

of it. It has made our friends so happy. He says he shall serve the merchants now with *heart-service*. What a glorious world this would be if every one did all the kindness that was in his power!"

"Dec. 13, 1845.—Dear mother is now an accepted member of this meeting. Two of the most respectable Friends, in a worldly point of view, called on her this week to announce to her the fact. She was much pleased by it. The one thing that is wanted to complete her full comfort is more free intercourse with Friends, who are afraid of us. The story of 'Johnny Darbyshire, a Country Quaker,' which was published lately in the 'Edinburgh Tales,' has scandalised them greatly. William has been written to about it, and as they fancy we are sarcastic and inclined to ridicule the Society generally, they avoid us.

"I cannot tell thee how much interest we all feel in the certainty of the repeal of the Corn-Laws. We have tickets promised for the monster meeting at Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday, when all the great heroes of the League will meet. It is a noble battle that they have fought. And now, thank Heaven! they are just on the eve of their great, glorious, and bloodless victory."

My mother was at this period residing with us, and I am struck with affectionate admiration at the remembrance of her great tact and forbearance under circumstances not readily assimilating with her convictions, and of her keen observation and good sense, which would have preserved us from sundry pitfalls, had we been willing to profit by them. She chiefly employed herself

reading or knitting in her own room, and merely saw our intimate friends, who were very favourably impressed by her peaceful exterior and unsectarian utterances. But whilst she highly approved of our literary productions and general sentiments, she took exception to our advocacy of the stage, from the persuasion that virtuous persons, assuming fictitious characters, became ultimately what they simulated. She consequently eschewed some exemplary actresses—our familiar associates—terming them “stage-girls, whom she pitied, but whose accomplishments she abhorred.”

All Friends, however, were not so severe as my excellent mother in their condemnation of actresses, for Charlotte Cushman met with just appreciation from the son of the plain ministering-Friend, William Forster, of Tottenham. This was the celebrated William Edward Forster, who had not yet been disowned for marrying out of the Society, or taken any prominent part in the government of his country, being chiefly known as a staunch Liberal and joint-proprietor with Mr. Fison in the Greenholme worsted-mills, near Burley, in Wharfedale. On one occasion, when Charlotte Cushman, with her intimate friend, Eliza Cook, was staying at Mr. Forster's Yorkshire residence, she received from him an entire piece of alpaca of his manufacture, and of a new dark colour called steel-blue. It was worn by both ladies with no little pride. Miss Cook, who dressed in a very masculine style, which was considered strange at that time, with short hair parted on one side, and a tight-fitting, lapelled bodice, showing a shirt-front and ruffle, looked well in her dark, steel-blue alpaca; and Miss Cushman, who possessed a strongly-built, heroic figure, not the less so.