

January 29<sup>th</sup> 1851

Nearly a month has passed since the closing of  
the preceding page, on the 18<sup>th</sup> Mary Ann Collier, my  
poor sister Mary passed from a world of suffering  
she had been for a long time an invalid and  
the forms of the disease from which she never could  
have escaped were planted in her frame. There  
is not a death; year ago, but the particulars  
I have set down in an other place

On the 26<sup>th</sup> inst. Miss Cushman the most elegant  
of living actresses, was our guest, she was accompa-  
-nied by Miss Ray a young lady who for the  
last two or three years has been her inseparable  
Companion was like wice with us also Mrs Leaper  
This was a real treat to have all these persons at once  
with us Miss Cushman possesses and admirable  
mind well balanced, strong judgement - which fine  
a tone to her manner and Conversation rarely to  
be met with in Ladies, Miss Ray who has some  
pretensions to literary celebrity is a curious compound  
of assumed eccentricity and strong prejudices - her  
great mode is Gossip and not morally it is to  
be hoped yet she admires or properly deserves  
that "bold bad woman"

Jan 29 '65

I have been afflicted with a stiff neck and Shingles  
which prevents my copying my journal to forward  
to George and Edward (Mary's son) so soon  
as I would have desired. They have received the  
melancholly intelligence long ere this - of the death of  
poor Mary - when I look back years ago - say  
Twenty five years when I remember Mary a young  
merry girl - full of life - of affection - then as  
the mind traces through this long vista of years -  
The trials, troubles, and misfortunes which beset the  
current of her life - her last pilgrimage to my  
hearth, the attenuated form, the once buoyant  
frame, <sup>now</sup> bent with troubles and infirmities -  
Coming to my hearth to breathe away the last  
remnant of life - and I alone by her bed side  
I alone to witness the last leaving of that troubled  
bosom, to have poured in to my ears - "my boy"  
The only thought which made her regret the  
grave - when all this is called up in my  
memory I cannot but look up on it as some  
sorrowful story - some melancholly dream  
whose dreary shade ~~still~~ still haunts me

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Feb 9<sup>th</sup> 1881

Two days ago I completed a copy of the  
Journal which I kept in relation to the fine days  
of poor Mary - I know it will be appreciated  
if not now some later day - will bring the  
rewards of my labors - We packed up the things  
of poor Mary her little stock of clothes found ample  
room in a small trunk of George's which she bor-  
-ght with her, and will be returned to her Son. I  
have not nor will I keep a thing as a remembrance  
of my poor sister, yet my memory will not  
require any outward object to quicken it, there  
is that within which will always reach her to mind

I received a letter yesterday from Samuel  
and he concludes it with a half sheet addressed  
to Mary, he exhorts her to cast her mind upon  
the future, and let her hopes cling to the merits  
of the world's Saviour, plain words - The now poor  
girl is beyond hearing them - Never again will  
that cold cold clay harken to the Chimes in  
praise of friends or enemies - The cold wind  
howls over her resting place, the rain beats against  
that house of death - but all is still with in - She  
lies along side of our regretted Lillie =

1857

Feb 9<sup>th</sup> 1857

Yesterday Eliza and I went down to  
bid Miss Cushman farewell - although adieu would  
better express the parting, she is going to Mobile on  
a professional tour and most probably will be  
back by the end of this month, or at furthest by  
the middle of next month. I promised Miss Eliza  
to procure a copy of Miss Burdow's Lois XIV, and  
note it for her by the time of her return, which  
I must steal time to do, as I have accused Miss  
Burdow of a plagiarism, in translating the History  
of Lois XIV from Alexander Dumas assuming  
history of the same name. We found at the  
Room of Miss Cushman, Mr Beecher who is in  
treaty with Miss C - to play an engagement at  
the Astronomer, Heaven came to mark - but if  
I had a word of counsel to give her it would  
be to cut the whole crowd - she cannot expect to  
add to her fame, her laurels will not, nor  
do not require the pious efforts of this assembly  
to rejuvenate them, I had given this Society an  
existence of two years they are now drawing  
into them third they drag along slowly  
and I doubt not a few more months  
and they will be gathered to the tomb of  
the Capulets

Feb 10<sup>th</sup> 1851 (Monday)

The first of Miss Jenny Lind's Concert in New Orleans was given this evening; The tickets or a portion of them were sold at auction yesterday and it would seem many persons bid as though they would never have another opportunity to hear the fair "Swedish" - The choice of first seats on the first Choice of Seats devolved on a respectable hatter named by Courtesy Count D'Arcy, but really Darcy for the moderate sum of 200 Dollars, and five Dollars for his admission ticket; This will do very well for New Orleans, I had hoped that <sup>we</sup> would escape the plier which very properly is passed upon these Cities of the United States where Jenny Lind has passed - but all the fools are not yet gone.

This same Darcy when he first came to New Orleans brought a letter of introduction to me from a good old Lady with whom I formerly lodged while I was in New York for the first time (1846) He commenced the hat business and was unfortunately enough to be obliged to suspend - I think he failed the second time - however his creditors are on tip toe as to what Jenny will bring him

Feb 11<sup>th</sup> 1857

The papers are out in praise of Johnny Lind, and had I not heard her, and were I not persuaded that the Landowners comes from ignorance or Cupidity I might be induced to send something more than 5¢ a ticket which I have committed a purchase to, and doubt not I will have the pleasure of seeing Miss Lind at her price.

This City is filled up with strangers. Nearly all the planters held back from coming to town, fearing that they might bring their families when Johnny would be here. Lodgings are very difficult things to be procured now. The Saint Louis Hotel which was secured by Mudge & Wilson after the loss of the St. Charles is so crowded to overflowing - The magnificent Ball room has been converted into a bed room - They say it more resembles a stable than any thing else the sleeping apartments are laid off like stalls! The Ladies apartment contains from six to eight beds in them. Old Dr. Cartright said that being called there to visit a patient he was much embarrassed to find the proper lady there were three or four lying in bed when he entered the Room -

Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 1851

"Saint Valentines Day" but more for me and I am much not complain I am passed the age for such things, however I delight to see others enjoy themselves thus,

Miss Lind then continues to occupy the public mind, numerous numbers of persons have hurried on or retarded their visit to the city on her account, and the prices for places is yet by a species of mania kept at a very great advanced or Premium as it is termed, This is effected by the ~~the~~ empresario Barnum having personally purchase tickets and sell them to the crowd anxious at great advances,

Feb 22<sup>nd</sup> Miss Cushman returned from her brief trip to Mobile and recommenced her engagements at the Astorionis, When she spoke to me in relation to the subject of her performance I spoke against it, for to say truly I always had a prejudice against these amateur performers.

The play was the Stranger and the house was exceedingly bare, I felt much mortified for poor Miss Cushman but she played with her wonted spirit

Feb 24 Miss Cushman's 2<sup>nd</sup> night at the historic  
The house was tolerably filled and yet even when full  
it is but a fraction to what she is in the habit of  
getting abroad.

March 1<sup>st</sup> 1857.

Miss Cushman played her last night  
in New Orleans, her last?— So she says and I don't see  
she says truly, she has accumulated a very respectable  
Independence and why not sit down and enjoy in  
poor woman sixteen years of toil, sixteen years of  
wearying labour would make any one sight for rest.

The night performance was the three first acts of "Macbeth"  
and the two last acts of "Young Marcellus" having the  
bills only called for the three acts of "Macbeth" for  
otherwise we would have had it all but this fortunately  
spared us the infliction. "Macbeth" was done by a gentleman  
who has until recently been in the hardware line  
his occupation having left him he among find  
an other, and in his stupor he stumbled on the  
part of Macbeth and if it is his evening of a trial  
I wish to speak,

When in the first act the weird sisters appear to  
greet Macbeth with the "Hail great Thane of Cawdor"  
and adding "The great hereafter" our hero looks  
as much concerned as though they had been individually



Mrs. Arthur

whom he daily met with and their salutation  
one in relation to the weather, during the ascension  
of Bangue with the witches, Macbeth could not  
have expressed more indifference in his looks - his  
meeting with the good Duncan was in character with  
his entry on the first scene, The meeting with his wife  
was the most ridiculous of all the attempts and that is  
saying much, The next great farce is the dagger scene  
which was said to the evident delight of the Melpomian  
Critics - poor Duncan was awfully murdered for it was  
not alone Macbeth who done the deed,

The great effort was the Banquet Macbeth guff  
his goblet or is in the act when he sees Bangue occupying  
the chair he "was wont to use" Macbeth's imitation of a  
stuck pig could not have been better done by an old stage  
and the look he gave in the vacant chair literally  
putting his nose in it was too ridiculous Mrs. Arthur  
was compelled to turn aside to hide the burst of laugh-  
-ter which greeted her "liege lord" This ended his may-  
-beth, Duncan arose again and made a tolerable  
"Kirk Hatterie" in appearance at least - Mrs. C. was  
as she always is in "Meg Merrilies" terrible - and then  
survived her last appearance - I went behind the scenes  
to present her with two bouquets from our lady folks

Miss Cushman

Before closing the favorable engagement and last appearance of Miss Cushman I cannot refrain relating the following incidents which occurred at the Bangue scene, and for which I am indebted to Mr. Plau (late Petre) when the ghost of Bangue enters and takes the vacant seat. Rosse addresses the Host (Machette)

"Please it your highness to ~~grant it~~ (the table)  
"To grace us with your royal Company"  
Machette rejoins "The lady full"

Lenox was observed to be some what embarrassed and kept looking about, the prompter observing naturally that he had lost his cue - repeated "full". Lenox still remained silent, Machette becoming embarrassed at his position its not being so in the Book.

The prompter in a loud whisper which was repeated by one sitting next Lenox - "Here's a flaw reserved - Sir" Lenox with great agony repeats the line and when remonstrated with for not having done so broken blurted out; "How the dice could

"I offer him a chair when Wood (Bangue) was sitting in it"

It is unnecessary to add that youth has a high appreciation of Shakspeare I doubt if Miss Cushman was made acquainted with this exact performance