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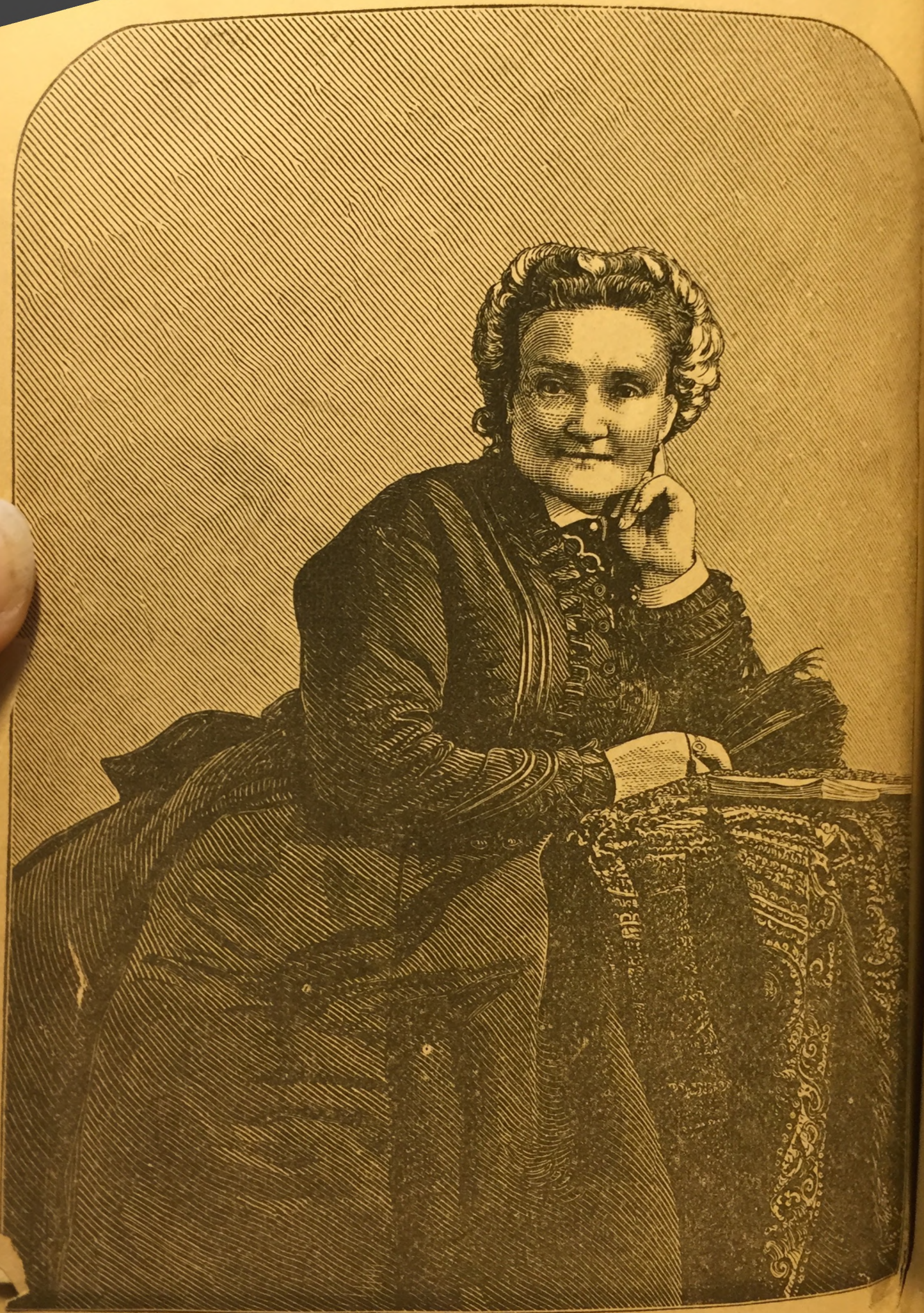
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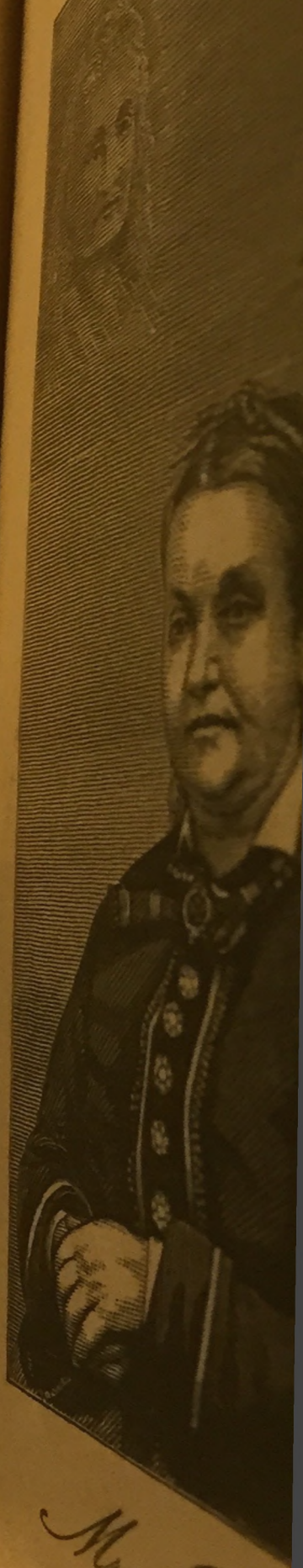
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN!

How she made her Fortune.



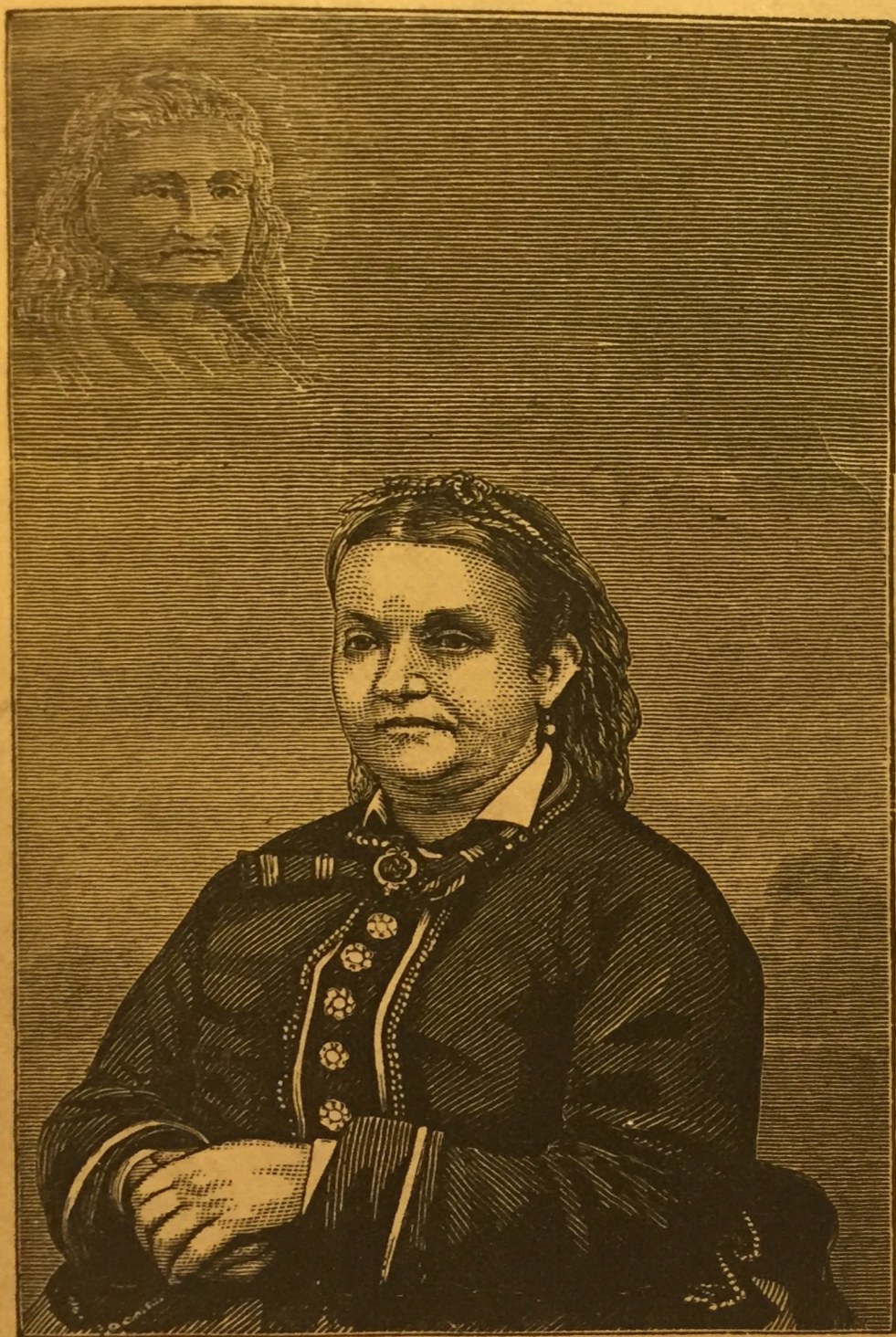


*Charlotte T. F.*



*Mrs. D.*





*Mrs. Dr. Walker.*



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.

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DEDICATED TO THE WORLD.

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BOSTON:

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1876.

670



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## PREFACE.

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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

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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.

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## REMINISCENCES.

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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.



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,

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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 overstraining, 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.

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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 perserverance, 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,

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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



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,

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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,

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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 Belino, in the opera of the Devil's Bridge, Lady Macbeth in the first acts of the tragedy, and Patrick, in "The Poor

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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, "Emilia" 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 abilities 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

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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

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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 jumped at the prospects of securing her for the opposite characters, and made an engagement for twelve nights at the Princess, on condition that Miss Cushman should be engaged. Maddox rushed off to London. There was a ring at her door before she was up. The

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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 Bianca, 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 unheralded. 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 cut his work down to the last possible word. Even the manager was not in an 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

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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 ringing 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

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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.

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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

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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. Couldock, 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. Humphrey Bland, with Mr. Couldock, 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 Cæsar 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 Athenæum, 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.

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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 notedly 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.

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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 metropolis 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 Edinborough 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.

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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

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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. <sup>In NY</sup> 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 then came to Boston, to take a farewell of the stage, at the Globe Theatre. Her engagement opened May 3d, and continued two weeks, during which she played Meg Merrilies, ten times; Lady Macbeth, three times; Queen Katherine, once. It was in the character of Lady Macbeth that she made her farewell appearance, May 15th. The event called together a large and brilliant audience. The formal leave taking was made the medium of the strongest expressions of

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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 ovation. But the tribute was none the less hearty and honest.

Miss Cushman's transcendent merit as a dramatic artist, it is unnecessary to speak of. She was universally recognized as one of the greatest actresses the world has ever seen. The very greatest America has ever furnished. There was an individualism in her art, which distinguished her from all other actresses.

Her early training, her struggles, her very nature tended to render her portrayals of characters strong and intense. Beneath 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 Cushman'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.

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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 enumerations, 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 measure that she felt to be the meaning of the author, clearly expressed, as Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, in the weird 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, gay, or grave, she gave an individuality to, and her conceptions invariably denoted a brilliant and intellectual fancy.

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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. *Guy 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 recalls to herself the recollections of Bertram, by means of the ballad with 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 part. She took the lines to her room, and studied them carefully. At night she was perfect, but still she was in doubt as to the manner in which the character should be played. She was accustomed to play her own part, had 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 shall we do, said he? he was at a loss at first, but concluded upon

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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

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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 alwas 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

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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 gracing 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

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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 perserverance. 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

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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

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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 last moment came to gather  
My spirit from its house of clay,  
To catch the bright seraphic glow,  
Which o'er my features play.  
Oh, then I heard the glad sound  
Of bright angels, who hovered around my head.  
One sweet song was given to waft  
My spirit home to realms of everlasting bliss.

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Weep not for me, dear ones,  
 But sing of heaven my glorious home above.  
 How sweet the tidings to the weary,  
 Faint, oppressed, a sweet voice comes,  
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eyes ;  
 A voice of love gently 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 a voice often whispers, dear ones,  
 Come away, where no shadow of sorrow,  
 Shall ever come to thy breast.  
 Thy pathway shall be strewn  
 With the fairest of flowers.  
 I'll cull then from my gardens,  
 Where endless flowers bloom.  
 Be faithful to thy mission,  
 And a golden chaplet shall be thy just reward.  
 In morning's ruddy glow ;  
 Come with strong sinews,  
 Nor wait, nor faint, in heat or cold ;  
 Pause not until the evening draws  
 Around it golden treasures.  
 Be faithful good and true,  
 Keep back no word of knowledge,  
 Be not slow to do,  
 For night is fast approaching,  
 Each moment is a gift,

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And draws you nearer to the haven  
 Of eternal bliss.  
 Oh! 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 blest home.  
 The God of love has given this to mortal man.  
 Arise, arise, and rejoice dear ones all.  
 Lift your head and droop not,  
 Bright garlands of immortal joys are yours,  
 His hand divine will lead you on  
 To win the prize of spirit freedom,  
 Where sorrow, sighing, all shall end.

On an other occasion, she speaks in the following poetic lines.

When I the scenes of life survey,  
 Through which I've come to realms of day,  
 One thing occasions me regret,  
 That my affections I should set  
 So much upon my treasures 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 "EARTH'S unfortunate" be kind:  
 If you have aught that you can give,  
 Do so and help THE SUFFERING LIVE:  
 Your conscience will the act approve,  
 And your whole soul be filled with love.

Thus you a mansion may secure,  
 Where pleasures evermore endure,  
 And when on earth your labors close,  
 In death you sweetly may repose,  
 And hear the Master say well-done,  
 The victory you have nobly won.

In every age — in every clime —  
 Hath God revealed himself to man;  
 Sometimes in ways the most sublime,  
 Employing both the voice and pen.

Upon that memorable day,  
 When Peter did the truth proclaim  
 To thousands near and far away,  
 Upon the crowd the Spirit came.



The men and women prophesied,  
 Telling of great events to come,  
 And many on their words relied,  
 Who daily sought in heaven a home.

So now dear spirits from above,  
 Converse with us mortals here;  
 Who come to us all filled with love,  
 To lift us to a higher sphere.

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

## CHARLOT

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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN — EDWIN FORREST.

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Some of the best talent of the pulpit, and the press universally, gave to Miss Cushman her due meed of praise, as the following from the Boston Sunday Times illustrates.

The curtain has fallen on Charlotte Cushman. For more than thirty years she has reigned the undisputed queen of tragedy among English-speaking people, and the void created by her decease will hardly be filled in our own or the next generation. America has 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 in the largest and noblest sense of the term the artistic expression and result of republican institutions. Both achieved fame and fortune, but independent of pecuniary success Miss Cushman had the greater luck. From the very beginning of her career she never had a rival; two hemispheres have vied with each other in admiration of her genius, and of censure or fault-finding she has had next to none. With the other great American how different. His career was stormy throughout. At the very outset of his course public



opinion was divided as to his merit, and to the end of his art life, embracing a period of more than forty years, it remained so. His life was embittered not only by domestic trouble, but also by professional rivalry, for across the ocean he was never regarded as the equal of Macready but the rather looked upon as a grand barbarian, who depended for his effects upon his phenomenal physical endowments, supplemented to be sure by a certain crude dramatic ability but utterly untempered in transatlantic opinion by education or refinement. As regards natural ability, Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman were about equal, but the woman's temperament belonged to the nineteenth century, the man's to the eleventh. Despite his undoubted culture, Forrest was at heart a genuine Goth, who never took very kindly to Hellenism, and this principal deficiency as an artist lay in his lack of imagination, which he never possessed in the very highest form. It was in this faculty that Miss Cushman was strongest, and to its magic power we owe the perfect and balanced beauty of some of her most admirable creations. In the Shakespearean gallery two figures, King Lear and Coriolanus, are indissolubly connected with the name of Forrest and upon Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine Miss Cushman has stamped her name imperishably. But the character most nearly associated with her genius is the Meg Merrilies of the stage which is absolutely her

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creation. Plumed with the wings of her genius the old hag rose into the regions of imagination and became a seer—a Pythoness. We venture nothing in asserting that never in the history of the stage was a tragic creation of equal grandeur comprehended in so few lines. And in some incomprehensible way she threw about the wretched play itself the atmosphere of the Eschylean drama. And at all times upon the stage her personality was so intense and dominant that characters of equal dramatic importance become hopelessly subordinate. We have seen Macbeth himself dwindle into pitiable insignificance from the mere association. Her art had one notable limitation, in that it was essentially and solely tragic. And in this she resembled Forrest. Neither of them had any sovereignty over mirth, but the man wiser than the woman could never be induced to pass beyond the boundaries of his proper province. Forrest and Cushman! What emotions are evoked by the mention of their names, and how bare the Temple of the Drama will appear minus these colossal figures. When Forrest left us he took King Lear and Coriolanus along with him, and now Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine and Meg Merrilies will be buried in the grave with Cushman. She leaves no lineal successor, and so to the dead, but still crowned queen, we say with reverent hearts—Hail and farewell.



## APPENDIX.

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The following Communications are subjoined  
by request of Miss Cushman.

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### COMMUNICATIONS FROM A MOTHER TO A SON.

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The following Communications from a Mother in the Spirit  
Sphere, was received through the mediumship of Mrs. A. B. HALL,  
West Roxbury.

MARCH 20, 1855.

MY DEAR SON :— Long since I matured the wish of  
writing you through this friend, and she will permit me  
to say, I am better acquainted with her than she is with  
me: The mother sought her son, and that was the tie  
between us. With joy I improved the present opportu-  
nity— may it be to you like the dew of Hermon, and the  
showers of Lebanon, to refresh and invigorate your soul  
to all righteousness. The pleasant thoughts and pure  
fancies of my youthful dreams, with the aspirations of  
more advanced life, are now the realities of my spirit  
existence. The morning cloud, whose beaming beauty  
was the admiration of my bounding heart, is now 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 proofs 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 in beauty grows, and perfume gives. That living seed the spirit has: the care and cultivation, each 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 make 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 new strength give, if asked of God with truth; each onward step new powers develop, the next to gain. In weakness now you're tottering into life; your mother's guiding hand you need, but your own feet can strength alone receive, by exercise in wisdom's path. The monitor that God has given is yours to guide; the germ intrusted to your care, you alone can purify. It is a process slow, to nerve the soul to duty—to fill it with a pure and holy love, and make it strong in faith and hope. Like the tiny tendrils of the vine, each little shoot must care receive, to train into the glorious sunlight which righteousness imparts; each new leaf more faith begets, and thus you ripen fruit for immortality.

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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 framework on which to stand; it is useful, true its purpose to fulfil, but you could not accept it as the whole. The ideal in your mind, has painted order, beauty and perfection, as its aim, and these alone can you receive. Study your inmost 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 eternity? God as the Father, eternity 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 fount of living truth to satisfy and elevate? Whence these desires, if not inspired by God—reflected from the parent heart upon its child? Believe them, trust them; they will lead thee heavenward. A mother's love will fan the spark into a flame eternal waters cannot quench;—it shall glow on, forever on, if you are true and faithful to its light. Thine earthly passage shall reflect its beauty—the eternal world 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 scan lies deep within yourself;  
 With motive pure and heart sincere,  
 Ever let the prayer ascend in faith,  
 For meekness, wisdom, from His throne  
 On all life's devious ways to fall;  
 But most of all where spirit-truth  
 Would 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 that God has made,  
 And his own undying smile of love,  
 Which called it forth and good pronounced.  
 All spirit-life, in perfect union shows,  
 The benevolent, the wise, and loving God.  
 His son, our Savior, came to teach of Him;  
 The archangel and the cherub bow to praise;  
 His life and being, all inspire to purity,  
 And unto him in beauteous order tend.  
 Shall man alone, of all his living life,  
 With wisdom pride inspires and folly gives,  
 Remain a wanderer from his Father's House,  
 Absent from its protecting joys and blissful scenes,  
 Unsatisfied and weary with himself and all?  
 For he has turned from God and peace.  
 The father's smile has still its beaming welcome,

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He pities and forgives. His Son was given  
 To teach eternal wisdom through the spheres;  
 His mission, high and holy, sealed with blood,  
 Was blest of God, and sanctified to man:  
 Its course is onward, leading him to heaven.  
 We come, with the same spirit, blest 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 idol deities dethrone:  
 We as our master, serve, nor greater glory seek.  
 If we one humble thought inspire and teach,  
 We know some sorrowing heart is elevated;  
 And we bless our God for you,  
 That he has given strength his will to do.

A dearer, holier, charge to me is given,—  
 The spirit-heart of one so much beloved  
 Is unto me in faith and hope restored;  
 My son has heard my welcome voice,  
 He has responded to its tone of love,  
 And now I hail him as mine born of God.  
 O, it was joy too much for earth to bear;  
 Spirit-life alone could now control  
 The deep gushing thought, desire unfolds.  
 With prayer, and silent pure communings,  
 Only, can I learn of God for thee;  
 With flowers would I strew your path,



That ever might arise the fragrance pure,  
 To stimulate to thought and actions true,  
 And fold 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 care—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 living waters from our front bestow;  
 The well is gushing free; Mary is there,  
 Will dip for you and wipe your tears away.

Your MOTHER.

To my Son, through A. T. H.

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APRIL 18, 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 devout and holy aspirations of my spirit experience, that I might raise and elevate your soul to partake in unison 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 blest, 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. The heart vibrates upon its thousand strings with new and untold 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 paths of righteousness and peace; while these like the moonbeams play upon the surface, a strong and holy influence steals 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,

Your Mother

APRIL 18, 1855

me to you, and, with all the  
mother's love, purified and  
earth, would address you  
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like emotions. Not  
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A. T. H.



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 beautiful, for it can be attained only by moral progression, but strive with subdued earnestness to overcome the many latent passions of evil, to rejoice more fully in self-sacrifice and goodness.

Life should become to the sincere believer of 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 holy life and example of Christ, as he has been manifested to you, can you thus progress. Be humble, then; be prayerful; let every cherished thought be pure—every action based upon high moral principle; blest of God and the angels. Though you often err in

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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 interesting relations 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 Cedars of Lebanon, watered by the dews of Hermon—strong, fearless and true—sheltering with your ripened foliage the tender vine—supporting the weak—helping the oppressed—a tower of strength and truth, in which man may confide and angels bless.

While the future is opening with so much of promise—and while the present is teeming with new life and beauty, there is also much offered which will lead you astray from the right path. While the pure influence come with their hallowed light, the impure and unholy would tarnish with their shadows; from these my spirit would shield you—would save from the bitter lessons of experience that sadden the heart. But your power is infinitely more than mine.



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.

Your ever watchful MOTHER.

A highly esteemed Lawyer in Spirit Life, late of Boston, made, through Mrs. A. B. HALL, the following Communication to a friend in Boston.

JULY 10, 1855.

The voice of wisdom crieth unto thee; the inspiration of the Holy One of Israel would direct thy steps. The path of the faithful believer is strewn with the wild breathings of impassioned effort; the calm suggestions of reason and understanding are blinded or perverted by the overwrought fancies or vague imaginings of minds vainly seeking rest amid the creations of their own powers. Turn ye, we then say, to the simple and beautiful teachings of the Savior. Follow, with pure motive and earnest endeavor, the practical lessons of his wisdom, and there shall come unto thee peace and rest,—the peace that brings thee into harmony with God and all His glorious works, and shall

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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 connection between thee and God and all His universe, will be cemented, and a glowing love and beauty even like the adoration of nature's incense, shall arise from thy heart, full free, and happy.

The outer forms and conventionalities of earthly existence can only be corrected and modified by the purity that emanates from within. The whited sepulchre can only be cleansed by the purifying fire of truth and righteousness; when these burn brightly there, their light will radiate through all the external coverings of the soul. Be patient, faithful and trusting before God, and thou shalt walk the waves unharmed.



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 on, complete and perfect, nor borrow of thy neighbor either shield or helmet. The torch of truth bear manfully, and angels will feed the flame, that it conduct thee safely through the valley and shadow, to the clear light of eternal day.

We the spirits, desire most earnestly to enforce 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, while enjoying the light another emits, strengthen thine own. It is thy seal of heraldry as one of God's children, let it not be buried beneath the rubbish of wordly wisdom, or weakened by

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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 footstool? '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 its object, whether friend or foe; a forgiveness that breathed its prayer, while agony and blood were sealing his mission. Shall his humble follower ask a new path of holiness till this has been tried and found wanting? Has its least approximation ever failed to secure the same results? It fails only for want of energy and faithfulness in its requirements, but it is the only sure way our Father has ever opened, whereby the spiritual may overcome the material. No disciple of Christ has found his truth to whose spirit has been baptized with its holy influence. We feel and acknowledge its efficacy—in accordance with its dictates. We stand before you pleading the cause of humanity. We see its suffering and weakness; we would make it whole and strong in the fundamental



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 all, unchanging and impartial, the sinner in his sin, the saint in his righteousness. God is infinite—man is finite; what God does with unlimited extent, man, according to his capacities, as he has his spirit, may do. The power of God is also the spirit of man, and in that power it can do all things. Why, then, should one 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 spirit to direct and lead? God is love, love ye as God loves, and ye shall know of his love. He is merciful and just; cultivate mercy and justice, and ye shall know peace and righteousness. He giveth liberally unto all, and upbraideth not; be thus benevolent and kind, and the joy and satisfaction of Heaven shall come unto and remain with you, for he has given us of his own attributes,

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Extract of a letter  
T. Y., to his brother  
investigation:

DEAR JAMES:—

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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 grainery 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 gaze upon another's field, mourning his short-sightedness? God is the judge, and He will render to every man according to his work.

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Extract of a letter of a Presbyterian Clergyman, of Cattaraugus, N. Y., to his brother-in-law, Prof. J. H. F., of Ohio, after careful investigation:

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 thus, in this way, is so novel, it, as yet, hardly satisfies.

Her spirit name is "Rose of Sharon," and she calls the children "buds." She often throws a beautiful branch with four buds on it into my lap, and says "all are well," and often adds "and happy."

This may be strange to you, James, but I am not a visionary—credulity is not my sin, yet there is not a doubt left in my mind, that my dear wife has been, and often is,



with me, and throws her spirit arms about me, with as much love and affection as ever, and much more. I really seem, to myself, to be happier, to day, with Mary gone before—but still around me—and my heart and soul draw up to her, with a vividness, strength and affection, I never could have experienced, had not God given me just such an attraction *above*, to which I had so clung *here*. But this is but a *whisper* of the wondrous song of joy swelling out, by bringing earth and heaven, angels, spirits and men, fully together. \* \* \* \* \*

“Moses and Elias” talked with Christ, and the disciples “*saw and heard*” them. The departed, then, *can* return, and men *can* see and hear them. Is it done? *Evidence* must answer that question.

“A fellow servant,” “one of the prophets,” showed John his “vision,” and simply enjoined that they should be “sealed up,” that is, not changed or altered by “adding” or “taking away,” “one word,” with a fearful penalty. That was important. What would a revealment be worth, shadowing the epochs of the future, if an intermeddler might change the “vision?” But when *men* combine a *score* of books, and put that “Apocalypse” last, and then, the ignorance of men, apply that *enjoining* to the whole compilation, and make it mean that *no other* “brother of the prophets” should ever speak or reveal any “vision,” in all time to come,

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to any other "fellow servant," it then becomes a sad "stumbling block" and gravest error.

But you will say the "Scriptures" are "sufficient" for every "man of God." That is true, but each in his own time. Abraham, Moses, Elijah, David, Daniel, each had light enough for glad redemption and salvation, *still*, Christ came and brought "more light," and yet Paul, Peter and John *added* to even "*that light*." And all this light has left men in sin, and doubt, and darkness, and "the whole creation" still "groaneth and travaileth in pain;" then "why should it be thought a thing incredible with you," dear James, that our Father, "the Great Blest Giver," should, "in these last days," speak to any "frail child of dust," and dispel the darkness, and lift the "veil" a little higher, either in "visions" or any other form, truth may come in? Remember, *ignorance* is the *only* mother of *mystery*. \*\*\*\*\* It is an objection that many communications are crude, weak, inconsistent and wicked. And was it not always so? Whence came the "Apocrypha" or the "Apocryphal New Testament?" And how do we escape their embracement, and blow them like chaff away, but by the power of light and reason? Reason is still our light and guide. When a broad beam of light falls on my sight, shall I reject it because others catching *some* of its rays in their *bad* glasses, see *false* objects? Rather, let us study our light



and see how much of God and His truth we can discover.

The Bible, and each truth in it, comes to me on evidence, and, on its proofs, I receive it. But not the Bible, nor any other conviction, resting on the use of my reason, senses, and innate convictions, do I more fully believe, than do I believe this communion and influence of our departed friends. This conviction rests on the sober exercise of all my powers—no truth *can* rest on higher.

\*\*\*\* I do not suppose *I* can move you, but if you will give your mind and heart to find and weigh the truth bound up in these divine manifestations, the *truth* will move you, and their beauty, power and purity will gain your heart.

At my last interview with my dear Mary, she said to me, "lest conditions should not allow me to speak to you again, before you see our dear little *buds*, I want to say, kiss each of them for yourself, and then kiss each of them for me, and I will be present and join my lips, and enjoy the happiness with you."

The grave is not *now cold*—her warm, loving heart waits beyond it, and future life is not *dark*, her bright eyes are beaming there. I *wait* now, but then I shall wear the "Rose of Sharon" on my bosom, our spirits blending, lost in one, ourselves one with Christ in God.

"More Light."

Very truly,

C. H. BALDWIN.

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IT DOES NOT *SEEM* POSSIBLE.

Still, it is estimated that near three millions of intelligent persons in the United States, have witnessed so many and striking proofs and phenomena, as to be fully convinced that departed spirits do communicate with their friends still in the body. These witnesses do not find that there is any new law governing these things now, but the same as always.

"Jacob saw a ladder let down from heaven, and angel spirits ascending and descending upon it." That ladder still exists, or the elements or laws for constructing it, and it should not seem strange or marvelous to us, for others to see it now. As the mind grows familiar and understands the principles of "Spirit Communication," the *mystery* disappears, and the beauty and worth fills the mind with joy.

The loss of a dear mother, gave the writer strong *spirit attraction*, and at the request of a friend he visited a medium, through whom his mother made him the accompanying "Communications." Since then, he has met a few friends, weekly, in a "circle," and been witness to so many visible, tangible, and rational proofs of spirit presence, no doubt longer remains on his mind, but the subject opened to him a fountain of most exquisite spirit comfort and hope. Yet this, like all things touching "frail humanity," comes not to us "unmixed with evil."

Very truly,  
C. H. BALDWIN



Evil spirits and evil communications, doubtless, are to be encountered. Let us not refuse the rose because of the thorn on the stem, nor refuse *heaven* because perdition lies in the same eternal state; rather let us "choose the good" and "refuse the evil." We need not *deny* the fact, nor let the fact *destroy* us.

It is sad and pitiful that so many, especially the clergy, should reject this subject, and refuse to investigate it on the vain plea, "it is the work of Satan." I sincerely deplore this. The Church, being divine, should embrace the whole race of men—but *now* it does not, even nominally, above a *tenth*, and *really* but a few of them.

But, could the wisdom, prudence, and piety found in the ministry, be devoutly employed in fully developing all the laws and teachings, the inspiring truths and saint-like influences found in these "Manifestations," soon, very soon, does the writer believe, the mantle of light would flow round all the truthful, and surely win the erring and wandering to paths of peace, love and progress, leading to God. Still, if they will not aid or lead, the cause *will* go on—with fishermen instead of Pharisees, and publicans instead of priests, for believers, guides, rulers and disciples.

Each one must stand for himself, and justify his individuality. If your minister will not investigate and teach you, then, like thousands before you, investigate, see, taste, and handle. Judge and teach yourself. You

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Boston, July



may fall into some errors, for who has not?—but no error is so great as *ignorance*, nor any other sin so *defiant*, as to attribute to Beelzebub the power and works of ministering spirits.

It is hoped that these *specimens* of communications will awaken so much interest, that the reader will not delay to inquire *personally for himself*, and to know if “these things be so,” and let the divine influence of light and truth, love and wisdom, exert all the plastic power to subdue your spirit, and guide your way onward and upward. As I have received, so would I scatter abroad—seeking only the reward of a good hope, and holding out even a rush light, to lure the weary and wandering to light and rest.

PROGRESS.

Boston, July 30th, 1855.



## WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

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"TO FEAR TO REASON AND EXAMINE IS TO FEAR TO  
KNOW THE TRUTH."

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"The world does not understand Spiritualism, and ignorantly makes it imply much that has no natural or necessary connection with it. The ultra doctrines and plans of many who profess belief in Spiritualism, are regarded as the outgrowth of that belief. As well might these ultraisms and eccentricities be charged to Christianity, for the same agitators are believers in Christianity, also. *Our creed is simple.*

### SPIRITS DO COMMUNICATE WITH MAN.

"This is the creed. The legitimate consequences of belief in that *single fact*, are all that can be chargeable upon *Spiritualism*. All else that Spiritualists may believe and do belongs to them as *individuals*, and not necessarily as *Spiritualists*."—[*New England Spiritualists' Association's Address, Nov., 1854.*]

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THE AIMS OF PROGRESSED SPIRITS ARE  
HIGH, PRACTICAL AND GOOD.

Conceive the scope of this one question, solemnly urged by these spirits for solution: "Is not man *capable* of living a *brotherly* life?" When he shall do so, as he will, then shall spring, they tell us, "home, education, government, philanthropy, charities, improvements."

Do "devils" lend encouragement to such aims? They show rather the hand of the "Great Blest Giver," let down to lift poor frail mortals up, and lead them heavenward.

Friend, be not afraid to go. "It is I," said Jesus, "be not afraid;" so says Wisdom, Love, and Truth, in these divine revealments. Your heart shall be bigger, your aims higher, your hopes gladder, your light brighter, your love stronger, and your fear less; and when God calls you home you will truly feel

"To wrap the drapery of your couch about you,  
And lie down as in pleasant dreams"



## HINTS TO INVESTIGATORS OF SPIRITUALISM.

GOD endowed man with reason and never intended he should dispense with its exercise. Were spirits gifted to see clearly into the whole present, past and future, they would be equal in this respect to GOD himself, and were mediums able to give invariably correct communications, their word would be absolute, and their power over humanity most dangerous and enslaving. Wisely, then, were stumbling blocks left standing in the path of the investigator; to him they teach discretion, to the medium, humility.

Look, then, not *at* but *beyond* the medium. Be patient persevering, and watchful; and try and catch a correct idea of the beautiful harmony which bright and elevated, *but not perfect* Spirits, are striving to convey to your *untuned* ears, through *imperfect* instruments.

Can you perfect yourself in Chemistry by a single lesson? And can you be prepared to pronounce upon the profound philosophy which Spiritualism presents, at a single sitting?