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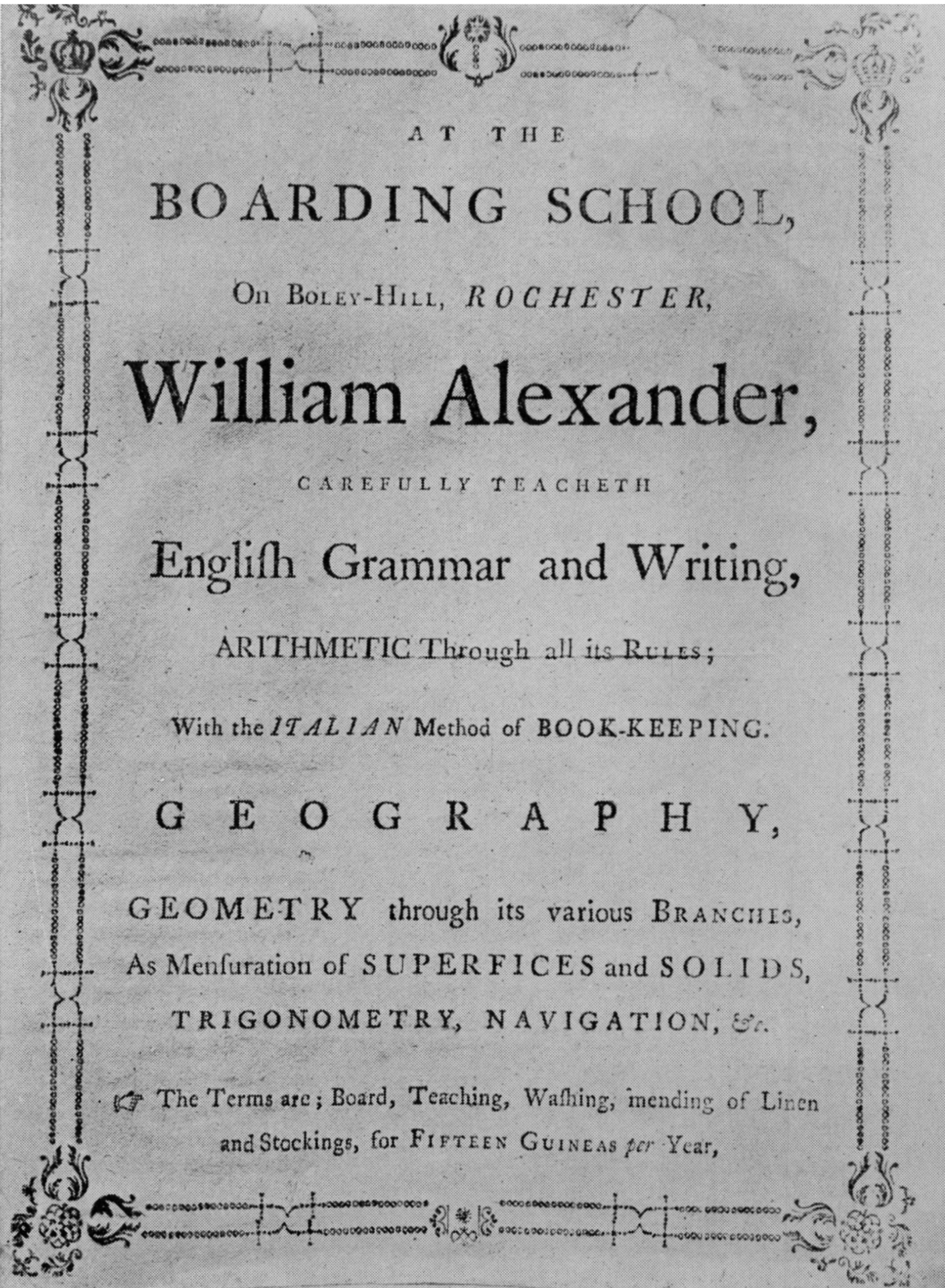
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# THE JOURNAL OF THE FRIENDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## Our Quotation—4

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*“The precepts of our fathers bear no seal  
The wisdom of the children may not break.”*

*Quaker Quiddities, 1860, see page 27.*

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## Schooldays in the Twenties

*A Reminiscence for my Grandchildren*

By CHARLES TYLOR<sup>1</sup>

1895

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**M**Y parents, Henry and Mary Tylor, lived at No. 4, Cripplegate Buildings, in the city of London. Here my sister Elizabeth, and two elder brothers, Joseph Savory and Henry, were born, within hearing of the many hammers of the copper-smiths who worked on tea-urns, kettles and warming pans from morning till night. Thence my father removed to Artillery Place, Finsbury Square, where I was born, 11th month 21st, 1816, Mary Ann Harris, whose parents lived next door, coming into the world on the same day. My grandmother went from one house to the other.

When I was five, Rebecca Godlee, of Lewes, came to our house as governess and taught me writing. Early in 1823 my father, having prospered in business, took a



house in the country—No. 25, Highbury Place, Islington, a commodious dwelling with a large garden. Although now part of London, it was then so much in the country that we had to protect our fowls and pigeons from pole-cats and other marauders. Here a young woman Friend, Lucy Betts, who died in First Month, 1890, at the age of 91, and was then Lucy Sturge, came to teach us. Pretty much all that I recollect of her rule was that we had tickets for lessons correctly learned, and of which so many “goods” made an “excellent,” and so many “excellents” a “super-excellent,” and so many of these last were rewarded with a prize. She sometimes remained after schoolhours and read aloud, my mother being present. The book was a translation of Numa Pompilius, of which I understood nothing, but I liked to hear her melodious cadences. For a while, instead of her coming to us, some of us went to the day-school kept by her and her sister in Goswell Road, Islington, where the little boys in recess time were allowed to sit astride of the long desk and stick the backboards into the round ink-stand holes, as masts for our ship. To the other use of the backboards we had a strong objection, as also to the taps on the head from the thimble finger, which we sometimes got here, or it may have been at the next school. Previous to this my two brothers had been sent to the school at Tottenham, kept by Priscilla and Fanny Coar: they were thence removed to boarding-school at Rochester in 1823.<sup>2</sup>

I went to another dame-school nearer home, of which I recollect about as much as of the Betts's, and chiefly that the mistress had a forbidding look, that I carried my books in a blue baize bag, and that we were set to learn by heart from a little picture volume of ancient history, with a smooth red cover. I can see now Alexander the Great at table with his generals, a huge ornamented cup to his lips, which the book informed us held six bottles of wine, and which he emptied at a draught!

These preliminaries over, the eventful day came when I was promoted to boarding-school. To the best of my recollection I went first for a few weeks in the autumn of 1824, before I was eight years old, and became



a regular scholar at the beginning of the next year. Having older brothers already in the school, and probably being troublesome as the only boy at home (for I was a restless child) were the reasons for my entering so young. I remained there four years. This time and the scenes which belong to it: the schoolroom, playroom, playground and cricket field, the teachers and boys, the lessons, games and walks, are punched deep into my memory, and ever since, from time to time, I have lived them over again.

The school stood on a hill in the outskirts of the city, and commanded a view of the river Medway, above Rochester Bridge, with its many windings known as The Seven Horse-Shoes. The prospect was pleasant and pretty extensive looking across the river to Cobham Park, the seat of the Earl of Darnley. The schoolhouse, which was connected with the dwelling-house by a corridor, consisted of playroom and junior classroom below, and a large, well-lighted upper classroom above. The playroom was open in front to the playground, the room above being supported on that side by three pillars. The playground was of good size with a bed of flowers and wall-fruit trees at the upper end, which belonged to the house, and a plot behind the lower class-room, divided into a number of small squares for such boys as loved gardening. Not a few brought this taste with them, and there were always applicants for vacant lots. On the opposite side to the house the playground was bounded by a very low wall, with a strip of kitchen garden beyond at a lower level, down which a wicket led with steps and so by a path to a large cricket-field, which sloped down to the marshes and the river, with scarce sufficient level ground for the game. The memories of the cricket-field are sweet, especially of the idle hours spent there on a Seventh-day afternoon in summer, when we used to lie at full length on the grass, make burrows for our white mice, cut whistles and pop-guns, read and talk and indulge in the excellent gooseberry tarts made by Friend Drewett and sold to the boys by blind Benjamin Bishop,<sup>3</sup> whose prim daughter Abby guided his steps and took the pence. There were seven tarts for sixpence, and twopence apiece provided a feast for three boys. I



recollect one day being on the grass at the higher end of the field with Uncle Henry and Henry Pace, and having begun on our six pennyworth, when a lady and gentleman came along the narrow public path just above us, which led through the field. Henry Pace, seeing them coming, caught up a couple of tarts and offered them to the strangers, who smilingly declined to take them. He had brought with him from home a politeness of behaviour which was, I imagine, but little known in the school. The little boys ran races on the level strip at the bottom of the field, along which ran another public pathway, but were sometimes disturbed by the "louts," who would make off with anything they could get.<sup>4</sup> One took my cap, putting it on his head under his own; one of our big boys ran after him and got it back. Near this path was where we bathed, a sorry place, for we had to run through marsh and mud. There were three games at cricket, the older, the middle, and the little boys; the older taking the level shelf half-way down the field: a strong batsman, like Bob Womersley, could send the ball into the marshes, where it was hard to find and was brought back covered with mud. In playing this fine old English game we knew nothing of "elevens" and "overs" and the other scientific rules of the present day.

The lower classroom was small; and only very dull boys remained long in it. The large schoolroom was reached from the playroom by a narrow stair, and was separated, but not divided, into two halves with the stove between, each half being under the jurisdiction of one of the two masters, John Ford and Lambert Weston the elder son of the Principal, R.L.W. John Ford's division was at the end farthest from the door, and his high desk, which was hollow below, stood under a large window which overlooked the cricket-field and the Medway. Over the stairs, in a corner of Lambert Weston's side, was a small classroom occupied by James Elliott, the Latin Master, a Scotchman, and the only other resident teacher before Lambert's younger brother, Jasper, was made master of the lower school. As older boys left, and their desks became vacant, the little boys were drafted up from the lower school, becoming pupils of John Ford or Lambert Weston according as it



happened. Your great-uncle Joseph and I had the advantage of falling to the former ; Uncle Henry took his place under the latter, which he always regarded as a great misfortune, for that master was little fitted for the training and education of boys. Each of the two masters taught his boys all the English branches of instruction until they left the school.

Latin, as I have said, was taught by James Elliott, He was a worthy Scotchman in the wrong place. Deficient in the qualities required for ruling wilful and turbulent boys, in whom his broad accent excited perpetual ridicule, he must have led an unhappy life. When I first went he took turns with the two other teachers as master on duty, but the boys became so disorderly, and even uproarious, during his "week," that another arrangement had to be made. Once when Uncle Henry was at tea with some other boys in the parlour, an indulgence which was granted to all in turn once in the half-year, "Jimmy," as we called him, stayed behind with the boys and opened his heart to them. He said he had been sadly disappointed in coming to the school, for he did not understand the boys and they seemed not to understand him. This would not apply to some of the First Class, such as William J. Capper and Thomas Gates Darton, who read their Virgil with relish, and valued the teacher.

French, German, and Drawing were taught by visiting masters, who had but little to recommend them, the German being a man of bad character, and the Frenchman, like so many foreigners, quite unacquainted with discipline. The thoughtless boys got as much amusement out of him as they did out of James Elliott, being well pleased when they could provoke him to say: "I will put you in de door, I will pull your ears as long as dawnkeys."

The system of instruction was defective. There was, so far as I remember, little of real hard work, and there was much waste of time. Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, with English Grammar according to Lindley Murray, were all well or fairly taught by John Ford ; but an unconscionable amount of time was consumed in transferring the sums from the slate into



the ciphering-book. This exercise, which took up a large part of the afternoon, was prolific of trouble to the boys, from mistakes, blots and careless figures ; it must have been a much greater trouble to our teacher whose duty it was, besides maintaining attention and order, to mend the quill pens which were incessantly taken up to his desk. It was no wonder that his temper, naturally irritable, showed itself in hasty words and actions, and then the boys would whisper to one another: "I say, John Ford's waxy." Mental calculation was added to the curriculum whilst I was at school. I recollect when the whole school stood round John Ford's desk to be exercised in the quickest and most correct answers to questions in arithmetic, William Bevan took the first place (some First Class boys had then left, I think Thomas Gates Darton amongst them). My brother J. presently took his stand by W.B. ; then my brother Henry stepped up many places and stood next ; and soon afterwards I followed from nearer the bottom and took the place next to him. I can see it now : John Ford and the circle of boys. I have no recollection of learning history ; some little instruction was given in chemistry, and perhaps in astronomy.

At the end of each half-year (for terms were then unknown) we wrote specimen copies in Running-hand, German Text and Old English, some of which were very well done. The Running-hand consisted of short poems, Felicia Hemans', then at the height of their popularity, being the prime favourites. Amongst these were "Birds of Passage," "The Better Land," "The Invocation," "The Monarch's Death-bed," "The Shade of Theseus," and of other poems Scott's "Highland Coronach," and "Helvellyn."

We learnt hymns and verses by heart and had to repeat them before the school ; and on First-day mornings before breakfast we learnt passages of Scripture. I can see the boys at their desks, the little ones (unless my memory deceives me) with clean pinafores, conning a Psalm or a passage in Matthew with their hand over the verses to see if they knew them. In this way I made the XIXth, XXIIIrd, and CIIIrd Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount part of myself, as it were, which has accompanied



me ever since, and I recollect an impression that the language, especially of the XIXth Psalm, was something musical and higher and more sacred than what I read elsewhere. The thought of the heavens and the firmament uttering and showing God's handywork, of the sun going forth like a strong man to run a race; the varying notes regarding the law, the commandments, etc., of the Lord, and their effect, and that they were more to be desired than gold and sweeter than the honeycomb, seemed to exert a vague elevating influence over me, although I did not then at all receive them as affecting my conduct. A new impulse was given to our acquaintance with Scripture by a visit from Joseph John Gurney. He brought with him his "Lock and Key," an oblong book in brown paper cover (of which each boy had a copy) comprising the prophecies concerning Christ in the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the New. These were given us to learn by heart, and thus, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman," "Balaam the son of Beor hath said," and "There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse," with many other heavenly words, were deposited in the hidden store-house of the memory side by side with "The Lord is my Shepherd" and the Beatitudes. To say this is perhaps only to refer to what is still in use in our schools, but the reference to its origin may be interesting. Of course I saw J. J. Gurney but was too small a boy to get near him. His brother Samuel also paid us a visit, and presented us with six geese for dinner, a donation which was highly appreciated. His son, the late Samuel Gurney, was a scholar.

Prizes were given at the close of each half-year—books, knives, etc. At the desk next to mine was a tall boy whose capacity for learning was small. The prizes had been given; there remained over a pocket knife. I happened to be standing by and heard John Ford name this boy to the other masters and say: "He hasn't made rapid progress, but he has been industrious; I think we might give him the knife." So he was called back and received the meed of honour.

In the schoolroom was a narrow closet with a few shelves of small books, I do not remember that they



were much in general request, except "The Percy Anecdotes" in sixteen volumes. Although I was but little acquainted with the contents of this meagre library, I made, for my own amusement, a catalogue of the books. All books brought to school were to be shown, but I have no doubt a good many were smuggled in. Of these I remember three, "Baron Trenck," "The Old English Baron," and "The Castle of Otranto." The two brothers Trenck were worthless adventurers, but the ingenious and persevering contrivances of the Prussian Trenck to escape from prison were such as to fascinate the dullest boy. The second I never read; the third I have looked at since, and though bearing the illustrious name of Horace Walpole, it is about as absurd and tasteless a story as you could find. I have some recollection also of a little book of vulgar songs which was kept very secret. Some better books were brought by the boys. I can remember joining a little group in the playground to whom a big boy was reading "Leonard and Gertrude," a tolerably dry tale by the famous Swiss educator, Pestalozzi.

Breaking-up day, the day before we went home, was the great festival of the half year. The minds of all, big boys and little, were filled with its doings, imaginings and expectations. It was a whole holiday. At the mid-summer occasion the older boys went out early and brought in great quantities of branches and flowers (where they got them I did not know), and tapestried the school-room walls with garlands and mottoes, such as "Home, sweet Home," "O festus Dies," and the month and day. I thought it a charming sight and can still recall the scent of the flowers and greenery. I have no doubt John Ford was at the bottom of the demonstration. I had by me for many years a breaking-up lyric, in his own handwriting, which I always understood he himself composed on one of these occasions.<sup>5</sup>

John Ford threw himself heartily into his pupils; he played with them, conversed with them, and joked with them; and yet with all this he maintained his authority; and was indeed the pillar on which the school rested. It was not unusual to see him walking round the playground with two or three of the older boys on each



side of him, as many as could hear him, all linked arm in arm. One day not long before he left the school, and when it was already in a precarious condition (a fact which was well known to some of the older boys), as he was walking in this way, a cheeky fellow, not a Friend (there were three or four non-members in the school), said suddenly: "John Ford, this school is like a haystack which has been built askew and would fall down if it were not held up by a strong prop, and you are the prop." John was ready with his answer: "Now, now, Grestock, if thou wants to flatter anybody, lay it on gently, don't spread it on so thick." I had this from your great-uncle, Joseph, who was one of the party.

My father always came at least once in the half year to see after his boys. The rejoicing on the occasion was not confined to us, for, if I remember right, the school generally had a holiday. He was expected on a certain day which turned out wet. In the morning John Ford and my brother talked it over. The latter said: "My father won't come to-day, it is too wet." John Ford answered quickly: "Joseph, I know thy father better than that; nothing will prevent him from coming to see his boys." Said Joseph: "I bet thee 5s, he doesn't come." "Done," said John. My father came, but I have no idea that the money really passed.

At one end of the playroom a large bell was hung which was pulled for collect, by the master whose week it was, before school and meals. Very often the bell sounded in the middle of a game, and being forced to break off was one of the trials of the day. My brother Joseph, being vexed one day by the unwelcome summons, muttered as he came in: "Hang the bell." John Ford, who was ringing it, heard him, and instead of keeping him in for the offensive word, only said quietly: "Joseph, the bell is hung."

But although he possessed the happy art of putting himself on a level with the boy mind, he was careful to use his influence to raise the moral and intellectual tone. As we learn from his memoir, he early became a disciple of Christ, and by the time we are speaking of he had learnt many of the Master's lessons. Soon after I entered the school, when not much over eight years



of age, John Ford's twenty-fourth birthday took place, an occurrence which I recollect because it was on the same day as that of my eldest brother, who was just half his age. An entry in J.F.'s diary of about that date records the hard strife which through these years he had waged against evil; and which he thus sums up: "In reviewing these painful struggles how gratefully can I now recognise the hand that led me through the wilderness, and that has kept me to this day." Few if any of the boys probably knew or divined his inner life. My own religious convictions did not come till years after I left the school; not even the visit of Joseph John Gurney kindled a spark of spiritual devotion in my heart. John Ford contrived, we knew not how, to inform himself of everything that went on in the school. The common saying was: "John can see through a brick wall."

Next to the breaking-up days in our annual calendar came the excursions, sometimes to Cobham Park, sometimes to Burham Downs. I think the latter was the greater favourite. The way to it led along the chalk Downs some three or four miles, overlooking the Medway. You passed Fort Clarence with its great guns and the deep military trench which goes down steep from it to the river, constructed to rake any hostile vessel which should make its way up the stream. At the time now spoken of the Fort was used for insane prisoners. The favourite time for this excursion was the autumn. The low banks by the wayside abounded in the empty houses of innumerable snails, marked with beautiful various coloured bands; but we did not collect them for their beauty but for their thickness, pressing them one against the other at the apex till one broke, each boy counting how many his shell had "conquered." There was clay in the road, and the boys would cut supple sticks, and working a ball of clay on the end would cast it like a stone from a sling. The older boys carried with them hammer and chisel to chip the fossil shells and spines out of the chalk. Lambert Weston had a collection of such specimens; and a quarry in the neighbourhood abounds with fossil remains of the lower chalk; but I do not think much was done towards a scientific acquaintance with



extinct life. There was plenty of talk and frequent change of partners by the way. I recollect there being with us in one of these rambles a former scholar, then grown to a young man, who described to several of us the construction of an air-gun, an instrument quite new to me. Burham Downs, which descended by a steep slope to the river shore, was sprinkled over with thicket and gorse, a most delightful place to satisfy boys' curiosity and desire of possession. We gathered hazelnuts, blackberries and sloes and caught lizards and blindworms, all of which we carried home in triumph. Sometimes a boy would come upon a viper, which of course he killed. We took our dinner with us. There was a small house of entertainment at the bottom of the hill, where, on one occasion, we were allowed each a mug of beer, being asked which we preferred, quality or quantity. Some of us youngsters were pretty well tired before it was time to return, and I recollect the weariness of the march home on a warm day. Some of the little ones, with myself, to beguile the way would run on a space before, and then lie down to rest, and so manage to get along till we came to the mill near the Fort, which was owned by a Friend, where we knew we could get water.

Cobham Park, the seat of Earl Darnley, lies, as has been said, on the opposite side of the river, and the road to it led through the town and across the bridge. The walk was pretty long. A few of the little boys rode in the cart with the dinner and the bats and wickets. The entry to the Park was by wide open steps up and down. Here we saw sights quite new to some of us—the herd of deer feeding amongst the trees and bounding away at our approach, a colony of herons with their long legs hanging from their nests in the tops of the highest trees, or winging their heavy flight towards the water to seek their food. With the inborn propensity of our kind we threw up stones at them, but at the height of one hundred feet they paid little regard to our missiles. Then there were rooks, and the private garden with its gay flowers and its beautiful song-birds, seen through an iron fence, but prudently closed from our invasion. I suppose this park is amongst the most beautiful in the country, but I was too young, or too little educated, to delight in the



green glades and stately aisles of trees with which it abounds. Ten years later the reading public were made acquainted with the beauties of Cobham, and with Rochester and its neighbourhood, through the "Pickwick Papers."

The great naval arsenal of Chatham joins Rochester, and occasionally in our walks we came upon soldiers exercising on the lines. We were also taken by visitors to see the enormous sheds under which the great battle-ships were built; and when the *Prince Regent* of one hundred and twenty guns was launched, the school was marched down to see the spectacle. We stood opposite, in a row near the water, which, as the vast fabric glided down, rose in a great wave up to our feet.

The meeting-house was half a mile off; the way to it was through the precincts of the Cathedral, where our steps resounded under the long arch, and across the High Street. My recollections of meeting are of weariness with the long sitting. I was brought up in the Divine fear and in reverence for sacred things, but I cannot recollect ever being instructed in the object for which the Lord's children, old and young, meet in His name; and the ministry which we heard did not reach my conscience, seldom perhaps my understanding. The preacher whom we liked best to hear was one of the Horsnails, a youngish man and owner of the mill spoken of above. He was afterwards carried away with the fascinations of Edward Irving, and joined the Apostolic Church. I do not remember the Monthly Meetings, but towards the end, I was taken, with a number of other boys, to the Quarterly Meeting at Maidstone, of which if it had not been my own fault, I might have had a more agreeable recollection. My cousin, Daniel Pryor Hack, was there, with a Minute from his Monthly Meeting; he made me a present of a shilling, which I thought much of.

But we have not yet spoken of the playground. No one who was at the school could ever forget the games. I was at two boarding-schools afterwards; they were in this respect not to be compared with Rochester. I



lately heard of a private school for gentlemen's sons, with a lady at the head, where the only games allowed are cricket and football and occasionally hockey, the rule being that any boy starting any other kind of sport should be punished. It may perhaps be that this lofty discipline makes the most hardy and courageous men, but the memory of the playhours can scarcely be so pleasant as those passed on St. Margaret's. Of games with ball there were Cricket, Rounders, Trap-ball, Egg-hat; of running games, Prisoner's Base, Stag, Run Across, Wild Horses, I Spy; then there were French and English, Hop-sotch, Leap-frog, Fly-the-Garter, High-cockolorum; several games with marbles; peg-tops, whipping tops, tip-cat, hoops, skipping (doubling and trebling and long-rope), hopping, and kite-flying; and in the playroom knuckle-bones and pop-guns. Of these I think Prisoner's Base was the most constant favourite; it was played by nearly the whole school. A boy younger than I, George Capper, the youngest of six brothers, all at school at the same time, was often told off with myself to "pick up sides." We were reckoned equal in running, and were supposed to have a good knowledge of the fellows.

Gymnastics came in while I was at school; parallel and horizontal bars were set up, and a jumping-frame. Those boys who, like your great-uncle Henry, had the courage to spring from the ground before they planted their pole, made the highest scores.

Of an evening at our desks we had the usual pastimes, chess, fox and geese, etc., and some of the more studious pursued knowledge, or had special avocations. Two of the boys in their playtime made birdcages which they sold at 1s. 6d. each; others quilted balls, the charge for which was fourpence. Jim Phillips, of Ampthill, whose father was a chemist, had a box of lucifer matches, then a novel invention. It contained a little bottle of phosphorus, into which the splints were plunged. The box cost 2s. 6d. Your great-uncle Henry bought one and lighted a fire with it and this being considered a breach of rules, it was taken away and he never got it again.

As to conduct, the boys came generally from orderly and God-fearing homes, some being the children of such



as were esteemed pillars in the Church ; and a certain standard of truth and decency was maintained in the school. But I have reason to think that a lower tone prevailed amongst a portion of the older boys. There was a fair share of mutual kindness, and a disposition to assist one another in case of need.

Some boys had peculiarities. Your great-uncle, Edmund Pace, and William Speciall, were inseparable companions. They did not join in the games, but in play-time were regularly to be seen walking round the playground. They were clever. Once when they were punished for some disorderly act committed together, Speciall made a verse upon it. He had so extraordinary a memory that after hearing a couple of pages of poetry he could repeat every word. There was a boy named Newnham (nicknamed Piggy Newnham) who possessed few, if any, talents except that of public speaking. The boys would gather round him in playtime to hear his orations, and once John Ford, wishing to know what kind of a speech he could make, crept under the long desk and signalled to the boys not to betray him. Another boy, not of the youngest, who had come to school without having properly learned to read, got your Uncle Henry, who was gifted with a ready sympathy, to read to him. My cousin Albert Savory had a long purse. His favourite pastime was to be carried on the back of a boy, who stooped down and leaned on the shoulders of two others. Albert paid his "daks" eightpence a week each. Henry Pace, though not in the front rank in school studies, had a notion he could write a tragedy. I fancy he had been reading "Macbeth." He asked me to join him in composing it. I consented, but without having any conception of what it meant. All I recollect of the scheme is some sentences, probably of dialogue, which bristled with strong expressions.

There is no need to say much about the meals ; but I recollect that in the hour's school before breakfast a vision of the steaming basins of bread and milk came before us and made us impatient for the signal to turn round on our forms, file down the narrow, crooked stair, and tramp through the corridor and the backdoor, across the



floor of the house, to the dining-room. In course of time I was made "spoon-boy." A number of the boys brought silver spoons with them, which were kept apart in the dining-room closet; it was my business to go down every morning before the rest, and put them out for breakfast. For this agreeable service I was overpaid with a hot roll on Second-day morning. Supper usually was simple enough, but on First-day evening we had currant cake, and on Second-day apple pie. The apple pie was marketable, and the price three half-pence, so that when it could be done without being seen, a fellow who wanted money would pass his plate to one who coveted a double share of pie.

Most, but not all, the boys got parcels of eatables from home. You may be sure your great-grandmamma did not leave us out. About twice in the half-year, I think, an oblong hamper came down, and some fellow who had been indoors would run to us saying: "There's a parcel for you in the hall." The usual contents were—apples or oranges according to the season, a pot of jam, a bag of captain's biscuits, perhaps some gingerbreads, and a currant cake. My opinion now is that the cake and jam might have been spared; they took away our appetite for dinner. Like other boys we shared the good things with our chums. Sometimes when boys had many apples or nuts they gave a scramble.

We slept on two floors of the dwelling-house, and in rooms over the offices. There were sometimes "rows" when the masters were at supper; the top floor descending to do battle with the lower—the Highlanders with the Lowlanders. I think this phrase was due to William Bevan, who made up a battle song of which I remember the words "Charge, Highlanders, charge!" I suppose he had been reading "Marmion." The coverings of the beds were more fitted for summer than winter, being so narrow that in the double beds both sides could not be tucked up at the same time.

I had the measles whilst at school and recollect the dreary hours spent alone in bed, with scarcely a visit from anyone, until my father came down and I was removed into the large bedroom where there were five or



six other boys in bed with the same disorder. My father bought me a pot of tamarinds, which the nurse gave also to the others ; this seemed to me very unfair.

At Midsummer (I think it was), 1828, my brother Joseph was taken from school to enter my father's business, and in the Tenth Month John Ford left, having been chosen to be superintendent of the newly-founded Quarterly Meeting School at York. The teacher who succeeded him did not inherit his capacity, and the method of instruction which was now adopted was inefficient and whimsical. My principal recollection of it is that a volume of Hume's History of England, commencing I think with Queen Elizabeth's reign, was placed before me and I was directed to make an abridgement of it, a task entirely beyond my powers. James Elliott also left, and his successor got on but little better than he had done. Thus we struggled on to the end of the year, and even entered upon a new term after Christmas, though with diminished numbers, forty boys instead of upwards of fifty. The few weeks which remained were a time of irregularity and unsettlement, and the marvel is how the school was kept together at all. Rumours of an approaching end began to be circulated, and one evening in February, just as we were on the tip-toe of expectation, a message came that the two Tylors were wanted. Running down to the house we found my father in the hall, who took us with him to the Bull Inn, where he engaged a bed for us, and the next day, with a number of other boys, we journeyed to London by the stage-coach, the usual conveyance of that day. Having to go to the school early in the morning I got the spoons from the cupboard and gave them to their owners.

The Bull Inn, in the High Street, has maintained its reputation for several generations and still flourishes. In the yard there was a tame fox with a dog's kennel. There was another inn, the Crown, near the river, just under the Castle, to which I once went. One of the boys with whom we brothers were most intimate was William Darton, commonly called Nicodemus, or Nicky Darton, whose father, of the same name, kept a bookseller's shop on Holborn Hill, and was the publisher of Mrs. Sherwood's



popular books. Nicky's mother came to see him and put up at the Crown, where she invited us and some other boys to tea. What struck me, besides being on the bank of the river and under the lofty massive wall of the Castle, was that the narrow paths of the diminutive garden were composed of small bivalve shells. The Crown was reckoned more aristocratic than the Bull, and the story goes that the Duke of Wellington lodged there, and that the landlord sent him in an exorbitant bill. The Duke looked at it, and in his laconic way said to his secretary, or valet: "Pay it and order the post-horses for the next stage from the Bull." Of course we went up the Castle, but I had then no knowledge of its history, or of the important place its ruins occupy amongst the ancient fortresses of England, nor was I able to appreciate the fine landscape which is commanded from its summit.

These notes of my school-days at Rochester may be extended to the vacations. Hornsey Wood, which is now covered by Finsbury Park, and Highgate Hill were our favourite places for summer rambles. Sometimes we were invited to William Darton's, which in its kind was one of our chief treats. The old Friend had a little narrow room on one side of his shop lined with drawers and shelves of new books, chiefly for children; and here we brothers and Nicky used to sit and read. We pulled out the drawers for seats and got down such books as we liked, and sat there oblivious to the actual world, carried away into the ideal life of the "Arabian Nights," "Chinese Tales," and other romances. And when we were tired with reading we would run down into St. Andrew's churchyard, which stood secluded at the back of the great thoroughfare, and through which seldom anyone passed, and getting the biggest stones we could find, would play at "Duck." Holborn Hill was then in its original steepness, a very hill of difficulty to horses and drivers.

Another vacation jaunt which I well remember was at Christmas. Bob Womersley's parents had a house in Whitechapel and a country house at Stratford; and one Christmas time, having had two or three of the rooms warmed and prepared, Robert and his brother Tom invited us three to spend a night there. We drove down



in a gig, the weather frosty, and called on the way at the Whitechapel house. Here the showy dresses of their sisters much impressed me; I had never seen the like. It was so cold that Tom ran beside the gig to keep his feet warm. In the evening he poured port wine into a tin pot and added nutmeg and I suppose water (mulled wine in fact) and then brought out the cards. I had never played cards before, perhaps had never seen them played and I soon became interested and excited, though there were no stakes. The game was Vingt-et-un. We kept up the play, and I suppose the wine-sipping, till a late hour, and when we went upstairs, we brothers sleeping together in one wide bed, my brain was well heated; I dreamed restlessly of knaves and aces, as it seemed to me most of the night. I have never played cards since.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Charles Tylor (1816-1902) spent the greater part of his life in or near London. He lived, however, for seven years in Manchester and about twenty-nine years in Lewes and Brighton, passing away at the latter place. He was editor of *The Friend*, 1843-1849, and writer of several books. His principal work was as editor of material prepared by Edward Backhouse, which resulted in the valuable works, entitled *Early Church History* 1884 and *Witnesses for Christ*, 1887, both translated, wholly or in part into French, Danish, Italian, and Spanish. He was a recorded Minister forty-one years. He married Gulielma Maria Sparkes, of Exeter, in 1848.

<sup>2</sup> We have no knowledge of the date of the opening of Boley Hill School. It was in the charge of William Alexander (c. 1734-1785), until he was succeeded in 1786 by William Rickman (1745-1839), who married in 1788, Elizabeth, daughter of his predecessor. About 1794, an active useful lad was engaged to undertake domestic duties in the School—Robert Styles by name (c. 1780-1858). He became an usher, joined Friends and eventually succeeded William Rickman. In 1820, Robert Styles gave up his school to Richard Fambert Weston ( — ) but continued to reside on Boley Hill (*Annual Monitor*). R. L. Weston married Susannah Horsnaill (1771-1847). He was the head at the time above described by Charles Tylor. We have a further glimpse of the School at the end of 1826. John Grubb, writing to his brother Joseph Grubb (Benjamin), from Chelmsford, remarks:—

“When Jonathan went to Richard Weston’s school he had some *Day Scholars* not friends, which was not pleasant; that is, I believe, quite given up now and I do not know there is a Boy who does not profess with Friends. The number at present is 56. The school is in much more airy, commodious situation now than it was when Jonathan was there. I believe there has been a small addition made to the Price of the Boarders since the day school was discontinued” (letter in the possession of J. Ernest Grubb).



We are unable to follow further the fortunes of the School, but we find that, in 1834, Lambert and Jasper Weston, sons of Richard and Susanna Weston, announced the opening of a school by the issue of a circular. (This circular is referred to in Joseph Smith's *Catalogue*, ii. 877.)

3 Rachel Rickman, of Lewes, edited a memoir of Benjamin Bishop, with extracts from his letters, which was published in 1865. B. Bishop (1780-1855) was born in London and attended the Islington School. He was apprenticed at Malton. In 1797, he began business as a milk-seller, at Strood, Kent. He was recorded a Minister in 1841.

4 *Apropos* of the disturbing “ louts,” it is worth recording that there appeared a wood-cut in the *Band of Hope Almanac*, 1854, fourth edition, entitled, “ The Apple War,” representing some scholars at a Friends' school at Rochester, throwing apples at rude boys in exchange for stones ! A notice of this picture appears in Joseph Smith's first and only printed portion of his *Bibliotheca Quakeristica*, 1883, but beyond this mention no further information has been obtained, despite considerable correspondence.

5 With the manuscript of this account of Rochester School is a copy of this lyric in the handwriting of John Ford. John Ford (1801-1875) entered Rochester School as an apprentice under Robert Styles in 1815 and left for York in 1828.

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### “ Mushrooms of Christianity ”

“ As for those other Perswasions, whose Professors are commonly called Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptists, Quakers, Fifth-Monarchy Men, Ranters, Adamites, Antinomians, Sabbatarians, Perfectionists, Family of Love, and the rest of those Mushroomes of Christianity ; as most of them sprang up suddenly in the late unhappy night of Confusion, so it is to be presumed that they may in a short time vanish in this blessed day of Order ; and therefore not worthy to be described here as Religions professed in England.”

*The Present State of England*, by Edward Chamberlayne, 8th ed. 1674, p. 39.

The Quaker “ mushroome,” however, has survived many a day of heated controversy and opposition.

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London Yearly Meeting, 1763, 5mo. 26.

A Proposition from the Quarterly Meeting of Warwickshire was laid before this Meeting, viz., for the reprinting of George Fox's Journal in Folio, with William Penn's Preface, which they apprehend would be preferable to any smaller Volume ; as it would be a good Family Book, and very serviceable. The same is referr'd to the Consideration of the Meeting for Sufferings to report their Sense thereof to next Yearly Meeting.



## To Poor and Rich Alike

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“TWO extraordinary meetings were appointed on 1st day (7 mo. 8th), at three o'clock in the afternoon; one by Samuel Capper, of Bristol, for the poor of Spitalfields, the other by Elizabeth Fry and H. C. Backhouse at Westminster meeting house, to which the nobility were invited. That in Spitalfields was satisfactory, not very largely attended, but quiet and orderly and the people clean and decently dressed.

“That at Westminster was attended by many persons of rank, which pretty well filled that part of the house usually occupied: The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Morpeth and family, Lord and Lady Blessington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Marquis Wellesley, and many others of the same class.

“The meeting was solemn and appeared satisfactory to all parties. William Allen appeared in supplication, then E. Fry in testimony and Hannah Backhouse and I believe lastly E. Fry in supplication—after which she rose and said she apprehended the meeting was ended, but if she was allowed, she would add a few words of exhortation respecting the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Although the frequent reading them in private she considered an important duty, she believed great advantage would be derived from families and servants being daily assembled for that purpose which she strongly recommended.

“William Allen and Samuel Gurney and, we believe, George Stacey were engaged in delivering the notices which in many instances were handed to the person. Others were enclosed, and on the envelope, the direction, and the name of the person by whom it was sent, which ensure its reaching the hand it was intended for.”

Extracted from the copy of a letter dated 7 mo. 11, 1838, found among the papers of the late John Frank, of Bristol, recently presented to **D**.



## The Quaker Haigs of Bemersyde

IT was a curious little Quaker episode in the long history of the Lairds of Bemersyde, descending from I. Petrus de Haga (c. 1150-1200) to XXVIII. Arthur Balfour Haig (born 1840). It affected two persons—Anthony Haig, the XXIst Laird, born 1639, died 1712, and his brother, William Haig, born 1646, died 1688.

Anthony Haig was born in Holland, where his father was living.<sup>1</sup> In 1654 he succeeded his father as laird of Bemersyde. The fortunes of the house were at a low ebb at this time and Anthony “set himself manfully to cope with the difficulties of his position. From his earliest years he appears to have been under the influence of strong religious instincts.”<sup>2</sup> Hence when George Fox crossed the border into Scotland in 1657, it was to be expected that Anthony Haig would be among the prominent persons who came under the influence of Fox’s preaching. “John Swinton of Swinton; Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester; Walter Scott of Raeburn, Sir Gideon’s brother; Charles Ormston, merchant, of Kelso; Anthony Haig of Bemersyde and William his brother,” is the list given.

Anthony Haig had married, in October, 1656, Jean Home, daughter of James Home, of Harieheugh, and owner of the estate of that name. It is not known that his wife was ever attracted to Quakerism.

Shortly after, the Restoration proceedings against Friends were begun and Judge (John) Swinton was arrested in London and sent down to Scotland for imprisonment. In June, 1663, Swinton, Haig and Andrew Robeson were examined before the Privy Council in Edinburgh and were immured in the old Tolbooth. Haig remained in prison about four years and four months. At this time there were three surviving children—Jacob or James, Hannah, and Zerubabel. David Falconer, a well-known person in early Scottish Quakerism, took care of the two estates of Bemersyde and Harieheugh.

<sup>1</sup> His mother was Hibernia Scholes and her mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian, Earl of Hohenzollern.

<sup>2</sup> *The Haigs of Bemersyde*, by Russell, 1881, recently added to D.



In December, 1667, Anthony Haig was released. The biographer of the family concludes, perhaps rather hastily, that "with his exit from prison his public 'testimony for Truth' came to an end, and his name nowhere again occurs in connection with the civil and religious troubles of the period," adding: "It may be assumed, that if the Laird of Bemersyde had not by this time abandoned altogether the particular sectarian propensities of his earlier years he had at least ceased to render himself thereby obnoxious to the powers that were." The laird from this time again gave himself to the care of his estate and as a consequence was able to remove from the tower built at one extremity of his property, named the Thrid, to the family house of Bemersyde. There we leave him (save references connected with his brother), only stating that he died in 1712 and was buried in the Abbey of Dryburgh, being succeeded by his son, Zerubabel.

In William Haig the seeds of Quakerism seem to have taken deeper root. Born in 1646, when fourteen years old he decided to become a merchant rather than idle about at home, hence, in February, 1662 (n.s.) he went to Edinburgh, and in April to London. His brother Anthony kept careful record of his payments to William in his Memorandum Book, setting down "at large as it is given up to me by Ann Keith [said to be a Friend], in every particulare thing, as it was debursed by her for William Haig his use, from the tyme he cam to Isabell Sterling house in Edinburgh for to stay, which was on the 1st day of the 12th month 1661." There are various interesting items given in the accounts—"4d. for a night cap; 4d. for making of stockings"; 3d. to Ann Keith "for letting out his coat." He paid ten shillings "freight" for himself by sea to London from Edinburgh.

Desirous of becoming a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, he had to begin at the bottom of the ladder to fame, and he paid three pounds to a person prepared "to learn him the tylor trad." He soon came into association with Friends and especially with Gawen Lawrie,<sup>3</sup> a well-known London Quaker merchant.

<sup>3</sup> He writes his name "Gauen Laurie." See note 5.

Among the family papers still preserved, there are several letters from William to Anthony. Towards the close of 1664 he wrote :<sup>4</sup>

This is to let thee know, that since I parted from thee that I have tried several ways for the improvement of moneys ; but some friends and myself both thinks a foreign venture will be best and is the thing I most incline to . . . because I know thou cannot answer money at present. I have a friend here [Gawen Lawrie] that will do it upon reasonable terms. . . . Gerard Roberts did desire me to go to Santa Luce, but I have a greater mind for Holland.

Shortly afterwards William wrote to his brother who was in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh :

. . . Receive a box with three of Sam. Fisher's [books] and two others about the bigness of Sam. Fisher's—they are Friends' writings collected ; with a broad book of half sheets collected papers also. Sam. Fisher's are four shillings a-piece ; they cannot be got under, for there is a cart-load of them taken away, so that there is not above six (as they say) to be sold in the City. The other two books are likewise four shillings a-piece ; but if thou wilt not have them because thou didst not write for them, dispose of them as thou sees good, and if they do service I shall think my money well bestowed. And the broad book is eighteen-pence ; the box sixpence. . . . Thou may let Alex. Chiesley have one if he desire it and thou be willing. . . . Direct thy letters to John Marr's house at the Ship Brewhouse, High Putener. . . . Ann [Keith, who followed her protégé to London] remembers her love to you all. . . . Mind my love to thy wife, my sister [Elizabeth (1641-1701)] and Andrew [Robeson] and all friends.

WM. HAIG.

William Haig went down to Scotland in 1665, the plague year in London. He preceded himself by a letter to his brother regarding the dispute between Anthony and Ann Keith relating to the money the latter disbursed to William :

In the love of the Lord I desire to be known by thee, that unity may still abound, seeing it's the true attendant of amity ; for where true amity is, there's true unity ; and when both are witnessed there is peace.

On the return to town *ante* August, 1667, William Haig wrote another letter to his brother "at the Thrid near Bemersyde," full of loving desires for his welfare, and two years later he wrote (" 12th 6th mo. 1669 ") :

Since I came to this city, I have been in the country with Obed. Lowry, and am now returned ; and am in order to my Virginian voyage, buying goods. Gavin Lowry's son goes partner with me. Gavin is very loving, and says still that if any man will lend me one hundred pounds, he will lend me so much more. However, he does double my stock, and is at the trouble to buy all my goods for me. His love is far more than I can desire, or expect. . . . Direct thy letter to Gavin Lowry's in Houndsditch at the Helmet.

<sup>4</sup> The letters are given as printed by Russell ; probably the spelling is modernised.



In 1672 William Haig married Mary, daughter of his warm friend, Gawen Lawrie; on the 1st September 1674, their first son, Obadiah, was born. In this latter year William Haig had a visit from his brother, during which Jeane Home, Anthony's wife, wrote to him the letter of a very uneducated character, strikingly different from the letters of Margaret Fox and her daughters at Swarthmoor on the southern side of the border:

Your sons is at Kelso Schoell and Margrat Lowri with them. Your childring ar all weill at the presand and minds ther lowf to the. . . . I reseived tuo letrs from your dawter [Hannah] sinc shoe went to Lowndane, your brother Wielame writs mikell to her comdasion. I am glad that I am the mother of shwch a child as so weill be lowfd with all hir frinds.

Among subscribers to "The Concessions and Agreements of the Proprietors, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Province of West New Jersey in America" signed in London, 3rd March, 1676, appears the well-written signature "William Haig." It is sixth in order of the many names, the first being "Gauen Laurie," and the second William Penn.<sup>5</sup>

The next letter from William to Anthony contains strong condemnation of Anthony's share in "the abduction of Jane Home, heiress of Ayton." It is dated

London, May 31, 1678.

Dear Anthony.

This opportunity, p Jno. Chatto, I take to acquaint thee we are all well, and hope the like of thy family. My little Obadiah grows a man—a fine child. I long to see thy family, but this city is so big I cannot get through it.

I am extremely sorry to hear of thy foolish and rash engagement for that abominable villain Home. . . . When I heard it, I thought it did not bespeak Anthony Haig—a man so much for the standing of his family, ambitious of leaving his children without encumbrances. Well, Anthony, if it be so, God forgive thee for it. Thy children will have cause to remember the folly of their father when thou art gone. I am deeply troubled for it.

My love to all friends. Farewell

Thy brother,

WILLIAM HAIG.

Gawen Lawrie, chosen the deputy governor of East New Jersey, by the governor, Robert Barclay, having gone to take up his duties in the new country, was soon followed by William and Mary Haig. The last extant

<sup>5</sup> The first and last pages of signatures are reproduced in facsimile in Howard B. French's *Genealogy of the French Family*, i. 72, Philadelphia, 1909.

letter from William to his brother is dated from Philadelphia, "August 1, 1683," and sent per John Barclay, younger brother of the absent governor. It is full of praise of the country and its government. It concludes :

I hope by this time thou art grown sober and serious—a condition my soul most desires . . . . I am grown very grey. It was time for us both to mend our ways seven years ago, and therefore now high time to be serious, and instead of considering other men's condition, seriously reflect upon our own.

Despite his grey hairs William Haig was but thirty-seven ; when forty-two he departed this life, at Burlington, in the Jerseys, 1688.

Ten years or so after his father's death, Obadiah Haig visited the old country with his mother and sister Rebekah, bringing with him considerable sums of money. He was a Quaker and when in Scotland visited among the Barclays of Ury and the Skenes of Aberdeen. In 1701 he married a daughter of John Skene, son of Bailie Skene, laird of Newtyle. The young man was well educated, and, like his uncle, much interested in the history of his family. He prepared a family-tree, which, though stated to be "extremely inaccurate," has preserved much which would have otherwise been lost. The tree is dedicated "to all the posterity of the family to come, as a foundation laid for them to continue a building upon." One name has, however, not been preserved—the Christian name of his own wife ! In the spring of 1701 Obadiah and his bride, with his mother and sister, sailed for West Jersey, but Obadiah never reached his adopted home, his earthly journey having been cut short after a brief illness on the last day of June, on the island of Barbados. Apparently the family of William Haig died out—there not being any descendants of Obadiah or of his brother Lawrie or sister Rebekah. Thus, presumably, the Quakerism of the Haig family came to an end.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> In the Friends' Registers for Scotland we find among births :  
Haig, David, 1669, xii. 19, son of Andrew of Bimerside in Kelso, M.M.  
Haig, Hannah, 1678, xii. 20, ditto.

And among deaths :

Haig, Andrew, 1694, ii. 25, of Mellerstanes, in Kelso M.M.  
Haig, Margaret (Dods), 1699, ix. \* of Millerstanes, widow of Andrew.  
Buried at Kelso.  
Haig, Gavin, 1700, ii. 3, of Bemerside, son of Andrew. Kelso M.M.



All the above information has been taken from *The Haigs of Bemersyde*, by John Russell, of Edinburgh, published in 1881 and now a scarce book.

It is worthy of notice how, so soon as the writer reaches the Quaker period, the sources from which he draws his history largely increase. David, the XXth laird is dealt with in a chapter of twenty-five pages; his son, Anthony, requires two chapters of nearly one hundred pages to portray his life and that of his brother, William—the *cacoethes scribendi* of the Quaker appearing strongly in the lives of these Quaker brothers—while the lairdship of Zerubabel, son of Anthony, is recorded in six pages.

Again, prominent among the Haig family papers is the work of the two Quakers, Anthony and Obadiah. The former entered many family details into his Memorandum Book and the latter, as aforesaid, prepared a family tree. No body of people has done more genealogical work and written more family history than have members of the Society of Friends.

There are other Friends mentioned in *The Haigs of Bemersyde*. Alexander Chiesley, "marchant-burgess in Edinburgh," is said to have been a Quaker, though the style of his letter-writing does not convey this idea; David Falconer, as has already been seen, was an active Quaker and man of affairs, and he entered into the private as well as business life of the XXIst laird of Bemersyde, addressing him thus, in June, 1666:

I am satisfied in thy wyf's returne. . . . My desire to thee is, to keep in the trew dominion ower her, not suffering the affectionat part to betray thee ower to the will of the wrong part in her in nothing, adding in another letter:

Thy daughter Hannah is sadly neglected in her education, which one day will be thy grief.

We are told of Charles Ormston, of Kelso, that "the transactions of this merchant with the Borderlords and lairds appear to have been very extensive, he having large bonds over many properties, at a rate of interest which almost swallowed up the whole money rental."

Ormston, as Falconer, had to write some strongly-worded communications to the laird respecting money matters. The laird passed the blame on to his son, under date 1691—“whatever misfortune fall out betwixt Charles and me, ye are the cause.”

Andrew Robeson appears at intervals, but the author was unable to identify him. For Robeson see THE JOURNAL, ix. 161, xv. 152; Camb. Jnl.

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“Quaker Quiddities”

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A LITTLE volume, now quite rare, entitled *Quaker Quiddities : or, Friends in Council : a Colloquy*, has been presented to D. by Allen C. Thomas, of Haverford, Pa., after having formed part of his private library for many years. The anonymous writer, an undergraduate of Providence Friends' School, R.I., dates his Preface “Providence, R.I., 5 mo. 21. 1860” and the book was published at Boston the same year. It was probably written by James Banks Congdon. The Friends in council are “Samuel Bonus” and “Jeremiah Austen” and the colloquy consists of thirty-six pages of blank verse, followed by twelve pages of notes. Samuel pleads for more liberty in matters Quakerly, while Jeremiah holds fast by the Discipline. A rumour of the revision of the Discipline of London Y.M.<sup>1</sup> has reached them :

“SAMUEL

“ ’Twas supposed,  
That by the favor of our weightiest Friends,  
Who late in London held convening sage,  
Some modes less rigid in our marriage rules  
Might at the Annual Gathering be approved.  
’Twas further rumored that the same high source  
Some trifling relaxation might ordain  
In those requirings which restrain, so close,  
Friends in the matters of attire and speech.”

The quiddities are dress and speech, tones in preaching, restrictions in literature, undue dependence upon silent worship, banning of music, etc.

<sup>1</sup> London Y.M. Discipline was revised in 1861 and issued as *Doctrine, Practice and Discipline*.



“QUAKER QUIDDITIES”

“SAMUEL

“Dost miss the twang conventional, the tone<sup>2</sup>  
Which, by some instinct or some custom strange,  
So oft our public ministrations make  
Revolting violations of the rules  
Which nature, law, and usage have ordained?  
How painful and how futile, when the voice  
Ranges the gamut in a single word,  
And touches every discord on the track!”

Here is an eloquent plea for freedom from a rigid ritual :

“SAMUEL

“Let us not  
Place on our rules and forms conventional  
The image and the superscript divine.  
The precepts of our fathers bear no seal  
The wisdom of the children may not break.  
Open to bold revision every form  
Of marriage rite, of language, and of dress.  
True to the inward life, we shall not need  
The organ’s peal or hireling’s speech or song  
To lead our spirits in the solemn act  
Of public worship. We shall ever find  
Nearness of access to the Infinite Mind,  
When silently we wait; in every act  
Of exhortation, prayer, or praise, shall know  
The instant guidance of the Master’s hand.”

The dialogue closes thus :

“JEREMIAH

“Farewell! To-day the men’s committee meet,  
Appointed in the case of Thomas Swift,  
Charged with a serious breach of discipline  
In having at his house, for instant use,  
A stringèd instrument, piano called.

“SAMUEL

“Farewell! And when you deal with Thomas Swift,  
Remember good King David had the same  
At home, and in the holy temple too.”

To which is appended this note :

“Notwithstanding the earnestness and eloquence of Samuel, Jeremiah is thinking more about removing that stringèd instrument from Friend Swift’s house, or disowning him for keeping it there, than about weightier matters. . . . As a matter of fact I may as well state that Thomas was disowned. The time, I believe, is not far distant, when Shakspeare will not be banished from the library or the piano from the parlor.”

<sup>2</sup> For tones in preaching see THE JOURNAL, xv. 125.

## John Thomas of Bristol and the Kennet and Avon Canal

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**T**HE following is an extract from a newspaper respecting John Thomas, who died at his residence, Prior Park, Bath, 3 iii., 1827, aged seventy-five.

“Saturday, at Prior Park, which he purchased about sixteen years ago, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, John Thomas, Esq., one of the Society of Friends.

“He commenced business as a grocer in this city, and afterwards established a wholesale house in the same line in partnership with his sons. He was endowed with eminent talents for mechanics and engineering, which were called into action in 1793, when the public mind was excited to speculation in canals. He took a great interest in that projected to unite the cities of London and Bristol, by connecting the rivers Kennet and Avon, and was one of the earliest members of the Committee of Management. The expenditure having, as might be expected from a concern of such magnitude, exceeded the original estimate, this great work languished in its execution. At the express desire of the Managing Committee, Mr. Thomas undertook the superintendance of it at a salary of £750 for all his time, labour and expenses. The amount of his salary is here mentioned because it has been idly believed that part of his large fortune was accumulated in the management of that concern. His unimpeachable integrity obtained and secured the confidence of the various interests with which he had to contend and his strong practical sense and unwearied attention directed the execution and effected the completion of this, perhaps, the best constructed canal in Europe. After he had resigned the superintendance; he gave his disinterested attention to the conduct and management of the affairs of the company to almost the last moments of his life, but in the midst of active pursuits of this and other kinds



the preparation for another state of existence was not forgotten. So long as the great bestower of health was graciously pleased to grant him the possession of it, so long were his useful talents exerted in the promotion of public charities and a large portion of his ample means employed in acts of private benevolence. His opinions and advice were generally sought for and his attendance on public business at a period of life when other men retire from it was useful in a religious and moral view, for it is pleasing and instructive to see strong abilities preserved by temperance and exercise to advanced age, and employed with disinterestedness. His morals were pure and exemplary and his religion practical, regular and unobtrusive. He mixed in general society more than is common for those of his persuasion and brought into it the most urbane and simple manners, never abstaining from the participation of cheerful and enlivening conversation. He was patient in hearing and slow in reply, and although this might be partly owing to the early discipline of his Society, yet the clearness of expression and soundness of argument which marked his observations were peculiarly his own. He was indulgent to the religious opinions of others and without relinquishing the general views and habits of Friends he felt far from a bigoted attachment to them. He possessed the adventitious ornaments of a fine expressive countenance a well proportioned and rather athletic form and a general appearance which almost always made a favourable impression. This excellent man was the father of a numerous family, all of whom stood around his death bed attentive to his latest comforts and partaking his dying advice and benediction. To them it must afford a melancholy pleasure to be assured that their sorrows are shared in various degrees by many friends and acquaintances, and that feelings of regret for his loss extend to every one to whom their departed friend's name was known and by whom his character could be properly appreciated.

Some notes respecting the life of John Thomas, and of his ancestry may here be given, culled from a

pamphlet written about fifty years ago by J. F. Nicholls, Bristol City Librarian, and lent to us by Edward Gregory, of Bristol.

In Besse's *Sufferings of the Quakers* we are introduced to Edward and Katherine Evans,<sup>1</sup> apparently resident in Radnorshire, who, for declining to take the Oath of Allegiance, were cast into prison in November, 1662. Edward Evans, "being an infirm man and unable to bear the Filth and Dampness of the Place, laid down his Life, the unwholesome Confinement there having hastned his death." His wife was continued a prisoner for five years. Their youngest daughter was Priscilla, who is said to have been "a fair Latin scholar and for a while in the service of the Countess Conway."<sup>2</sup> Priscilla married Robert Thomas, who was not a Friend, but "a sober man." Their home was near Welshpool. They had five sons, the second being John, born 1690. This son came into the employ of Thomas Oliver, who was a farmer and Minister among Friends and emigrated to America.<sup>3</sup> Later, John was shepherd to Charles Lloyd, of Dolobran, and about 1704 he transferred his services to Edward Lloyd, a wine-merchant of Bristol. In 1706, he assisted Abraham Darby<sup>4</sup> and other Friends in an iron and brass founders' business. After many failures and disappointments Darby and his man succeeded in producing round metal pots, such as had previously been made only in Holland and for which Darby took out a patent in 1707.

In 1709, Darby began work at Coalbrookdale and Thomas co-operated. The former died in 1717 and the

<sup>1</sup> Librarian Nicholls is not correct in his surmise that Katherine Evans was the Friend of that name who went to Malta. The latter was the wife of *John* Evans, of Englishbatch, Somerset, and died in 1692.

<sup>2</sup> For Anne, Viscountess Conway, see vols. iv., vi., xiv., and esp. vii.

<sup>3</sup> "Thomas Oliver, 'our old friend,' unmarried; dated 12 mo. 25, 1723, from Mo. Mtg. at Dolobran, Wales. He 'hath Removed himself into your parts Sometime agoe.' Received 4 mo. 26, 1724."

MYERS, *Quaker Arrivals in Philadelphia*, 1902.

<sup>4</sup> There were three of the name Abraham Darby in succession—1677-1717, 1711-1763, 1750-1791, for whom see *D.N.B.*



latter, having married Grace Zeane in Bristol in 1714, remained to assist the widow and family, refusing attractive offers of employment. He died in 1760.

Samuel, son of John and Grace, settled at Keynsham as a wire-drawer and married Esther Derrick in 1746. Their son, John, born in 1752 commenced business as a grocer on the Somerset side of Bristol Bridge, the business being still carried on under the name of John Thomas, Sons and Company. In 1776, John Thomas married Elizabeth Ovens, of Bristol and they had ten children. It is said that Elizabeth Thomas "used to ask the farmers' wives some times when there were many customers in the shop on Bristol Bridge to step upstairs and have some refreshment and sometimes offered to lend them a pair of dry stockings to put on in lieu of their wet ones when the weather happened to be inclement."<sup>5</sup>

But the chief interest of John Thomas's life was the promotion of waterways for the facilitation of traffic. He was concerned in the Somersetshire Coal Canal and especially in the proposed Kennet and Avon Canal designed to connect Bath, Devizes, Hungerford, Newbury, and Reading with London, as recorded in the obituary notice above printed.

In 1812, John Thomas retired from active participation in business, and bought Prior Park,<sup>6</sup> near Bath. Here he died, 3 iii., 1827, aged seventy-five. His widow died at Barrow, Somerset, in 1834.

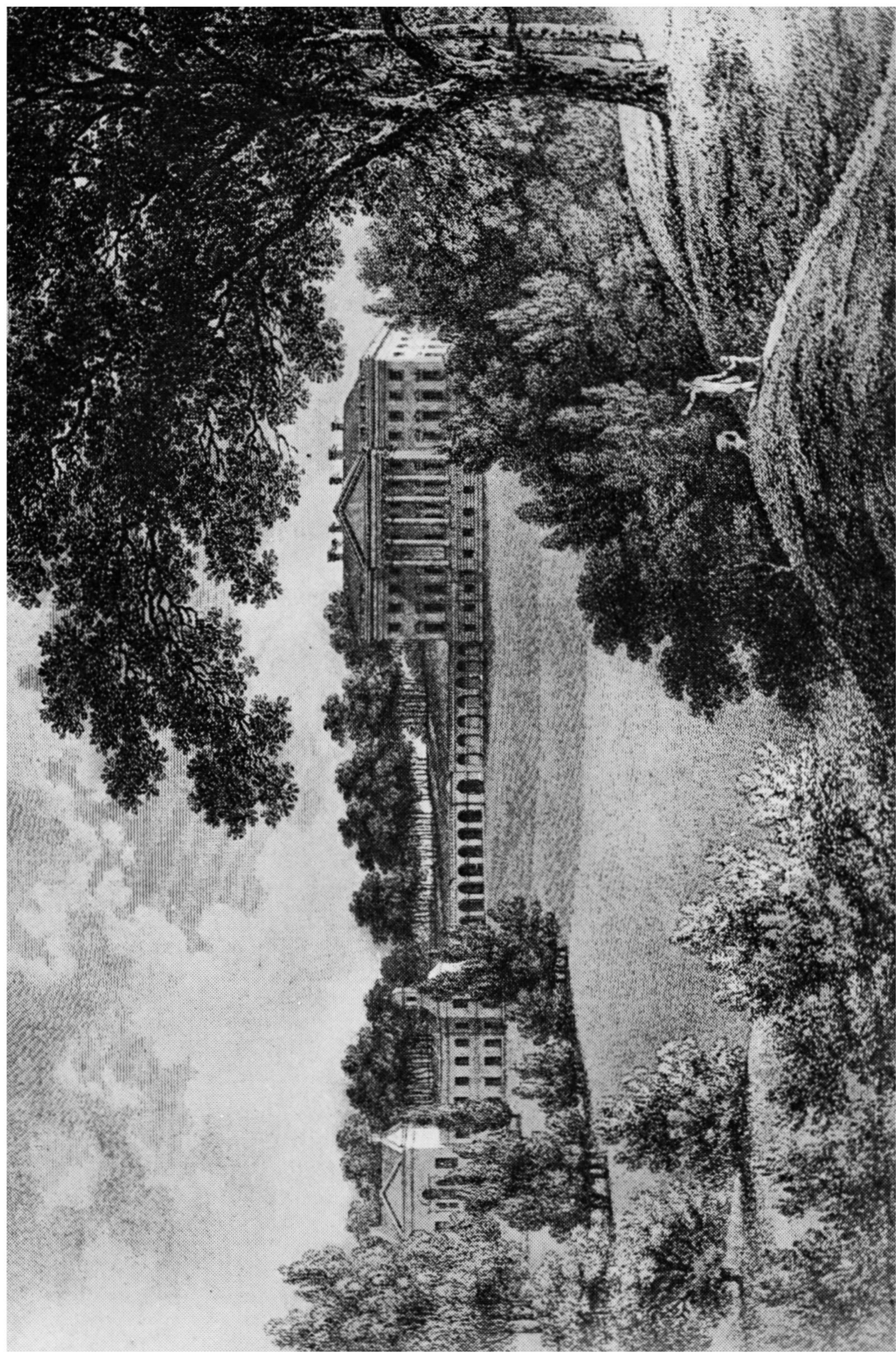
The fifth son of John and Elizabeth Thomas was George, born 1791. He was educated at the Friends' school at Burford, Oxon, under Thomas Huntley,<sup>7</sup> and married Elizabeth Greer of Co. Tyrone in 1831. He died, *s. p.*, in 1869—the noted Bristol Quaker philanthropist.

<sup>5</sup> Information from Edward Gregory, 1920.

<sup>6</sup> Prior Park went out of the Thomas family soon after the demise of John Thomas, and into the hands of the Roman Catholics. In 1836, the contents of the house were destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt and is now again used as a R.C. College.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Huntley (1733-1813) lived at Burford through life. He commenced a school at the age of eighteen and conducted it for over fifty years. He was clerk of London Y.M. in 1792, and a Minister many years.





PRIOR PARK, NEAR BATH  
*From an engraving in D., dated 1785.*





## Friends and Current Literature

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**Books of interest to Friends may be purchased at the Friends' Bookshop, 140, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.**

**The Friends' Book and Tract Committee, 144 East 20th Street, New York City, are importers of Friends' literature.**

**Many of the books in D. may be borrowed by Friends. Apply to the Librarian, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.**

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\* **S.** MARGERY FRY, daughter of the late Sir Edward Fry, P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., etc., is a contributor to *Advance in Co-education* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 7½ by 5, pp. xxiv. + 165, 3s. 6d. net), her chapter being headed "In University Life."

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\*Chapter III. of *The Soldier Colonists, A Plea for Group Organisations*, by W. H. Warman (London: Chatto, 7¾ by 5, pp. xii + 180, 5s. net), is a review of the life of Edward Gibbon Wakefield (1796-1862), "a builder of English fortune overseas in the theoretic sphere as Cecil John Rhodes was, later, to become in the practical" (p. 31).<sup>1</sup>

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\*Readers interested in things Russian will be glad to know of *The Village, Russian Impressions*, by Ernest Poole (London: Macmillan, 7¾ by 5½ pp. 234, 6s. net). The book describes a visit to a small estate of a Russian friend, whose home was a rough log cabin in the north of Russia.

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\*J. Howard Whitehouse, a London Friend, has edited a collection of Centenary Addresses on Ruskin, delivered 8th February, 1919 (London: Oxford University Press, 9 by 6, pp. 75, 7s. 6d. net).

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Robert Davis (30, Leadhall Lane, Harrogate) has written a useful pamphlet on *The Portrait of Jesus in the First Three Gospels* (threepence net, post id. extra). He brings together "results of modern critical thought in relation to the first three Gospels." But why does he bestow the honour of sainthood on Matthew and deny it to Mark and Luke?

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*A Handbook of the Five Years Meeting of the Friends in America, 1919*, is just to hand (Friends' Book and Supply House, Richmond, Indiana, 15 cents), which will prove most useful to all who enquire respecting the work of this central Quaker organisation in the States.

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The latest "William Penn Lecture" arranged by the Young Friends' Movement of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Race Street) is to hand—*Religion as Reality, Life and Power*, by Rufus M. Jones.

<sup>1</sup> Wakefield's life was written by Dr. Garnett, and published in 1898.

\* = not in D.



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*The Tryal of William Penn and William Mead* has, once more, re-appeared in modern form with ancient wording, published by the Marshall Jones Company, of Boston, Mass. This reprint is taken "from the report embedded in the second volume of the four great folios, comprising 'A Compleat Collection of State Tryals'" London, 1719. Don C. Seitz, managing editor of the *New York World*, contributes an Introduction. The price is \$1.00.

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William Brown, J.P., M.R.C.V.S., of Wiveliscombe, Som., has collected together at the request of the Friends' Anti-Vivisection Association, a series of lectures delivered by him, and issued them under the title *Our Lesser Brethren* (London: Headley, Devonshire Street, E.C.2., 7½ by 5, pp. 63 and 12 illustrations, price 2s.).

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Two new pamphlets by Rendel Harris have been added to the Library—*The Origin of the Doctrine of the Trinity, A Popular Exposition* and *The Origin and Meaning of Apple Cults*, London, etc.: Longmans.

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The first number of *The Schools Journal* appeared in October. It is issued in May and October. The editor is Richard B. Graham, of Leighton Park, and the treasurer Florence D. Priestman, Penketh School, Warrington. The subscription is three shillings per annum. The first of a series of articles on "The History of the Schools" deals with Stramongate School, Kendal.

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\**The Indictment of War* is "an anthology of prose and verse from the great writers of all ages who have written against War" (London: Daniel, 9 by 5½, pp. 548, 10s. 6d. net). Among the writers are Robert Barclay ("Apology"), John Bellers ("Some Reasons for an European State"), John Bright, Jonathan Dymond, George Fox ("Journal"), William Howitt ("Mad War-Planet"), William Penn ("Primitive Christianity"), Joshua Rowntree ("Brute Force"), Silvanus P. Thompson ("Christ and Modern Life,"), John G. Whittier ("Toussaint L'Ouverture").

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It is very satisfactory to have some Quaker stories written by one who understands Quakerism. We have had Violet Hodgkin's "Quaker Saints" and now comes Maude Robinson's collection entitled *The Time of her Life, and other Stories* (London: Swarthmore Press, late Headley Bros., 8 by 5½, pp. 264, 6s. net). The stories range over the whole period of Quaker history—1682-1875—and are admirably told. There are four coloured drawings by Percy Bigland, the frontispiece being "William Penn's Appointed Meeting at the Blue Idol."

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Another book by Edward Grubb has been published—*Christ in Christian Thought*—being notes on the Development of the Doctrine of Christ's Person (London: Clarke, 7½ by 5½, pp. 162, 3s. 6d. net). Much of the contents of this book has previously appeared in "Bible Notes," vol. vii. and "Study Notes," vol. viii. 1911 and 1912.

## FRIENDS AND CURRENT LITERATURE 35

\*The latest book by Richard Roberts is *The Unfinished Programme of Democracy* (London: Swarthmore Press, 7½ by 5, pp. 326, 6s. net).

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A work upon which the late Josiah Newman spent so many enthusiastic hours, has been issued, edited by his daughter Winifred—*Sidcot School Register, 1808-1912*.

(To be obtained from E. Winifred Newman, Westlands, Winscombe, Somerset. Price 6s. 6d.)

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*A Reasonable Revolution*, by Bertram Pickard, a member of Mansfield Meeting (London: Allen & Unwin, 8½ by 5½, pp. 78, 2s. 6d.). This is a discussion of the State Bonus Scheme—a proposal for a National Minimum Income.

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*The Working Life of Women in the Seventeenth Century*, by Alice Clark, of Street, Som., Shaw Research Student of the London School of Economics and Political Science, is now out (London: Routledge; and New York: Dutton, 8½ by 5½, pp. 335, 10s. 6d. net). Although the chapter headings sound somewhat technical—Capitalists, Agriculture, Textiles, Crafts and Trades, Professions—the book is written in such an interesting manner that it will appeal to a large circle of readers. There are eleven pages of cited authorities, each with the British Museum press-mark, showing that the author has examined a mass of material in print and manuscript.

Alice Clark has written an article on the same subject as her book, which will appear in the Swarthmoor Account Book now being printed by the Cambridge University Press.

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New editions of the Hero Stories, by the late Mary Spencer, have been issued by the Friends' Tract Association, 15, Devonshire Street, London, E.C.2. "Onas and the Indians," "A Safe Castle," "The Viwan Conquerors," and "Peace Across the Snow," 4d. per dozen; 2s. 8d. per 100.

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The latest book on Africa by John H. Harris, of the Aborigines Protection Society, who has recently joined Friends in London, is *Africa: Slave or Free* (London: Student Christian Movement, 7½ by 5, pp. xx. + 244, 6s. net). There is a preface by Sir Sydney Olivier, formerly Governor of Jamaica.

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Olaf Baker, a London Friend, author of "The Questing Heart," has brought out another little collection of his verses, *The Tramp of Eternity* (London: Allen & Unwin, 7½ by 4¾, pp. 62, 2s. 6d. net).

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Harlow Lindley has sent over a fine volume of 441 pages, recording the celebrations held in connection with the "one hundredth Anniversary of Indiana's Admission to Statehood." Our Friend is secretary of the Indiana Historical Commission, Indianapolis, Ind. Various Friends figure in these records. Numerous pageants took place, among



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the scenes represented were the Underground Railroad, the Civil War, Early Life in Indiana. In Indianapolis there was a professional pageant :

“ The various episodes of the 275 years of Quakerism were presented, the section being headed by a Quaker on horseback, depicting the old-time Friend. In this section were the ‘ Quakers of 1856,’ a pioneer family in an ancient ‘ rockaway ’ carriage, and the ‘ Quaker of 1916 ’ in a modern automobile. Timothy Nicholson, of Richmond, one of the oldest Quakers in the State and the founder of the State Board of Charities, rode alone in an automobile and was much applauded ” (p. 295).

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An interesting article on “ The Old Milestones about Philadelphia,” written by Joshua L. Baily, Jr., appears in the current number of the *Bulletin of Friends’ Historical Society of Philadelphia* (vol. ix. no. 2). The editor’s reviews of “ Books of Interest to Friends ” are always valuable.

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\*For the eleventh year in succession, Samuel Graveson, manager of the Swarthmore Press (Headley Brothers), 72, Oxford Street, has compiled and issued a Record of notable Achievements and Events, under the title : *The Year 1919 Illustrated*, pp. 192, and over fifty illustrations. 6s. net. The compiler has been assisted by H. Wilson Harris, Malcolm Sparkes, Arthur Henderson, Alec Waugh and others.

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\*Messrs. Evans Brothers, of Montague House, Russell Square, W.C.1., have brought out a *Book of Great Lives*—short life-stories of great men, prepared for young people. Among the fifty three sketches are three Friends—Lord Lister, Elizabeth Fry, and John Dalton.

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The Associate Professor of History in Haverford College, Pa., Rayner W. Kelsey, author of “ Friends and the Indians,” has again put us under obligation,—his latest work being *Centennial History of Moses Brown School, 1819-1919* (Providence, R.I. : Moses Brown School, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , pp. xviii. + 178, \$2.00 ; London : Friends’ Bookshop, 11s. 6d.). The salient dates of the century and of its antecedent years are as follows : The Portsmouth School, 1784-1788 ; The Intertegnum, 1788-1818 ; Problems and Progress, 1820-1836 ; Battling with Adversity, 1836-1852 ; The Middle Age, 1853-1860 ; The Horn of Plenty, 1860-1879 ; Modern History, 1879-1904, and “ Moses Brown School,” 1904-1919.

The interesting life-history of Moses Brown (1738-1836), promoter and benefactor of this New England Y.M. boarding school, is detailed, also that of his only son, Obadiah (c. 1771-1822), and of his son-in-law, William Almy (c. 1761-1836), yarn-spinner and preacher, both munificent supporters of the school. Many other figures come and go before our eyes—John Griscom, principal, 1832-1835, “ probably the most learned member of the Society of Friends in America ” ; Thomas J. Battey,

teacher of science since 1868, to whom the book is dedicated ; Augustine Jones, principal, 1879-1904 ; Walter S. Meader, at the School 1880-1904, and clerk of New England Y. M. for many years ; the twin brothers, Alfred H. and Albert K. Smiley ; Samuel J. Gummere, teacher of classics, 1832-1834 ; and Rufus M. Jones, teacher of modern languages, 1887-1889, both later of Haverford College ; and many others. Timothy Nicholson, the veteran Quaker of the Middle West, was a scholar, 1847-1848.

Rufus M. Jones's Introduction is good reading. There are numerous illustrations and a full index.

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*The Literary Who's Who*, for 1920, successor to "The Literary Year Book," is likely to find a useful place on the office-desk. (London : Routledge, 8½ by 5½, pp. 411, 8s. 6d.)

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A recent issue from the office of the Student Christian Movement, Russell Square, London, is *The Word made Flesh : Notes on the Johanne Gospel and Epistle*, by Edward Grubb, 4s. net.

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Two presidential addresses on surgical and medical subjects have reached the Reference Library from the authors.

Sir Rickman J. Godlee, Bart., K.C.V.O., LL.D., F.R.C.S., addressed the Birmingham and Midland Institute, last autumn on *Our Attitude towards Modern Miracles*, and Bedford Pierce, M.D., F.R.C.P., Lond., The Retreat, York, gave the address at the annual meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association of Great Britain and Ireland, in York, in July last, on *Psychiatry a Hundred Years Ago*, with comments on the problems of to-day.

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Elizabeth York (Mrs. Samuel Veale Bracher) has done good service in showing how ancient is the idea of a union of countries for their common good, in her *Leagues of Nations : Ancient, Mediæval and Modern*. (London : Swarthmore Press, 7½ by 5, pp. 337, 8s. 6d. net.) Chapter V. concerns itself with William Penn's European Diet, Appendix VI. gives a list of twenty-nine international schemes.

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\**The Inward Light* is a drama in four acts, prepared by Allan Davis and Anna R. Stratton. (New York : Knopf, 7½ by 5½, pp. 135, price in America, \$1.35 ; in Great Britain, 11s.) The time is the period of the American Civil War and the subject that of peace and war, but only the side of the fighting Quaker is introduced not that of the passive resister. For a review, see "The American Friend," 1 mo. 1. 1920 ; "The Friend" (Lond.), 9 iv. 20.

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Friends' Council for International Service (London : Ethelburga House, E.C.2), has issued two pamphlets—*Quakerism*, by T. Corder Catchpool, 2d. ; and *Friends' Service in War Time*, by Elizabeth Fox Howard, 6d. In the former paper, page 7, for *Bedford*, read *Derby*.



The life of Professor Thompson, written by his widow and daughter, is now out. *Silvanus Phillips Thompson, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., His Life and Letters*, by Jane Smeal Thompson and Helen G. Thompson, B.Sc. (London: Fisher Unwin, 9 by 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ , pp. 372, and 13 illustrations, 21s. net). Mrs. Thompson has presented a copy to D.

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The story of the work of the Ambulance Unit is now out—*The Friends' Ambulance Unit, 1914-1919* (London: Swarthmore Press, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  by 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , pp. xxiv.+264, many illustrations, also maps and charts, 21s. net). Edited by D. Meaburn Tatham and James E. Miles. Introduction by Sir George Newman.

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Among the Rose and Dragon Books is a new series for "Young Citizens," the first of which is *A Plain Friend* (Elizabeth Fry), by Annie Matheson (London: British Periodicals, Ltd., Gough Square, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ , pp. 54, 2s. 6d. net; literary manager, Bertram Pickard). This is by no means a mere *resumé* of other "lives" but contains useful fresh matter.

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Allen David Hole, of the Department of Geology, Earlham College, Ind., U.S.A., has sent for preservation several scientific papers he has prepared, which have appeared in periodical literature. *Glaciation of the Telluride Quadrangle, Colorado, III.*, 1912, *On the Molding Sands of Indiana*, 1918, and *Terraces of the Whitewater River near Richmond, Indiana*, 1911.

A. D. Hole has also presented a copy of his *David Worth Dennis—an Appreciation*, extracted from the Proceedings of the Indiana Academy of Science, 1916. D. W. Dennis (1849-1916) was a professor in Earlham College, Ind.

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John S. Hoyland, M.A., has translated into Hindi E. B. Emmott's *Story of Quakerism*. It can be obtained for ten annas from the Christian Mission Press, Jubbulpore. Copy in D.

J. S. Hoyland has also sent copies of his *Sketch of Modern European History* (Allahabad, 1918), and *Christ and National Reconstruction. A Bible Study Text-Book* (Jubbulpore, 1918).

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*The Better Germany in War Time*, by Harold Picton (Manchester: National Labour Press, 5s.), contains a valuable outside view of the work of the Friends' Emergency Committee.

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Our Friend, H. Wilson Harris, who spent three months in Paris as special correspondent of "The Daily News," has given his impressions of the Peace Conference in *The Peace in the Making*, which he describes as "a little more than a personal impression and a good deal less than a considered history" (London: Swarthmore Press, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 5, pp. 246, 6s. net).

We heartily welcome another edition of Allen C. Thomas's *History of the Friends in America* (Philadelphia : Winston, 8½ by 5½, pp. 285, Pennsbury Series No. IV.), but we regret that the production of such valuable matter should have been somewhat marred by the use of some of the plates of the previous edition, which gives to the pages a patchy appearance, and an undue limiting of the editor in the work of corrigenda and addenda. Chapter IX. is new and worthy of careful study. It is good to read the following paragraph :

“ Not for over a century has there been such a feeling of good-will as exists at present (1919). It is more and more recognised that kindly feeling and co-operation are quite possible though there may be at the same time great differences of opinion even on important matters ” (page 225).

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With the experience of the last few years in mind there is not much written in praise of war.<sup>2</sup> Of books written to reveal its horrors surely this volume is *facile princeps*—*Civilisation, 1914-1918*, by Georges Duhamel, translated from the French by T. P. Conwil-Evans (London : Swarthmore Press, 7½ by 5, pp. 248, 6s. net). Here is a word-picture of the wounded :

“ Placed side by side on the uneven ground, they made a mosaic of pain stained with mud and blood, the colours of war ; reeking with sweat and corruption, the smells of war ; noisy with cries, moans and hiccups, which are the sounds and music of war ” (page 38).

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Anna Yarnall, for many years instructor in English in Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, Pa., has issued a little volume of her poems, under the title *Golden Memories* (author, 1729 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., 7½ by 5, pp. 120, \$1.50). Presented by the author to D.

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There is a chapter on “ George Fox and the Quaker Movement ” in a recent book, *From the Great Awakening to the Evangelical Revival*, by Benjamin Nightingale, M.A., Litt.D. (London : Congregational Union, 7½ by 4¾, pp. 160, 2s. 6d.). This is a very useful and readable book, dealing briefly with English religious life from the sixteenth to the twentieth century.

<sup>2</sup> Yet we find such remarks as the following, taken from *Edward Wyndham Tennant : A Memoir* by his mother, Pamela Glenconner, London, 1919 :

“ It is rather fun making these entanglements and imagining the Germans coming along in the dark and falling over these things, and starting to shout ; whereupon you immediately send up a flare (which lasts ten seconds) and turn a machine gun on to them as they struggle in the wire. It sounds cruel but is War ” (Letter to his younger brother, 15 Sept., 1915).

“ We were safely relieved last night and are now going back for a day or two. We have had all the kicks and none of the ha'pence in this show, as other batts. had the fun of repulsing attacks and killing hundreds, while we had to just sit and be shelled ” (Letter to his mother, 12 Ser' , 1916).



## Recent Accessions to D

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**J**N addition to the unstarred literature introduced under the heading "Friends and Current Literature," the following items have been added to D during the last few months:

Joseph T. Sewell, of Whitby, has presented a copy of *Whitby Authors and their Publications*, by Gideon Smales, 1867, 248 pp. This book contains notices of several members of the Chapman family, also of Isaac Blackbeard, Joseph Taylor, Dorothy Ripley, Gideon Buck. Several pamphlets containing the names of "Jonathan Drabcoat," and "Jeremiah Broadbrim" may refer to Friends.

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Miss Elizabeth Woods, of Woburn Sands, has sent up a pamphlet and two pedigrees of the Woods family, prepared in 1918, by the late Edward H. Woods. The Woods descend from Joseph Woods (1738-1812), and his wife, Margaret Hoare (1747/8-1821).

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*Rebecca and her Daughters*, being a history of the agrarian disturbances in Wales in 1843, known as the "Rebecca Riots," by the late Henry Tobit Evans, J.P., 1910, 267 pages. H. Tobit Evans (1844-1908) joined Friends in 1880, at The Pales in Radnorshire. He was not infrequently at Devonshire House. On pages 148 and 153, we read:

"Mr. Price, of Neath, and several ladies of the Society of Friends from Darlington, visited Carmarthen on 25th August, and had a meeting in the Magistrates' Room, when several magistrates were present, who listened attentively to their exhortations. They also held a meeting at Water Street Chapel, when the ladies addressed a numerous congregation on the benefits of peace and the horrors of civil war."

Hannah Chapman Backhouse was one of the Friends mentioned and her lady companion was Junia Price. Joseph Tregelles Price was with them. For a fuller account of their service, see *Journal of H. C. Backhouse*, pp. 258-261.

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Calendars of State Papers, Domestic, 1665/6, 1666/7, 1667, completing a run from 1649 to 1678.

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Typed pedigrees of the families of Perry, Davis, Pim and Walpole.

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Presentments for Quakerism in the Diocese of Worcester, 1662 to 1674, and Convictions for refusing oaths and for conventicles, etc., in London, 1677 to 1684/5, MSS. prepared and presented by Prof. G. Lyon Turner, M.A.

For other accessions, see pages 20, 21, 27, 43.

## Foreshadowings of Quakerism

**A**LBERT PEEL, M.A., Litt.D., etc., of Great Harwood, Lancs., has presented to D. a copy of his valuable work, *The Seconde Parte of a Register*, being a Calendar of Manuscripts under that title intended for publication by the Puritans about 1593, and now in Dr. Williams's Library, London, printed at the Cambridge University Press, in 2 vols., 1915, with sixty-four pages of indexes.

There are many subjects of interest in these volumes, and many similarities of belief and expression between the dissenters of Queen Elizabeth and those of the Commonwealth.

About 1580, R.H. (—? Robert Harrison) wrote :

“ Then you charge us that we persuade the people to be rather in *houses* and corners then to be where there is the publique face of the Church ; that is to say, that the Congregation can not publiquely meete in a house, except it be a great *house* of *lime* and *stone*. . . . Thei set bandoggs on us to baite us from their doors, and since this looke out and say there came no bodie there, and thei chide us when thei meete us, because we came not to their house ; for our mynister preched first, and we heard him in a Church of *lime* and *stone*, from thence we were driven into the Churchyard, from thence into a house adjoining upon the Churchyard, from thence we being had to prison, after that some of us had got some libertie out, we got into that Church again, from thence we were had to prison againe. *Yet now we are charged as people which will not come to the Church, thus reasonable are we dealt with* ” (ii. 66).

1648. George Fox at Leicester :

“ The Church was the pillar and ground of truth, made up of living stones . . . which Christ was the head of ; but he was not the head of a mixed multitude, or of an old *house*, made up of *lime*, *stones* and wood.”

1652. George Fox :

“ These mett together in severall dwellinge *houses* which was not caled ye temple nor ye Church ” (Camb. Jnl. i. 57).

1663. George Fox :

‘ At Wellingborough in Northampton sheere about this time ye toundes officers warned freinds to come to ye steeplehouse : & they mett together to consider of it : & ye Lord moved y<sup>m</sup> to goe to there steeplehouse to meete in, And when they came Into ye steeplehouse they sate down together & waited upon ye Lord in his power & spirit & minded ye Lord Jesus Christ there teacher & saviour & did not minde ye preist : soe ye officers came to y<sup>m</sup> to putt y<sup>m</sup> out of ye steeplehouse : & they saide nea Itt was not time for y<sup>m</sup> to breake uppe there meetinge yett & soe ye preist when he had donn his stuffe they woulde have had freinds goe home to Dinner : & they tolde y<sup>m</sup> they did not use to goe to Dinners but was feedeing upon ye breade of life : & there they sate waiteing upon ye Lord Ienjoyeing his power & presence till hee ordered y<sup>m</sup> to departe.

“ *And soe they was offended because they could not gett y<sup>m</sup> to ye steeplehouses & when they was there they was offended because they could not gett y<sup>m</sup> out again* ” (Camb. Jnl. ii. 32).



The Puritans of Elizabeth's day described the clergy with much the same wealth of language as was used by Friends respecting the ministers of the Commonwealth.

1587. "These cathedral churches are indeede verie Dennes of Theves, where the tyme and place of Gods service . . . is moste filthyly abused In pyping with Organnes, in singing, ringing and Trowling of the Psalmes from one side of the Quiar to another, with squeaking of Chaunting Queresters. . . . These unprofitable Members, for the moste parte Dumme *Doggs*,<sup>1</sup> Unskilfull sacrificing priestes, Destroyeing Drones, or rather *Caterpillars* of the Word. . . . They are Dennes of Lazie Loytring Lubberds, the verie harborowes of all disceitfull and Tymeserving *hippocrites*, whose prebendaries and lyvings belonge some to gentlemen, and some to boyes, some to servingmen, and some to others" (ii. 211).

1652. Richard Clayton called Priest Sawrey of Ulverston a "rotten-hearted *Hippocrite*," and Margaret Fell called him "a *catterpillar* wch shall bee swept out of ye way" (Camb. *Jnl.* i. 408).

1654. It is said that Anne Clayton called Shaw, the rector of Aldingham in Furness, a "greedy *dogg*"; Jane Ashburner called him "thou painted beast," and Mary Howgill addressed him as a "wel favored harlott" (note to p. 59 of the forthcoming *Household Account Book of Sarah Fell of Swarthmoor Hall*).

The strong language of the Puritan period is justified by reference to Scripture. R. H. wrote :

"You reckon up a greate sorte of sharpe speaches, and you make a bead roule of them: as felow deceivers, false brethren, menpleasers, blinde guides, trees without fruit, etc., and you say precisely that thei are not wordes proceeding from the Spirit of God; but thei and such like are wordes proceeding from our Saviour Christe, the apostles and prophetes, therefore, by your reason [these] had not the Spirit of God. I pray you, whence these speaches, generation of vipers, painted sepulchers, hypocrits, foxes, painted walls, adulterous generation, prince of Sodom . . . and a thowsand more. I am sure you knowe them and where to finde them" (ii. 67).

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In an article in the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society*, vol. vii. (1920), entitled "A Conscientious Objector of 1575," Dr. Peel prints a MS. in "The Seconde Parte of a Register," of which he writes :

"On the whole, the manuscript now printed for the first time is an excellent example of Elizabethan religious controversy, and it will be read with no little interest at a time when non-resistance and the Christian's attitude to weapons and war are again the subjects of keen disputation. It will be noted that the kinship of the Anabaptist with the Quaker appears alike in this particular and in the matter of using oaths and law courts."

<sup>1</sup> "Dumb dogs," unpreaching clergy so-called, has a reference to itself in the Index with nigh a score of entries.

## Francis Fox, of Plymouth, 1765:1812

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THE following, from a Plymouth paper, has been found among manuscripts of the late John Frank, of Bristol, presented to D. in 1919:

“ On the 18th Inst died Francis Fox Esq. of Plymouth, much and deservedly lamented for his liberal charities and other estimable qualities. He was one of the People called Quakers. His funeral took place on the 25th Inst., and was attended by about 250 Persons; he was carried underhanded by eight Quakers to the Burial-Ground in Broad St. The Procession closed with the committees of the Public Schools and Public Institutions to which he was a liberal Benefactor. Out of respect to the memory of their Townsman, all the Shops through which the Funeral passed, from the House in Frank Row to the Grave, were closely shut as a testimony how highly his virtues both public and private were appreciated.”

To which Ann Young adds “ (as informed by a Relative who attended on the solemn occasion, from Falmouth) ” that “ the Magistrates of Plymouth requested they might walk in the Procession in form with their Robes, as on Public occasions; this Friends did not think proper to consent to but they attended the Funeral.

“ His afflicted widow and aged mother were supported in much calmness; he has left one child, a daughter.”

Francis Fox, the son of Francis and Sarah (Cookworthy) Fox, was born 14 xi. 1765. In 1798 he married Sarah, only daughter of John and Sarah (Wilson) Birkbeck, of Settle. Their children were Sarah, born 1802, and Francis William, born 1803 and died 1804. Sarah married William Dilworth Crewdson, of Kendal, in 1825.

Francis Fox died 18 ix. 1812. The Testimony issued by his M.M. stated that he had been “ a Minister about 15 years,” and that “ an unusual number of persons of various denominations testified their respect for the deceased by attending the Burial.”



## The Cambridge "Journal of George Fox"

Continued from vol. xv. p. 152

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68.—Vol. I. p. 432.—There has been some uncertainty regarding the year of the death of Joseph Fuce. George Fox gives 1669 (*F.P.T.* p. 162n.); Joseph Smith has 1665 or 1669 (*Cata.* i. 824); Joseph Besse includes him among four Friends who died in the White Lion Prison, Southwark in 1665<sup>1</sup>—Samuel Fisher, Joseph Fuce, John Shields, John Fothergill (*Suff.* i. 693). On the other hand Burial Registers of Surrey and Sussex have: "Fuce, Joseph, 1669 viii. 11. Psh. of Kingston in co. of Surrey. Kingston [M.M.] [Buried at] Kingston," and Ellis Hookes, writing to G. Fox, 10 viii. 1669, states: "Yesterday morning our dear friend Joseph Fuce laid down the body at Kingston" (*Letters o Early Friends*, p. 168, see *Camb. Jnl.* ii. 490).

69.—Vol. II. p. 460.—"Mildred" and "Judy." In a tract dated 1678, written by Robert Rich—*Hidden Things brought to Light, or the Discord of the Grand Quakers among Themselves*, we read, page 13:

"Tell me if there are not some of all them Professions with whom thou couldst have more unity than with *Mildred* and *Judah Crouch* and *Mary Powel*, and divers others, such like, who are called by the name of Quakers?"

Mildred and *Judy* are mentioned together in early letters (Swarth. MSS., iv. 13). Mildred and *Judith* are addressed by George Fox on one sheet (Swarth. MSS., ii. 62). In the above quotation we have Mildred and *Judah* with the surname, presumably of each, Crouch, which on its face, might imply a man not a woman. But there are other indications that this band of opponents was composed of women. Richard Hubberthorne, writing to Margaret Fell, 10 xii. 1656/7, says: "As for James Nayler, he is in Bridewell. The women . . . sometimes appoint meetings in the most public places of the city." The letter is among *Letters etc. of Early Friends*, edited by A. R. Barclay, but unfortunately the editor omits to copy at the point when, doubtless, the letter becomes most interesting! and the location of the original is not known. An "Impudent lasse" is referred to in Swarth. MSS. iv. 15, but this may refer to Mildred. William C. Braithwaite considers them to be women (*Second Period*, p. 250, cp. *Beginnings*, pp. 269, 270). George Whitehead places Mildred in the company of "two or three boisterous fellows" (*Camb. Jnl.* ii. 461).

Of Mary Powel we know nothing at present.

<sup>1</sup> but does not give the month as in the three other cases.

## John Bellers and his Work

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**J**N an article by Isaac Sharp (vol. xii. p. 117)—“John Bellers—Lost and Found”—the writer places among modern finders Karl Marx in 1867 and Edouard Bernstein in 1895.

In point of time, between these two should come Karl Kautsky, who refers to Bellers in 1892 in *The Class Struggle*, first published in German and since issued in America somewhat abridged, in English. The following is Kautsky's reference :

Pages 99 and 100 : “ It is now nearly two hundred years ago since a well meaning Englishman John Bellers submitted to the English Parliament a plan to end the misery which even then the capitalist system, young as it was, was spreading through the land. He proposed the establishment of communities that should produce everything that they needed industrial as well as agricultural products. According to his plan, each community needed only from two hundred to three hundred workmen.

“ At that time handicraft was still the leading form of production ; the capitalist system was still in the manufacturing stage ; as yet there was no thought of the capitalistic concern with its modern machinery.

“ A hundred years later the same idea was taken up anew, but considerably deepened and perfected by socialist thinkers. By that time the present factory system of mills and machinery had already begun ; handicrafts were here and there disappearing ; society had reached a higher stage, accordingly, the communities which the socialists proposed at the beginning of the nineteenth century for the purpose of removing the ills of the capitalist system were ten times larger than those proposed by Bellers (for instance, the phalansteries of Fourier).”

Since the Bernstein notice of Bellers, the Quaker reformer is mentioned in *A History of British Socialism* by M. Beer, written in German in 1912 and enlarged and rewritten in English in 1919 (London : G. Bell & Sons) :

Page 71 : “ The years from the beginning of the Civil War to the end of the seventeenth century produced also several social reformers. As we are concerned only with those reformers whose schemes contain socialistic elements, we must confine ourselves to the pamphlets of Samuel Hartlib, Peter Chamberlen, Peter Cornelius Plockhoy [sometimes written Plockboy, at other times Peter Cornelius Van Zurik-Zee] and



John Bellers. The most important of them is that of Chamberlen, whose social criticism is closely related to communism, inasmuch as he makes use of the proposition that the labour of the poor, *i.e.*, the wage workers, is the source of all wealth. John Bellers, a member of the Society of Friends, whom Robert Owen, as well as Karl Marx, greatly admired, represents a combination of Hartlib, Plockhoy and Chamberlen, making however a serious contribution to social economic speculation by proposing to make labour-time and not money, the standard of value."

CHARLES R. SIMPSON.

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## Early Friends in Nottinghamshire, 1668

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THE names of such friends as are appointed for the service of truth in the monthly & Quarterly Meetings. 1668.

### THE SAND MEETINGE

Richard Bo[a]re, Robert Murfine, Gervus Lambert, Thomas ffarnworth, Sammuell Nicholson, Roger Storr, Richard Newcome, Thomas Emley, John Camsell, John Birks.

### THE CLAY MEETINGE

Thomas Samson, William Hudson, John Hasselby, Theophilus Eaton, Alexander Samson, John Gudridge, George Rogers, William Rogers.

### THE TRENT SIDE MEETINGE

William Smith, Edward Langford, Thomas Elsam, Robert Carnell, John Theaker, Robert Shaw, Robert Storr, John Truswell, William Calvert, Joseph Walles, Thomas Ridge (Backslider).

### WEST SIDE FORREST MEETINGE

Timothie Garland, Thomas ffarnworth, Richard Cooper, Matthew Bracknell, Oliver Hooton, George Cockram, Robert Grace, ffancis Clay, Sammuell Hooton.

### EAST SIDE FORREST MEETINGE

Thomas Jngall, Ralph Bateman, Edward Asline, William Birkett, Richard Birkett, Thomas Oakeland, Joseph Wass, William Blanch, Edward Butler, William Watson.

### NOTTINGHAM MEETINGE

John Reckless, William Watson, Thomas Hyfeild, Edward Poe, George Hopkinson, John Hart, Richard Richerson, John Hand, Humphrey Need, James Slacke, William Wood, John Marshall, George Oates.

### VAILE MEETINGE

William Claytor, Matthew Markham, Robert Bullivant, John Barker, William Poole, Thomas Howitt.

## Notes and Queries

### KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

D.—Friends' Reference Library, Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Camb. Jnl.—*The Journal of George Fox*, published by the Cambridge University Press, 1911.

D.N.B.—*The Dictionary of National Biography*.

A QUAKER & WILLIAM PITT, THE ELDER.—“They held Fort Louis on the mouth of the Senegal and fortified the island of Goree which commanded the Gambia. A Quaker merchant, having proposed to Pitt an expedition to annex the settlement, which this ‘passive resister,’ with an eye to the main chance, assured him could be effected ‘without bloodshed’ . . .”

FREDERICK HARRISON, *Pitt*, in English Statesmen series.

Who was the Quaker?

DISPUTES.—There is a valuable list of “Seventeenth Century Disputations” in the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society*, vol. vi. (1919), pp. 216 ff. in which appear the names of numerous Friends.

WILLIAM FLANNER (vols. iv., xiii.-xv.).—“W. F. is nearly 6 ft. 2 in. high, about 62 years of age and someway not in good health—is very nervous and often low, notwithstanding I think he has given a proof that his ministry is from the right source.”

Norris MSS. vi. (in D.) of visit of William Flanner and Isaac Hadwen to Coalbrookdale, 22 xi. 1828.

Author of Quotation wanted :

“The double and agreeing testimony of the Holy Scriptures without and the Holy Spirit within” ? William Penn.

WET QUAKERS.—Ezra K. Maxfield writes from Cambridge, Mass., that, after puzzling over the meaning of this term he has found a solution of his puzzle in *An Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy*, written by herself, London, 1785. Miss Bellamy (? 1731-1788, see D.N.B.), was on a visit to relatives, Clarks, who were Friends. She wrote :

“I had not dressed myself with the studied formality of a rigid Quaker, but only so plain and neat as to entitle me to the denomination of a *wet* Quaker ; a distinction that arises chiefly from the latter’s wearing ribbands, gauzes, and laces.”

The term also occurs in a tract, adverse to Friends, entitled *The Tavern Frolic : or a Comical Dialogue between a Drunken Priest*



and a *Wet London Quaker*, etc., London, 1704.

In *Poetical Sketches of Scarborough*, 1813, there is an illustration — “Wet Quakers” — the accompanying letterpress being headed, “The Water Party.”

DR. ROUTH, OF OXFORD (v. 172).—The interesting incident of Dr. Routh and a Friends' minute-book is referred to in Dean Burgon's life of the doctor in his *Twelve Good Men*, 1888, vol. i., p. 86, writes Margaret E. Hirst, of Saffron Walden. A copy of the minutes on the subject, made by H. A. King, of Reading, has been sent us, also a list of the books sent. A much better selection could now be made.

“At one time the President had been possessed of a collection of documentary annals of the Society of Friends, the first volume of the records of the Oxfordshire Quarterly Meeting of the Quakers, from the establishment of their Society to the year, 1746. This volume had long been missing, and till 1828 had been sought in vain. Having ascertained that it was in the possession of the President, two of their body waited on him. The account ‘they have given of their interview with Dr. Routh’ (so runs the Quaker minute) ‘has been very satisfactory. It appears that the gratification he has derived from the perusal of the volume (which from its instructive tendency he considers creditable to the Society) had induced a wish to

retain it. Notwithstanding, he obligingly offered to relinquish it, from the respect which he felt for the Society, and a willingness to render complete those records which ought to be in the possession of the meeting. As he wished to transfer it through the medium of some Friends appointed by the body, William Albright, Daniel Rutter, and John Huntley are directed to wait on him for that purpose.’ In ‘grateful acknowledgment of his kind and liberal conduct,’ the Quakers presented him with ‘a few volumes of our Friends’ writings, both ancient and modern,’ the names of which follow.’

GRAVE-SAFE (x. 46).—Arthur H. Catford sends us an extract from the Edinburgh Two Months Meeting Cash Book, which carries forward the history of this gruesome article:

1854.  
6 mo. 19. By cash laid aside since 4 mo. 10th 1851 for old grave safe when it was expected David Doull would get something for Locks but at Preparative Meeting 6 mo. 11th 1854 he had got nothing so that it was considered best to place the 14/6d to the credit of the Two Months Meeting as it was not worth while dividing amongst the Joint Stock Proprietors ..... 14/6d

The treasurer in 1854 was John Wigham, Tertius; it appears that he held office for about forty-eight years.

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Our Quotation—5

*“In relation to seventeenth century religious studies, quite outside the Quaker movement, no literature is more illuminating than the Quaker literature of that period, of which fortunately there is a considerable amount. In particular is it invaluable to those who may undertake the writing of local Parish Histories; it often supplies the names of parish clergymen, which otherwise would be entirely lost.”*

NIGHTINGALE. *From the Great Awakening to the Evangelical Revival*, 1919. See page 39.

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A Vision

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The narrator of the following vision, Joseph Fry, of Bristol (1728-1787), was no dreamer in actual life. He was the founder of the great firm of J. S. Fry & Sons, and a man of affairs. “He was a man of versatile genius,



under whose hands almost any concern would have prospered" (account of the firm in *Grocery*, July, 1908). He practised medicine and was also a partner in a firm of type-founders. See *D.N.B.* He married Anna, daughter of Henry Portsmouth, M.D., of Basingstoke, in 1755. He was a prominent member of the Society of Friends.

The records of the Society contain numerous notices of incursions into dream-land. We have caused this vision to be printed as we think it reflects somewhat the narrow Quakerism of the time while also holding lessons for to-day—contrast the Gothic building frequently whitewashed and artificial flowers with the "large square building, very plain" where the (outward) guide was not needed and where appeared "a particular irradiation of Light and Glory," and note that, while some were content to remain here, other passed on to something better and higher in their pilgrimage to the "permanent Rest prepared for the people of God."

**O**N the 26th of the 12th month, 1776, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, being alone and under an awful exercise of mind respecting futurity, I was imperceptibly led into a state of great stillness, and in that a train of objects and occurrences were presented before me, which left such an impression upon my mind, as I hope never to forget and was in substance nearly as follows :

It seemed to myself as if I was alone in an open place, when a person came to me, and obligingly asked me if I desired to go to the house of God ; I answered "yes." He said : "Follow me" ; which I did ; his person was very elegant, rather inclining to be thin, about thirty years of age ; he had no covering on his head, besides his own hair neatly combed and turning up with natural curls round his neck. He had on an under-garment and a robe that reached half-way down his legs, but it had no button, or other fastening, and was only secured by a narrow girdle round his waist, which appeared to be of leather, gilt with gold. His garments were of fine white linen, his legs and feet had no covering.

I may now observe that through the whole of this apparent journey, the effect of cold air was neither felt nor in general provided against.

I had followed my guide but a little way, before he entered a large gothic building, a little like a cathedral, very heavy, and almost darkened with abundance of carved ornaments, the shape and distinction of which were very much defaced by the repetition of white-wash upon them, to keep them clean ; as we passed through a large part of it, I looked to the right and left, and saw several vast extensive rooms as large as Westminster Hall, through iron gates ; in these rooms, and others of the same sort even beyond these, I understood there was a great number of persons employed either in worship or some ecclesiastical employments for which they had particular garments.

My guide went into none of these rooms on the ground floor, but up a pair of stairs which brought us into a room apparently as large as any we had passed by, and he stepped quickly through it long-ways near the wainscot on the right hand, leaving a staring multitude and all their various business on the left ; at the further end of the room were three windows, he went straight to the right-hand one, and throwing up a lofty sash, he walked out without stooping ; and immediately we entered upon a narrow path, which was a stone pavement or coping on a wall, which I observed to be very well built, and that there was no flaw in the masonry, nor leaning in the wall ; though divers old and large trees from the garden of this religious fabric had fallen and even now lay against it ; which in several places obstructed our passage, and had it not been for the kindness of my guide, who held away the branches, it seemed as though I should have been stopped or thrown down.

Here let me observe, that we came to this vast pile of building just mentioned, after having travelled but a little way, and I was surprised when I thought that we were so soon arrived at the house of God ; however, though I said nothing to my guide, I was soon well satisfied that it could not be so, by the slovenly way they had taken to clean the inside by such quantities of white-wash.



I observed as we travelled on, that on the left hand of this wall, on which we were walking, was a large pleasure garden belonging to the society of this spacious edifice, which had been made and decorated at a vast expense, with grottos and artificial flowers of an enormous size, but nothing either natural or beautiful among them ; we went on still upon the top of this solid wall for several miles through the estates belonging to this building ; the land of which appeared to be marshy, low, poor, and barren ; and had it not been for the wall we were on would have been quite impassable. At length, our wall, which was level, brought us to a rising ground out of this ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to a pair of large iron gates which appeared to be gilt with gold, on the inside of which a large eagle was climbing up by his talons and his beak, and fluttering with his wings, which being extended appeared extremely beautiful and as if they were full of eyes. As soon as my guide came to the gate, a man within opened it, and we entered into a most beautiful garden, in which were trees and flowers surprisingly magnificent, inexpressibly various, and altogether beyond what I could have had any conception of in nature. I was as much convinced that every production in this garden was the immediate work of Infinite Wisdom, as I had been before that the paltry pleasure-garden I had seen on the left hand of the wall, was planned and executed by mere human contrivance.

We passed on through an immense variety of plants, shrubs and flowers, till we came to a plantation of a different kind, where every thorny prickly offensive shrub was set in rows directly across the path in which we were going, the tracks between these rows were strewn with loose briars and the whole place infested with noxious reptiles, so that there appeared no clean safe place whereon to tread. Just before we entered this difficult track, and before I suspected any danger (for I also was barefooted) my guide turned round and putting forth his left hand, took fast hold of my right hand, and in a manner lifted me briskly along over this dangerous place, when we arrived at a fine plain grass plot where he stopped, and looking at me, he asked me if my legs and feet were not injured by the briars and thorns we had now passed

over, I answered: "No," he had so supported me that I had sustained no injury (having indeed so upheld me by his strength, that I had barely stepped upon the tops of the twigs). He then asked me if I knew him; I told him: "No," (for I durst not give him any title). He answered me with inexpressible sweetness that it was *He* who had trodden the thorny path alone. I then knew that He was the Lord Jesus, and desired that I might be permitted to kneel down before Him. I immediately did so, and was enabled to utter some expressions of deep worship, praise and adoration.

He continued to proceed straight forward, and I immediately perceived a large square building, very plain, without any ornament, to which my guide went; he entered and I followed him, expecting that I had now arrived at the place I had so much desired, and which I had so much reason to think he was conducting me unto. I at once lost sight of my guide and was at the same instant convinced that this scripture was fulfilled in me, *He that was with you shall be in you*. I now walked solitarily on, observing that the whole building was of white transparent marble, being only one ground floor covered with a very flat arch, and admitting light every way without any appearance of windows. On each side, as I walked down the middle, were many little separate offices, with one or more persons writing in them, and several of them empty, but I saw no person that I knew till I came to the bottom; where there was a particular irradiation of Light and Glory and several persons whose countenances were illuminated with the same brightness that filled this part of the house. Of this number I was joyfully made welcome by five, who are now my valued friends and acquaintances. The first who spoke to me was William Dilworth, who, calling me by my name, asked me if I knew *what* this place was. I told him: "No;" he replied, it was the State of the Yearly Meeting, by which I understood it was the State of the Discipline established in our Society, which evidently appeared to me to be the work of no human hand, but I found it was not to be rested in, though many seemed so taken up in their various offices, as to have had no view of proceeding any further. The next friend who told me he was glad to see me was John Townsend. Then came



Thomas Corbyn ; then Joseph Docwra, and, lastly, Isaac Wilson.<sup>1</sup> They said they had been in this service and were proceeding farther. I found my mind greatly enlarged, and I was engaged to go with them, but I saw no way whither we were to go ; this part of the house being built against a hill and the ground as high as the roof of the house. William Dilworth, with his stick in his hand, as he usually walks, stepped briskly and encouragingly up a narrow pair of stairs in the wall, just wide enough for himself to pass, straight with the path I had come down, and opposite to the door I had come in at ; the rest of us followed him singly, and after ascending a flight of stone steps we came upon a narrow cawsey [causeway] built and raised of stone, quite straight and so high that the very clouds seemed much beneath us on each side, as we passed along upon it ; upon which we had gone but a little way, before I was exceedingly rejoiced by a prospect I beheld at a great distance before us ; it seemed to be that of a very large and beautiful city, the walls whereof were very lofty and regular, and the termination of the cawsey we were on seemed to be at a magnificent gate therein.

As we gradually ascended towards it, I conceived it to be nothing less than the New Jerusalem ; for I could plainly see the extent of many miles in circumference, an inexpressible number of cupolas and domes over the wall, each of which I took to be the summit of some superb building ; which as we advanced nearer seemed to be confirmed. We at length came to the gate and were admitted thereat, which was instantly shut upon us. We all looked on each other with silent astonishment, on finding ourselves confined within four walls, which seemed to be above a hundred foot high, without any apparent door or passage out of it ; however, the man who had opened and immediately shut the great gate, went across the court and we followed him ; he opened a small gate or door in the opposite wall which had before been imperceptible to us, for the whole appeared to be masonry ; at

<sup>1</sup> William Dilworth, merchant, of Lancaster (1716-1789), John Townsend, pewterer, of London (1725-1801), Thomas Corbyn, hatter, of London (c. 1711-1791), Joseph Docwra, miller, of Essex (c. 1723-1790), Isaac Wilson, dyer, of Kendal, (1715-1785), all well-known Friends, Dilworth, Docwra, and Wilson having been clerks of London Y.M.

this door we entered another straight narrow flight of stone steps, nearly the height of the top of the wall, which brought us into a large garden. Here, though I don't remember that I felt myself fatigued, I was in much sorrow, on our not finding the buildings and streets as I had expected, but, behold, instead of a city, a garden ! with an infinite number of high trees, like pines or cedars, with spherical heads, which I found were what I had at a distance taken for domes and cupolas, as I had walked on the cawsey. Though much disappointed we patiently went forwards, still rather ascending through this beautiful garden, till at length I discovered at the farther end of it a grand gate, which, with some exquisite ornaments over it, appeared by its lustre to be of pure gold ; and three men standing by it. One of them had a sword in his hand with a blaze of living fire at its point ; I was told by one of the others, that this was the Angel who was formerly stationed with a flaming sword to guard the way of the Tree of Life ; whom we no sooner approached than he pointed the flame to our left sides, just under the breast, and respecting myself I found in an instant something that I can only compare to a few threads of fine flax, which seemed to be very thinly stuck, up and down in my garments, almost from head to foot, which hitherto had been undiscoverable, and that they were all consumed in the twinkling of an eye by the touch of this flame. I felt great thankfulness arise in my mind, that there was so little combustible matter about me, as that the destruction of it by fire should give me no pain, nor cause any smell ; but I could discover nothing of this kind, about either of my friends and fellow-travellers whom I saw tried in like manner.

The other two men who stood at the gate then speedily set about stripping us all of those garments we brought hither with us, and put on each of us only a white linen vest, and over it a white robe, and a golden girdle, leaving our heads and feet bare. I immediately felt myself very pleasant and nimble, and so did my friend William Dilworth, who, though bulky, walked up a pair of steep stone steps, on the gate being unlocked and opened, without leaning on his staff as usual, and he had no sooner ascended to the top of the steps, than he brandished it in the air, and



whirled it away over the wall, as being now no longer useful.

We now found ourselves on a more magnificent cawsey than before, like a grand turnpike road, with walls on each side about breast high. I here observed to my friend John Townsend that the hills and valleys were at an immense distance beneath us, on each side; he replied that what I took to be hills and valleys were only clouds and vapours, for that the earth was at a much greater distance still, and that *we* were out of the reach of the elements. This road seemed straight and many miles long without an object to interrupt an unbounded view; except a large hill at the end of it. We had not gone far before I discovered on the road at a great distance from us a glorious appearance, which came towards us with inexpressible rapidity. We instantly gave way on each side the road, when a chariot with two horses passed us, and he that sat therein seemed glorious as the Sun, but his form was concealed through the immense lustre that proceeded from him.

We continued to go on in this holy high way, and I asked some of my friends how it was that this road was so strong and yet so *very high*, one of them replied that it was built on the Rock of Ages, and added that as we proceeded further we should go over an immense arch, which joined this road to the heavenly country. As we walked along I observed it was about half-an-hour before sun-rise on a summer's morning, and that the beams of that luminary appeared about two points of the compass on our left hand, by which I concluded we were journeying nearly if not due eastward.

We continued to go on a level road and soon found we were upon this extensive arch, and by looking over the wall on each side, which we did as we passed along, we could discover the clouds rolling under it, at a *very very* great distance.

Here it may be proper to observe that all the way I had come was a perfect straight line, without the least turning either to the right hand or to the left; nor was there any descent or down-hill path, except that the floor of the house in which my good guide left me, was rather lower at the farther end where I saw my five friends, than at the

door I entered at, though very little ; but the cawsey after we got up the steps out of the house was a sensible ascent, and so was the garden for a great length ; now, although we six only set out in company there were many, both men and women, setting out from this house just after us, whom we had at this time the great satisfaction to see coming after us upon the long level road where we were.

I felt a concern upon my mind for my wife and children, and stepping a little back to look for them I saw them all safely coming on, not very far behind, with many others, some of whom I knew, particularly Jonah Thompson leading along my youngest son by the hand.<sup>2</sup> I presently joined my beloved friends again, with whom I walked on to the end of the road, and then came to another flight of stone steps much steeper and very different from any of the others, for those were like common stairs cut or made in the ground or rock, but these were like shelves projecting out of a steep hill, just far enough to set the feet on, and only wide enough for two persons to stand on at a time ; here was no rail or anything to lay hold of. We severally lent our hands to assist the women, who by this time were come up with us, and proceeded in this manner till within about six steps of the top, and then all at once they became so narrow, that only one person could go on at a time, and that with great care. At the top of these steps was a small gate, at which a person stood and stooping forward put forth his hand to help us in ascending the *last difficult* steps and led us within the gate. I asked one who was there and seemed to belong to the place how it was that the travellers could ascend those steps in case of windy or bad weather, as there were no rails to hold by, and I understood none had ever fallen off ; he replied : " They who are in this State are not subject to the changeable elements and besides that, have no gravitation to the earth." From this gate we walked on through a small grass field, at the end of which a door in a wall was opened that seemed to be of massy gold, through which we were admitted into a garden, where we all sat down in a bower, and saw many of our friends coming in at the gate. We were informed that this was the Mountain of

<sup>2</sup> Jonah Thompson, schoolmaster, of Dorset (1702-1780).

God, the Real Paradise, of which the garden of Eden, the terrestrial paradise, in which Adam was placed, was only a type. It was exceedingly beautiful and glorious, seemed extensive beyond bounds and appeared to be that ultimate, permanent Rest, that is prepared for the people of God.

The copy from which the above is printed was written by Joseph Fry's grandson, Richard Fry (1807-1878), and dated "19 of 5 mo. 1832." The little book came into the hands of the late John Frank, who added the following :

"In another copy of the preceding dream or vision, copied apparently by my late brother-in-law, Thomas Sanders Capper (*obit* 1852), the following addition is made. It was probably derived from information supplied by Joseph Fry's widow, Anna Fry (*née* Portsmouth), who survived him many years. 'He was at the time in his chamber under the influence of some indisposition, reclined on the bed, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His wife had left him not more than twenty minutes, that on her return she found his mind greatly affected, when he desired her to write down the above account.'"

Another copy of this vision is in the possession of Claude B. Fry, of Bristol, who has kindly collated it with a proof of the above and made two or three corrections, omitting minor differences.

For other visions see *The Journal*, vii. 97, viii. 91, xi. 74, 108, xiii. 16; card-catalogue in D.

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## Preaching and Smoking

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"Many are Convinced, but the baptized people w<sup>ch</sup> were met together when we Came (I thinke I may say,) every man with his tobacco pipe in his mouth ' & the drinke at ther noses' made such a smoke in the rome that it stanke excedingly, & after friends was Com they soe Continued not with standinge, the rome was thrunged Untill Jo: Crooke stood up & spake & when we had ended, Like swine whose nose must still bee in the troffe, they with soe much eagernes folloed the tobacco pipe againe as if they had beene famished."

Thomas Curtis to George Fox, dated "Reading this 5<sup>th</sup> of 11<sup>th</sup> month 1658." The district referred to seems to have been in Bedfordshire.

' The words " & the drinke at ther noses " were erased soon after they were written. Perhaps the whole was a somewhat overdrawn picture.



## Isaac Hammer, of Tennessee

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**T**HE following are allusions to this Friend when he was travelling in Europe as a Minister, in 1826. They are culled from letters written by John Grubb (husband of the noted Sarah (Lynes) Grubb), from Chelmsford, to his brother, Joseph Grubb, of Clonmel, Ireland, now in the possession of J. Ernest Grubb, of Carrick-on-Suir.

“ I was disappointed in not meeting with Isaac Hammer in London, and greatly surprized to find he had left that city some days before the Q. Meet<sup>s</sup> for Liverpool, with a hope or expectation of being at liberty to embark for America, & W. Rickman said that he should not wonder if he sailed for New York, next 2<sup>nd</sup> day, the first of the new Year—what an unexpected release from further service this is, to his friends at least. W<sup>m</sup>. Rickman told me that I.H. has been only about 15 years a member of our Society, & that his Wife is *not* a friend—I believe his visit in Germany was extraordinary & likely to be very useful. I believe we never heard of a friend travelling as a Minister, who sat in silence in Meetings so frequently as he did in London.”

[Chelmsford, 29 of 12 mo. 1826.]

“ Hast thou heard the remarkable account of Isaac Hammer—he went to Liverpool as I mentioned to thee, before the Quarterly meeting in London, hoping to be at liberty to sail for America—he went on board a Ship which was to sail, I think about the 21<sup>st</sup> ult., but feeling uneasy, he declined sailing in *that* vessel ; which sailed as proposed, but was wrecked, & every person on board perished ! What an extraordinary preservation—I. H. afterwards sailed on the first day of this month I believe, but meeting with contrary Winds, they put back, arrived safely in Liverpool, where they remained at the time of the last account that I heard of.”

[Chelmsford, 22nd of 1st mo. 1827.]

A brief memoir of Isaac Hammer is to be found in *Southern Quakers and Slavery*, by Stephen B. Weeks, Baltimore, 1896. It is as follows :

A prominent Friend in the early history of Tennessee was Isaac Hammer. He was born near Philadelphia, April 8, 1769. His parents removed with him to Tennessee about 1783. He was at first a Methodist preacher, then a Dunkard preacher, but became a Quaker about 1808. He visited Ohio in 1811, travelled within the limits of North Carolina and Virginia Yearly Meetings in 1816, including the weaker meetings in South Carolina, and the older meetings in Virginia. He was in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania in 1818; visited Ohio and Indiana in 1821, New York and New England, 1822. In 1826-27 he visited England, Holland, Westphalia, Würtemberg, Austria, Baden, Switzerland and France.

After returning to America he renewed his travels and died in Tennessee, October 14, 1835. He has left a manuscript journal, which is preserved among the archives of the Society at Guilford College [North Carolina].

On his return to America, I. Hammer wrote a long letter to Thomas Robson, of Liverpool (original in **D**), giving a vivid description of his thirty-two days' voyage—"the roaring of the wind and waves and the Rowling and wollowing of the Ship, on the great deep to me was Marvelous."

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### The Family of French

**B**Y the kindness of Howard Barclay French, of Philadelphia, London Yearly Meeting Reference Library has become the possessor of the two volumes of the *Genealogy of the Descendants of Thomas French* (1639-1699), printed privately (10 $\frac{1}{4}$  by 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ , vol. i., 1639-1785, pp. 501, in 1909; vol. ii. 1785-1913, pp. 743, in 1913). The sub-title indicates to some extent the scope of this remarkable work: "Who came to America from Nether Heyford, Northamptonshire, England, and settled in Burlington in the province and country of West New Jersey, of which he was one of the original proprietors, together with William Penn, Edward Byllynge, Thomas Ollive, Gauen Laurie and others. With some account of colonial manners and doings, setting up of Friends' Meetings, copies of old minutes, etc., together with 150 illustrations, compiled and published by Howard Barclay French, of the seventh generation."

Thomas French left England as a Friend in 1680, with his wife, Jane, four sons and five daughters in the good ship *Kent*, and settled on the banks of the Rancocus River in West New Jersey. Among surnames of descendants are Black, Brick, Buzby, Haines, Hollingshead, Jobes, Jones, Lippincott, Lukens, Matlack, Moore, Morris, Page, Ridgway, Roberts, Scattergood, Scholey, Shreve, Stokes, Wills, Woolman. Of the hundreds of female christian names that of Tacy occurs only once—Tacy (Jarrett) Stokes.

## Friends and Current Literature

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IT seems hardly fair that the author of *A Quaker Singer's Recollections* should include the word "Quaker" in the title of his work, seeing that, apparently, he never was a member of the Society though of Quaker descent. David Scull Bispham (b. 1857) was the only son of William Danforth Bispham and Jane Lippincott Scull. The family of Bispham (pron. Bis-pam) was of Lancashire origin; there was a prominent Friend, John Bispham (1642-1723), who was a member of Hardshaw M.M. Our author's father left Friends and his mother was disowned on her marriage, but, subsequent to her son's birth, she was re-instated. The immigrant ancestor of the Scull family was Nicholas, "who became William Penn's surveyor and made the first map of Philadelphia." Mrs. Bispham (carte-de-visite in D.) had several noted brothers: "David Scull [1836-1907], the second brother and my mother's favorite, was the handsomest man I ever knew and I loved him deeply." The youngest brother was Edward Lawrence Scull (1846-1884, see *Memoir*, by Allen C. Thomas).

After passing through the school of Bartram Kaighn, at Moorestown, N.J., David Bispham entered Haverford College in 1872, and here his passion for music proved stronger than his surroundings.

"Among the impedimenta which I took from Moorestown to Haverford was my beloved zither, which I played upon when occasion offered in spare moments. I had not counted upon the strict authorities at Haverford forbidding such harmless music as was made upon this rather primitive instrument; but to my great chagrin I was soon informed that music was against the rules, and that if I must needs play at all, I would have to do so off the college grounds. I therefore packed my zither in its little case and took it over to the Haverford station on the Pennsylvania Railway, where, through the kindness of the ticket-seller, I was enabled to keep it and where I went daily to practice."

After leaving college, David Bispham worked in the wool-warehouse of his uncle, David Scull, an uncongenial occupation, which only lasted till he could enter the profession of music, though in so doing he had not the hearty approval of his mother, or of his Quaker acquaintance:

"One morning, while Gustave Kobbé was talking to an elderly Friend, I went by, humming what seemed to be a vocal exercise. The elderly Friend stopped in his conversation, and pointed to me as I passed, saying: 'Does thee see that young man going along there singing? Well, he is the grandson of an old friend of mine, but I tell thee he isn't going to come to any good, for he is always fooling around after music.'"

The "Quaker Singer" was for some time a member of the choir of St. Mark's, a church in Philadelphia where the services were very "high."

But through all his professional career there ran the Quaker spirit of thoroughness and a sense of call to the highest and best—he had "a gift from Heaven," and he so far overcame opposition as to receive from the college which would not allow him his zither, the honorary degree of LL.D., conferred on Commencement Day, 12th June, 1914.



Though much in England we do not find any note of his association with English Friends.

His Preface is dated, New York, November 15th, 1919. The book is published by the Macmillan Company of New York, at \$5.00.

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Professor George Aaron Barton has sent an offprint from *The Bryn Mawr Alumnae Quarterly*, November, 1919, giving a biographical sketch of his connection with Bryn Mawr College and a selected bibliography of publications by him.

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\**Mary-girl*, by Hope Merrick (the late Mrs. Leonard Merrick) is a novel, the principal characters of which are called Quakers, but we see little, if anything Quaker in them or their surroundings, and the description of a meeting for worship at the Hammersmith Meeting House is surely quite unlike that of any Friends' meeting held there (London: Collins, 7½ × 5½, pp. viii. + 272, 7/- net).

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\**An Introduction to the Study of Cytology*, by Leonard Doncaster, Sc. D., F.R.S., fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Derby professor of Zoology in the University of Liverpool. (London: Cambridge University Press, 9 × 5½, pp. xiv. + 280, one guinea.) See *The Friend* (London), 9th April, 1920.

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*The Odes and Psalms of Solomon*, re-edited for the Governors of the John Rylands Library, by Rendel Harris and Alphonse Mingana. Vol. II.: The Translation, with introduction and notes (Manchester: University Press, 9 × 6½, pp. 464, one guinea).

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●In *St. Nicholas* for March (New York) there is a reproduction of the picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians, painted by Edwin A. Abbey, in the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg.

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The latest book of family history to reach us is *My Ancestors*, by Norman Penney. This is a quarto book of 252 pages, containing thirty-eight illustrations, bound in red cloth. Two hundred-and-fifty copies have been printed. About forty families, mainly Quaker, receive notice, including Penney, Ianson, Horne, Rickman, Norman, Grover, Hedley, Dixon, Kitching. The book has been printed for private circulation by Headley Brothers—a very creditable piece of work. Copies may be obtained from the Author, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2. Price one guinea.

A copy has been presented to **D** by the treasurers of the printing fund.

\*=not in **D**.

# Obituary

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## ISAAC SHARPLESS (1849-1920)

The death of Isaac Sharpless, ex-president of Haverford College, Penna., took place on the 16th of January. Friends in both hemispheres and many outside the Society will miss the person and work of one who has been described as "perhaps the greatest Quaker ever produced in America." Dr. Sharpless was president of the Historical Society in 1915-16. His knowledge of Quakerism in the Colonial period was unique.

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## The Annual Meeting

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The Annual Meeting of the Friends Historical Society was held at Devonshire House on the 22nd of April. Anna L. Littleboy, the retiring President, read an address on the history of the Reference Library at Devonshire House, and added some notes respecting printing in the early days of the Society of Friends.

Drawing mostly on original documents Miss Littleboy sketched the rise and progress of this now well-known repository of Quaker and anti-Quaker literature, and of the committee responsible for the care and use of the literary treasures the Library contains.

Ernest E. Taylor, of Malton, Yorkshire, was elected President for 1920, and Allen Clapp Thomas, A.M., of Haverford, Pennsylvania, Vice-President.

The company present manifested much interest in the proceedings and several non-members joined the Friends Historical Society.

***The presidential address is shortly to be issued in pamphlet form by the Committee of the Society. See inset announcement in this issue.***

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Sent to press 1st June, 1920.

## Income and Expenditure Account for Year ending 31<sup>st</sup> Dec. 1918

INCOME	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand, 1 mo. 1., 1918	..	83	8	Cost of printing Journal, vol. xv.	..	93	13
Annual Subscriptions	..	91	1	Postage of the same	..	10	0
Sundry Sales	..	12	14	Stationery	..	4	9
Donations	..	4	19	Sundries, Insurance and Advertising	..	3	7
Sales of "Friends in Public Life"	..	..	10	On account of "Personality of George Fox"	..	3	3
Subscriptions to "Personality of George Fox"	..	2	11	Balance in hand	..	82	14
Interest on Deposit Account	..	2	2				6
		<u>£197</u>	<u>8</u>				<u>4</u>

### Balance Sheet, 31<sup>st</sup> of Twelfth Month, 1918

LIABILITIES	£	s.	d.	ASSETS	£	s.	d.
To Swarthmoor Account Book	..	56	10	Cash Balance	..	82	14
" Supplement Account	..	41	5	Overpaid on "Personality" Account	..	11	11
		<u>£97</u>	<u>15</u>	Deficit	..	14	8
			9				11
						<u>£97</u>	<u>15</u>
							<u>9</u>

Against the above deficit must be reckoned stock in hand not valued.

Examined and found correct, AUGUSTUS DIAMOND.



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