which was then under the management of Mr. Hamblin, at twenty-five dollars a week the first year, thirty dollars the second year, and thirty-five dollars the third year; four weeks being allowed her to prepare herself for the engagement.

With energy and perseverance, she succeeded in preparing herself for the great ordeal, but not without incurring a large debt for one of her age, of three hundred dollars, although her prospects were fair, to soon repay it. She was still beset with difficulties. Just before the time for appearance, she was prostrated by rheumatic fever. Over-work, anxiety, doubt and fear, had broken her down,

and for two weeks she remained helpless. Meanwhile her mother had been induced to give up her boarding house in Boston, and take up her abode with her daughter in New York, determined not to lose the opportunity Hamblin had offered her. The actress made a strong effort, though far from being in the full possession of her strength. She played through the week, taking a different part every night, which had so wrought upon her nervous system, that she was confined to a sick bed on Saturday night.

The following Monday, the theatre was burned to the ground, together with all the young actresses' wardrobe, and her bright hopes were temporarily blasted. But through her native courage, and indomitable energy, she soon retrieved her losses, determined to succeed against all obstacles. Still owing for her wardrobe, and her family depending

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upon her for support; making immediate action in some direction necessary.

Nothing daunted, she applied to the Chatham Street Theatre; thence, she went to Albany, to act under the management of Mr. R. Blake, where she became a great favorite, both on the stage, and in social circles. Happiness here seemed to have dawned upon her, when a new calamity occurred. Her darling brother, of seven years, for whom Charlotte entertained a great fondness, was killed by accident, while on a visit to Vermont. The death of her brother so wrought upon her, that she determined to leave Albany, and seek her fortune elsewhere, and soon after made an engagement at the Park Theatre, as a member of the stock company, at twenty-two dollars per week. Here she became so great a favorite, that she appeared in almost every line of character, in tragedy, comedy,

and for two weeks she remained helpless. Meanwhile her mother had been induced to give up her boarding house in Boston, and take up her abode with her daughter in New York, determined not to lose the opportunity Hamblin had offered her. The actress made a strong effort, though far from being in the full possession of her strength. She played through the week, taking a different part every night, which had so wrought upon her nervous system, that she was confined to a sick bed on Saturday night.

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farce, vaudeville, or opera. This gave her a wide range of experience, and also developed her dramatic powers.

While she was at the Park, her sister Susan, who had contracted an unfortunate marriage, came to her entirely destitute, with an infant child in her arms. Charlotte succeeded in getting an engagement for her at the Park, in 1837. The two sisters often appearing in the same plays, as Laura Castell, in Epes Sargent's play of *Genoese*. Susan succeeded so well that she was cast for *Desdemona*, in *Othello*. Boucicault's comedy of *London Assurance*, was brought out by Charlotte, she taking the part of Lady Gay Spanker, in which she made a great hit, which she long retained in her repertoire; her sister taking the part of Grace Hathaway.

In view of this great success, Charlotte urged Mr. Simpson to increase their salaries,

her own to twenty-five dollars per week, and Susan's to twelve dollars per week. This being declined, Charlotte and her sister left for Philadelphia, to join Mr. Burton's Company.

It was not long, however, before she was called back to the Park, for the manager of that house found that he could not supply the place left vacant, by her withdrawal.

A few months after the return of the sisters to New York, a little incident occurred which tended to strengthen both, especially Charlotte in public esteem, as the older, and more experienced of the two, as well as on account of her better position in the company.

Charlotte had to fight the battles of both. A new actress appeared. A friend of a leading journal of New York, was put into the good parts her sister had played. The sister's position in the company and before the public,

was lowered. Charlotte protested, but Mr. Simpson said he was powerless. Charlotte threatened to throw up her engagement, if the wrong was permitted. This brought a letter from the journalist, saying that if Miss Cushman did not tread carefully, she should be driven from the stage, if there was any virtue in a New York audience, or strength in the New York press. In this dilemma, Charlotte went to one of the strongest and most powerful editors for advice. She told him the story, and without telling her what he proposed doing, he prepared and printed an article which laid before the New York public, the threat which had been made against the young actress. The next night she was to appear as Lady Gay Spanker, a tremendous audience assembled, and trouble was anticipated; no sooner had Max Harkaway announced the coming of Lady Gay Spanker

across the lawn on a hand gallop, than the house burst forth in such a stormy acclamation as to ever set at rest the hold of Miss Cushman on the public mind and heart. While under the Park management, Miss Cushman was sent to other cities to play, and once or twice appeared in Boston. May 30th, 1837, she opened a short engagement at the Tremont Theatre, appearing as Lady Macbeth, Mr. Barry enacting Macbeth, and Mr. Murdock, Macduff. The same evening she played in the *Poor Soldier*, a musical farce. The next night she played Portia, to Charles H. Eaton's Shylock; also appearing in the afterpiece, "*The Waterman*," as Tom Tug. On the occasion of her benefit, June 2nd, she certainly showed her versatility, appearing as Count Belmo, in the opera of the *Devil's Badge*, Lady Macbeth in the first acts of the tragedy, and Patrick, in "*The Poor*

Soldier." She also sang "*Hail Columbia*." On another evening she played Elvira to Mr. Murdock's Pizarro, and Morgianna in "*The Forty Thieves*," and in the course of the same engagement, she also appeared as Fortunato Falcone, in the melodrama of "*Matteo Falcone*," and Henry in the comedy of "*Speed the Plow*." After playing in different cities, but chiefly in New York, with increasing success, Miss Cushman went to Philadelphia, and assumed the management of the Walnut Street Theatre. This, however was not a success, and hence it was given up. Her next engagement was with Macready, the celebrated English actor, who was about to make a tour of America, and Charlotte, who was ever ambitious, aspired to accompany him and play the opposite characters. She at once began to study the parts she would be called upon to act, and when the famous

tragedian arrived, he was not long in making up his determination to engage her. She gave up the theatre in Philadelphia with no great regret, inasmuch as the speculation was not successful, and entered upon a round of engagements with Macready, in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and elsewhere, appearing as Lady Macbeth, the "Queen" in Hamlet, "Imilia" in Othello, "Mrs. Haller" in the Stranger, etc.

In Boston her reception, as well as Macready's, was very cordial. The critics recognized in her attributes of a high order, and she fairly divided with the great tragedian the honors bestowed by their pens, and the favors of an intelligent and cultivated public. The engagement was played in the Fall of 1844, at the Melodeon, which had been recently leased, and temporarily converted into a theatre, by Mr. Leander Rodney. At

the conclusion of the tour, with Macready, Miss Cushman found herself in the possession of the, to her, unprecedented sum of six hundred dollars. With this amount she determined to visit England, first study the English models of acting, and then seek an opening at some one of the Metropolitan theatres. She bore letters of introduction to two persons in London, but these were of little service to her. At Liverpool she found a letter from Macready, who was then in Paris, with Miss Faucit, playing an engagement. He urged her to come to him, and promised she should have an opportunity to appear, but it was only in second parts. She replied, asking to be allowed to enact Lady Macbeth anew, only once, and she would do all the rest. This could not be granted, for it would offend Miss Faucit.

The Liverpool manager invited her to appear, but she decided to bide her time. She went to Glasgow, Edinboro, York, Leeds, and some other towns, finally reaching London: her purpose being to see the acting in those places. She was compelled to travel and live economically, in order to make her little store of funds hold out. She was accompanied only by her maid.

Her American letters did her no good; but a letter given her by the Liverpool manager, brought her into acquaintance with one of the London citizens, who interested himself to get her full admission to the theatres, and into some connection with theatrical people. She was desirous to obtain an opening on the London boards, but Buckstone had no place for her, and Webster of the Haymarket, could not favor her; Maddox of the Princess, tried to arrange an engagement, but the

chance he offered her was not such a one as she was willing to accept.

Homesick and dejected, she went to Paris, with some chance friends, and there saw Macready. He still urged her to appear with him. Mr. Mitchell, his manager, also urged it, promising that she should have the parts she wished to play. She became convinced that she was simply to be used to whip Miss Faucit into quiet submission, and the woman spirit rebelled against it. She feared that to be drawn into a stage quarrel, would be disastrous. Besides, the season in Paris was nearly over, and it had not been very successful. The manager left her; Macready was to call the next day to urge the suit further. She feared Macready might overcome her objections, so she fled back to London, before the interview could take place.

At this time Edwin Forrest was in Europe. He had solicited an engagement with Mitchell in Paris, in order to follow his great rival in the very character in which the latter had appeared, but the manager could not see money in such an enterprise. Maddox met Forrest in Paris, and suggested an engagement at his theatre in London. The American tragedian desired to know something of the strength of his company. Maddox mentioned their names, and Forrest expressed general satisfaction, but there was no leading lady whom he was willing to accept. Miss Cushman was mentioned. Forrest pumped at the prospects of securing her for the opposite character, and then an engagement for twelve nights at the Princess, on condition that Miss Cushman should be engaged. Maddox rushed off to London. The paper was ringing at her door before she was up. The

engagement was tendered her, and she enquired what play she was expected to first appear in. In *Othello*, with Mr. Forrest. "I cannot begin with Emilia," she replied. He urged the matter desperately, she as strongly declined. At length it was decided in compliance with her demands, that she should have the chance to play *Barbara* one night before Mr. Forrest appeared. The terms of engagement were fixed at ten pounds a night.

It was already Tuesday, the opening of Mr. Forrest's engagement being fixed for the following Monday, there was little time for preparation. She was to appear untrilled. For two days she hardly ate or slept. The company were indifferent, and her Fazio, looking with contempt upon the presuming American artist, was quite willing to let his work down to the last possible word. Even the manager was not in a amiable mood, for

he had given her a night against his will and judgment. When the ambitious young actress went to the rehearsal, she found the company had not paid her the courtesy of waiting for her. At this she complained to Maddox, who ill humoredly asked her if she expected to set the world on fire! To a person of Miss Cushman's proud spirit, this only served to make her work the harder.

She had struggled too long against the world to be set aside in her purpose by the indifference of her companions, or the ill-nature of a manager. Thursday came and the curtain rose on an indifferent house. The first act was gone through with, and Fazio was listless and uninterested. There had been the slightest possible ripple of applause upon her entrance. The audience could do no less than acknowledge the new-comer, and the curtain descended without the slightest

demonstration. Returning to her dressing-room, discouraged and dejected, she made known her feelings, to her maid, her only companion. "Never fear," was the response, "you will bring them in the next act." In the second act she had more to do, she put forth all her energies. There was greater interest on the part of the audience, and when the curtain fell, there was a hum of applause, yet it was not strong, or assured. In the third act she must conquer or fail, and she did her best. In this and the succeeding acts, she played like one inspired. The first generous outburst of the audience was, after her impassioned exclamation to Fazio, "Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella," when she threw herself at the feet of Aldabella, pleading for Fazio's life, 'twas not merely acting, but physical exhaustion. The audience rose to their feet, and the curtain fell, and the shout

of approbation shook the theatre. She was really too weak to go before the curtain, and appeared supported by the manager. She had won. She had lighted a match which was to set the world on fire. It was a victory worth the ten years hard, faithful and patient toil through which she had passed. Thenceforth the path was easy.

Two nights afterwards, the theatre was crowded, and all London was raving with her praise. The manager would gladly have given her a longer term in advance of Mr. Forrest's appearance, but this was impossible. Then came the engagement with Mr. Forrest, which intensified the admiration of the London public for her acting.

A portion of the public did not take kindly to the American tragedian. The Macready troubles were not forgotten. But this did not prevent a most hearty recognition of

Miss Cushman's merits. Forrest himself was not slow to discern that his companion was reaping more honors than he, and it did not please him. He once refused to answer a call from the audience, saying, it was Miss Cushman they wanted, and not himself.

Going to the manager, she induced him to put some one else on Mr. Forrest's pieces, and give her the off nights, convincing him that such a course would be for Mr. Forrest's interest, as well as her own.

The arrangement proved acceptable to the public, and Miss Cushman continued to reap fresh triumphs.

One engagement followed another, until she had played eighty-eight nights, at the Princess theatre, and then, all the theatres in the kingdom, threw open their doors to her. She played among other parts, Lady

Macbeth to Forrest's Macbeth; Emilia to his Othello; Julia in the Hunchback; Mrs. Haller; Beatrice; Lady Teazle; Rosalind; Meg Merrilies, and Julia in the Honey Moon.

Meanwhile, her sister, Mrs. Merriman, joined her, and the two appeared together, Charlotte acting Romeo, and Susan, Juliet. It was considered a dangerous experiment for an actress to risk the portraiture of a male character, and the result elicited various comments. But on the whole, these were laudatory, while the public was clearly on the side of the actress, for it rushed to the theatres in crowds whenever the play was announced. Of her own abilities, Miss Cushman herself, had little question, as she had been accustomed to raise enthusiasm at the old Park, and the old Tremont, years before, in boy characters.

George Vandenhoff, in his leaves from an "Actor's Note Book," sought to disparage the praises invested in the Misses Cushman. But on the other hand, James Sheridan Knowles, thus expresses himself in a letter to a friend, on witnessing Charlotte's Romeo, "I witnessed with astonishment, the Romeo of Miss Cushman; unanimous and lavish as were the encomiums of the London press, I was not prepared for such a triumph of pure genius.

"There is no trick in Miss Cushman's performances; no thought, no interest, seems to actuate her except what might be looked for in Romeo, were Romeo a reality."

In a series of triumphs for thirty two nights, Romeo and Juliet, were played at the Princess Theatre, and it was a standard attraction in subsequent engagements in other parts of Great Britain.

During this time, Charlotte Cushman's name had become famous, wherever the English language was spoken. She was no more left in solitude, to battle with life single handed. She was everywhere welcome, and honors crowded thick upon her. She had no more to beg favors of those who had it in their power to serve her. The highest and best in the land were her friends and courtiers.

Among the compliments paid her at this time was the dedication of a Volume of Poems, by Eliza Cook, who was a devoted admirer of the American actress. After Charlotte had entered upon her successful career in England, her mother, brother and sister joined her. The family established their home permanently in that country. Her sister retired from the stage in 1847, and on the 22nd of March, 1848, became the wife of Professor James Sheridan Muspratt, of

Liverpool, distinguished chemist and author. Mrs. Muspratt died abroad in 1859. Mrs. Mary Eliza Cushman, the mother, died at Brixton, England, May 7th, 1860. Miss Cushman's father died in Boston, June 13th, 1841.

In 1849, Miss Cushman came to America, on a professional tour, accompanied by Mr. C. W. Coudock, who was to support her in the important male characters. She arrived September 1st, and appeared in New York, where she was enthusiastically welcomed, and then came to Boston. Terms could not be concluded with manager Thomas at the Howard Athenaeum, which was then the star theatre of the city, and the old Drury in Federal Street, at this time closed, was opened under the management of Mr. Humphry Blazek, with Mr. Coudock and a picked up company for support. November

During this time, Charlotte Cushman's name had become famous, wherever the English language was spoken. She was no more left in solitude, to battle with life single handed. She was everywhere welcome, and honors crowded thick upon her. She had no more to beg favors of those who had it in their power to serve her. The highest and best in the land were her friends and courtiers.

Among the compliments paid her at this time was the dedication of a Volume of Poems, by Eliza Cook, who was a devoted admirer of the American actress. After Charlotte had entered upon her successful career in England, her mother, brother and sister joined her. The family established their home permanently in that country. Her sister retired from the stage in 1847, and on the 22nd of March, 1848, became the wife of Professor James Suetclan Muspratt, of

Liverpool, distinguished chemist and author. Mrs. Muspratt died abroad in 1859. Mrs. Mary Eliza Cushman, the mother, died at Brixon, England, May 7th, 1860. Miss Cushman's father died in Boston, June 13th, 1841.

In 1849, Miss Cushman came to America, on a professional tour, accompanied by Mr. C. W. Condoock, who was to support her in the important male characters. She arrived September 1st, and appeared in New York, where she was enthusiastically welcomed, and then came to Boston. Terms could not be concluded with manager Thorne, at the Howard Athenæum, which was then the star theatre of the city, and the old Drury in Federal Street, at this time closed, was opened under the management of Mr. Humphry Blood, with Mr. Condoock, and a picked up company for support. November

26th, 1849, Miss Cushman enacted Mrs. Haller in the Stranger, and continued eighteen nights. During her stay, Miss Cushman also appeared as Rosalind, Lady Macbeth, Pauline, Julia, Ion, Beatrice, Juliana, Meg Merrilies, Katherine in "Katherine and Petruchio," Maritana in "Don Cesar De Bazan," Queen Katherine in "Henry the VIII;" and Mrs. Simpson, in "Simpson & Co." She continued to play in America two seasons, during which time she appeared in all the leading cities.

She fulfilled an engagement at the Howard Athenaeum, beginning September 9th, 1850, appearing successively as Lady Teazle, Mrs. Haller, Meg Merrilies, Lady Gay Spanker, Juliana, and Romeo. For several succeeding years, she passed her time partly in Europe, and partly in America, acting but little.

In 1857 she formed the project of retiring from the stage altogether, and in the season of 1857 and 1858, made a farewell tour of America. She appeared at the Boston Theatre, Monday Evening, May 31st, and for two weeks attracted large and fashionable audiences, by her matchless performances.

The company was notably strong, as the following cast of "Henry VIII," which was the opening piece will show—Queen Katherine, Miss Charlotte Cushman; Cardinal Wolsey, E. L. Davenport; Cromwell, L. R. Shewell; Henry VIII, John Gilbert; Buckingham, George C. Boniface; Sands, Dan Setchell; Anne Boleyn, Miss Mary Devlin; Lady Denny, Mrs. John Gilbert; Miss Devlin, afterwards Mrs. Edwin Booth, and Messrs. Shewell, Setchell and Boniface, made their first appearance in Boston, on this occasion.

The other parts played by Miss Cushman, during her two weeks' stay, were Lady Macbeth, Romeo to Miss Devlin's Juliet, Meg Merrilies, Mrs. Haller, Juliana, Tisbee in "The Actress of Padua," Lady Clifton in a "Lesson of the Heart," and Mrs. Simpson.

The engagement was concluded in the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th of June, and Miss Cushman, and the whole company were taken to Providence, in time to enact "Guy Mannering" in the evening.

After taking her formal farewell of the stage, Miss Cushman resided for a time with her sister, in Liverpool, and then established her residence in Rome. In that great art center she found congenial companionship, and the rest and recreation which were welcome, after her many years of toil and activity.

Her wealth, acquired in the pursuit of her profession, enabled her not only to surround herself with such luxuries, as a refined and cultivated taste might suggest, but also, to lavish her hospitality upon others. She there became the center of a brilliant intellectual circle, which included artists, literateurs, and other gifted minds, and nobly was the good name of America upheld in the social life of the great art metropolises of the world, and those of our countrymen who visited Italy, had reason to feel proud of their brilliant representative.

Miss Cushman was living in Rome at the time when the war broke out in this country. There were many Americans residing abroad at that period, who wavered in their faith towards the old flag. But it was not so with Miss Cushman, although a woman, she longed to be of service to the land of her birth.

The opportunity soon presented itself. The Sanitary Commission had been organized, to provide the necessities and comforts for our soldiers. She visited America, and proffered her services, to play in the leading cities, in behalf of this noble charity. Her offer was gladly accepted. The munificent sum of ten thousand dollars was thereby added to the funds of the commission.

The Boston performance was given at the Boston Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Wyzeman Marshall, on Saturday the 26th of September, 1863. "Macbeth" was enacted on the occasion, Mr. Joseph Proctor assisting as Macbeth, and Mr. Wm. Whalley acting as Macduff. The receipts were over twenty-five thousand dollars. Later in the same autumn, November 2nd, she participated in the ceremonies incident to the dedication of the Music Hall Organ, reading an address,

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↓

written for the occasion, by a lady of this city. After her praiseworthy efforts in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, Miss Cushman again retired to her home in Rome.

She next visited America in the Summer of 1868, and although earnestly entreated by managers and friends to act, she refrained from doing so. The disease which has since proved fatal, had already begun its ravages, and upon her return to Europe, she visited Sir James Simpson, the celebrated Edinburgh surgeon, at whose hands she submitted to a most painful operation. At this time her life was despaired of, but to the surprise and joy of all, she rallied again, and in 1871, she gave way to the entreaties of the American managers, and again appeared upon the stage. A life of activity was better for her than the quiet of retirement, and a knowledge of this fact doubtless had an influence in leading her

back to the stage. At all events her re-appearance was hailed with delight by the younger generation of theatre goers, who had seen but little of the great artist.

In the Fall of that year, she appeared in New York, after a prolonged absence, and then came to Boston, to fulfill an engagement of a few weeks, at the Globe Theatre. It was her first appearance on the stage, in this city, for nine years. She opened her engagement November 12th, playing as Queen Katherine, in Henry VIII, supported by Messrs. Sheridan, Boniface, and others of the regular Globe company, and in the course of that visit, she enacted Queen Katherine, ten times, Lady Macbeth, seven times, besides appearing in the sleep walking scene; Meg Merrilies, eleven times, Mrs. Simpson, four times. She also gave the trial scene, from Henry VIII.

On one occasion, the following season, she appeared at the Boston Theatre, playing an engagement of two weeks, beginning November 4th, in which she confined herself, as in the previous engagement at the Globe, in Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, and Mrs. Simpson.

Her next effort was at the reading desk, almost against her own desire. She had been earnestly advised, by her friends in this city, to give readings from Shakespeare, and the poets. But she had no faith in the undertaking. After trying the experiment, she discovered that it was more congenial to her taste than she had supposed, and for several seasons she continued, to derive pleasure as well as profit, from her new occupation.

She first read in Providence, December 18th, 1871, afterwards in New Haven. Her first reading in this city, was given at the

Tremont Temple, January 4th, 1872. Her first readings, and most of those given in New England, since that time, were under the management of James H. Roberts. Four of her early readings,—one in New Haven,—three in Boston— and he paid her the handsome sum of three thousand dollars.

October 5th, 1874, she took part in the dedication of the new Beethoven Hall, in this city, reading an inaugural address, written for the occasion, by Mr. Nathaniel Childs. Her last reading at Music Hall, was given October 12th, 1874. It was not Miss Cushman's intention, when she bade a final farewell to the stage, to give up her readings, and a large number of engagements had been made for her, the coming season, by Messrs. Roberts & Co., Agents.

In the Autumn of 1875, Miss Cushman, announced her design of making a farewell

tour in the principal American cities, beginning with New York. In consequence of this action of her managers, who caused it to appear that her appearance in that city would be the last she would make anywhere, Miss Cushman was placed in an equivocal position, for continuing to act in other cities. It was from the first, her intention, to act in other cities, playing a round of farewell engagements, finally concluding her stage career in her native city, where it had begun.

The last was the occasion of the most brilliant ovation ever made to any artist in this country. The intellect and beauty of the metropolis were gathered in overwhelming numbers, and at the close of the tragedy, *Macbeth*, there was a magnificent ovation to the retiring actress. The stage was crowded by members of the theatrical profession, among whom were to be seen nearly all the

leading lights of the New York stage, and the ode of Richard Henry Stoddard, was read, and William Cullen Bryant, in behalf of the Arcadian Club, bestowed upon Miss Cushman a crown of laurels. After this ceremony the great artist was escorted to her hotel by a procession of her admirers, bearing torches.

She next visited Philadelphia, and the West and Fern came to Boston, to take a farewell to the stage, at the Globe Theatre. Her engagement opened May 24, and continued two weeks, during which she played *Major Munkies*, *John Brown*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Queen Katherine*, *once*. It was in the character of *Lady Macbeth* that she made her farewell appearance, May 14th. The event called together a large and brilliant audience. The formal fare-taking was made the medium of the strongest expressions of

admiration for the retiring artist, of heartfelt regrets at the loss the stage would sustain at her withdrawal. Mr. Curtis Guild was the spokesman of the occasion. His words of eulogy elicited an eloquent response from Miss Cushman. There may have been less glare and glitter in the demonstration than in the New York occasion. But the tribute was none the less hearty and honest.

Miss Cushman's predominant merit as a dramatic artist, it is unnecessary to say of. She was universally recognized as one of the greatest actresses the world has ever seen. The very greatest Americans ever distinguished. There was no individualism in her art, which distinguished her from all other actresses.

Her calm, tranquil, her struggles, her very nature tended to render her portrayals of characters so true and intense. Beside the magnetism of her acting, one felt himself to

be in the presence of true greatness and power. There was a strength and earnestness in all that she did, that told of the true fire within. With all the classic moulding of character, which showed an underlying intellectuality, it was a grand artistic outline, rather than the graces and nicety of detail. The bold and strong effects that chiefly distinguished Miss Chisholm's personations, although the symmetry of the character was always well preserved.

The elements of her great power proceeded from an intellectual nature. Not mental greatness alone, but hard study, brought out the grandeur of her Lady Macbeth, and her Queen Katherine, an iron will, and fixedness of purpose, that carried her through her early trials. Her motto was work, work, work! study, study, study! and this same energy added vigor and power to all her stage creations.

The tones of her voice were not sweet or winning and, at the outset, she found great difficulty in getting them under proper control; but in this, as in every thing else, she subjected herself to severe training. Like Demosthenes, she conquered. In all she played her distinct emanations, became remarkable. Not a line, a word, or a syllable lost its proper emphasis. In all her conceptions of character there was a certainty, a directness of purpose, which was unmistakable. Nothing was left in doubt to the last moment, that she felt to be the meaning of the action, clearly expressed. Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, in the word Meg Merrilies. She will longest live in popular remembrance in other parts, the greatest of American actresses, or the queen of the American stage. She remained comparatively unknown to the younger generation of theatre goers, and

yet, as the foregoing sketch will show, she has won great distinction in the past, in a varied list of characters.

It is doubtful if any actress ever lived, who has played more parts than she did, and although there were grades of greatness in her performances, she did every thing well. As a reader, Miss Cushman brought into play the same grand intellectual qualities, which characterized her acting, though naturally in a modified way. There were the same evidences of intellectual study, and the same power of expression. The variety open to her mind, by the possibility of including several selections in a single entertainment, served to show what the personation of a single character gave or gave up. She gave an individuality to each of her characters, invariably denoted a brilliant and intellectual fancy.

The history of Miss Cushman's appearance in the role of Meg Merrilies, is strikingly interesting. She first assumed the part as a mere accident, while she was in a subordinate position, at the Park Theatre, New York, in the season of 1837 and 1838. John Braham, the celebrated English tenor singer, was performing an engagement at the time, and a series of light English operas had been put upon the boards. *Cory Mannering*, which was originally produced as a musical drama, was one of these. The part of Henry Bertram was assumed by Mr. Braham, while Miss Cushman was cast for the humble part of the Gipsy Maria. As the business of the play was then arranged, it fell to the lot of Maria to sing the cradle song in the scene where Meg reveals to herself the recollection of Bertram, by means of the lullaby which she had soothed his sleep in childhood.

and one day after rehearsal, the leading lady of the theatre was suddenly seized with indisposition, and a change of some kind was necessary.

The manager begged Miss Cushman to go on, and read the part of Meg Merrilies that evening. Miss Cushman obligingly consented, but with no intention of reading the parts. She took the lines to her room, and studied them carefully. At night she was perfect, but still she was no doubt as to the manner in which the character should be played. She was accustomed to play her own parts, and paid but little attention to the others, except so far as they might relate to her own.

Just before the curtain was raised, the manager approached her, and said he had forgotten to provide a singer for the part of the young Gipsy. What could he do, said he? he was at a loss at first, but concluded upon

second thought, that she could continue to introduce the song, and sing it herself. Thus the manager's mind was set at rest. While listening at the wing, trying to catch some inspiration from the progress of the play, the allusion to Meg, by Hatterick, and the Gipsy, just preceding Meg's appearance on the stage, fell upon his ear. "Oh, she dotes," says one, to which the other replies, "but she rules the tribe;" taking the words as the key to the character, she sprang upon the stage, in the attitude she ever after took.

The position was novel and striking, the audience manifested a good deal of emotion. When Braham turned and discovered her, he gave an unaffected start of astonishment. This assured her somewhat, and she went on with the part, giving it in all important particulars, and the interpretation and action which she afterward retained. She observed

Mr. Braham was puzzled, but whether the constantly occurring surprises were regarded pleasantly or not, she could not tell. When she came to the cradle song, which she succeeded in bringing out successfully, Bertram fairly glared at her. Her nerves were sorely tried, but she poured out her whole heart in the song, as she gradually bent over Bertram, slowly dropping her hands on his head, she saw tears flowing down his cheeks. Then she knew she had made a hit, and felt encouraged to go through the piece.

After the play was over, and she had gone to her dressing room, quivering with excitement, Mr. Braham sent for her. She rose in fright, feeling sure he meant to reprove her. She framed an excuse that, as she had not enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal, it could not be expected that she should be able to satisfy the demands of the part. But her

words of apology were not spoken. Mr. Braham met her with outstretched hand, saying, "Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for a genuine gratification.

"If you had played *Meg Merrilies* in London, as you have played it here to night, your fortune would be made." Some one to whom Miss Cushman related the circumstance, ventured to inquire, and were you not immediately promoted? "O no, certainly not," replied Miss Cushman, "I had but done my duty, in the place where I was put. And I continued two years longer as walking lady, at the Park Theatre, for the salary of twenty dollars a week, and only two thirds of that when the business was poor."

Miss Cushman has ever evinced a filial love for the city of her birth, and the affection has been thoroughly reciprocated. An ornament, alike in the professional and private

walks of life, she has always been regarded with pride, by every Bostonian.

In 1867, she made a munificent donation to the Boston Music Hall Association, in the form of Busts of three great Musical Composers: Palestrina, Mozart and Beethoven. The busts are modelled in heroic, or more than life size, resting upon brackets which are ornamented with allegorical figures, suggesting the distinctive genius, style and place in musical history of each. They are the handy work of the Danish sculptor, Wilhelm Mathieu, fellow-worker of Thorwaldsen. The originals were designed and executed for the Grand Duchess, Helena of Russia. And Miss Cushman, captivated by the beauty of the work, and wishing to have the merit of the artist known, and at the same time, to pay a graceful compliment to her native city, ordered casts to be made. These beautiful objects

of art adorn the walls of Music Hall, together with two similar busts of Cherubini and Mendelssohn, since added chiefly through Miss Cushman's instrumentality.

A few years since the graceful compliment was paid Miss Cushman, by naming for her the school which stands upon the spot where she was born, in Parmenter Street, formerly Richmond Street.

The house in which the eminent actress was born, and also the birth place of John Gilbert, the favorite actor, was demolished, to give place to the school edifice, erected in honor of Miss Cushman, and dedicated June 5th, 1872. Miss Cushman graced the occasion with her presence, and making some appropriate remarks. She also read Southey's poem, afterward *Blenheim*, to the admiration of the scholars. The fact that Miss Cushman never was married was doubt-

less attributed to her devotion to art. It certainly was not for lack of admirers. The inner life of the player often furnishes more romantic or thrilling incidents than they are called upon to enact in the mimic scene.

In her early days upon the stage, Charlotte Cushman was beset by applicants for her hand and heart. But she was wedded to her profession, and would know no other love.

The nearest relative left by Miss Cushman, is her brother, who resides in England. Edwin C. Cushman, of St. Louis, is a nephew, who was an adopted son by Miss Cushman, and who took her name.

The lesson derived from the life of this noble woman, who under all circumstances, was found true at her post,—not only in her public career, but also in her private associations, and all the relationships of life, true greatness can be associated only with purity

of life, and honesty of purpose. What a brilliant example for the young to follow, in the face of poverty, illness, buffeting and failure, by her increasing efforts. She surmounted all difficulties in her way. She seemed to stand alone, and was doubtless inspired by a spirit power then unknown to her, unlike others, of her kind. She stood blind to the storm, and only saw sunshine, which bore her on to success. The following words from her own lips, on the occasion of her benefit, at the Boston Theatre, June 11th, 1858, will furnish the key to her great success.

She expressed herself as follows: "On the 8th of April, 1835, then eighteen years of age, under the direction of the gentleman at my side, (Mr. Barry,) my first and last manager, I launched my tiny craft upon the sea of public opinion, in a course of alternate storms

and calms, which has known no retrogression, but which has ever been onward. Your approbation, among the earliest breezes, filled my sails. I have met many land rats, and water rats, (pirates I mean,) cruisers under false colors, mermen and mermaids, rocks, shoals and quick sands. I had no compass but the examples of those gone before me. No pilot, save perseverance. But with hope at the prow, a steadfast will at the helm, under the protection papers of an honest purpose, I have, after a twenty-three years' voyage, come into the port of friends' esteem, with the colors of independence nailed to the mast head. My labor has been earnest, incessant,—the world little knows the labor of such a life. For none but an actor can know an actor's toil.

And again at the dedication of Cushman School, she uttered the following noble

sentiment. "Of all my success in life, I wish to give you the secret. Punctuality is not only the soul of business, it is the soul of honor, and I am sorry to have kept any waiting after the appointed time. My success is wholly due to punctuality, and if ever I engaged in any undertaking, I threw my whole attention into the object, giving my whole soul to it. If you have anything to do, give yourself to it, whether it is business, obedience, work, or play. Devote your soul to it, and you will succeed."

In her address to the audience, in reply to the eloquent tribute of Wm. Cullen Bryant, on the occasion of her farewell appearance in New York, occurred the following remarkable passage. "If the few words I am about to say seem to savor of egotism or vain glory, you will, I am sure, pardon me, inasmuch as I am here only to speak of myself. You

would seem to compliment me upon an honorable life. As I look back upon that life, it seems to me that it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have lead any other. In this I have perhaps, been mercifully helped, more than many of my more beautiful sisters in art. I was by a press of circumstances thrown at an early age into a profession for which I had received no special education, or schooling. But I had already, though so young, been brought face to face with necessity. I found life sadly real, and intensely earnest, and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my text, and my watchword—to be thoroughly in earnest,—intensely in earnest, in all my actions, whether in my profession, or out of it, became my one single idea, and I honestly believe that herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great amount of success in any

art, can be achieved without it. I say to the beginners in my profession,—and I am sure all the associates in my art, who have honored me with their presence on this occasion will endorse what I say in this: art is an absolute mistress, she will not be coquetted with, or slighted. She requires the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumphs.”

For a series of years, Miss Cushman had been a great sufferer, on account of the painful disease, which terminated her material life at the Parker House, in Boston, February 18th, 1876, at the age of fifty-nine years, five months, less five days. Although she had shown in her acting the past few seasons the effect of physical weakness and exhaustion, yet there have been times when she exhibited not only all the old fire, but with it a fresh glow of inspiration, which truly astonished all who witnessed her performances, and the

whole world mourns the loss of one so gifted. Although the material body has returned to its native element, the spirit which has made it so charming, ever liveth. Can this be true? Modern revelations answer yes. But evidence alone fully satisfies the inquiring mind.

The following suggestive lines purporting to have come from the risen spirit of Miss Cushman express great joy, also regret, that she had not more wisely distributed the large fortune acquired by her profession.

On the 17th of April, 1876, she speaks through her chosen medium, Mrs. Dr. Walker, of 75 Dover Street, Boston, as follows:

When the just in heart shall gather,
 Meekly waiting for the day
 To catch the bright seraphic glow,
 When the great angels pass
 On high, I heard the angels said
 Of bright angels who had led around my head
 How sweet the glow was given to all
 My spirit home to realms of everlasting bliss

Weep not for me, dear ones,
 But sing of me as my garden home above.
 How sweet the tidings to the weary,
 From the oppressed, a sweet voice comes.
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eyes;
 A voice of love giveth whispers,
 Soon we shall all meet with the blest,
 Where all is joy and love.
 Life seems a dark and thorny way,
 To those oppressed with worldly cares,
 And they often whisper, dear ones,
 Come away where is no sorrow,
 Shall ever come to thy breast.
 Thy pathway shall be strewn
 With the sweetest of flowers,
 I'll call them from my garden,
 Where the sweetest flowers bloom.
 Be faithful to thy mission,
 And a golden chapel shall be thy just reward.
 Be true to the Lord,
 Come with strength and power,
 New words shall be thine to all,
 Persuade the people, even the lowly,
 And bring forth treasures.
 Be faithful, good and true,
 Keep thy knowledge of knowledge,
 Be not slow to do,
 For light is fast approaching,
 Every moment is a gift.

And draws you nearer to the haven
Of eternal bliss.
O! help to break, to break the galling chains,
This world has around me thrown,
Let love be one delightful dream,
In every thought may I aspire
To glorious triumphs,
And light and love impart, and all will meet
Where everlasting springs do flow,
There shall we drink and never thirst,
Glorious thought, yes we shall
All meet in that best home,
The God of us has given this to mortal man,
Anse, anse, and joy and gladness all
Let us all hold and be proud,
Bright garments of many colours are yours,
His hand is over you and your room,
The world is yours, it is not for long,
Where sorrow and sighing all shall end.

On another occasion, she speaks in the following poetic lines.

What I see, scenes of life survey,
The night will I come to realms of day,
One thought is as no regret,
Parting of this I should not
Some joy, some treasure there,
Regardless how the poor did fare.

O could I live on earth again,
So long I would not there remain
Deaf to the cries of want and woe,
And to tears which often flow,
But scatter wealth with liberal hand,
To bless the suffering in the land.

Kind friends whom I have left behind,
To "the earth's unfortunate" be kind
If you have ought that you can give,
Do so, and help the suffering live;
Your respect and love will I receive,
And your wishes I'll attend with love.

Pray you, amidst my sorrow,
When grief is over me, retire,
And when I hear your labours done,
I heartily may rest and be at ease,
And may the Master see well me,
For you have loved me, and I love you.

In every age, in every time,
Happily I shall find my home,
Some place, some ways the most of me,
Engaging with the good and true.

I feel that I am not alone,
When I think of the great God above,
The angels are all around me,
Upon the wings of the Spirit above.

The men and women prophesied,
 Telling of great venturose come;
 And many on their wings remoted,
 Whither they sought in heaven's home.

So now dear spirits from above,
 If e'er ye were in this sphere,
 Who come to us all filled with love,
 Tell of us to a higher sphere.

So when from earth's cares I'm free,
 And to the world my eyes I close,
 Doth thy dear spirit come to me,
 At a sweet, sweet, sweet repose.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN — EDWIN PORREST.

Some of the best talent of the stage and the press universally gave to Miss Cushman the record of praise as the full wing from the East to Sunday Times illustrated.

The curtain has fallen on Charlotte Cushman. For more than thirty years she has reigned the undisputed queen of tragedy on our English stage, and the audience created by her presence will hardly be filled in our own or the next generation. Among actors as yet produced but two actors to whom the epithet great can justly be applied. Charlotte Cushman was one, and Edwin Forrest was the other. Both were essentially native artists, being of the largest and most intelligent of the form the art, the expression and the full of our American institutions. Both achieved few real triumphs, but independent of popularity as a Miss Cushman had the greater luck. Even the very beginning of her career she never had a rival. Her triumphs have been with each other in advance of our stage and her name is a familiar name to the English stage. With her other great American rival, Forrest. Her career was really throughout. At the same time of her course public

APPENDIX.

The following Common Orders are submitted
by request of Miss Washburn.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM A MOTHER TO A SON.

The following theorem is due to G. G. ZILBERMAN. The system was derived through the relationship: $(M_{12} - A - B) \text{HALL}_1$, $M_{12} - B - C$.

MAR 11 20 1965

MY DEAR SON— I received the wish of writing you this night, and she will permit me to say I am better acquainted with her than she is with me. The mother says she has said a lot of bad things to you. When I find myself in a disagreeable humor, I may write to you, as the law of Hagar, and the she-wives of Lehamon, to attest, and magnify your goodness to all righteous persons. The pleasure, the gifts, and the fragrance of my young children, with the attentions of mine, which I believe are now the realities of my spirit, excites me. I am more than ever aware of your beauty, was the admiration of me, a hundred years ago, for me.

a car of glory, on whose azure folds I glide, to waft o'er you the breathing life of blessed peace and hope. The evening sunset hue—so glorious to my enraptured view—is now communing shades of angel whisperings that unto mortal bring the sympathy and love, that glows so brightly in the heart of spirit, friend, or teacher here, to elevate and lead to God. Every twinkling star, a monitor to truth and duty. If such the outward pouring of the spirit-life, what, my son, the inward peace and calm delight that ever fill our souls? Language is vain, to trace emotions as they crowd, the spirit mind to elevate. Thoughts, by thought alone can be expressed; the heart alone can feel the throbbing sympathies that from the heart do flow; the spirit with the spirit must commune, to know its rest of holy hope, and faith's calm joy. There we will meet, the mother in her love and truth, and you, with filial faith, believing, you shall gather in her counsels, and be wise. Faith in our mission, our love and power, must grow within the soul, by the unfolding of its inner nature, guided by precepts that reason and judgment can accept. The principle of spirit growth, inherent in itself must emanate from spirit life within. Nature, to produce the rose, a living seed demands; as care and culture are bestowed, the flower unbending grows, as life-time gives. That living seed the spirit man, the care and cultivation, one must give, and as they give

shall they receive, an hundred fold. We come to aid and prompt yours is the work to do; the soul must grow by its own efforts; we bless our God for this, and the yearning prayer ascends most fervently that you receive this truth in purity.

My son, your offering made in meekness and humility, and the dearest blessings mother asks, or son desires, shall crown us blest of God and man. United in our prayers, let us united in our efforts be, that, while in spirit land, I yet may feel the chord of love responding in its native sphere. As you, in deeds of charity and love, perfect your life. With humble confidence and trusting faith go forth, your daily path to tread; each hour shall now strength give, it asked of God with faith, each onward step now power deriving, the next to gain. In weakness now you're tottering; as yet your mother's guiding hand you need, but your own feet can strength alone receive, by exercise in wisdom's path. The mission that God has given is yours to make; the germ intrusted to your care, you alone can purify. Progress slow, but sure, the soul to draw, and bid it walk in peace and joy, love, and make it stretch in faith and hope. Like the new seedlings of the vine, each little shoot must care receive, to turn into the glorious sunlight, which righteousness imparts, each new leaf must faith begot, and thus you ripen from the summer's day.

We give you outward tests, to meet material nature for it claims, with all God's works, its proper sphere of duty; it supports and aids the onward progress of the soul; they are useful in the Providence of God, and to be received with grateful joy; but to give them proper value, you must understand their meaning. The architect, to perfect his plan of beauty, must erect the unseemly frame work on which to stand, it is useful, true, its purpose to fulfil, but you could not accept it as the whole. The lead in your mind, has painted order, beauty, and perfection, as its aim, and these alone can you receive. Study your innermost soul; what does it ask of God? What have hope and desire, in its purest hour, portrayed upon its mirror? Has not its aspiration been of God eternally? God is the Father, eternally the home where love could flow unchecked, and where congenial souls could mingle like the parted rays of the same sunbeam; and where wisdom could open all her store of living truth to satisfy and elevate. Whence these desires, if not inspired by God, reflected to in the patient heart upon its clasp. Believe me, if that be true, they will lend thee to ascend. A mother's love will take the spark into a flame, eternal words cannot quench, it shall glow on, for you are of a nobler race and faithful to its light. Time's passing years shall reflect this beauty, the eternal will bear testimony, a mother's love to bless, and your tried faithfulness to show.

My son, my son, go on,
Inspecting as you go with zealous care:
The power to seal, not deep within yourself;
With motion pure and heart sincere,
Even at the prayer ascend in faith,
For backless, wordless, from His throne
Of angels lead his ways to find
But wait it off where spirit leads
Winged from his own eternal nature,
Unto the spirit life within impart
And glow from the great potent fount
This weakness, so, and pointing unbelief
That makes the barriers so firm and dark
Between the seen and that God has made,
And so we go long smiling to
We are not yet the things we are to be,
A world of things, a world of things,
To be as we are, we are to be as we are,
Hence we are to be as we are to be,
The strength of the world is the strength of the world,
Hence we are to be as we are to be,
At last we are to be as we are to be,
Strong in the world, strong in the world,
We are to be as we are to be,
Remain as we are, remain as we are,
A world of things, a world of things,
To be as we are, to be as we are,
Hence we are to be as we are to be,
The strength of the world is the strength of the world,

He pities and forgives. His Son was given
 To teach eternal wisdom through the spheres;
 His mission, high and holy, sealed with blood,
 Was trust in God, and sanctified to man
 His course is onward, leading him to heaven.
 We come, with the same spirit, trust of God,
 By him inspired and by him upheld
 With Christ before us as our pattern;
 We labor trustingly in the same field,
 The human heart has yet its crown of thorns,
 For those who would its alien deities detest
 We as our master, serve, nor greater glory seek,
 If we one mantle thought inspire and teach,
 We know some growing heart is elevated;
 And we trust in God for aye
 That he has given strength us will to do.

 A better life is change, not escape,
 The spirit death to sin is meant, the best
 Is not the flesh, but the flesh restored,
 Myself as I could may we not say,
 He gave us, saying, be ye like to him,
 As I saw him, as he is, as he meant, (the
 life was with him, and he gave it to us),
 Spirit life, and life, and life,
 The life of the spirit, the life of the soul,
 With prayer, and ascent, pure communion,
 Only, can I learn, of God for thee;
 With flowers we will strew your path,

My son, my son, go on,
 Inspecting as you go with zealous care:
 The power to seek, how deep within yourself;
 With motive pure and heart sincere,
 Ever at the prayer ascend on faith,
 For meekness, wisdom, from His throne
 On His life's glorious ways to fall;
 But most of all where spirit teach,
 Which from His own eternal nature,
 Unto the spirit life within, impart
 A glow from the great parent fount
 'Tis weakness, sin, and doubting unbelief
 That makes the barriers so firm and dark
 Between the soul and that God has made,
 And His own loving grace to show
 Which will lead forth the light of His good
 As a sunbeams from the east, so shines
 The love of God, the way to His great God
 His son, His son, and His own Holy Spirit
 The light of His great love, His own grace,
 His love, His love, His love, His love,
 And His own love, His own love,
 Shall manifest His love, His love,
 Which will lead forth the light of His good
 As a sunbeams from the east, so shines
 The love of God, the way to His great God
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 The light of His great love, His own grace,
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 By him inspired and by him upheld
 With Christ before us as our pattern;
 We labor trustingly in the same field,
 The human heart has yet its crown of thorns
 For those who would its idols dethrone;
 We as our master, serve, for greater glory seek,
 It is our humble thought to inspire and teach,
 We know some sorrowing hearts are elevated;
 And we bless our God for you,
 That He has given strength His will to do.

A heaven of love, of light, of peace, of grace,
 The spirit of God, His love, His grace,
 Is with us, in faith and love, and grace,
 My son, His love, His love, His love,
 He has given us His love, His love,
 And now He has given us His love, His love,
 Which will lead forth the light of His good
 As a sunbeams from the east, so shines
 The love of God, the way to His great God
 His son, His son, and His own Holy Spirit
 The light of His great love, His own grace,
 His love, His love, His love, His love,
 And His own love, His own love,
 Shall manifest His love, His love,
 Which will lead forth the light of His good
 As a sunbeams from the east, so shines
 The love of God, the way to His great God
 His son, His son, and His own Holy Spirit
 The light of His great love, His own grace,
 His love, His love, His love, His love,
 And His own love, His own love,
 Shall manifest His love, His love,

That ever might arise the fragrance pure,
 To stimulate to thought and actions true,
 And show their inborn beauty in your life,
 But not alone must flowers bud,
 Beneath the genial influences Love inspires;
 Manhood to be true must bear fruit,
 Product of heavenly are matured on earth,
 This, in ripened clusters to adorn the brow
 Must spring from purest charity within,
 While faith and hope as guardians tend,
 And the dew repentant sorrow brings,
 Must bring waters from a great bestow,
 The well is gushing forth, Mine is there,
 Will dip for you and wipe your face away.

YOUR MOTHER.

To my Son, through A. T. H.

APRIL 15, 1855.

MY SON: Again I come to you, and, with all the gushing tenderness of a mother's love, purified and cleansed from the dross of earth, would address you, would breathe into you the son of my love and my prayers, the most fervent and holy aspirations of my spirit experience, that I might raise and elevate your soul to partake in union with me these godlike emotions. Not by drawing you to the spirit realm of thought and action,

for the mission of earth is not yet performed. There are many holy ties to be fleeted, many duties which can sanctify in their performance the days and hours of life. We would teach you to infuse into every action of life a high and holy purpose of righteousness and self-sacrifice, that should make it an offering of praise unto God, and a blessing to those around you. We come not to produce an unreal exaltation of feeling, that exhausts itself with its own effervescence, but a deep and abiding conviction of duty and accountability, that shall awaken all that is noble and generous, to stimulate it to high and holy endeavor in the cultivation of all its powers, that it may progress in usefulness and happiness. Love whispers its counsels, Caution gives its warnings, Virtue makes its appeals, and Vice is stripped of its disguise. Life is activated upon its thousand strings with new and nold melody, and for what? Think you there is not a far reaching purpose in all this effort of spirit power, other than to astonish and delight? The human mind in its weakness must be attracted by love and beauty into our path of righteousness and peace; while these like the moonbeams play upon the surface, a strong and holy influence seeps into the soul and kindles there a desire to know of God, to study his wondrous power, to examine itself, to see there is an inward harmony to receive all this beauty. Thus, oftentimes, the great work of self-examination begins, and the conscientious soul would strip itself of every covering,

and stand naked before the Lord; if so be it can be clothed upon with his righteousness. Self-examination and prayer must still be the watchful sentinels of the heart that would truly progress. It must know itself intimately—understand the secret springs of thought and action, resolving in his strength to be faithful to the light given. Through us increased rays are pouring upon your pathway, while they disclose more of beauty and bliss to be attained, the darker shades of the picture of human life are revealed with more distinctness. Be not then dazzled with the beauty of the crown that can be attained only by moral progression, but strive with undiminished earnestness to overcome the many latent passions of evil, to replace more fully in self sacrifice and goodness.

Life should become a true sincere belief in spiritual presence, a most serious and energetic field of labor. There are now no bounds to knowledge - you can love and be loved by every thing that is lovely. There is no break in the grand realization of immortal hopes - each day may become an immortality of praise, and every hour a passing meteor in the horizon of hope and promise. But only through a practical application of our teachings, as exemplified in the life and example of Christ, as he has been manifested to you, can you this progress. Be humble, then, be prayerful; let every cherished thought be pure - every action based upon high - moral principles; blessed of God and the angels. Though you often err in

your desires and plans, the strong influence of spirit-love, when fully engendered, shall with magnetic power keep you revolving in the sphere of peace and rest. Flowers, beauty and fragrance are thrown around you but still your heart is in your own keeping—you can say what shall flourish and grow there. Love, truth and duty are divested of none of their claims upon you. They must ever rise before you as the appointed minister of God, to lead you on to salvation.

I write earnestly, solemnly, for I feel deeply the importance of life around you, and I would have nothing mar the peace and progress of your soul. I would see you grow up like the cedar of Lebanon, watered by the flows of Heaven, strong fearless and true, sheltering with your shade the tender vine supporting the weak, helping the oppressed, a tower of strength and truth, a whole new race, saints and angels bless you.

[illegible]

Let the wells of pure water flow free, and purity will sit enthroned within, while reason and judgment shall act supreme.

My son, a mother is near you—she holds ever above you the mantle of charity and love; she would place it around you. As the Roman matron gave the shield to her first-born, bidding him to conquer or die—we say conquer and live.

Yours ever with kind Mother,

A large collection of 1000000 SiO_2 and Fe_2O_3 particles, made through Moss's Al_2O_3 Hating the following materials and is found in Boston.

July 10, 1855.

[illegible]

develop within thee the slumbering elements of His own nature.

The God of the Universe has spoken, is still speaking to the spirit-world upon the earth; the true response can alone come from the spirit's shrine, and not from the materiality in which he has enshrined that spirit. The outer ear is touched by the sublime thunderings of his power, but the inner life of the soul can alone reciprocate the demands of its Parent source. Leaving the materialities of existence, turn to the spiritual temple within, and there commune in the still, solemn hour of thought and reflection, with thy God. Learn of Him by learning thyself; study his attributes by those implanted in thine own nature, and thou shalt rise master of thyself and a true worshipper of God. The bond of communion between thee and God and all His universe, will be cemented, and a glowing eye and beaming countenance, a boundless intellect, incense, shall arise from thy heart, thill God, and happy.

The outer forms and conventionalities of earthly existence can only be corrected and modified by the purity that emanates from within. The wasted splendour can only be increased by the purifying fire of truth and righteousness, when these burn brightly there, their light will radiate through all the external coverings, for the light of the Father's love will be shining before them, and then all the wickednesses will be reformed.

The great principle of spirit-communion is now established in thy mind, and now comes with power and force the question, what shall be its influence there? It can be a fount of love, joy, and hope; if the waters of truth can come freely, they will sparkle with the rays of the sun of righteousness, and falling naturally upon the heart, inspire with confidence and life. Thou art one before God, the inspiration of His spirit power flows out unto thee, let the aspirations of thine own soul go forth to meet and receive the blessing. Look unto Him as thy Father, the Savior as thine elder brother in the pathway of holiness and progression, and with these great lights before thee and the lesser light of thine own spirit, to reflect their glories, go forth in the warfare of life, with thine own armor, unimpaired and perfect, not borrow of thy neighbor's coat of mail or helmet. The fountain of truth near manfully, and angels will feed thee, that it conduct thee safely through the valley and shadow, to the great light of eternal day.

We the spirits, desire most earnestly to endorse the duty and the privilege of individual thought and experience. Every spark of God has its own essentials of existence and perfection; these can be demonstrated only by individual action, therefore every man must be left to himself to strengthen his own soul. It is no excuse of hereditary sin, if God's promises are to be made good beneath the rubbish of worldly wisdom, or weakness of

an effeminate reliance upon others. Every flower blooms with its own peculiar beauty, and sends its fragrance forth in grateful adoration. One star differeth from another star in glory, yet each have their own rays to radiate in the firmament of eternity, and so all have the elements to perfect their own individuality. How was the Savior's doctrine enforced when upon earth? and what now gives him pre-eminence over all that have walked the foot-boards? 'Twas not alone the precepts which he taught, but the example which he lived. It was a life spotless before God and man, unselfishly alive to the good of others; a love pure and holy, which sought the elevation of all, a love which rendered a foe a friend, a slave a brother, and inspired, where necessary, a boldness which would have made his humble followers ask a new name. If thou wilt, this has been tried and found wanting? Have its least approximation ever failed? or are the results? It fails only for want of earnest and faithful compliance with its requirements, but it is the only path which our Father has ever opened, whereby the spiritual may overcome the material. No disciple of Christ has reached the goal, whose spirit has been baptized with the love of God only. We feel and acknowledge its efficacy, and our confidence with its dictates. We stand before a confounding the record of humanity. We see its strength and weakness, and would make it whole and strong, by the addition of

principles of God's holy truth, as made manifest to us in our own experience, and adapted to the whole world groaning and travailing before us. We stop not at the many landmarks that error and superstition have erected as guides, for we know if we build the foundation upon the rock, the superstructure will grow in beautiful and harmonious proportions. We would have man stand in his own individual being before God, as descending from him and ascending to him, reflecting the rays of His goodness to all around, and how doth his mercy and love rest upon and enlighten by and impart all the shimmer in his sun.

in wisdom in his righteousness. Good as infinite, man is finite, which of them does without the other? Therefore we could not be his disciples, as he has the Spirit dwelling in him. The power of God is also the spirit of man, and in that power we live to all things. Why, then, should we ask of another the way of life, when each and all can consult the great oracle of truth, when within themselves is the pathway to omnipotence, and the guiding light of his own perfect love and good? God is love, love ye as God loves, and ye shall know the Father. He is merciful and just, infinitely mighty and perfect, and ye shall know peace and righteousness. He governs internally, unto aid, and strength, and wisdom, as he has given you a Father in the Father, and the Son of God. He is Father, Son, Spirit, and remain with us, as he has given. These are attributes,

that we may become perfect even as He is perfect. The elementary process must commence on earth—the planting of the field is now with you an important consideration. See that the seeds are all selected from the granery of the Heavenly Father's kingdom, that the growth and fruit be perpetual; for, believe me, every seed which He hath not planted shall be rooted up. Man gathers not the harvest, neither rewardeth the reapers. Why, then, grieve thou another's field, mourning his short-sightedness? God is the Judge, and He will render to every man according to his work.

Extracts from the following studies are available on microfiche: *Chittenden et al.*, N. Y., 1983; *Brinkman et al.*, Phila. J. H. P., 2000; other studies are available on request.

DEAR JAMES. I would like exceedingly to hear from my children. Our dear Mary has told me several times they were very well. But to hear from you this way, is so novel, it, as yet, hardly satisfies me.

Her spirit name is "Rose of Sharon," and she calls the children "buds." She often has a beautiful patch with four buds on it, and every day she says "all are well," and often adds "and I am too."

That may be strange to your doctors, but I am not a visionary—creativity is not my suit, yet there is not a doubt left in my mind, as I gaze at a wife like you, and at our

