THE JOURNAL OF THE FRIENDS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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Price Five Shillings (£1.25), post free.
The Editors had in preparation an enlarged issue of THE JOURNAL for Tenth Month, when the deplorable fire occurred at the printing works of Headley Brothers, at Ashford, Kent. In consequence of this event, it was considered better to publish a number of about the usual size, as near the date as possible, than to delay publication by the inclusion of a larger amount of matter.

The Editors hope to send out an enlarged number in First Month, and to include therein a portion of the unpublished articles referred to on pages 79 and 117.

The above-mentioned untoward event has delayed the publication of the concluding portion of "The First Publishers of Truth," but the Editor hopes that this may appear early in the new year.

We wish to express our sympathy with our printers in the great loss and inconvenience under which they are suffering, and with many of their customers who are also sufferers through the fire at Ashford.
Barcroft Family (iii. 63).—Do the records of this family, as preserved at The Glen, Newry, give the name or date, or any reference to a son of the family leaving England for the Colony of Pennsylvania in the seventeenth, or early part of the eighteenth century? It is rather interesting to find "the charming old name of Ambrose Barcroft" transplanted to the Colony early in seventeen hundred.—Warren S. Ely, Doylestown, Penna.

Pease and Coldwell Families.—In a footnote, Vol. i., No. 3 of The Journal, is the following: "James and Sarah Wilson lived at Brigflatts, near Sedbergh, and their daughter and son-in-law, Thomas Coldwell and his wife, lived at Darlington." There is a tradition, which I have not been able to trace to the family records of the Pease family, that Edward Pease, born 26th September, 1711, at Shafton, was the first Quaker in the family, and left his home because of the displeasure of his father on this account, and settled in Darlington with his uncle, Thomas Coldwell. I am anxious to know if the Coldwell family were Quakers, as this Edward Pease's father, Joseph Pease, of Shafton, was the William Pease, of Fishlake, named in Besse's Sufferings. Joseph's father, William, was born 1645, and died 1692, and his baptism and burial are recorded in the Fishlake Parish Registers. Is this inconsistent with his being a Quaker? I cannot find William Pease's marriage recorded in the Parish Registers, nor his children's baptisms. Is there a Friends' Register for Fishlake, where there was a Meeting in 1688, or for Burton, to which meeting Friends residing at Shafton would probably go?—Sir Alfred E. Pease (Bart.), Pinchinthorpe, Guisborough, Yorks.

Early Disownments.—I wish to ascertain, if possible, the date of the first known record of an actual Disownment in the Society of Friends. The earliest of which I have any knowledge is that of Edward Dutchman, against whom a disownment or testimony of denial is recorded in the first Minute Book of Scarborough and Whitby Monthly Meeting (1669 to 1687), under date 3rd month, 1677. If anyone can supply from other Minute Books the record of earlier disownments, I shall be glad to have particulars of them.—Emily J. Hart, Scalby, S.O., Yorks.
Memoirs of the Life of Barbara Hoyland, addressed to her Children.

A typed copy of the original MS. of these Memoirs, belonging to Joseph Hoyland Fox, J.P., of Wellington, Somerset, has been loaned to D. Permission has been granted to give our readers the following extracts.

Barbara Wheeler was born in London in the year 1764. Her father was a wine-merchant in that city. Her parents conformed strictly to the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church in public and private, but our author writes:

Notwithstanding these excellent family regulations, originating, no doubt, in a pure motive and strengthened by habit, it was thought proper for us to learn music and dancing, and games at cards, and we were introduced to plays also, and trained for the ballroom and card tables.

The family consisted of four sons, William, Charles, John, and Daniel, and three daughters, Barbara, Sarah, and Elizabeth, and various incidents in the lives of the brothers and sisters fill the earlier pages of the book.

The first Quaker reference is in connection with an accident to William Wheeler, Barbara's father, and as it refers to a well-known Friend, it will be read with interest:

Here I cannot help bearing testimony to the memory of the late Dr. Fothergill, the first Quaker I ever saw, whose presence was never waited for by the mournful

1 Since the date of the loan, J. H. Fox has generously presented to D. what is believed to be the original MS. of the Memoirs. It forms a quarto book of 120 pages of small writing, somewhat faded in places. The paper on which it is written was made, according to the water-mark, in 1811.

J. H. Fox's typed copy is accompanied by some beautifully presented genealogical tables connecting the families of Hoyland, Tuke, Fox, Middleton, Tuckett, Lythall, Wheeler, Hack, Robson, Tylor, Seebohm, Richardson, Mennell, Alexander, Hipsley, Graveson, Field, Manley, etc. Both the typed copy and the accompanying tables were taken from manuscripts in the possession of Sarah Barbara Hoyland, of Birmingham.
family above a minute or two beyond the time fixed for his coming. His gentle, though firm demeanour calmed sorrow into silence. His penetrating eye and abstracted thought always inspired confidence in his judgment, though there might appear not the least prospect of success. To him my father spoke of his concerns as to a friend, and of his complaints as to a physician of distinguished skill. On being one day asked whether Dr. Heberden should be called, who was the only senior physician, and consequently the only one who could act with the doctor, he replied, "No, my life is in God's hand and Fothergill's." My mother and her children were silently weeping in the room, when Dr. Fothergill entered it, who, walking slowly to the foot of the bed, gazed on my expiring father, then went up to him, felt his pulse, looked earnestly at the apothecary, and, approaching my mother, took her by the hand, and drew her into the next room. We all followed. I ventured to ask if there was any hope. He stroked my face, shook me by the hand, and falteringly said, "Farewell. I am very sorry for you," and then drove away in his carriage from the door.

Special interest attaches to the references in the narrative to Daniel Wheeler, who became the celebrated Quaker missionary. Of him his sister writes:—

My youngest brother, Daniel, was sent to school at Fulham, and was taught navigation, as it was intended for him to go to sea. Our relation at Gosport had him entered on the King's books as midshipman at an early age.

At the death of Barbara Wheeler's mother, Sarah Wheeler, a clergyman in Yorkshire was left in sole trust, the eldest son being then only in his twentieth year. The care of the business devolved upon this son, William; his general conduct was far from satisfactory, and caused great trouble to his sister, but, writes Barbara Hoyland:—

Daniel, who had been some months from school, although not more than fourteen years old, attended so cleverly to business that William was scarcely missed in the counting house by those who came merely on that account, so that its value as a concern depreciated but
little, and I believe as good an end was made of it as well could be.

Family separation followed the disposal of the business. Charles Wheeler went to the Island of Antigua "to seek his fortune"; William left soon after for Jamaica, where he died at the age of thirty-four, "beloved and regretted"; Daniel "sailed for the first time to cruise on the coast of Portugal," and Barbara went to live with her guardian on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire.

The next point of contact with Quakerism more nearly concerned the author herself. It took place at Woodhouse, where she was visiting some relatives, and may be narrated in her own words:

The Parish church was more than a mile from the village where my cousins resided, yet we were pretty regular in our attendance. Once on going thither we were suddenly overtaken by a thunderstorm, when about half way, near a neat mansion very beautifully situated. This place had been taken by a person from Sheffield, who was in a precarious state of health, and a Quaker. The pathway went across the field in front of the house, and we, for a minute, debated whether we should ask shelter, especially as he was a single man. The propriety of the thing was, however, soon put out of the question, as the rain began to descend in torrents, with loud claps of thunder. We ran with all possible expedition to the asylum, the door of which was opened for our reception before we reached it. Part of our finery was pretty well drenched, and took some time to put in order again.

The novelty of being in the house of a Quaker, and the idea of formality which attached to the person, were soon dissipated by the easy kindness and genuine promptness to render assistance that were offered by the master of the house. We were all pleased with our visit, and after the rain abated and the sky began to clear, we returned home, it being then past church time. This adventure diverted us not a little at the time, and would have passed off like any other casualty, had not the occasional visit been returned by a premeditated [one] from our new acquaintance, who, soon after, drank tea with us, and from that time came more and more frequently. As intercourse of this
kind seldom happens without the alleging of a primary cause, we began to attribute it to a partiality for one of my cousins, who, we thought, was the most distinguished, but his extreme caution in discovering a preference, if there was any, kept the matter wrapt in complete mystery.

All doubt as to the preference was, however, soon set at rest, by the young man’s visit to Barbara on her return to her home; and some months later in the year, she was married to William Hoyland, the young man in question. The narrative continues:

It had been my desire and care not to have much alteration in our small, but neat and beautifully situated abode; everything therefore was very simple as to furniture and accommodation; and the gardens, which were not small, were laid out with appropriate taste. I once more found myself mistress of an establishment, not indeed abounding with the embellishments of modern style or splendid convenience, but with all the pleasures of a happy and chaste simplicity. These sensations of enjoyment were closely bound together by the tenderest affection on the part of my husband, and the greatest alloy of which I was conscious was the necessity of being separated from each other nearly the whole of every day, business claiming so much of his attention. He was one of three partners in a silver plate manufactory at Sheffield, and he had generally to mount his horse immediately after breakfast, and not return till the evening; but though I earnestly desired more of his company, yet in his absence I did not feel altogether solitary; the necessary occupations of the house and gardens took up a great share of my time, and, when wearied with them, some needlework, a book, or a walk to Woodhouse filled up the daily measure of my employment.

In a few weeks we made our appearance at the church, and had a succession of visits from the two neighbouring villages. My cousins, both at Woodhouse and Eckington, were fully satisfied of my comfortable settlement, which was as much so as was possible. There was, however, one thing which, with every revolving Sabbath, dropped its bitter into my almost unmixed cup. When we set out together with one avowed object, the worship of that Being,
who created us finite creatures to be the alternate help, stay, and support of each other, in religious as well as moral duty, we walked in the same direction until we passed the gate at the bottom of the plantation, when we invariably separated; a circumstance which was always accompanied with regret, but entirely without verbal remark on either side.

It was a considerable time before I saw any of my husband's relations, which I could not but think strange, as he was the eldest of four brothers, who all resided at a very short distance; but, for this temporary absence, there may have been wise and prudent reasons unknown to me. One morning, without apprising me, my W. H. suddenly introduced one of his brothers; I was struck with his appearance and manner, which were strictly in the style I had marked on my first knowledge of Friends; and while I recognised the Quaker, I could in no wise feel the familiarity of a sister; and though I looked upon him as a sensible man, I was relieved when the visit was over.

Soon after this breaking of the ice, the other two brothers came to see us. The youngest, Joseph, a surgeon by profession, and whose affectionate manners were soothing, greatly endeared himself by his placid and kind attention. I soon felt I could love him, but he also being a plain Friend, and his dress strictly consistent with his religious profession, I was prevented from that familiar intercourse which I had been accustomed to feel as the delightful prerogative of the kindred tie. I felt at a loss to account for what seemed to me a rigid plainness and singularity of manner, which I could not believe had anything to do with religion; and the restraint which I felt, lest something in my manners or sentiments should give them pain, rendered it always formidable when they were expected, notwithstanding the increase of love and respect I bore them.

Joseph Hoyland married Margaret, daughter of Nathaniel and Jane English, of Sheepscar, Leeds. After a short residence in Sheffield, they removed to Waterford, Ireland. After her husband's decease (1801), M. H. continued his business of druggist, and, "possessing considerable skill, she was very frequently employed in the medical line also" (Annual Monitor, 1834, supplement, p. 28). She resided at Taunton, Somerset, after retiring from business, but returned to Ireland shortly before her decease in 1833, a Minister forty-eight years. Sarah, daughter of the above, married Joseph Grubb, of Clonmel, Ireland.
Life seemed to flow in an easy channel, and scarcely a day elapsed without feeling more and more satisfied with my humble lot. I had continually fresh cause to be glad of the support I derived from the solid judgment and stability of character which my husband possessed. He bore the natural levity of my contrasted disposition with great patience, and with unceasing caution, unmixed with giddy trifling or fastidious humour; and while he laid no restraints on my movements, there was something in his own conduct which furnished constant reproof to foolish and insignificant pursuit.

After we had been about three years married, the time for taking stock in business happened in the winter, which, if I stayed at home, would be the means of keeping my husband entirely from me for more than a week; and the situation being rather more solitary at that season, he proposed my accompanying him to Sheffield. I did so, and we took up our abode, by kind invitation, at the house of one of the partners, who was a Friend. We had buried two infants, who did not survive their birth, and I was looking forward again to confinement; I therefore went very little out except to see my husband’s relations, to whom I grew increasingly attached.

In the course of the visit the Sabbath intervened, and I felt a little uncomfortable in the morning, not knowing how I should get to church, but upon considering the matter, as I had often had a curiosity to sit a meeting of Friends, I thought if any of the family should invite me to go with them, I would do so, supposing I should not be much known by the Friends of Sheffield. It so happened while we were at breakfast, the Friend’s wife asked me what I would do about going to my place of worship, and upon my hesitating to reply slightly said, “Wilt thou go with us?” I replied, “I should like it, but was afraid of making the proposal lest they might think I did it to please them.” The dear Friend immediately observed, “I should have thought the same in thy place.” The matter being thus far adjusted, I turned to look for approbation in my husband’s face, but instead of receiving the expected demonstration, I was struck, on the contrary, by seeing him look more than usually grave, but without making any remark on what had passed. However, whilst I was
preparing to do as was proposed, I saw him ride by the window, and I was told he was gone to his meeting at Woodhouse. An event so unexpected cast a momentary damp upon my mind, yet I walked with the family to the Meeting House. Just on our entering I stopped a little and betrayed some hesitation, when my Friend said, "Do not go in if thou art uncomfortable about it." I hardly knew why I had not proceeded, and desired her to go in. I followed, and took my seat next to her. The meeting was nearly collected; I saw my brother and sister, J. and E. H., come in and go into the speakers' gallery; and observing my sister look at me, I thought if she should preach, I would either not hear, or go out of the meeting, though I dearly loved her. I was induced to form this resolution from the fear that she might make some reference to me, administer some reproof, or try to make me a Quaker. Profound silence soon reigned over a large assembly of people, most of whom were dressed decidedly like Friends; which appeared a pretty, or at least a novel sight; but what were they doing? Sitting in an almost motionless state without appearing to notice anything. Some, whose faces I could not see, I fancied were asleep or near it. I looked on every side, and such was the stillness and settlement, that the motion of my head seemed to make a disturbing noise. I tried to sit as quietly as I could, withdrew my eyes from observation, and my thoughts involuntarily turned on my own situation and the possibility that I might not live through my confinement, and on the lot of a helpless infant, if it survived. There appeared not to be the shadow of a doubt but that its father would bring it up in the peculiar manner of dressing and meeting in silence, as was practised by the Society of Friends; and for some time the idea was almost too painful to be borne. These considerations were, however, soon succeeded by a perfect calmness, which so much pervaded my whole mind, that I believed I could die, or bear anything that might befall me, if it were the will of God, let it be ever so sad. I felt all that I had

3 John Hoyland and Elizabeth, his wife, formerly Barlow. The former wrote An Epitomy of the History of the World, and A Historical Survey of the Customs . . . of the Gypsies. He appears to have left Friends and returned again. E. Hoyland was a Minister. They both died at Northampton.
ever conceived of perfect resignation, and a lively remembrance of the early part of my life presented itself, when the mind, in some degree untainted, sought acceptance with God. The pure desire of praying to Him as I ought, once more returned, though I had indeed been long estranged from it by the wanderings of folly, error, and insensibility. The tears flowed from my eyes and dropped upon my hands. I could have kneeled down; but there was no occasion, the heart was already prostrate, and in this prostration the soul worshipped its Creator.

At this juncture, the Friends on every side rose, and stood still on their feet. My friend gave me her hand to help me off my seat; and in getting up I perceived what I apprehended to be the cause, an elderly man on his knees in the gallery. After some silence, he addressed, in the language of supplication, the "Throne of Grace," on behalf of those who, at a very early period of life, had been visited with the "Dayspring from on High," but who had been separated by their "delights and delusions" from the most sure "word of prophecy," had wandered from "mountain to hill and from hill to mountain," until darkness had overtaken, so that they had been ready to call evil good and good evil, but that in infinite mercy the day might again be suffered to dawn, and "the Daystar to arise," etc., etc. This was uttered with a long pause between sentence and sentence, thereby adding to the impressive weight of the words, the solemn feeling of waiting for the words as they arose. I am aware it is utterly impossible to convey by description a sense of the living exercise of mental with vocal prayer; but suffice it to say, it was all I had felt, all I had desired in silence, put into the most striking figures of speech, and was a seal of confirmation to me of spiritual worship, indelibly fixed on my mind; and of the efficacy of that living ministry, which, flowing from the pure source, can alone speak to edification, beyond all forms of prayer with the remembrance of which the memory may be replete. The meeting soon after broke up.

I was engaged to dine with an intimate friend of former days, and during the visit an unusually placid

*Probably Thomas Colley, of Sheffield, a writer of some note who died in 1812.*
feeling dwelt with me; in short, my mind was so much refreshed, that the visit proved particularly pleasant. In the afternoon we went together to the chapel. I experienced the service at this place to be a "dead letter." The rehearsal of long, learned prayers, and the routine of well-known forms and stated observances, seemed to the present state of my mind and feelings to have a tendency to smother rather than kindle the vital spark of spiritual devotion, which can only be elicited by a touch of "live coal" from off the altar; and when thus rightly touched, the soul can, in such seasons, breathe a pure aspiration to its Maker; and by thus connecting itself with its Source receive that renovation and refreshment which can alone cleanse and preserve it from the impurities to which it is ever liable from its intimate connection with our frail and depraved nature.

I had no inclination to communicate to my husband, on his return from the meeting at Woodhouse, any detail of what had passed at Sheffield; and, reflecting on what could be the cause of his leaving me in the morning, I thought I could not be surprised. It might be considered as his native Meeting, to which his parents had, and most of his relations now belonged. He possessed too sensible a mind, I believe, to resume his former seat, when no longer a member of the religious Society, having lost his privileges in it by his marriage with me; and I had reason to be glad that he had not given me in the morning an opportunity of desiring his company.

Soon after our return home, as my husband was, one morning, preparing to go to Sheffield as usual, a person called at the door and told us that two Friends (D. Darby and R. Young) were to be at Woodhouse meeting at eleven o'clock, and requested the company of those who were not Friends, as well as the members of the Meeting. My W. H., having rather particular business, was about to mount his horse, when I told him I thought I should go to the meeting. He considered a few minutes, ordered his horse to the stable, and we set off together. My mind

5 Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young travelled together in the ministry. It was at a meeting held on Long Island, in 1795, at the request of these Friends, that Stephen Grellet was converted. D. possesses several letters from D. Darby, in one of which there is an interesting early reference to Stephen Grellet.
was so confirmed in this second venture, that I dared never more go to hear prayers and preaching that were made beforehand, although my anticipations were very painful as to the effect it might have in separating me from the love and familiar intercourse with my connections and friends.

I had now the consoling sympathy of my dear husband, who for some time had given up travelling on business, which had certainly been prejudicial to his faithfulness in supporting the testimonies Friends believe themselves called upon to bear to the world; and I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing him unite in reading the Holy Scriptures frequently to the family collected together; as well as carefully exempling and instructing the children, who now began to call forth attention and care beyond what are necessary in helpless infancy. From their disposition as well as capacity we now and then dared to look forward, in the hope that our endeavours might be ultimately crowned with success.

In the year 1792, I made application to Friends to be received a member of the Society, in a note nearly as follows:—

"Feeling much unity with the principles professed by Friends, and, I trust, a degree of that love which would cement together all the followers, I am induced affectionately to lay before you, in as few words as seem possible, the desire, that has for some time rested on my mind, of having a closer union with the Society by being admitted a member."

This was not seen by my husband, but he was told by some Friend that the application had been made, and the next time we met, he appeared very thoughtful, and I was ready to suspect the matter had been disclosed, and that it was not agreeable to him. But on questioning him on the subject, he very feelingly said, "No, my dear, I am glad that what I have lost thou art about, I hope, to gain." In the course of a month or two, I was introduced to the discipline of the Society, which appeared to furnish an additional claim for circumspection, and the desire of my heart was that I might never disgrace the Society, in which I now felt a strong interest, or wound the mind of any of its members. The first Monthly Meeting I sat happened
to be at Sheffield; and I was not a little surprised to find that my dear W. H. meant to attend the previous meeting for worship. I felt a good deal for him, as it was the first he had attended at Sheffield since we had been married; and I looked earnestly about, when assembled, but could not perceive him. In about an hour after the commencement of the meeting, every interesting feeling was awakened by the sound of his voice, and seeing him stand up near the centre of the meeting, and acknowledging "he had wandered from the principles in which he had been educated, and the justice of the dealings of Friends towards him"; concluding with a request to be reinstated. This was the sense, as nearly as I was able to collect it, and I believe the declaration melted many into tears of sympathy. It was gratifying to me beyond all possibility of description, when, at the expiration of a few months, I saw him restored to the bosom of the Society, and himself relieved from that depression, which could not fail to show itself at times in a mind naturally strong and feeling, combined with habits and behaviour the most manly. In this instance, the nobility of his character developed itself, that no effort or concession, however mortifying, should be wanting to repair the injury sustained by the cause of truth through his unfaithfulness.

1794. I attended the Yearly Meeting of Friends held in London. The visiting my native place after an absence of seven years proved less trying to my feelings than I expected. My husband's only sister, Tabitha Middleton, who lived at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, was my companion. She had just lost an only son, a very promising youth, who died at school, and her spirits had scarcely recovered from the shock. To this beloved sister my heart was strongly attached; she was a woman of extraordinary character, uniting gentleness with firmness, simplicity with wisdom, and a general superiority of talent with unaffected humility to a degree beyond what I think I ever saw in any other woman. Her affectionate and sympathising behaviour mitigated the pain of absence from my dear William and his tender charge, and I solaced the poignancy of anguish to which I might be liable, from the experimental conviction that I now had no home in the place of my nativity, amidst
my dearest relatives and friends; none of whose faces I beheld except the two already mentioned [her friend, Emma Oxley and her brother, Charles]. On my return home I rested awhile at her peaceful abode,\(^6\) enlivened by the society of a most endearing partner in life, and two lovely little girls.\(^7\)

It was now about five years since we had heard of my truant brother, Daniel, and were ready to conclude it was all over with him; but how agreeably were we undeceived by a letter from him, informing me that, owing to a private business between himself and a brother officer, he had left his ship, and thought himself so disgraced by the act that he resolved never to interest his sisters more about him, till he had in some degree retrieved his lost character. He had enlisted into the army, had been with the Duke of York in Holland, and was present in the engagement of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, had been elevated to the rank of sergeant-major by dint of merit, without any interest whatever being interposed in his favour. In the conclusion, he expressed a wish to come and see us. The emotion of pleasure was indescribable at hearing once more that Daniel was still alive. I wrote him at Sunderland without the least inclination to upbraid him for the past.

About a fortnight after, on an evening in summer, when my husband was reading to me, I heard a startling rap at the door, and, by an unaccountable impulse, passed by the servant and opened it. It was rather beyond dusk. A military figure presented itself, wrapped in a long cloak. He hastily enquired if Mr. H. was at home. With too much perturbation to answer the question, I replied by asking what he wanted with him. "Oh, Mrs. H. will do for me," he said, in a more softened tone of voice, and, entering with a light step into the parlour, he looked alternately at us, then, bowing, greeted my husband familiarly, who rose at the salutation and expressed his want of knowledge of the person; but by a steady look

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\(^6\) *i.e.*, at the house of Tabitha Middleton.

\(^7\) Tabitha Hoyland married Benjamin Middleton. Their eldest child and only son was John, who died in 1793, at nine. The daughters referred to were Hannah, who died in 1835, and Maria, who became the wife of Samuel Fox, of Wellington, father of Joseph Hoyland Fox.
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towards him, I caught one remembered glance of the dear orphan Daniel. The name passed my lips on the moment of recognition, and he threw his arms about my neck. The youth of fourteen was so lost in the man of twenty-four, characterised with the toute ensemble of the soldier, that scarcely any trace remained but the quickness and brilliancy of his eye. It was some time before I could indulge the joy of meeting, or give credence to my visual faculties.

The accounts he had to give of himself were very interesting, and obliterated every idea of reproach; renewing in the power of sympathetic feeling, that love which an intervening estrangement for ten years had only rendered dormant.

I forbear describing particulars of his adventures, on the wide-extended ocean—in the arduous march—on the "tented field"—in many close escapes, hardships, and sorrows—as I have a hope he will, sometime, speak for himself, to the edification of others. He stayed with us to the extent of his furlough, and we saw him depart from our peaceful habitation with regret on his part and with grief on ours, that he should ever more be exposed to the precariousness of his profession. He assimilated with us very agreeably, and never seemed to perceive (at least by remark) the change which had taken place in his sister, but treated me as formerly. A hope of being promoted, to him enlivened the gloom of a second separation, and banished, apparently, any inclination to quit the army. Though we felt deeply interested for him, we forebore to express anything that might tend to render him dissatisfied with his situation, without we could offer him an equivalent.

Late in the autumn, he returned to us again, having obtained a commission in a regiment destined for the West Indies. He was in great spirits, but the knowledge I had of the climate made me very apprehensive for him.

Owing to changes in business arrangements, it became necessary for the family to remove into Sheffield. B. Hoyland continues:

Before quitting Myrtle Bank, I received a letter from my brother Daniel, giving an account of his having
sailed with Admiral C——n, in hopes of making the West Indies, but they were driven back by a dreadful hurricane, several of the vessels had gone down, and great numbers of the troops perished in them. In reflecting on the disaster, and the renewed occurrence of miraculous escape to himself, he could not support the idea of tempting Providence a third time, and acknowledged that if we could but find something for him to do, he would come to us.

Though there did not appear to be any opening for him at the time, yet I wrote to him immediately, encouraging him to believe somewhat soon would offer, and inviting him to come, if he wished to quit the army, but by no means insinuating anything like persuasion, for I dare not let entreaty supersede conviction of its being a right step. However, a few weeks brought him to us; he had given up his commission, which, being a gift, he could not sell, nor do I believe he would have done so, had he possessed the right. He endeavoured to turn his attention to some branch of business that would take little capital, and did not mind how low he stooped at the beginning.

While this was in suspense, my dear brother's mind became more and more drawn to the principles of Friends. He began to go to meetings with us, and, much more suddenly than his poor sister, had to endure not only the ridicule of his nearest friends and relatives, but the astonishment which seemed to possess them at the sight of so complete a metamorphosis as soon presented itself in him.

I think it due to him and the sincerity of his motives to say we had no hand in promoting, or rather in prompting this change than by example, scarcely ever talking on religious subjects before him, or otherwise holding up the custom of Friends as a model. The work was not suffered to be "long upon the wheel"; the effect was complete, decisive, and permanent, and is a striking proof to us that the display of divine power is equally conspicuous in some rapid changes as in the more gradual accomplishment of its purposes.

There soon appeared an opening for him to commence business at Sheffield, which he did on a limited scale. In
the system of economy he was at first obliged to adopt, the habits of a soldier were of use to him. In all his undertakings, the divine blessing has attended him, and crowned his labours with success, which furnishes a proof of the truth of the declaration, "A good man's ways are ordered of the Lord, nor shall those who fear him want any good thing."

Early in 1797, as previously intimated, the family left Woodhouse, "the scene of dearest domestic happiness, heightened by the blessing of Providential care, and the merciful extension of divine goodness," and settled in Sheffield. Subsequent pages of the diary record the illness and death of Barbara Hoyland's eldest daughter, Emma, and of her husband, of the birth of her twelfth child, and of the death of her son, Charles; then comes the following:

About this time [c. 1812], my dear cousin, Henry Tuke, heard of a business to be disposed of at Bradford, and offered his assistance in procuring. At the very first proposition, I felt it something I could spring with, and could only regret the insufficiency of means to embark in it, and that my son, Wm. F., would not be at liberty from his apprenticeship for several months. By my brothers, D. Wheeler and J. Hoyland, uniting with my cousin, Henry Tuke, and the dear Friend with whom my son was placed generously setting him at liberty before the expiration of his term, at a period when his service must have been most valuable, we were transplanted root and branch to Bradford, with the exception of my son, Wheeler, who was left at school under the care of a much-valued friend. At Bradford I soon felt myself at home, and as my son proved equal to his arduous undertaking, I found there was little for me but to feel sufficiently thankful in being thus put in the way of providing for my family.

8 Elizabeth, born 1805, died 1862, married George Graveson, of Bradford, a quo Gravesons of Hertford, Cheltenham, and Liscard.

9 William Frazer Hoyland, whose descendants are among us to-day, under the names of Hoyland and Longdon.

10 Wheeler Hoyland died in 1818, aged 17.
After recording the death of her son, John, after a long and painful illness, B. Hoyland concludes:

8th mo., 1815. Bradford. Being now arrived nearly at the conclusion of this narrative, it remains only for me to remark that we have now been about three years in our present situation. Daily and hourly have I occasion to be thankful for the provision to us all, and to be fully satisfied with the allotment.

And now, if any of my own dear relatives, friends, or intimates of former days should trace these pages, I hope they will not imagine personal reflection intended by the remarks in any part of them. Although I have felt it necessary to draw lines of distinction with reference to individual characters, according to the discrimination of my mind, yet it is the thing and not the person which has been in view; and much less have I felt any desire to proselyte to Quakerism; but, in accordance with my present belief, think I may safely assert that did there not exist a religious Society under this denomination, so worshipping and maintaining an appearance so peculiar, I dare not be otherwise than as I am in these respects. Experimental feeling of the principle can alone lead us to a reconciliation of the practice. If, however, the simple relation of some striking changes as to myself, with the attendant impressions, should have a tendency to turn the attention of any of my beloved connections to that inward Teacher, which is "Truth and no lie," "the inspeaking Word," which would direct what to do, and what to leave undone, it would doubtless, if followed, be discovered to be a light, a counsellor, and would clearly prove that "what is to be known of God is manifest in Man."

"Whilst much occupied with her many home duties, B. Hoyland was also able to engage in public work as a Gospel Minister in various parts of the country. She died in 1829. There is a short account of her life, drawn principally from her Memoirs, in The Annual Monitor for 1831. A Testimony to her service was issued in 1829, and printed in Bradford the following year."
If there is one man, not of our Society, whose character and memory deserve to be held by us in affectionate and grateful remembrance more than another, it is the "Esquire Marsh," of George Fox's Journal.

For several generations at least, the identity of the Esquire was unknown amongst us. Several historians of the various Marsh families have, however, endeavoured to solve the mystery of the impenetrable Esquire, but it remained with the present writer, when engaged in compiling a family history principally relating to the Quaker branches of the Kent family of Marsh, to solve the mystery, and certainly nothing else in connection with this undertaking afforded him such sincere pleasure.

Richard March, Esquire, as is the correct orthography, was born about 1589. His father was, perhaps, Francis March, who was living in 1632, to whom was demised, that year, certain sequestered lands of the Earl of Cleveland in trust for John March, the Esquire's brother, who died in 1641.

Esquire March held the position of Gentleman Usher to both Charles I. and Charles II., i.e., he was one of the court officials, whose duty it was to usher or introduce visitors into the royal presence. He also held the office of "Daily waiter," perhaps, however, an identical one. Fox says he was also "one of the Bedchamber to the King," i.e., "Groom of the Bedchamber." Besides these posts, he held, in both reigns, the office of "Keeper-General of His Majesty's Stores in the Tower of London" and elsewhere, otherwise "Master of the Ordnance in the Tower." He was, moreover, a Justice of the Peace for co. Middlesex.

We first hear of the Esquire on the occasion of an important event of his life, when, in 1621, a licence was issued by the Bishop of London for Richard Marche, of Stepney, co. Middlesex, bachelor, to marry Sarah Adee, of

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1 History of the Ancient Family of Marsh, . . . c. 1326-1903, and in Particular that Branch of the Family settled at Folkestone, with an Account of Descendants . . . 1520-1905. Compiled from original and other Sources. 1903.
Hadleigh (now called Monken Hadley), widow of Thomas Adee, late of Stepney aforesaid, gent.

As early as 1637, March held the office of storekeeper at the Tower, and in 1643 was dismissed from his post by the Parliament for his loyalty to the King.

In 1645, apparently, he accompanied his royal master at the battle of Naseby, and remained with the King as his page in the Isle of Wight, and probably until the fateful year of 1649.

In 1647, "Richard Marche, Esq., his Majesty's servant," was sworn to attend Prince Charles (later, Charles II.), in the same capacity as with his father, and with the usual allowance.

In 1652, information was given to the Parliament, that a chest of plate, weighing 429½ ozs., belonging to Lord Byron, D.C.L., of Newstead Abbey, whose estate was to be sold, and who was exempted from the act of pardon, was in possession of one Solomon Smith, of St. Katherine's, near the Tower, or of Richard Marche and his wife, Sarah, or others by their delivery. The said plate being seized, Richard Marche, then of Limehouse, begged the restoration of several parcels of this plate, given to his wife, Sarah, by Sir John Byron (later, Lord Byron), in 1642 for £75, and which was to be kept unless redeemed, but nothing was paid. Eventually March purchased the said plate at 4s. 10d. per ounce, which realised £103 17s. 2d.

In 1659/60, Pepys, the diarist, says, "I went to White Hall, and did stay at Marsh's with Simons, Luellin, and all the rest of the Clerks of the Council, who, I hear, are all turned out," etc. Again, "To White Hall, where I met Will. Simons and Mr. Mabbot at Marsh's, who told me how the House at this day voted that the gates of the City should be set up at the cost of the State."

On the restoration in 1660, we find "Richard Marche was sworn Gentleman Usher and Dailywaiter by my Lord of Dorset, and desires to be so continued, which was agreed to."

The same year, the Esquire, as keeper of H.M. Stores, and Edward Sherburne, clerk of H.M. Ordnance, petitioned for restoration to their places granted them by patent for life by the late King, from which they had been excluded seventeen years, being, without cause, dis-
possessed of them and their dwellings in the Tower. After some considerable difficulty and delay, March was re-instated.

The same year, the Esquire is mentioned as issuing certificates relating to the office of gamekeeper in Waltham Forest, and to that of Dr. Edward Warner, as physician in ordinary to the King.

In 1660 also, we have the first reference to "Esquire Marsh" in Fox's *Journal*. George Fox had been apprehended at Swarthmore, imprisoned in Lancaster jail, and *habeas corpus* had been sent down, and he was liberated on parole. Fox says,²

Then travelling on, visiting Friends' meetings, in about three weeks of my coming out of prison, I reached London, Richard Hubberthorn and Robert Widders being with me. When we came to Charing Cross, multitudes of people were gathered together to see the burning of the bowels of some of the old King's judges, who had been hung, drawn, and quartered.

This was in October:

We went next morning to Judge Mallet's chamber, who was putting on his red gown, to go sit upon some more of the King's judges. He was very peevish and froward, and said I might come another time. We went again to his chamber when Judge Foster was with him, who was called the Lord Chief Justice of England. With me was one called Esquire Marsh, who was one of the bedchamber to the King. When we had delivered to the Judges the charge that was against me, and they had read to those words, "that I and my friends were embroiling the nation in blood," etc., they struck their hands on the table. Whereupon I told them, "I was the man whom that charge was against, but I was as innocent of any such thing as a newborn child, and had brought it up myself; and some of my friends came up with me without any guard."

After some debate, and Fox promising to "appear tomorrow about ten o'clock at the King's Bench bar in Westminster Hall," he was dismissed, Judge Foster saying, "If he says yes, and promises it, you may take his word."

Next day I appeared at the King's Bench bar at the hour appointed, Robert Widders, Richard Hubberthorn, and Esquire Marsh going with me. I was brought into the middle of the court; and as soon as I came in, was moved to look round, and turning to the people, said, "Peace be among you," and the power of the Lord sprang over the court. The charge against me was read openly. The people were moderate, and the judges cool and loving; and the Lord's mercy was to them.

Fox pleaded his innocent cause so admirably that in spite of Judge Twisden "beginning to speak some angry words," Judges Foster and Mallet, to whom Fox appealed, said, "They did not accuse me, for they had nothing against me."

Then stood up Esquire Marsh, who was of the King's bedchamber, and told the judges, "It was the King's pleasure that I should be set at liberty, seeing no accuser came up against me." They asked me, "Whether I would put it to the King and council?" I said, "Yes, with a good will." Thereupon they sent the sheriff's return, which he made to the writ of habeas corpus. . . . On perusal of this, and consideration of the whole matter, the King, being satisfied of my innocency, commanded his secretary to send an order to Judge Mallet for my release, which he did. . . . Thus, after being a prisoner more than twenty weeks, I was freely set at liberty by the King's command, the Lord's power having wonderfully wrought for the clearing of my innocency.

Shortly after this, Fox was again in difficulty, owing to the insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy Men, and the City was in an uproar and unsafe.

I stayed at Pall Mall, intending to be at the meeting there; but on the Seventh-day night, a company of troopers came and knocked at the door. The servant letting them in, they rushed into the house, and laid hold of me; and there being amongst them one that had served under the Parliament, he put his hand to my pocket, and asked, "Whether I had any pistols?" I told him he knew I did not carry pistols, why therefore ask such a question of me, whom he knew to be a peaceable man?

Others of the soldiers ran into the chambers, and there found in bed Esquire Marsh, who, though he was one of the King's bedchamber, out of his love to me came and lodged where I did. When they came down again, they said, "Why should we take this man away with us? We will let him alone." "O," said the Parliament soldier, "he is one of the heads, and a chief ringleader." Upon this the soldiers were taking me away, but Esquire Marsh, hearing of it, sent for him that commanded the party, and desired him to let me alone, for he would see me forthcoming in the morning.

In the morning before they could fetch me, and before the meeting was gathered, there came a company of foot soldiers to the house and one of them, drawing his sword, held it over my head.

Fox was then taken to Whitehall, and on being asked what he was, replied, "A preacher of righteousness." "After I had been kept there two or three hours, Esquire Marsh spoke to Lord Gerrard, and he came and bid them set me at liberty."
These side-lights to the Esquire's character are extremely interesting, but one wonders where he first made Fox's acquaintance; possibly he had heard of him favourably at Court.

In 1661, the Esquire petitioned the King from Whitehall relating to the sequestration of his estates, for which he had to compound during the late troubles.

We must pass over other mention of March, and come again to Fox's Journal.

In 1665-66, George Fox suffered his cruel incarceration in Scarborough Castle, where his virtuous character eventually commanded the kindness and respect of the officers and soldiers, who would say, "He is as stiff as a tree, and as pure as a bell; for we could never bow him." And the Roman Catholic governor, Sir Jordan Crosland, said that "whatever good he could do for me and my friends he would do it, and never do them any hurt;" and Fox adds, "He continued loving to his dying day."

Fox had previously related that:

Afterwards, the governor growing kinder, I spoke to him when he was going to London to the Parliament, and desired him to speak to Esquire Marsh, Sir Francis Cobb (so called) and some others; and let them know how long I had lain in prison, and for what; and he did so. When he came down again, he told me that Esquire Marsh said he would go a hundred miles barefoot for my liberty, he knew me so well; and several others, he said, spoke well of me. From which time the governor was very loving to me. 3

Fox writes: 4

After I had lain prisoner above a year in Scarbro' Castle, I sent a letter to the King, in which I gave him "an account of my imprisonment, and the bad usage [as to accommodation, etc.] I had received in prison; and also that I was informed, no man could deliver me but he."

After this, John Whitehead being at London, and being acquainted with Esquire Marsh, went to visit him, and spoke to him about me; and he undertook, if John Whitehead would get the state of my case drawn up, to deliver it to the master of requests, Sir John Birkenhead, and endeavour to get a release for me. So John Whitehead and Ellis Hookes drew up an account of my imprisonment and sufferings, and carried it to Marsh; and he went with it to the master of requests, who procured an order from the King for my release.


So Whitehead went to Scarbro' with it, and Sir Jordan Crosland discharged Fox freely, giving him a written passport, dated 1st September, 1666.

In 1668, Fox adds:

While I was in London, I went one day to visit Esquire Marsh, who had showed much kindness both to me and to Friends; I happened to go when he was at dinner. He no sooner heard my name, than he sent for me up, and would have had me sit down with him to dinner, but I had not freedom to do so. Several great persons were at dinner with him, and he said to one of them who was a great Papist, "Here is a Quaker whom you have not seen before."

Here follows a disputation between the Papist and Fox, in which George Fox came out best:

"O," said Esquire Marsh to the Papist, "you do not know this man, if he would but come to church now and then, he would be a brave man."

After some other discourse, I went aside with Justice Marsh into another room, to speak with him concerning Friends; for he was a Justice of Peace for Middlesex, and being a courtier, the other Justices put much of the management of affairs upon him. He told me "he was in a strait how to act between us and some other Dissenters. For," said he, "you cannot swear, and the Independents, Baptists, and Fifth-monarchy people say also they cannot swear; therefore" said he, "how shall I know how to distinguish betwixt you and them, seeing they and you all say it is for conscience' sake that you cannot swear?" I answered, "I will show thee how to distinguish. They, or most of them, thou speakest of, can and do swear in some cases, but we cannot swear in any case."

Fox proceeds to explain, and states the case of a Friend who prosecuted a thief, but the former had the oath of allegiance tendered him, and because he refused it, the Quaker was imprisoned and the thief liberated. "Justice Marsh said, 'That judge was a wicked man.' But,' said I, 'if we could swear in any case, we would take the oath of allegiance to the King, who is to preserve the laws that are to support every man in his estate. . . So that thou mayest easily distinguish and put a difference between us and those people.'"

Fox concludes:

Justice Marsh was afterwards very serviceable to Friends in this and other cases; for he kept several, both Friends and others, from

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5 This document is now in D. (Spence MSS. ii. 308.)
being precluded. When Friends were brought before him in time of persecution, he set many of them at liberty; and when he could not avoid sending to prison, he sent some for a few hours, or for a night.

At length he went to the king, and told him, "he had sent some of us to prison contrary to his conscience, and he could not do so any more." Wherefore he removed his family from Limehouse, where he lived, and took lodgings near St. James's Park. He told the king that "if he would be pleased to give liberty of conscience, that would quiet and settle all; for then none could have any pretence to be uneasy." And, indeed, he was a very serviceable man to truth and Friends in his day.

This is the last we hear of the Esquire in the Journal. We now proceed to speak of his family.

By Sarah Adee, his wife, Esquire March had, at least, two children, George and Joyce, of whom the latter was presumably the elder. She married John Fowke, Esq., of an ancient family, who acquired, through his wife, considerable estates at Stepney. He apparently owned the "capital messuage" of Clayberry, Barking, near Woodford Bridge, and by will, dated 1686, he left his estate in Tower street and Water Lane, in the parish of St. Dunstans-in-the-East, London (part of the Esquire's estate), to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, London, upon trust for the maintenance and education of eight poor boys in the said Hospital. He was also a benefactor to Bethlehem Hospital.

By his wife, Joyce March, John Fowke was the lineal ancestor of the present Sir Frederic F. C. Fowke, Bart., of Lowesby, co. Leicester, and of the Singletons of Mell, co. Louth, and Hazeley Heath, Hants.

It is an interesting fact that we have amongst us visible connecting links with the worthy Esquire.

Under date 1669, we find J. Williamson writing to the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, that

Richard Marche, an ancient and faithful servant to his Majesty, has applied for a letter of recommendation in favour of his grandchild, a young scholar at Westminster, to be chosen away to Oxford the next election, he being of years and proficiency sufficient to render him deserving of that encouragement.

Later this year, the King himself writes to the Warden and Fellows of New College, Oxford, that

Our old servant, Richard Marsh, has sued to us to recommend his grandchild, John Fowkes, now Winchester scholar, for a fellowship in
your college; we grant him our letters, on account of Marsh's services to our late father and ourselves, and of the learning and laudable endowments of the grandchild, and beg that he may be chosen at the next election.

Of George March, the Esquire's son, we have, unhappily, nothing good to relate. We first hear of him in 1638, when he is mentioned in the Council register, where is a pass for George Marche, aged 12 years [born circa 1626], son of Richard March, of the Tower, London, to travel into foreign parts for three years, with a proviso not to go to Rome. Alas! one fears this foreign travel was the ruin of his character.

In 1660, "young Mr. Marche says you [Charles II.] promised him to be squire of the body when you were in Scotland; these are places of great trust." The word "respited" is annexed. The next year, George March is named as adjutant in the King's Guards, under Charles, Lord Gerrard, Captain, and previously named by Fox.

In 1664/5, George March petitioned the King for the reversion of Dungeness Lighthouse, etc., and in 1668, we learn that Richard Marche, complains that his son, George, in pretence of a debt of £300, has got all his deeds and settlements, and made them over to Edward Yonger. This complaint was addressed to the Lord Keeper, who was instructed to reconcile the parties, if possible, they being so nearly related and both his Majesty's servants.

George March, unlike his father, was a persecutor of Friends, and this phase of his character, added to his other misdeeds must have vexed the righteous soul of his virtuous sire. He is named in Besse's Sufferings of the Quakers, together with another Justice, William Ryder, as coming to a Quakers' meeting at Mile End Green, 17th July, 1664, with constables and soldiers, and placing a guard at the gate. Upon that eminent preacher, Alexander Parker, speaking, and commencing, "In the name of the Lord," one of these Justices (so called), profanely cried out, "In the name of the Devil pluck that fellow down." They then took down the names of all present, being thirty-two, and committed them to the filthy prison of Newgate, for three months.

7 Vol. i, p. 394.
At Hicks's Hall, 10th October, 1664, George March was one of ten Justices (!) (including that notorious persecutor, Sir John Robinson, Knt., Lieutenant of the Tower), who committed seven Friends for transportation to Barbadoes for attending meetings. One of these Friends, Hannah Trigg, a poor girl of only fifteen, died from the effects of the pestilential air of Newgate, and was buried in the felons' burial place there, to the intense grief of her afflicted parents.

We now come to note the decease of the excellent Esquire, as recorded in Richard Smyth's Obituary, as follows: "1671/2, March 18th. Old Mr. Marsh, store-keeper of ye Tower, died, aged 83 years, buried ye 22."

Unfortunately he does not tell us where, but probably at the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, Tower Street, where Strype records was buried in 1697, aged 62, Francis March, born at Limehouse, who went to Cyprus when aged 16, and became a Merchant; he, doubtless, was of the Esquire's family, presumably a nephew.

Richard Marche, of the Tower of London, Esquire, made his will, 20th April, 1671; proved at London by the oath of testator's daughter, Joyce Fowke, the 1st April, 1672. He directs his body to be decently buried "where my loveing wife lyes buried."

Imprimis, I appoint all former settlements of my inheritance to stand according to the purport and true meaning of them, and doe charge and command my sonne, George Marche, Esq., upon my blessing, to performe and make good what he is ingaged and bound unto, either in Law or Equity, more especially that he confirme the award lately made between us by the Lord Bishops of London and Rochester, and confirmed by a decree of the High Court of Chancery. And as for all my debts, goods, etc., and the summes due to me from the King's most excellent Majesty (whom God preserve), in respect of my places and offices as Gentleman Usher to his Majesty or Keeper Generall of his Majesty's Stores in the Tower of London or elsewhere, I give and bequeath to my daughter, Joyce Fowke, widd[ow] (excepting my great cabinet which standeth in my chamber at Whitehall, for that I give to my grand-daughter Dorothy Wrothe). And I make my daughter, Joyce Fowke, widd[ow], sole executrix.—Signed, Ri: March.

It is somewhat singular that a catalogue of old deeds, issued a few years since by James Coleman, of Tottenham.

8 Ibid. i., pp. 399, 400.
9 P.C.C. 50 Eure.
included a contemporary copy of this interesting probate. Moreover, the present writer purchased in London at the time he was engaged in his *History of the Families of Marsh*, an original State Paper, dated 1640, signed by the veritable Esquire, as in his will, "Ri: March." This is now safely preserved at Devonshire House.

Such are the principal biographical details we have been able to glean relative to this most worthy man.

When we consider the intolerance and persecuting spirit of the seventeenth century, which was by no means confined to the ungodly, the humane and Christian character of the venerable "Esquire Marsh" can only be compared to "an oasis in the desert," and "a light shining in a dark place." It was, in fact, far more in keeping with the best traditions of the nineteenth than with those of the seventeenth century.

The Esquire was indeed a Daniel in his age, and, whilst living in a shamelessly licentious and dissolute Court, which his righteous soul must daily have loathed, he did his duty in his day and generation, fearing God; and he was deservedly honoured, not only by all virtuous men, and by the "martyred King," but even by Charles II., who, bad as he was, appreciated his sterling character and his faithful and devoted loyalty and service.

J. J. Green.

N.B.—The principal sources of information for this paper, in addition to those previously alluded to, are the State Papers, Domestic Series.
The activity of our American fellow-workers in the field of family-history is marvellous. Truman Coates, M.D., of Oxford, Pa., has just completed *A Genealogy of Moses and Susanna Coates, who settled in Pennsylvania in 1717, and their Descendants*, with brief introductory Notes of Families of the same name (Philadelphia: Winston, large 8vo, pp. 319). Moses and Susanna (Weldon) Coates were married at the Friends' Meeting House at Cashel, Ireland, in 1715. Their descendants are traced through eight generations. In addition to the genealogical portions, the book contains an account of the journey of Isaac Coates, of Caln, to "the Indian Country," in 1799; extracts from the journal of the travels of Sarah (Coates) Pennypacker in 1836 (pp. 187-231); and poems by Elmer Ruan Coates, who died in 1889. The book is a result of the reunion of the Coates family at Oxford Park in 1900. It is illustrated by twenty-five portraits, and seventeen views of residences, etc., including Meeting Houses at Carlow (Ireland), Radnor, East Caln, and Fallowfield, and Pikeland Burial Ground. It is to be regretted that a book of this valuable character should contain some rather noticeable typographical errors.


The General Meeting of Friends held at Fritchley, Derbyshire, has issued *An Address on the Importance of Meetings for Worship*.

The address of Anne Wakefield Richardson, B.A., at the late Yearly Meeting in London, on *The Importance of Education to the Society of Friends*, has been reproduced at the request of the Yearly Meeting's Central Education Committee, Devonshire House, London, E.C.

Essays and Verses is the title of a little volume by Millicent Wedmore, daughter of Frederick Wedmore, and a descendant of Friends (London: Masters, 8vo, pp. 63). One piece, entitled "George Fox in Cartmel," gives a short history of G. F.'s visits to Newton, Cartmel, and other places in North Lancashire.

The executive committee of the Friends' Africa Industrial Mission has issued a booklet on the work of the Mission during 1905 (to be obtained, gratis, from Peter W. Raidabaugh, Plainfield, Ind.). The F.A.I.M. "Devonshire House," in the Kavirondo country, differs very considerably from the Devonshire House in which this note was written!

The African Record, a quarterly paper, made its appearance in Fifth Month last, as the organ of Friends' Africa Industrial Mission (Plainfield, Ind.: Publishing Association of Friends, 4to, pp. 8).

H. S. Cowper, F.S.A., has had his article on "The Kirkbys of Kirkby-in-Furness in the Seventeenth Century" reprinted from the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society Transactions, vol. vi. Of special interest to Friends is the notice of Richard Kirkby, the "Colonel Kirby" of George Fox's Journal. The writer says, "Colonel Kirkby died at the early age of fifty-six [1681], after a turbulent and feverish life—the life of a man at once ambitious, unfeeling, and mean. I suspect he was actually married four times in about eighteen years—1648 to 1666." G. F.'s statement that he "never prospered after" seems to be correct. In my indexes to "The Journal of George Fox" and to "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall," I have entered all references under "Kirby, William"; these should be separated under "Kirby, Colonel" and "Kirby, William." The latter is said by H. S. Cowper to have been the Colonel's brother, of Ashlack. Among the Kirkby portraits reproduced in the pamphlet is one which the author attributes to Col. Richard Kirkby, and describes his expression as "arrogant," "supercilious" and "unpleasant." Work of this kind relative to persons appearing in Quaker history is most valuable, and students of the early days will greatly appreciate it.
For the Fellowship, Part II., containing another collection of verses by Henry Bryan Binns, has appeared (London: Daniel, 4to, pp. 20).

In The Anglo-German Courier, for March 23rd, we read, “Our movement may be said to have begun in June, 1905, through the influence of a pamphlet of the Society of Friends. At that time, however, we scarcely could have imagined the development it would take. At the fourteenth International Peace Congress at Lucerne we met many of our friends, who invited us to confer with them. Deliberations about the question at issue took place at a large tea-party kindly given to us by our English friends in the spacious apartments of the Hotel National, which was also attended by the numerous Germans at that time in Lucerne. This was the cradle of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee.” The Courier is the organ of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee, 28, Victoria Street, London, S.W., of which our Friend, Francis Wm. Fox, is an Hon. Secretary. The pamphlet above-mentioned was issued in German and English by the Meeting for Sufferings on behalf of the Yearly Meeting, addressed “To the Lovers of Peace in Germany.”

Among Friends is the name of “a monthly record of work in connection with the Society of Friends in Bourneville, Northfield, Selly Oak, Stirchley, etc., etc.” (Birmingham, 28, John Bright Street).

The Friend (Phila.), of Sixth Month 30th, gives a valuable list of forty “Travelling Friends in America” from 1665 to 1839, abstracted by Albert J. Edmunds from the fourteen volumes of “Friends’ Library,” edited by William and Thomas Evans.

The Women’s Yearly Meeting of London has had printed and distributed a paper read before it this year, on The Cultivation of the Spiritual Faculties, by Margaret Irwin, of Manchester.

A volume of Tales in Prose and Verse, and Dramas, written by the late Thomas Edward Heath, of Cardiff, has recently been prepared by the author’s son, of the same name (London: King, Sell, and Olding, large 8vo, pp. 259). T. E. Heath was a Friend by birth and descent, but resigned his membership in 1852. The contents
partake largely of the sensational, and even the "Ex-
tracts from the Diary of a Friend" portray a Diary
widely different from the usual run of such writings.

Charles H. Stalker describes his missionary journeys
in many lands in his book, *Twice Around the World with
the Holy Ghost, or the Impressions and Convictions of the
Mission Field* (Author, 303 Buttles Avenue, Columbus,
O., 8vo, pp. 237). The book is written in a very
interesting manner, and is well illustrated. Seth C. Rees
supplies an Introduction.

Francis H. Balkwill, a Friend of South Devon, has an
article in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, for August,
entitled "The Sacred Fire of Israel."

The London "Friend" has got into *Punch* (August
15th), in connection with the statement respecting old
London Bridge in the issue for 27th July (page 501),
upon which *Punch* remarks, "We do hope Peter was paid
piece work!"

Caroline Emelia Stephen, of The Porch, Cambridge,
has written the life of her father, under the title, *The
Right Honourable Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., LL.D.,
Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies*, etc. Although
printed for private circulation, copies can be obtained
from the well-known firm of John Bellows, Gloucester.
The volume contains 298 pages. On p. 81, Sir James
is described by one of his friends as "a transcendental
Quaker with a tendency to Popery." He shared with
Friends an intense horror of war, and was active in
opposition to slavery. C. E. Stephen, who is a Friend by
convincement, not birthright, is the author of "Quaker
Strongholds," a book which has had a wide circulation.

Albert J. Edmunds has followed his large work by a
pamphlet, *Buddhist Texts Quoted as Scripture by the
Gospel of John, a Discovery in the Lower Criticism. (John
vii. 38: xii. 34).* (Author, 241, West Duval Street,
Philadelphia, Pa., large 8vo, pp. 41.)

Charlotte Fell Smith's *James Parnell* (London:
Headley, small 8vo, pp. 111) is a very readable little
volume, the result of considerable original research. It
was prepared for the commemoration at Colchester, on
the 21st of Sixth Month last, of the 250th anniversary of
the death of James Parnell (see "The Friend" (London),
1906, p. 445). I hope that in another edition several errors may be corrected, which have "escaped the press," e.g., Fenny Drayton was the place of the memorable meeting between Fox and the priests,¹ and not Atherstone, and this latter town is in Warwickshire, not Leicestershire (p. 32); James Blackley is probably the Friend referred to on p. 40 (see F.P.T., pp. 13-15); Kings Ripton (p. 88). The first general Affirmation Bill was not "fifty years after the first rise of Quakerism," but in 1869, (p. 92). J. J. Green informs me that the conversion of his ancestor, Samuel Cater, was previous to the disputa­tion, which was at Littleport and not at Wickenbrook (pp. 44, 104). Parnell was nearly twenty when he died, and not "ætat 18," as stated on the title page. The illustrations add much to the value of the book, and the facsimile of the entry of James's birth in the East Retford parish register is very interesting.

The Hibbert Journal (London), for July, contains an article by Caroline E. Stephen, the substance of an address given to the Sunday Society, at Newnham College, Cambridge, on "Signs and Wonders in Divine Guidance," in which there is reference to "the accumulated experience of the Society of Friends with regard to personal intimations of divine 'requirements.'"

John William Graham contributes to the portion of the same Journal devoted to "Discussions" some paragraphs dealing with Father Butler's attack on Sabatier's "Religions of Authority," in which he (J.W.G.) refers to the Society of Friends. Among "Reviews" is a critical survey of A. J. Edmunds's "Buddhist and Christian Gospels." It is the first time that the principles of Friends have been advocated in this, which is now a theological review of first rank, although one or two previous articles written by Friends have appeared.

¹ At first sight it looks as though this dispute took place at Atherstone, but when the passage in The Journal of George Fox is read more carefully this does not appear so. The Editor of the Bi-centenary edition of The Journal (the late Daniel Pickard, of Leeds) has unfortunately put Atherstone in small capitals (i. 201), and I have fallen into the same error in my index to this edition. These disputes are referred to in Richard Farnsworth's Spiritual Man, where it is quite evident that both the earlier and later disputes took place at Drayton. The names of several of the priests are given in this tract. The Short Journal of George Fox confirms this.
A Retrospect of Colonial Times in Burlington County is the title of an address delivered before the Young Friends’ Association at Moorestown, N.J., by Dr. A. M. Stackhouse, of which 150 copies have been printed. It deals in a familiar manner (possibly rather too familiar for print) with the early history of the district, and gives interesting glimpses of matters relating to the visits of itinerant Ministers, to education, intoxicants, etc. I heartily agree with the following sentences, relative to travelling Ministers:

They had unusual opportunities to become acquainted with the people, as they met them at their meetings and their homes, and were entertained at their firesides with a homely hospitality that our social life knows nothing of. They might have told us so much we would now be glad to know.

A Quaker Lover, or Scenes from Quaker Life in Cumberland Sixty Years Ago is the latest work of fiction introducing Friends (London: Partridge, 8vo, pp. 318). The author, Joseph Adair, lives at Gill Foot, Egremont, in the county of which he writes. He was educated at Wigton School, but has never been in actual membership with Friends. As the sub-title indicates, the book deals with “the middle-ages of Quakerism” in a district somewhat out of the thoroughfares of life. The chief incident of the narrative is unconnected with Friends, but Friendly scenes abound; we are introduced with pleasure to events of Quarterly Meeting day; we listen to sermons by Ministers from far and near; we overhear discussions on answering the Queries, as to sports and other doubtful doings. Some of the remarks made strike one as too frivolous for Overseers and other well-concerned Friends to make, as, for instance, when engagements and marriages are the subject of conversation, and if the book could have included a typical Quaker wedding, instead of just stopping short of one, it would have increased its value. The reader will be glad that Richard Bowman was no Friend, but it is to be feared there are of his kind within the fold.

Books for review, and any information suitable for future articles, will be welcomed.

Norman Penney.
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