

Written in
1918 when
Miss Cushman was
78 years old -

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

A MEMORY

by

Emma C. Cushman.

I once heard Miss Cushman say, "While painters, sculptors or poets leave some visible proof of their work behind them, an actor leaves nothing but a memory, and even that is not left when those who knew him personally have gone."

This sketch is therefore only a memory, but it is written by one who knew the subject of it intimately and if the writer is too much in evidence, she may be pardoned owing to the fact that the incidents related all occurred in her presence.

It was in the year 1858 that Charlotte Cushman came to the city of St. Louis to play an engagement of two weeks. She brought letters of introduction to my father, Mr. Wayman Crow^d, from Harriet Hosmer and from Mrs. Fanny Kemble, and it was in this way I had my first opportunity of knowing this great artist and still greater woman. It was an epoch in my young life when on one occasion during her stay in the city, Miss Cushman took me with her to the theatre to see a rehearsal and for the first time I was behind the scenes and saw all the paraphernalia of the stage.

The play which took place that evening was Romeo and Juliet. Never having seen it until then, Miss Cushman as Romeo seemed the incarnation of the ideal lover and realized all the dreams that had flitted through a girl's fancy. The part of Juliet was played by Mary Devlin, a very young girl whose simplicity and inexperience lent themselves specially to this character, for which Miss Cushman had herself taken great pains to

drill her as far as it was necessary. Mary Devlin subsequently became the wife of Edwin Booth, and her early death, leaving a little daughter, left a host of sorrowing friends to whom she had endeared herself by her charm of manner and her warm heart.

I knew her very intimately after her marriage to Edwin Booth but my first meeting with her as Juliet, remains an unfaded memory in my picture gallery of the past. She wore her own beautiful hair in ringlets down her back and everyone must have felt a thrill when in the balcony scene at the moment of impassioned parting, Romeo returned again and again for a last embrace and finally pressed one of these ringlets to his lips.

Miss Cushman's stage business was always her own, and was never conventional or artificial, and in the part of this passionate young lover, she won more hearts than Juliet's.

It has been much questioned whether a woman can ever play the part of a man acceptably or so that her sex is forgotten, but Miss Cushman's success in this character of Romeo proves that in her case at least, ^{there} ~~it~~ was no failure. I have heard her say she first played this part in the beginning to make an opportunity for her sister Susan to act with her. She considered Juliet one of the few characters for which her sister, who was young and beautiful, was especially suited, but she was untrained and would not otherwise have been able to secure a place on the English stage. Miss Cushman had already had a year of untiring struggle to make a place for herself and earn the money to send over to America for her Mother and Sister to join her in London. This had been her cherished purpose when she had gone unheralded and unknown to seek fortune and fame in a land at that time more distant, and much less hospitable to our people, than it is now.

She had had to encounter many obstacles. Theatrical engagements in those days meant hard work - there were daily rehearsals, lasting many hours, six performances a week, small salaries, exacting managers, and actors belonging to the old school and jealous of "A Yankee" who deliberately defied some of the traditions in which they had been trained.

Her position at the theatre was made very uncomfortable when she insisted on playing Shakespeare's tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, according to the original version instead of according to the ordinary acting play with which the theatrical company and the public were familiar. It was interesting to hear Sallie Mercer, Miss Cushman's faithful maid ~~for nearly forty years, and~~ who had accompanied her to England, tell of those first years of struggle and almost want, and of the economies they had to practise before financial and social success came in such large measure, as it did later on. These stories made it easy to understand how, even after prosperity and fortune had been achieved, Miss Cushman's impulse was to deny herself, in order that she might do for others.

When ~~this~~ ^{she} writer first became acquainted with Miss Cushman, ~~she~~ ^{she} was perfectly astonished that so great an actress could be so natural and "just like other people" while on the stage the character she was portraying seemed actually to be looking through her eyes and speaking with her voice - in her own personality away from the theatre she never posed, ^{and} unlike Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles, ^{she} never acted. She was just her own self - the most human self I have ever known - so full of the milk of human kindness, so entirely without self-consciousness that when she was speaking to anyone, that person felt that for the time ⁴⁰²¹ being there was no one else in the world for him. Her power of

sympathetic concentration was unlike any I have ever seen - it was genius - the genius of universal love for her kind, and it made no difference whether the one who claimed her attention for the moment was the greatest or the least - the richest or the poorest - the quality of her interest was the same. Children and young people were instinctively drawn to her, and to them she always showed the most attractive side of her character.

Shortly after closing her professional engagement in this country in 1858, Miss Cushman sailed for Europe, purposing then to end her theatrical career and enjoy the comfort and leisure of a home in the City of Rome. She had earned for herself the means to retire to private life and gratify her rare taste by surrounding herself with beautiful works of art, but still more by gratifying the passion of her life, which was to help and give pleasure to others. Her house at 38 Via Gregoriana in which she had collected statuary and paintings and the rare pieces of antique Italian furniture, ^{dear} so well known to all lovers of Cinque-Cento art treasures, became a centre of all that was most delightful in Rome in those most picturesque and delightful days. There Miss Cushman held her Salon - and it was a salon in the best sense of the word, for she had the gift of drawing out the best from all who came, and of harmonizing the various elements with which she came in contact. All who came to her were received with the same cordiality, from ^{Roman} Cardinals of the Church of Rome, to the poorest young artist, penniless and alone in a foreign city. To ^{every} each one she was the same gracious hostess, and she had the wonderful gift of putting them each on the kindest terms with one another, whatever their different nationalities or social status might be.

It is difficult to describe wherein her charm lay - she had no physical beauty as beauty is commonly rated, but when one came into her presence it was as if one came to a warm fire when one had been cold, and suddenly felt thawed out. When she was on the stage her voice was a potent factor in the spell she threw on her audience. She held them with her voice, and moved them to any emotion she intended, there was no trick about it, it was a perfect tone, coming from a perfect heart, through a physically perfectly constructed organ, for her throat was like the Arch de Triump^h and one never missed a whisper however far away he might be when she spoke.

To those who can remember her in the characters she had made ~~so~~ peculiarly her own - Meg Mirriles and Queen Katherine, perhaps above all others - the old thrill caused by the pathos of her tones still comes back and momentarily transports him into another world, that world of perfect art and perfect nature which she had made so supremely her own. There lives no critic today ~~unless it may be William Winter,~~ who remembers and is competent to speak of Charlotte Cushman as an actress - and in point of fact at this distance of time, there is no criticism which could do justice to her; for she was too great in her courage and too instinctive in her art to be judged or bound by the standards of either that or the present day. Everything in her profession was real to her, her whole duty for the time being - no levity, no taking it lightly. All the details of her dressing and her make-up for the stage were like an artist's work, there could be no trifling and not a string or a clasp forgotten. Sallie Mercer, her maid and dresser, never forgot; she was almost as remarkable a personage
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as her mistress and as little to be trifled with during the theatre

work. I remember Miss Cushman's once saying to me - "Dear, they talk about my genius - my genius is hard work;" and truly it was, and she never tried to make it play. The only times I was ever afraid of her was when she was at the theatre. I was often permitted to go with her to her dressing-room when she was playing an engagement in Boston, and I learned that the price of this much coveted privilege was the complete effacement of my presence, and never to make her conscious of it. I think the preparation for the part of Meg Merriles was the most wonderful piece of artistic work I have ever ^{conceived of} seen. To see the face and arms carefully prepared, and then the paint laid on to change the firm, fair flesh into the withered and wrinkled visage of the old Gipsy woman, the beautiful arms and hands (for these were beautiful) become the skinny and shrivelled bones and claws, and then the gray locks of the wig, the wonderful rags of the costume, down to the apparently twisted feet and legs - made a transformation which was incredible; while it all looked as if it was done at random and carelessly thrown together, it was a process in which the smallest detail had been carefully studied and was never varied, and the labor of making up for the part of Meg Merriles in the play of Guy Mannering, was so laborious and took so long that it was necessary to go to the theatre nearly two hours before the play began.

Who that has ever seen that sudden apparition on the rock, when Meg Merriles makes her first appearance on the scene, or has heard that quavering but pathetic voice in its prophetic song -

"Bertram's right and Bertram's might
I shall meet on Elangowan height" -

can ever forget it? but who can ever describe it? The whole performance stands alone as a perfect creation, a perfect inspiration of genius.

No great actor or actress of her time was ever freer from stage prejudice and traditions than Charlotte Cushman, in spite of the fact that she had lived more or less under the shadow of the Siddons and Kemble school, and had played with Forest and Macready, who were nothing if not exponents of dramatic traditions. She was herself so instinctively sincere and impassioned, with so much intellect and human sympathy and understanding, that it was not possible for her to accept another person's conception of a character. She involuntarily followed the advice given by Shakespeare to hold the mirror as t'were up to nature - "to show virtue her own features - scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Miss Cushman "impersonated, she did not recite." When she played the part of Queen Katherine in Henry the Eighth, it was hard for one to leave at the end of the play and not believe he had actually ^{witnessed} ~~assisted at~~ the death of that unhappy Queen - the pathos, the sublimity, the universal acquiescence in death - were all so marvelously combined. I think it has been admitted by all, that there never has been a greater performance of this character on the stage.

With regard to the playing of a man's part, I find a letter to me written in 1861, when Miss Cushman had returned to this country from Europe to be present at the marriage of her nephew. Although she had announced her retirement from the stage a few years before, she was greatly ^{pressed} ~~pleased~~ to accept the offers that were made to her to give some representations in Boston and New York and the other Eastern cities. She was still a comparatively young woman and at the height of her ability and talent. She was able to demand and command her own terms, and she did not feel justified in refusing.

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She studied and played the part of Hamlet for the first time and came finally to consider it and the part of Cardinal Wolsey her greatest dramatic achievement. I copy a part of a letter dated Philadelphia, January 29th, 1861:-

"You must forgive me for not having written to you yesterday. I have done more hard work in the last week than any time since I have been acting in this country. Last night it culminated in my playing Hamlet, and it has almost completely laid me up. I am scarcely able to move today - sore from head to foot, very lame, and my voice gone - altogether too poorly to go out, though I have many things to do, which will now have to remain undone. Hamlet is the most exhausting part I have played - it is mentally and physically exhausting and I feel today as if all my strength had been drawn out of me, but it is such a magnificent character! I can assure you, dear, that although I was very nervous lest all the words should not be right, I acted the part so much better than anything else I have done here, that I was really amazed at myself, and I wonder whether the spirit of the Dane was not with me and around me last night! I do not think anybody here is capable of writing about it, but if they do, I will send it to you. However, you will see me play it in Boston and will tell me what you think - "

I should be glad if it were possible to say more of Miss Cushman's theatrical experiences, but the letters she has left, written more than forty years ago and written on the thinnest of paper, are almost undecipherable, and I can in this article only record my own memories of those distant days. Of her devotion to her profession, of her respect for it, of her unremitting efforts to raise the standard of all excellence in acting, and of the help she was always ready to give her companions at the theatre, there are a few still left who can remember. There have been some autobiographies written in which many misrepresentations have been made, notably one in which the writer says Miss Cushman's penuriousness was great, and that she was hated by those with whom she acted.

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I am taking this opportunity to refute these calumnies. The follow-

ing letter which is only one of many in my possession shows how she was appreciated.

"McVickers Theatre,
Chicago, Ill.
Jan. 11th, 1873.

"Miss Charlotte Cushman,-

"As members of a profession to which you, not only as an artist, but as a lady and a true woman, have contributed the earnest zeal and heart-felt labors of a lifetime to ennoble and honor - we members of Mr. McVickers Theatre desiring to express to you our appreciation, present through our worthy manager, this circlet of gold inscribed with the motto that has so endeared you to us, and which is no less engraven in our hearts, viz - "Kind words," may your happiness here and in the great Hereafter be symbolized by this golden circlet.

"Ever truly,

"James O'Neil	W. H. Power
J. F. Rogers	S. S. Sharpe
H. C. Tryon	J. E. Hartel
Neil Grey	M. Pendleton
E. Barry	L. Simmons
Luke Marten	J. Barstow
George Roscoe."	

In speaking of Miss Cushman in her private life, as a woman among women and the friend who stood always ready to help wherever help was needed - there are two words that I can never hear without being reminded of her - the one word is Work, and the other word is Help. Without relation to any especial thing, they seem vague enough, but they meant with her the governing impulse of a mind and heart which used all their powers to the very utmost. She believed in work - she said once, "It has saved my life - there was a time when I should have died without it - let all who have work to do thank God for it." Again she said, ⁴⁰²⁷ "There are many who have a horror of my profession! Yet I dearly

love the very hard work, the very drudgery of it, which has made me what I am. Despise labor of any kind! I honor it and only despise those who do not find sufficient value in it to admire."

As for the other word, Help - it was the impulse that underlay her whole character. The letters and the testimony which I have before me bearing witness to this are almost countless. I shall copy a few words from a letter written me after Miss Cushman's death, by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the great disciple of Froebel, and the pioneer of the kindergarten in this country. Speaking of Miss Cushman's generosity, she says:

"By her timely gift to the Boston Training School for Kindergartners she sustained the cause through an early peril of perishing by inanition. She afterwards offered to guaranty nearly the sum of \$1000 to any publisher who would publish my lectures on the Moral Meaning of History. I never knew a person so ready and even ardent to help and further the efforts and work of others. There was swimming room for all the world in her heart. She was one of the prophets of the unity of the human race, a proof of it indeed."

In the smallest things which often necessitated some personal inconvenience or sacrifice, she could not hold back. I have been present when having been somewhat belated, she was hastily dressing to go to a dinner at one of the great houses in London, and hearing a street-singer under her windows she has paused and said to her maid, "Sallie, go down and give that woman a shilling," and turning to me, "I can never help thinking when I hear a woman singing in the street at night, I might have been obliged to do it."

To many whom she had never seen before and never expected to see again, she gave what was needed - money and sympathy - and in the case of struggling artists, orders for their work - or what

was almost more precious in her full life, time. We used to call her the "mother of millions" because so many persons came to pour out their sorrows to her and to the members of her family it seemed they always came at the least convenient time just before the lunch or the dinner hour, and we used to declare, she had rather listen to a tale of woe than to eat.

After the termination of her theatrical engagements in 1861, and having accomplished the special object which had brought her to this country, Miss Cushman felt herself obliged to return to Europe. This was just at the time of the breaking out of the war between the North and the South, and all her interest and sympathy were bound up in the cause at stake. Had it not been for important engagements, she had made, she would have remained on the spot, and she said, "If the war continues I shall be back before long." In the meantime, both in England in in Rome she used her great personal and social influence to stir up the patriotism of our own country people, many of whom were very lukewarm, if not absolutely disloyal, and also to moderate antagonism among the English, who were quite openly hostile to us. In a letter which I shall have occasion to quote later, Dr. Bellows spoke of her personal influence as a matter of "National importance."

It was in the spring of 1863, two years after the breaking out of the civil war, that Miss Cushman returned to this country. She could no longer bear the suspense of waiting and watching for news of the success of our army and she came back to be nearer to the events upon which ~~all~~ the future of our nation depended. She had been in constant correspondence with Mr. William H. Seward, the ⁴⁰²⁹ Secretary of State, who for some years had been an intimate friend,

and shortly after her arrival she went to Washington to visit his family. I had the great privilege of accompanying her, and so remember ^{many of} ~~all~~ the interesting personages of that most interesting time,- The President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War; but ~~what was perhaps~~ my greatest privilege, ^{was to live} ~~living~~-for several weeks under the roof with Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State. I did not then perhaps realize how impressive were the personalities of these men upon whom rested such responsibilities, nor did I appreciate fully the dignity, the solemnity and the grandeur of their carriage. Now, after more than fifty years, the face and figure of the President comes clearly before me as I saw him many times, either walking on the street or coming into the house on Lafayette Square, to speak with Mr. Seward - with, if I had realized it then - the sorrow and the pathos of a savior of his country in his face.

He was so little impressed by his own greatness, so lost to it in his absorption in the great Cause, that all thought of self was obliterated. I and my Country are one, *he might have said,* but My Country is greater than I. We may make this adaptation of the greatest words that were ever uttered, reverently, for a man can rise no higher than this when he merges self in a righteous cause for the good of his country.

Mr. Seward and Miss Cushman were in fine accord upon all the issues ~~that were~~ at stake at that time, and he, great statesman that he was, enjoyed discussing ~~all~~ the vital topics of the day with one whose mind was so clear, vigorous and loyal as hers. We sometimes sat for several hours, and listened to these two talking over ⁴⁰³⁰ ~~the~~ the events and the eventualities of the war. Mr. and Mrs.

Frederick Seward were the only other persons present, and we were ~~all~~ ^{fully} aware of the wonderful privilege it was to hear Mr. Seward talk as ~~fully~~ ^{fully} as he did, on the affairs of the government and the nation. That was almost the most critical time in the war, and the men at the head of our country were very worn and harrassed with anxieties. I was able sometimes to make Mr. Seward smile when he came into lunch looking weary and stern after an anxious Cabinet meeting, by saying, "Oh, Mr. Seward, will you not tell me a Cabinet secret? I will promise not to tell!" Mr. Seward's only and adored daughter was just my age and so perhaps he was tolerant of me on that account, as well as on account of my close connection with the friend he valued so much. Most of Mr. Seward's correspondence with Miss Cushman was destroyed by her request, but I introduce a letter which I was allowed to keep, written just after the visit I have been speaking of:-

"Department of State,
Washington, July 25, 1863.

"My dear Friend:

"In taking up your kind note I cannot but think how much more agreeable your visit here would have been for yourself, if it had come now when the bright sunshine of victory is shining upon us, than it actually was, when made under the shade of such black and lowering clouds. But perhaps it was not unimportant for you to see something of the trials which those who are appointed to watch and guard a great nation must undergo in a time of Civil War. You must come again in September and again take your chance for whatever of care and anxiety you find here. If the future of the country shall continue until then there will be new and perhaps even more difficult problems to solve, domestic relations to be restored, and rights and interests violated by foreign powers may demand vindication. Pray commend my best regards to Mrs. Cushman, who if I remember rightly, went away from us withholding a capital Cabinet secret. She will, I hope, favor me with it when she returns with you. I hope that Mrs. Seward and Fanny may be with us when you come in September.

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"Ever faithfully yours,
"Will H. Seward.

"To Miss Charlotte Cushman."

One incident that served to amuse the household in Lafayette Square during this visit was caused by Sallie Mercer, Miss Cushman's devoted maid, who had been given a few days' holiday and had reluctantly stopped over in Philadelphia to visit her people. Sallie had no confidence in anything's going right if she was separated from her mistress, and one day Mr. Seward came in from the State Department and smilingly handed us the following telegram:

"Philadelphia, June 29, 1863.

"To W. H. Seward,
"Secretary of State.

"The rebels are expected here.
What shall Sally do?

(Signed) "Mercer."

Great as was the tension at that time, it amused Mr. Seward and made him give some whimsical advice about what Sallie should do. Even the President in these days of intensest anxiety and responsibility found momentary relief in his sense of humor and I recall his expression when his face lighted up with a humorous smile and then relapsed into the saddest I have ever seen, as if a lamp had been lighted and then suddenly extinguished.

During this summer of 1863 in which ~~such~~ momentous events were taking place in our conflict, and when there was so much suffering among our sick and wounded soldiers, Miss Cushman had little thought for anything else. Through an unusually hot and trying summer, she occupied herself in making arrangements to give performances in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission which ~~at that time~~ antedated the Red Cross Organization of today, and did a splendid work for our Army. The results of these efforts will be seen from

the following correspondence with Dr. Henry W. Bellows:

"President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission - New York,
Oct. 31, 1863.

Dear Dr. Bellows:

I have at last received the accounts and returns from the benefit given by me at the Academy of Music, N. Y., on the 22nd inst. in aid of the funds of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. I have pleasure in enclosing to you a check for \$2722.27, being the net proceeds after deducting expenses for printing, advertisements, employes and certain small salaries, according to enclosed memoranda. The stock holders of the academy in the most generous manner returned to me one hundred and fifty dollars, making the rent on the occasion only one hundred dollars. I beg to refer you to the enclosed note from Dr. J. F. Gray, accompanied by a check for fifty dollars which increases the sum to \$2772.27, A little more courage on my part might have increased this sum considerably, but I am very thankful to the public for enabling me to make even this amount of offering to your noble charity. Please find enclosed acknowledgments from your agents for the following sums:

Benefit at Academy of Music, Phila.	\$1314.27
" " " " Boston	2020.75
Grovers Theatre, Washington	1800.00
Fords Theatre, Baltimore	360.00
Academy of Music, New York	2772.27
	<u>8267.27</u>

"I take the liberty of recapitulating these sums to you, the President of the Commission, that I may recall to your mind the conversation I had with you expressive of the desire that you should spare a portion of this amount to the Western Sanitary Commission from whose agents I have received very touching appeals. My engagements in the East have prevented me from visiting Chicago and St. Louis as I fully intended doing, where I should have asked from their individual population the same help for their cause which the Eastern cities have given me for yours. Will you let my inability to go there plead for them if you can spare anything? I know no distinction of North, South, East or West, it is all my country, and where there is most need, there do I wish the proceeds of my labor to be given. No one knows so well as you where there is most need, to you therefore I commit my offering, and with it my good wishes for your success in this and in all things. "I am

"Very truly yours,
"Charlotte Cushman."

In acknowledging this check for \$8267.27, Dr. Bellows says in a letter of Nov. 9th, 1863, which I will not take the space to copy entire as it has been published elsewhere:-

"I enclose a copy of a printed card published in the N. Y. Times, Tribune, Herald, this morning, and in the Evening Post tonight. It will be printed in each of the cities in which your generous work was done. I hope I have not taken too great a liberty in referring to your personal influence abroad as a matter of National importance.

"It has seemed proper that the Communities in which the money had been raised should enjoy especially the care and use of their proportion, and therefore I saw my way clear to allotting your donation among our Women's Branches (a direction it had practically taken under your own order).

"I enclose a general acknowledgment of the sum total of your grand contribution, as something which you may not be unwilling to look back upon, when the shadows begin to gather and the recollections of humane and patriotic acts throw a forward light upon what might without them have been a gloomy prospect. I am sure, my dear Miss Cushman, that the blessings of those ready to perish are dearer to you, than the plaudits of an admiring public; and those you have invoked upon your head by your humane and munificent labors in behalf of our suffering soldiers.

"With the most delightful recollections of the interviews I have enjoyed with you, and with an inextinguishable gratitude for your goodness toward my clients, the sick and wounded soldiers, I remain with the highest personal respect,

"Most truly and cordially yours,
"Henry W. Bellows,
"Pres. U. S. Sanitary Commission."

As I am writing here in Boston at a time when women are again coming to the fore and working for the army in a time of great need, I am tempted to copy the following letter:-

"United States Sanitary Commission,
"N. E. Women's Auxiliary Association,
"22 Summer Street,
"Boston, Mass.

"Miss Cushman,
"Dear Madam:-

"I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a check for \$2020.75 (Two thousand and twenty dollars and 75/100 dollars) handed to

us by Mr. Wolcott. It is, I know, needless for me to assure you of the grateful pleasure with which we shall become the dispensers of your bounty.

"The contributions could not have come to us more opportunely. It will be converted within a week into comforts for the sick and wounded of our army before Charleston.

"With much regard,

"Respectfully yours,

"Harriet Appleton,

"Secy Exec. Com."

These records are not the only ones I could cite of Miss Cushman's open-handed giving, and the records are not by herself, but from the grateful letters of those who benefitted by her generosity. The Hospital at Newport, then in its early struggles to fill a crying need, a few days after, ^{the} for Protestant Episcopal Chapel at Narragansett, and later still, several other small hospitals in different places, were some of the objects for which she gave her time and talent. Among many interesting events of this memorable summer was Miss Cushman's visit in Boston to assist at the inauguration of the great organ in the old Music Hall. She recited an Ode written for the occasion by Mrs. James T. Fields, and by her dramatic rendering made the success of the occasion, as indeed she could always do.

One of Boston's wittiest women once said after hearing her ~~from the reading desk~~ later on, "I believe she could read Webster's dictionary aloud on the stage and make it thrilling." No account of Miss Cushman's life could be complete without speaking of her friends. Among these she counted many of the great men and women of the time, in America, England and Italy: artists, poets, musicians, Statesmen, names that will grow greater and greater as men themselves grow greater, and as history develops them to their full proportions. She had a genius for friendship, and loved her

chosen friends with all the intensity of her nature. It was instinctive with her to express affection both by deed and by word. The children of her nephew who were born in her house and were up to the time of her death members of her household, were never allowed to be taken to bed without going to embrace her. Some of the best acting I have seen her do was for the benefit of the children when she imitated a whole farmyard, cows, chickens, pigs, ducks, lambs, until her small audience looked under tables and chairs to find them, and were finally carried off to bed, convinced they had left all these interesting personages behind them.

The letters which Miss Cushman wrote to her friends were almost too intimate to publish, even in these days when nothing is too private or too sacred to be withheld from the public, but if I were able to print them as I had hoped ^{may} might be done later, I should try to choose portions of them which would show what a wide range of subjects she dealt with and how far-reaching were her interests. Her letters were like miniatures in the minute detail she entered into, and the handwriting also, while it was very clear and beautiful, was so small, that with time and fading ink the contents of these letters are almost lost to the present and to ^{the} all future time.

And so it is proved - there remains only a Memory! A memory of a great actress, a great woman, a great Soul - one who lived and loved and worked and helped - and whose name was

- Charlotte Cushman -