

From the Louisville Journal.

WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Charlotte Cushman, the greatest American actress, distinguished as a woman unimpeachable, and as a writer of no mean ability, is now in Rome. We hear of her there, much honored and admired by all travellers and persons of note. She is the intimate friend of Eliza Cook. Grace Greenwood in her recent European tour became warmly attached to the great [tragedienne. Both ladies are excellent horsewomen, and enjoy greatly this beautiful feminine accomplishment amid the fine scenery and classic associations of Italy.

Mrs. Mowatt is unfortunately still suffering from the effects of her recent protracted illness. She had just published her autobiography, which the whole reading world are poring over with delight. She is loved and admired in private life no less than she has been honored in public. It is said she will be married early in the spring, and retire to a beautiful home in Richmond, Virginia, where she will devote herself to domestic and literary pursuits.

Julia Dean was recently playing in New Orleans. She is rapidly rising in public favor. She has a fine person, an exquisite voice, a perfect shower of beautiful hair, and a private life as sweet and pure as the most secluded maiden of any age or place. She comes before the public always fresh and lovely, like Goethe's Margery from her prayers. She has genius of an exquisitely feminine character, and every year must add to her laurels, for she is developing in force and intellect, and with her truthful conceptions and energy and enthusiasm for her art, cannot fail to stand at the very head of her profession. She is about to bring out the tragedy of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, at New Orleans, the womanly character of Elizabeth Leisler being well adapted to her powers. She has also made liberal offers to the author to induce her to write a play expressly for herself, which, it is said, Mrs. Oakes Smith is engaged to do.

Mrs. McCready is now playing in Albany, where she has produced the above drama with such good success that the managers were induced to offer the author a complimentary benefit. New York has decidedly made its mark upon the dramatic world, and is likely to become a feature upon the modern stage. Mrs. McCready has been but a few months in her profession, and is already a star. She is handsome, tall, and finely shaped, with a face of great capability, being marked by placid grand and varied expression. She has that grand enthusiastic temperament which takes the heart in spite of itself, and being young, with fine health and energy of purpose, cannot fail to achieve a position second to none in her profession. Her education has been such that she would adorn the most elegant saloon, so that with high culture and high social relations she will help to place the profession of the dramatic artiste where it belongs, among the most elevated and enviable in the world. This honor will be peculiarly American in character.

Mrs. Sigourney resides in Hartford. At the present time she writes but little. Her health since the death of her only son has been greatly impaired, but she still lends her name and pen and influence wherever she can relieve suffering or soothe a grief. She has been a very successful cultivator of silk, and her taste in horticulture is well known.

Mrs. Kirkland is preparing sketches of Washington for Putnam's monthly. She also writes stories and sketches for the magazines. Her pen is always racy and healthful as is her own fine mind. A look at her handsome, genial face is better than a sermon. She is a widow, and lives in New York city, where she is much beloved by a large circle of friends. She is also engaged in a series of literary lectures weekly before the young ladies of two of the most elegant seminaries for girls, in the city.

Mary E. Hewett is about to publish a new collection of her poems. The first volume of these, published two years since, has placed her high in the world of song. Her love sonnets are exquisitely tender and delicately finished.— She is also a widow and devotes a portion of her time in the same manner as Mrs. Kirkland. Indeed our literary women are the true reformers, throwing the best light of their genius and their noble culture into all subjects of human good without degrading themselves into making reform a trade. She is a resident of New York of a fine personal appearance and elegant social position.

Mrs. Ellet is now investigating the subject of spiritualism, and we anticipate much light will be thrown on this theme from her clear, comprehensive intellect. She is not writing much at present, but is well known for her benevolent tendencies wherever she goes. Indeed she has in many cases given readings from the poets in aid of some charity, and thus has afforded her hearers the double pleasure of listening to the artistic conceptions of a fine mind, and doing a good act at the same time. Her husband was formerly a professor in Columbia College, South Carolina, where Mrs. Ellet was long the intimate friend of Mrs. Caroline Gilman, author of many elegant works in verse and prose. Mrs. Ellet is now a resident of New York city. She is understood to be a regular contributor and critic for the North American Review.

Anna C. Lynch returned recently from a European tour, and her pleasant recollections form one of the most attractive features of New York society. Indeed Miss Lynch of late years has taken rather the position of an elegant hostess and that of Artiste than literary woman. Harper has been indebted to her for some excellent illustrations for his magazine. Miss Lynch is however young and intellectual and will no doubt add still more to her literary fame. One of the best features of our literary women is their capacity to do many things as well as one. They have "infinite variety," and this it is that places them at the head of every other class of woman in the country. Nothing can infringe upon their position. Others may achieve a noisy popularity, but they are soon forgotten with the occasion, while the woman of high culture and genius live to all time.

Grace Greenwood has been lately married, and lives in Philadelphia. Miss Bremer made some sneering remarks about her, but we believe she will sur vive the lack of appreciation in the fidgetty Swede.

She is engaged in publishing a monthly journal for children. Grace has yet hardly learned the extent of her own powers. She is ardent and enthusiastic, and throws her voice always in favor of great principles.

Sarah Helen Whitman has just published her collected poems, and the critics are unanimous in their praise. Indeed we have nothing superior to them for delicate insight, and artistic finish. They form a beautiful record of mind of a most remarkable woman. Some of her verses have the graceful and subtle beauty of an Italian mind, and the force of the German, with a clear melody such as Milton might produce. Mrs. Whitman is more wonderful herself than her books. She has a weird loveliness, a serene spiritualism, at once touching and taking. She is a widow, and resides in Providence, R. I., where she is much honored, the people being, as they may well be, proud of their one poetess, and she by common consent acknowledged great.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith is at present residing in Brooklyn, L. I., where she deservedly occupies a high social position, as she likewise ranks among the very first of living female poets. Her tragedy of Jacob Leisler, one of the most striking and thrilling productions of the American muse, has been brought out recently in different parts of the country with uniformly brilliant success, and we understand that she is about to publish a romance, of which neither the title nor the subject has yet transpired, though the public will need no assurance that it will be charmingly and powerfully written, and that its purpose will be eminently pure and noble. The author of the "Sinless Child" can write no wrong.— Mrs. Oakes Smith is perhaps the most variously gifted of all our female writers, and yet she appears not to have succeeded in determining her true sphere. She seems vainly struggling to enter her inmost soul, to manifest her most intimate self, to embody the whole secret energy and beauty of her nature; and hence, while all her emanations are sweet and stainless and glowing with the hues of inspiration, she is ever restless under a sense of still deeper and more perfect beauty unexpressed and inexpressible.— She plunges passionately into the abstruse questions of philosophy and morals, gracefully throws off to the eager press dramas, critiques, lectures, poetry, and prose, as a flower flings off its fragrance upon the waiting air, and then sits down and sighs for something better, something higher, something more finely adapted to measure her rich and overflowing nature, and to express it in a single great and beautiful effort. We respectfully commend her to the draca.— We believe that she has powers which if consistently devoted to dramatic composition would speedily cause hers to eclipse every other American name in that high field of art. But we must conclude our gossip for today.