FRIEND WILLIAM CODDINGTON

“I read somewhere that everybody on this planet is separated by only six other people. Six degrees of separation. Between us and everybody else on this planet.”

— Ouisa, in John Guare’s “SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION”
William Coddington was born.

In England, William Coddington was chosen as an Assistant of the company (Assistant Judge of Court of Colony of Massachusetts Bay) before his embarkation with John Winthrop. He had lived at Boston in County Lincoln, where the record of St. Botolph’s church shows that he and his wife Mary Moseley Coddington, daughter of Richard Moseley of Ouseden, in County Suffolk had Michael Coddington, baptized on March 8, 1627, who died in two weeks, and Samuel Coddington, born on April 17, 1628, buried on August 21, 1629.

The Winthrop fleet that brought “the Great Emigration” of this year comprised 11 vessels:

- Arbella (the flagship)
- Ambrose
- William and Francis
- Talbot
- Hopewell
- Jewel
- Whale
- Charles
- Success
- Mayflower
Altogether the fleet brought about 700 colonists — here is an attempt at reconstructing a passenger list.

- DANIEL ABBOTT of Hemington, Leicestershire Cambridge
- ROBERT ABELL probably of Nazing, Essex Boston
- WILLIAM AGAR probably of Leicestershire Watertown
- GEORGE ALCOCK of Manchester, Leicestershire Roxbury
- Mrs. - - - Alcock
- FRANCIS ALEWORTH
- THOMAS ANDREW Salem
- SAMUEL ARCHER
- WILLIAM ASPINWALL of Manchester, Leicestershire Boston
- Mrs. Elizabeth Aspinwall
- Edward Aspinwall
- JOHN AUDLEY Boston
- JOHN BAKER Charlestown
- Mrs. Charity Baker
- WILLIAM BALSTON Boston
- Mrs. Elizabeth Balston
- WILLIAM BARSHAM Watertown
- THOMAS BARTLETT Watertown
- GREGORY BAXTER perhaps of Sporle, Norfolk Roxbury
- WILLIAM BEAMSLEY Boston
- Mrs. Anne Beamsley
- THOMAS BEECHER of Stepney, Middlesex Charlestown
- Mrs. Christian Beecher
- EDWARD BELCHER of Guilsborough, Northamptonshire Boston
- Mrs. Christian Belcher
- Edward Belcher, Jr.
- EDWARD BENDALL of Southwark, county Surrey Boston
- Mrs. Anne Bendall
- JOHN BENHAM Dorchester
- JOHN BIGGES of Groton, county Suffolk Boston
- Mrs. Mary Bigges
- JOHN BLACK Charlestown
- JOHN BOGGUST probably of Boxted, Essex Boston
- JOHN BOSWELL of London Boston
- ZACCHEUS BOSWORTH of Stowe, IX Churches, county Northants Boston
- GARRET BOURNE Boston
- NATHANIEL BOWMAN Watertown
- Mrs. Anna Bowman
- SIMON BRADSTREET of Horbling, county Lincoln Cambridge
- Mrs. Anne Bradstreet
- BENJAMIN BRAND probably of Edwardston, county Suffolk Boston
- AUGUSTINE BRATCHER Charlestown
- ...... BREASE probably of Edwardston, county Suffolk
- WILLIAM BRENTON of Hammersmith, county Middlesex Boston
- Isabel Brett
GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

- HENRY BRIGHT of Bury Saint Edmunds, county Suffolk  Watertown
- ABRAHAM BROWNE of Hawkdon, Suffolk  Watertown
- Mrs. Lydia Browne
- JAMES BROWNE  Boston
- RICHARD BROWNE of Hawkdon, Suffolk  Watertown
- Mrs. Elizabeth Browne
- George Browne
- Richard Browne, Jr.
- WILLIAM BUCKLAND of Essex  Boston, Hingham, and Rehoboth
- RICHARD BUGBY perhaps Saint John Hackney, Middlesex  Roxbury
- Mrs. Judith Bugby
- RICHARD BULGAR Boston
- Mrs..... Bulgar
- WILLIAM BURNELL Boston
- JEHU BURR probably of Essex  Roxbury and Fairfield, Connecticut
- Mrs...... Burr
- Jehu Burr
- ROBERT BURROUGHS
- JOHN CABLE probably of Essex  Dorchester and Fairfield
- THOMAS CAKEBREAD of Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex  Dedham
- Mrs. Sarah Cakebread
- CHARLES CHADWICK Watertown
- Mrs. Elizabeth Chadwick
- Anne Chambers
- WILLIAM CHASE probably of county Essex  Roxbury
- Margery Chauner
- WILLIAM CHEESEBROUGH of Boston, Lincolnshire  Boston, Rehoboth
- Mrs. Anne Cheesebrough
- Sarah Cheesebrough
- Peter Cheesebrough
- Samuel Cheesebrough
- Nathaniel Cheesebrough
- EPHRAIM CHILD of Bury Saint Edmunds, Suffolk  Watertown
- Mrs. Elizabeth Child
- RICHARD CHURCH perhaps of Polstead, Suffolk  Boston
- JOHN CLARKE of county Suffolk  Boston
- WILLIAM CLARKE of London  Watertown
- Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke
- RICHARD CLOUGH Charlestown
- .... COBBETT
- WILLIAM CODDINGTON of Boston, Lincolnshire  Boston and Newport
- Mrs. Mary Coddington
- WILLIAM COLBRON of Brentwood, Essex  Boston
- Mrs. Margery Colbron
- ANTHONY COLBY  Boston and Salisbury
- Mrs. Susanna Colby
- WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM of Holderness, Yorkshire  Charlestown
- Mrs. Anne Frothingham
• JOHN GAGE probably of Polstead, Suffolk Boston
• Mrs. Amy Gage
• WILLIAM GAGER of Suffolk, surgeon Charlestown
• HUGH GARRETT Charlestown
• RICHARD GARRETT probably of Chelmsford, Essex Boston
• Mrs. Hannah Garrett
• .....
• CHRISTOPHER GIBSON of Wendover, county Bucks Dorchester
• Mrs. Mary Gibson
• Elizabeth Gibson of Saint Andrew the Great, Cambridge Salem
• RALPH GLOVER of London Boston
• JOHN GLOVER of Rainhill, Lancashire Dorchester
• Mrs. Anne Glover
• THOMAS GOLDSWAIETE Roxbury
• Mrs. Elizabeth Goldswaite
• HENRY GOSNALL probably of Bury Saint Edmunds, Suffolk Boston
• Mrs. Mary Gosnall
• JOHN GOSSE (GOFEE) Watertown
• Mrs. Sarah Gosse
• JOHN GOULWORTH
• RICHARD GRIDLEY of Groton, Suffolk Boston
• Mrs. Grace Gridley
• Joseph Gridley
• Abraham Gridley
• Bridget Giver of Saffron Walden, Essex Boston
• GARRETT HADDON Cambridge, Salisbury
• Mrs. Margaret Haddon
• ROBERT HALE Charlestown
• Mrs. Joan Hale
• JOHN HALL of Whitechapel, London Charlestown
• Mrs. Joan Hall
• Mrs. Phillippa Hammond
• ROBERT HARDING probably of Boreham, Essex Boston
• THOMAS HARRIS Charlestown
• Mrs. Elizabeth Harris
• JOHN COLE of Groton, Suffolk Boston
• RICE COLE Charlestown
• Mrs. Arnold Cole
• ROBERT COLE of Navistock, Essex Roxbury
• SAMUEL COLE of Mersey, Essex Boston
• Mrs. Anne Cole
• EDWARD CONVERSE probably of Shenfield, Essex Charlestown
• Mrs. Sarah Converse
• Phineas Converse
• John Converse
• Josiah Converse
• James Converse
• Margaret Cooke
• WILLIAM COWLISHAW of Nottingham
• Mrs. Anne Cowlishaw
• JOHN CRABB
• GRIFFIN CRAFTS
• Mrs. Alice Crafts
• Hannah Crafts
• JOHN CRANWELL of Woodbridge, Suffolk
• BENJAMIN CRIBB
• JAMES CRUGOTT
• WILLIAM DADY probably of Wanstead, Essex
• Mrs. Dorothy Dady
• EDWARD DEEEKES
• Mrs. Jane Deekes
• JOHN DEVEREUX probably of Stoke by Nayland, Suffolk
• ROBERT DIFFY
• JOHN DILLINGHAM of Bitteswell, Leicestershire
• Mrs. Sarah Dillingham
• Sarah Dillingham
• WILLIAM DIXON
• JOHN DOGGETT
• Mrs. Sarah Doggett
• John Doggett
• Thomas Doggett
• JAMES DOWNING
• THOMAS DUDLEY of Yardley, Northamptonshire
• Mrs. Dorothy Dudley
• Samuel Dudley
• Anne Dudley
• Patience Dudley
• Sarah Dudley
• Mercy Dudley
• Thomas Dudley
• ...... DUTTON
• JOHN EDMONDS
• Mrs. Mary Edmonds
• BIGOD EGGLESTON of Settrington, Yorkshire
• ARTHUR ELLIS
• JOHNSON
• THOMAS FAYERWEATHER
• ROBERT FEAKE of London, goldsmith
• CHARLES FIENNES
• ABRAHAM FINCH of Yorkshire (?)
• Abraham Finch, Jr.
• Daniel Finch
• John Finch
• JOHN FIRMAN of Nayland, Suffolk
• GILES FIRMIN
• Watertown
• Boston
• Dorchester, Windsor
• Salem
• Boston
• Watertown
• Watertown and Martha’s Vineyard
- Mrs. Martha Firmin
- EDWARD FITZRANDOLPH of Sutton in Ashfield, Notts  Scituate
- THOMAS FOX  Cambridge
- RICHARD FOXWELL  probably of London, tailor  Boston, Barnstable
- Mrs. . . . . . Foxier
- John Foxwell
- SAMUEL FREEMAN  of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London  Watertown
- Mrs. Apphia Freeman
- Henry Freeman
- THOMAS FRENCH  of Assington, Suffolk  Boston and Ipswich
- Mrs. Susan French
- Thomas French, Jr.
- Alice French
- Dorcas French
- Susan French
- Anne French
- John French
- Mary French
- HENRY HARWOOD  probably of Shenfield, Essex  Boston
- Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood
- .... HAWKE
- JOHN HAWKINS
- WILLIAM HAWTHORNE  of Binfield, Berks  Dorchester and Salem
- FRANCIS HESSELDEN
- Margaret Hoames
- (ATHERTON) HOFFE
- EDWARD HOPWOOD
- JOHN HORNE  Salem
- SAMUEL HOSIER  of Colchester, Essex  Watertown
- THOMAS HOWLETT  of county Suffolk  Boston
- WILLIAM HUDSON  probably of Chatham, Kent  Boston
- Mrs. Susan Hudson
- Francis Hudson
- William Hudson
- WILLIAM HULBIRT  Boston and Northampton
- RICHARD HUTCHINS
- GEORGE HUTCHINSON  of London  Charlestown
- Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson
- THOMAS HUTCHINSON  of London  Charlestown
- MATTHIAS IIONS  probably of Roxwell, Essex  Boston
- Mrs. Anne Lyons
- EDMUND JAMES  of Earls Barton, Northants  Watertown
- Mrs. Reana James
- THOMAS JAMES  of Earls Barton, Northants  Salem
- Mrs. Elizabeth James
- WILLIAM JAMES  of Earls Barton, Northants  Salem
- Mrs. Elizabeth James
- JOHN JARVIS  Boston
DAVY JOHNSON
FRANCIS JOHNSON of London
Mrs. Joan Johnson
ISAAC JOHNSON of Clipsham, Rutland
Lady Arbella Johnson
JOHN JOHNSON
Mrs. Margaret Johnson
RICHARD JOHNSON
Mrs. Alice Johnson
Bethia Jones
EDWARD JONES of Chester, mercer
LEWIS KIDBY of Groton, Suffolk
Mrs.... Kidby
.....Kidby
Edward Kidby
HENRY KINGSBURY of Groton, Suffolk
Mrs. Margaret Kingsbury
Henry Kingsbury, Jr.
THOMAS KINGSBURY
NICHOLAS KNAPP probably of Bures Saint Mary, Suffolk
Mrs. Elinor Knapp
WILLIAM KNAPP probably of Bures Saint Mary, Suffolk
Mrs.... Knapp
John Knapp
Anne Knapp
Judith Knapp
Mary Knapp
James Knapp
John Knapp
William Knapp, Jr.
GEORGE KNOWER of London
THOMAS KNOWER of London, clothier
EDWARD LAMB
THOMAS LAMB
Mrs. Elizabeth Lamb
Thomas Lamb, Jr.
John Lamb
Samuel Lamb
ROGER LAMB
HENRY LAWSON
WILLIAM LEARNED probably of Bermondsey, Surrey
Mrs. Judith Learned
WILLIAM LEATHERLAND
JOHN LEGGE
EDMOND LOCKWOOD of Combs, Suffolk
Mrs. Elizabeth Lockwood
..... Lockwood
ROBERT LOCKWOOD of Combs, Suffolk
• RICHARD LYNTON  probably from London  Watertown
• Mrs.…… Lynton
• Anna Lynton
• Lydia Lynton
• HENRY LYNN
• Mrs. Sarah Lynn
• JOHN MASTERS  Boston
• Mrs. Jane Masters
• Sarah Masters
• Lydia Masters
• Elizabeth Masters
• Nathaniel Masters
• Abraham Masters
• THOMAS MATSON  of London, gunsmith  Boston
• Mrs. Amy Matson
• THOMAS MAYHEW  of Tisbury, Wilts  Watertown, Martha’s Vineyard
• Mrs.…… Mayhew
• Thomas Mayhew, Jr.
• (ALEXANDER) MILLER  probably the servant of Israel Stoughton
• RICHARD MILLET
• JOHN MILLS  probably of Lavenham, Suffolk  Boston
• Mrs. Susan Mills
• Joy Mills
• Mary Mills
• John Mills
• Susanna Mills
• Recompense Mills
• ROGER MOREY  of Dorsetshire  Salem
• RALPH MORLEY  of London  Charlestown
• Mrs. Katherine Morley
• RICHARD MORRIS  probably of London  Boston
• Mrs. Leonora Morris
• THOMAS MORRIS  probably of Nottingham  Boston
• Mrs. Sarah Morris
• Mary Morton
• THOMAS MOULTON  Charlestown
• Mrs. Jane Moulton
• RALPH MOUSALL  probably of London  Charlestown
• Mrs. Alice Mousall
• THOMAS MUNT  probably of Colchester, Essex  Boston
• Mrs. Dorothy Munt
• GREGORY NASH  Charlestown
• Mrs.…… Nash
• Anne Needham
• …… NICOLLS
• INCREASE NOWELL  of London  Charlestown
• Mrs. Parnell Nowell
• JOHN ODLIN  (see Audley)
• JOHN PAGE of Dedham, Essex Watertown
• Mrs. Phoebe Page
• John Page, Jr.
• Daniel Page
• THOMAS PAINTER Boston and Hingham
• Mrs. Katherine Painter
• ABRAHAM PALMER of Canterbury, Kent Charlestown
• Mrs. Grace Palmer
• EDWARD PALSFORD
• RICHARD PALSGRAVE probably of London Charlestown
• Mrs. Anne Palsgrave
• John Palsgrave
• Anna Palsgrave
• Mary Palsgrave
• Sarah Palsgrave
• ROBERT PARKE probably of Bures, county Suffolk
• Mrs. Martha Parke
• Thomas Parke
• ...... Parke
• ...... Parke
• ...... Parke
• ROBERTPARKER Boston
• Capt. DANIEL PATRICK Watertown
• Mrs......... Patrick
• WILLIAM PELHAM Boston
• JAMES PEMBERTON Charlestown
• Mrs. Alice Pemberton
• JOHN PEMBERTON Boston
• Mrs. Elizabeth Pemberton
• JAMES PENN Boston
• Mrs. Katherine Penn
• WILLIAM PENN of Birmingham, Warwick Charlestown
• JAMES PENNIMAN of Widford, county Essex Boston
• Mrs. Lydia Penniman
• ISAAC PERRY Boston
• Anne Pettit Salem
• Rev. GEORGE PHILLIPS of Raynham, Norfolk Watertown
• Mrs...... Phillips
• Samuel Phillips
• Abigail Phillips
• Elizabeth Phillips
• JOHN PHILLIPS Dorchester
• Mrs. Joan Phillips
• JOHN PHILLIPS Plymouth
• JOHN PICKERING probably of Suffolk Cambridge
• Mrs. Esther Pickering
• George Pickering
• John Pickering
• Joan Pickering
• JOHN PICKWORTH
• JOHN PIERCE
• Mrs. Parnell Pierce
• Experience Pierce
• Mercy Pierce
• Samuel Pierce
• JOSIAH PLAISTOW of Ramsden Crays, Essex
• Mrs. ANNE POLLARD came from Saffron Walden, Essex, as a girl
• JOHN POND of Groton, Suffolk
• ROBERT POND of Groton, Suffolk
• Mrs. Mary Pond
• JOHN PORTER perhaps of Bromfield, Essex
• Mrs. Margaret Porter
• ...... Porter
• ...... Porter
• ...... Porter
• ...... Porter
• ABRAHAM PRATT of London, surgeon
• Mrs. Jane Pratt
• WILLIAM PYNCHON of Writtle, Essex
• Mrs. Agnes Pynchon.
• John Pynchon
• Anne Pynchon
• Mary Pynchon
• Margaret Pynchon
• EDWARD RAINSFORD of London, surgeon
• Mrs. Rainsford
• PHILIP RATCLIFFE probably of London
• THOMAS RAWLINS of London
• Mrs. Mary Rawlins
• Thomas Rawlins
• Nathaniel Rawlins
• John Rawlins
• Joan Rawlins
• Mary Rawlins
• THOMAS READE of Wickford, Essex
• Mrs. Priscilla Reade
• JOSEPH READING
• MILES READING
• .... REEDER
• JOHN REVELL
• ROBERT REYNOLDS probably of Boxford, Suffolk
• Mrs. Mary Reynolds
• Nathaniel Reynolds
• Ruth Reynolds
• Tabitha Reynolds
• Sarah Reynolds

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project 11
FRIEND WILLIAM CODDINGTON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

- EZEKIEL RICHARDSON of Westmill, county Herts Charlestown
- Mrs. Susanna Richardson
- ROBERT ROYCE perhaps of Exning, Suffolk Boston
- Mrs. Elizabeth Royce
- JOHN RUGGLES probably of Glemsford, Suffolk Boston
- Mrs. Frances Ruggles
- ...... Ruggles
- JEFFREY RUGGLES of Sudbury, Suffolk
- Mrs. Margaret Ruggles
- JOHN SALES of Lavenham, Suffolk Charlestown
- Mrs. ...... Sales
- Phoebe Sales
- Sir RICHARD SALTONSTALL of London Watertown
- Richard Saltonstall, Jr.
- Samuel Saltonstall
- Robert Saltonstall
- Rosamond Saltonstall
- Grace Saltonstall
- ROBERT SAMPSON
- JOHN SANFORD perhaps of High Ongar, Essex Boston
- Rev. GILES SAXTON of Yorkshire Charlestown
- ROBERT SCOTT Boston
- JOHN SEAMAN Watertown
- ROBERT SEELY Watertown
- ...... SARGEANT
- ROBERT SHARPE of Roxwell, Essex Boston
- THOMAS SHARPE of London, leather-seller Boston
- Mrs. ...... Sharpe
- ...... Sharpe
- Thomas Sharpe
- ...... SHUT
- ...... SIMPSON
- ...... SMEAD of Coggeshall, Essex
- Mrs. Judith Smead
- William Smead
- ...... SMITH of Buxhall, Suffolk
- Mrs. ...... Smith
- ...... Smith
- ...... Smith
- FRANCIS SMYTH perhaps of Dunmow, Essex Roxbury
- Mrs. ...... Smyth
- ISAAC STEARNS of Stoke Nayland, Suffolk Watertown
- Mrs. Mary Stearns
- John Stearns
- Abigail Stearns
- Elizabeth Stearns
- Hannah Stearns
- ELIAS STILEMAN of Saint Andrew Undershaft, London Salem
• Mrs. Judith Stileman
• Elias Stileman, Jr.
• ISRAEL STOUGHTON of Coggeshall, Essex Dorchester
• Mrs. Elizabeth Stoughton
• THOMAS STOUGHTON of Coggeshall, Essex Dorchester
• Mrs..... Stoughton
• WILLIAM SUMNER of Bicester, Oxford Dorchester
• Mrs. Mary Sumner
• William Sumner, Jr.
• PHILIP SWADDON Watertown
• Anna Swanson
• WILLIAM TALMADGE of Newton Stacey, Hants Boston
• Mrs.......
• GREGORY TAYLOR Watertown
• Mrs. Achsah Taylor
• JOHN TAYLOR of Haverhill, Suffolk Boston
• Mrs...... Taylor
• ...... Taylor
• WILLIAM TIMEWELL
• EDWARD TOMLINS of London Lynn
• NATHANIEL TURNER probably of London Saugus
• ROBERT TURNER probably of Southwark, Surrey Boston
• ARTHUR TYNDAL of Great Maplestead, Essex Boston
• Capt. JOHN UNDERHILL of Holland Boston
• Mrs. Helen Underhill
• WILLIAM VASSALL of Prittlewell, Essex Charlestown
• Mrs. Anne Vassall
• Judith Vassall
• Francis Vassall
• John Vassall
• Anne Vassall
• THOMAS WADE
• ROBERT WALKER of Manchester, Lancashire Boston
• Mrs. Sarah Walker
• ...... WALL
• Mrs...... Wall
• THOMAS WARD probably of Bedingham, Norfolk Dedham
• JOHN WARREN of Nayland, Suffolk Watertown
• Mrs. Margaret Warren
• WILLIAM WATERBURY of Sudbury, Suffolk Boston
• Mrs. Alice Waterbury
• JOHN WATERS of Nayland, Suffolk Charlestown
• Mrs. Frances Waters
• Mary Waters
• ...... Waters
• ...... Waters
• ...... WEAVER
• RICHARD WEBB of Nayland, Suffolk Cambridge
• Mrs. Elizabeth Webb
• JONAS WEED
• JOIST WEILLUST of Holland
• ROBERT WELDON
• Mrs. Elizabeth Weldon
• FRANCIS WESTON
• Mrs. Margaret Weston
• Lucy Weston
• SAMUEL WILBORE
• Mrs. Anne Wilbore
• Mrs. PRUDENCE WILKINSON
• Sarah Wilkinson
• John Wilkinson
• Elizabeth Wilkinson
• THOMAS WILLIAMS
• THOMAS WILLIAMS als HARRIS
• Robert Williams
• ...... WILSBY
• Rev. JOHN WILSON of Sudbury, Suffolk
• DAVID WILTON
• Elizabeth Wing
• JOHN WINTHROP of Croton, Suffolk
• Henry Winthrop
• Stephen Winthrop
• Samuel Winthrop
• WILLIAM WOODS
• JOHN WOOLRICH probably of London
• Mrs. Sarah Woolrich
• ...... WORMWOOD
• RICHARD WRIGHT of Stepney, Middlesex
• Mrs. Margaret Wright
• Elinor Wright
• ROBERT WRIGHT of London
HERE LANDED ROGER CLAP
AND THE DORCHESTER MEN
JUNE 1630

WE WENT UP CHARLES RIVER, UNTIL THE RIVER GREW NARROW AND SHALLOW, AND THERE WE LANDED OUR GOODS WITH MUCH LABOR AND TOIL. THE BANK BEING STEEP, AND NIGHT COMING ON, WE WERE INFORMED THAT THERE WERE HARD BY US THREE HUNDRED INDIANS. ONE ENGLISHMAN, THAT COULD SPEAK THE INDIAN LANGUAGE, (AN OLD PLANTER) WENT TO THEM AND ADVISED THEM NOT TO COME NEAR US IN THE NIGHT, AND THEY HARKENED TO HIS COUNSEL AND CAME NOT IN THE MORNING. SOME OF THE INDIANS CAME AND STOOD AT A DISTANCE, LOOKING AT US, BUT CAME NOT NEAR US, BUT WHEN THEY HAD BEEN A WHILE IN VIEW. SOME OF THEM CAME AND HELD OUT A GREAT BASS TOWARDS US; SO WE SENT A MAN WITH A BISCUIT, AND CHANGED THE CAKE FOR THE BASS. WE HAD NOT BEEN THERE MANY DAYS, (ALTHOUGH BY OUR DILIGENCE WE HAD GOTTEN UP A KIND OF SHELTER TO SAVE OUR GOODS IN,) BUT WE HAD ORDER TO COME AWAY FROM THAT PLACE WHICH WAS ABOUT WATERTOWN, UNTO A PLACE CALLED MATTAPAN, NOW DORCHESTER, BECAUSE THERE WAS A NECK OF LAND FIT TO KEEP OUR CATTLE ON.

FROM
ROGER CLAP’S NARRATIVE
April 1, Friday (Old Style): William Coddington sailed from Boston, England in the Lion, with his friends the Reverend John Wilson and Sir Richard Saltonstall, and with his wife Mary Moseley Coddington. Mary Moseley Coddington would die a few weeks after their arrival in the New World, and the widower would soon find a new wife, also named Mary. (When the new wife Mary Coddington had a child in 1632, she had gone back to England, and in May 1633 she would come again to Boston, in the Massachusetts Bay colony.)

March 2, Sunday (1633, Old Style): Mary Coddington, daughter of Assistant William Coddington and Mary Coddington, was baptized in Boston. The father would be treasurer of the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1634, 1635, and 1636.
Late Spring: When the Dyers set sail for the New World, Mary Dyer, having lost her first infant at birth, was pregnant again. They would arrive at the peninsula of the Tri-Mountain (Pemberton Hill, Beacon Hill, Mount Vernon) during the 5th month of her new pregnancy. In the Dyer home on Summer Street, the fireplace would be wide enough to accommodate 7-foot lengths, a great saving in the labor of chopping firewood. The couple would be sleeping in a room behind this fireplace while their indentured servants would be climbing a ladder to sleep in the loft under the peak of the roof.

The couple, who would soon apply to join the Reverend John Wilson’s congregation, had been well educated. William Dyer would occupy himself in Boston as he had in England, as a milliner, and would become a friend of the Reverend Roger Williams. Mary would become a friend of Mistress Anne Hutchinson and of Assistant William Coddington, who were Antinomians.

May 1, Sunday (Old Style): Benajah Coddington, daughter of Assistant William Coddington and Mary Coddington, was born or baptized in Boston.
Assistant William Coddington, who had been acting as treasurer of the Massachusetts Bay colony, as one of the Antinomian party, was turned out of office. He would, however, be chosen as a Representative for Boston.
An outpost was established at Pawtuxet in what would become Rhode Island, by William Harris and the Arnold family. Other nonconformists coming down into the bay region, such as William Hutchinson and Anne Hutchinson and William Coddington, were founding Pocasset (now Portsmouth) and signing the “Portsmouth Compact.”
William Coddington was chosen as governor.

According to John Farmer, the 1st (white) settlers of Rhode Island were:

- Roger Williams
- William Aspinwall
- Arther Fenner
- John Thockmorton
- Samuel Wildbore
- Henry Reddock
- William Arnold
- John Porter
- Thomas Sucklin
- William Harris
- John Sandford
- Christopher Smith
- Stuckey Westcot
- Edward Hutchinson
- Richard Pray
- Thomas Olney, Senior
- Thomas Savage
- Nicholas Power
- Thomas Olney, Junior
- William Dyre
- Stephen Northrup
- John Greene
- William Freeborn
- Edward Hart
- Richard Waterman
- Philip Sherman
- Benjamin Herendon
• Thomas James
• John Walker
• Edward Inman
• Robert Cole
• Richard Carder
• John Jones
• William Carpenter
• William Baulston
• James Matthewson
• Francis Weston
• Henry Bull
• Henry Neale
• Ezekiel Holleman
• William Coddington
• William Man
• Robert Williams
• John Clark
• _____ Jinckes
• John Smith
• Edward Cope
• Roger Mawry
• Hugh Bewitt
• Chad Brown
• Edward Manten
• William Wickenden
• Daniel Brown
• Shadrach Manton
• John Field
• Henry Brown
• George Shepherd
• Thomas Hopkins
• John Brown
• Edward Smith
• William Hawkins
• Samuel Bennett
• Benjamin Smith
• William Hutchinson
• Hugh Bewett (the mason)
• John Smith
• Edward Hutchinson, Jun
• Adam Goodwin
• John Smith, Sr.
• John Coggeshall
• Henry Fowler
• John Smith, Jr.
• John Smith (Jamaica)
• Epenetus Olney
• Lawrence Wilkinson
• Daniel Williams
• Christopher Onthawk
• Joshua Verin
• John Sayles
• Richard Scott (this Baptist would become a Friend, very likely the 1st in Rhode Island)
• Joan Tyler
• Joshua Winsor
• Valentine Whitman
• George Way
• William White
• Thomas Walling
• John Warren
• John Whipple
• Matthew Waller
• Robert Williams
• Joseph Williams
• William Wickenden
• Robert R. West
• Pardon Tillighast
June 1, Friday (Old Style): During the afternoon an earthquake centered in the St. Lawrence valley shook Boston and Concord. Governor John Winthrop would record the event in his journal (which would become THE HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND, 1630-1649 when originally published in 1790; Boston MA: Phelps & Farnham, 5 Court Street, 1825, Volume I, page 318), as follows:

Between three and four in the afternoon, being clear, warm weather, the wind westerly, there was a great earthquake. It came with a noise like a continued thunder, and the rattling of coaches in London, but was presently gone – It shook the ships that lay in the harbor and all the islands – The noise and the shaking continued for four minutes. The earth was unquiet twenty days after.

In Newbury men working in the fields dropped their tools and ran “with greatly terrified lookes, to the next company they could meet with”:

In a calm cove near the new settlement of Pocasset on Aquidneck Island in Narragansett Bay, William Coddington had been working on the mast of his pinnacle when all about him the water became choppier than what he had experienced in the English Channel, and he was pitched from the mast into the water. Aftershocks would be felt throughout New England for some time and it would take a report from Boston, that that town

1. For some strange reason this earthquake was not, at the time I checked the comprehensive scientific list, included as a historical Massachusetts earthquake. It is almost as if our scientists are unaware of such a record as John Josselyn, Gent.’s NEW-ENGLANDS RARITIES DISCOVERED: IN BIRDS, BEAFTS, FIFHES, SERPENTS, AND PLANTS OF THAT COUNTRY:

A terrible Earth quake throughout the Country.
also was experiencing the shaking, to persuade locals from the idea that because of some error in their conduct they had been singled out by God for this disaster.
William Hall, an inhabitant of Newport, Rhode Island, joined with several others to found the town of Portsmouth. William was spelling his name Haule.

A house was constructed for Friend Nicholas Easton, eventually facing Farewell Street, the first dwelling constructed in Newport, Rhode Island. This dwelling would burn in 1641 and be replaced, and upon the death of Nicholas Easton in 1676, it and the property on which it stood would be bequeathed to the Newport Friends. This piece of land eventually would be used in 1699 for the Great Meetinghouse of the Friends.

At Portsmouth, Samuell Gorton joined Mistress Anne Hutchinson in ousting William Coddington. Upon Coddington’s return to power Gorton would himself get turned out.

In this year the Gortons had their daughter whom they named Mahershalalhashbaz.²

The most wonderful name and one which was the least likely to have been selected from all the names appearing in the Bible was that of Mahershalalhashbaz, and there were, previous to 1680, two persons in the Colony bearing this name, one a daughter of Samuel Gorton of Warwick, whose peculiarities brought on him no end of troubles, while the other was a son of Mary Dyer, she who was hung for the crime of being a Quaker, on the grounds now comprising the beautiful Public Garden and Common in Boston.

April 28, Sunday (Old Style): After a brief dispute with the other whites occupying Portsmouth at the north end of Aquidneck Island (people such as Mistress Anne Hutchinson and Samuell Gorton), a group under William Coddington obtained permission from the Narragansett to resettle at the southern tip of that island, founding Newport, Rhode Island.³

² Cf. Isaiah 8:1-3, where the longest name in the Bible usually appears as “Maher-shalal-hash-baz.” In Hebrew this meant “To speed to the spoil, he hasteneth the prey.”
³ In Algonquian, “Aquidnet” means “a place of security or tranquility,” from “aquene” or “aquidne” meaning secure or peaceful, and “et” meaning place.
FRIEND WILLIAM CODDINGTON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM
A “Portsmouth Compact” was signed by, among others, John Clarke, William Coddington, William Dyer, Nicholas Easton (1593-1675),4 John Coggeshall, William Brenton, Henry Bull, Jeremy Clarke, and Thomas Hazard.

The arrival of the group made up of the Hutchinsons and about eighteen of their followers would bring the white population of Aquidneck Island to a total of 93 souls.

4. In this year Mr. Easton had been fined five shillings for coming to Puritan meeting without his weapons. He would become a Quaker, and a governor of Rhode Island.
Mistress Hutchinson would be living on the island for four years.

It would be there, in Portsmouth (then known as Pocasset) during the late summer of one year, that she would have what according to NOTABLE AMERICAN WOMEN amounted to a “menopausal pregnancy which, according to a modern interpretation of a doctor’s report, was aborted into a hydatidiform mole and expelled with great difficulty.” (She would then also be condemned, like Mary Dyer, as the creator of a monster.)

September 30, Thursday (Old Style): Mary Coddington was buried at Newport. (We suppose it is probable that she and her husband, Governor William Coddington, had had some more children after arriving in Rhode Island.)
January: It may have been in the January of this year, or it may have been in the January of 1649, but 47-year-old President William Coddington of Newport, Rhode Island returned again to England, taking with him a daughter and residing there for some years. While in England he would marry a third time, with 20-year-old Ann Coddington, with whom he would have William Coddington (2), born in England on January 18, 1651 or 1652.
May: When the Rhode Island General Assembly met at Providence, the first order of business needed to be the suspension the newly elected President, William Coddington, pending a complaint of assault and battery that had been made against him, after a confrontation with William Dyer (the two men would eventually sign a reconciliation document, but that closure would not come until March 14, 1656). As Coddington did not appear before the Court of Trials (was he already departed for England?), he was replaced as President by Jeremy Clarke, the assistant from Newport.

September: William Coddington and Captain Partridge presented an application to the Commissioners of the United Colonies:

Our request and motion is in the behalf of our Island; that we the Islanders of Rhode Island may be received into combination with all the United Colonies of New England in a firm and perpetual league of friendship and amity; of offence and defence, mutual advice and succor, upon all just occasions, for our mutual safety and welfare, and for preserving of peace amongst ourselves; and preventing, as much as may be, all occasions of war and difference; and to this our motion we have the consent of the major part of our Island.
The Commissioners responded that the request should be favored only if Rhode Island would agree to fall under the jurisdiction of the Plymouth colony. Coddington, who was a bigwig of Royalist bent, submitted to this condition and, with Captain Partridge, according to an account by his opponent Roger Williams, returned “with propositions for Rhode Island to subject to Plymouth; to which himself and Portsmouth incline; our other three towns decline.” Apparently this Royalist was making a bid to become Royal Governor over the colony. Dr. Turner would comment wryly, in his biography of the man, that “Almost any man would be in favor of monarchy, if be could be king.” Coddington would sail for England in January 1649, leaving Captain Partridge in control of Newport, without discussing his scheme with anyone locally.
April 3, Thursday (Old Style): A new charter for the Massachusetts Bay colony was signed by Lord President Bradshaw.

A year earlier, William Coddington had falsely informed the Council of State that it was he who had discovered the islands of “Aquedneck” and “Conanicut” in the Narragansett Bay, that it was he who had purchased them from the leaders of the local red indigenes, and that ever since he had been in quiet enjoyment of them. Saying that he was desirous of being governed by English laws under the protection of the Commonwealth, he petitioned that the Council of State issue him a personal Parliamentary grant of ownership. Accepting these false allegations at face value, on this day Lord President Bradshaw commissioned Coddington as parliamentary Governor of the two islands, empowering him to raise forces for defence and to appoint annually not more than six counsellors, who were to be nominated by the freeholders of Newport and Portsmouth. (This was the action which would eventuate, during August 1654, in Gregory Dexter’s letter to Lord Vane in which he would point out that “We were in complete order, until Mr. Coddington, wanting that public, self-denying spirit which you commend to us in your letter, procured by most untrue information, a monopoly of part of the colony, viz., Rhode Island to himself, and so occasioned our general disturbance and distractions.”)

Mr. Coddington, who went to England last year, returned this summer, with a commission appointing him Governor of the Islands of Rhode-Island and Conanicutt during his lifetime, which put an end to the then existing Colony government under the Charter. Providence and Warwick continued united, and appointed Mr. Williams to visit England, to procure a new charter for their government. About this same time, a large number of the inhabitants of Portsmouth and Newport, who were disaffected towards Gov. Coddington, appointed Dr. John Clark to go to England, procure a revocation of his commission; and these agents sailed in company.
July: **William Coddington** sailed again for New England, having in hand the new charter dated April 3, 1651 anointing him as the parliamentary Governor over the islands of “Aquedneck” and “Conanicut” that bore the signature of Lord President Bradshaw. (Upon his arrival in November, he would not be greeted with the sort of enthusiasm with which **Roger Williams** was greeted, but instead, his lying presumption and overweening ambition would eventuate, during August 1654, in Gregory Dexter’s letter to Lord Vane in which he would point out that “We were in complete order, until Mr. Coddington, wanting that public, self-denying spirit which you commend to us in your letter, procured by most untrue information, a monopoly of part of the colony, viz., **Rhode Island** to himself, and so occasioned our general disturbance and distractions.”

November: **William Coddington** arrived in New England, and with him the **Rhode Island** charter dated April 3, 1651 that had been signed by Lord President Bradshaw.

November: The commissioners of the town of **Warwick** met in **Providence** with the commissioners of that town, and they resolved that the towns on **Aquidneck Island** and **Conanicut Island** (Portsmouth, Newport, and **Jamestown**) had, due to the parliamentary charter granted to **William Coddington**, deserted from the chartered government formerly established.

Elder **John Clarke** sailed to represent the interests of the **Rhode Island** colony before the court in England by protesting that new parliamentary charter.
April: When some letters that were being hand-carried to William Coddington in Rhode Island by Dutch messengers fell instead into the hands of his political enemies, they were found to contain evidence, if not of a solicitation of military assistance from the Dutch of New Netherland in the control of the English colonists, at least to an offer by that government of such assistance. The Rhode Island Assembly immediately imagined the category “Treason.”

October 2, Saturday (Old Style): Roger Williams was able to obtain, through the influence of the younger Sir Henry Vane “the sheet-anchor of our ship,” and through warnings that in its present disordered condition the Rhode Island colony might well fall into the clutches of the Dutch of New Netherland, a revocation of the commission that had been granted to William Coddington. This new document merely empowered the magistrates and people of the colony, pending further instructions, to administer their government per previous instructions.

William Dyer returned alone from Old England to New England, bringing with him the great news that the commission that had been granted to William Coddington had been withdrawn, and the great news that the colonies of Rhode Island might govern themselves for the time being as before the issuance of that fraudulently obtained commission.

May 23, Monday (Old Style): William Coddington and his third wife, Ann Coddington, had Nathaniel Coddington.

May 16, Tuesday (Old Style): William Coddington and his 3d wife, Ann Coddington, had Mary Coddington.
August: At this point Sir Henry Vane wrote to the Rhode Island colonists asking straightforwardly “Are there no wise men among you, no public self-denying spirits that at least upon grounds of common safety, equity and prudence can find out some way or means of union, before you become a prey to common enemies?” Gregory Dexter then replied to Lord Vane, to point out that it had been the presumptuousness of William Coddington, empowered as he had been by the parliamentary charter that he had under false pretenses persuaded Lord President Bradshaw to sign, that had been the root cause of all the colonial unrest: “We were in complete order, until Mr. Coddington, wanting that public, self-denying spirit which you commend to us in your letter, procured by most untrue information, a monopoly of part of the colony, viz., Rhode Island to himself, and so occasioned our general disturbance and distractions.”

November 5, Monday (Old Style): William Coddington and his 3d wife, Ann Coddington, had Thomas Coddington.
March 14, Friday (1655, Old Style): Back in 1648 some sort of confrontation had occurred in Rhode Island between William Coddington and William Dyer, which had resulted in Dyer filing charges of assault and battery. On this day the two men signed a reconciliation document.

November 24, Monday (Old Style): William Coddington and Ann Coddington (his 3d wife) had John Coddington.

December 12, Sunday (Old Style): William Coddington and his third wife, Ann Coddington, had Noah Coddington.

June 6, Wednesday (Old Style): William Coddington and his third wife, Ann Coddington, had Ann Coddington, who soon died.

Friend George Fox rode through the colonies of the Eastern seaboard of the North American continent, especially in and around Southern Maryland, sleeping out as he had done in his youth in his leathern suit in northern England (he reports, unsurprisingly, that sleeping on frozen ground makes one “very cold”), primarily to counter the influence on American Quakers that was being exercised by John Perrot of Boston, which he among others regarded as excessive; however, he displayed a special interest in obtaining conversations with Native Americans, since he presumed that these people whom he believed to be totally unfamiliar with the Gospel might be able to instruct him as to the extent to which what he knew as the “saving light of Christ” is quite universal, that is, enlightens everyone and is not necessarily mediated by the Holy Scripture of a particular culture, may be assisted by but does not require close familiarity with Gospel manifestations of the saving light, is not contingent upon any very particularly cultural heritage.

Friend George attended several established meetings, including one called “Patuxent.” He was present at the
General Meeting of Friends on West River, which would become the Baltimore Yearly Meeting. He would write of staying at the home of James Preston, son of the Richard Preston who had died in 1669. On one occasion, returning from a trip on horseback with James Preston, the home was found to have been burned and his chest destroyed, “due to a careless wench.”

Catholic conquistadores of the 16th Century, wherever anything in the faith of the Aztecs or the Incas reminded them of some portion of their own rites and rituals, detected only the mocking spirit of the Devil; this Quaker missionary of the 17th Century, on the other hand, was prepared to experience in any similarity a universality of the human spiritual experience of the Divine. After all, if the light came only from Holy Scripture, then how did Father Abraham in the Bible get the light? The scripture that tells us about his life could not have existed during his lifetime! Abraham’s seed was blessed not because Abraham adhered to scripture but, according to Genesis 22:16, because he “obeyed my voice.” Fox had never been able to have such conversations with people in England, could not even have them with European intrusives in America, because any noticed similarities might perfectly well be explained as due to commonalities of cultural background rather than commonalities of human nature. In his journal Fox records about a dozen such encounters, some of them one-on-one conversations, others at large gatherings. While he did use these encounters as an opportunity to witness to his gospel message, Fox also made careful essays at comparing native reports of spiritual experiences with his own. It was Fox’s belief, or his trust, according to the assertion in Joel 2:28 that the Holy Spirit is poured out upon all flesh, that even when the scriptures were not known or the gospel preached, the hold of the Holy Spirit could be detected upon the human soul. The question he kept asking his Native American informants was a simple one:

*Did they know something within them which reproved them when they did wrong?*

All Fox’s encounters were friendly and affirmative, but on several occasions they went beyond this and created an ongoing relationship between local Quaker groups and Native Americans. One such occasion was when Fox twice addressed a group of leaders in Maryland:

*... and they heard the word of the lord and did confess to it. And what I said to the kings and emperor ... I desired them to speak to their people, that God is setting up his tabernacle of witness in their wilderness countries and setting up his glorious ensign and standard of righteousness. And they asked when we had meetings and they said they would come to them and were very loving.*

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The other such occasion was when Fox addressed about a hundred natives and blacks for about two hours, on Shelter Island off Long Island:

...they said all was truth and did make a confession of it after the meeting. So I have set up a meeting among them once a fortnight, and Friend Joseph Silvester is to read the Scriptures to them, negroes and Indians.... A great desire there is and a great love and satisfaction were among the people, blessed be the Lord. His name spreads and will be great among the nations and dreadful among the heathen [Malachi 1:14].

During this year Friend George Fox also attended the Yearly Meeting of Friends in New-England at the home of Governor William Coddington, who had become a Quaker. While on this visit, George Fox held a meeting in Providence, Rhode Island “in a great barn, which was thronged with people.” This was just after the yearly meeting, and in all probability was the immediate cause of the challenge that would be sent by the Reverend Roger Williams to him and Friends with him, to debate fourteen propositions which he had drawn up in relation to Friends’ doctrines.

August 12, Monday (Old Style): William Coddington had become a Quaker. He was distressed by the persecution of the Quakers at Boston, and wrote a letter of admonition to his old friend Governor Bellingham and some of the council, which Bellingham burned without communication to the others.

October 20, Sunday (Old Style): Friend William Coddington of Rhode Island, distressed by the persecution of the Quakers at Boston, had written a letter of admonition to his old friend the Governor and some of the council, and had learned that Bellingham had burned this letter without informing the others. He therefore on this day wrote a 2d such letter of admonition, sending this new one as a hand-carry by Leverett.
After having for many years been withdrawn from public affairs, and after having become a Quaker, in his old age, Friend William Coddington became the governor of Rhode Island. He wrote the tract “Demonstration of True Love.”
The Rhode Island Assembly agreed to the appointment of a major of militia “to be chief captain of all the colony forces.” The commission for this officer, signed by the governor, Friend William Coddington, required this officer “to kill, expulse, expel, take and destroy all and every the enemies of this His Majesty’s colony.”

When the fighting in “King Philip’s War” went badly against the intrusives, there was an argument amongst the Puritans. They began “to enquire of the Lord, what the reason is that he is departed from them, and goes not forth with their armies.” Some divines held that God was displeased with His people for “suffering the Quakers’ meetings among them.” Others worried that, instead, it was their “killing and persecuting of the Quakers, that is the cause of their distress.” The argument was won by those who believed that God was displeased at the tolerance that His people had lately been beginning to show toward the heretics, and was punishing His own for this display of tolerance. Thus it was that the Cart and Whip Act was reinstated:

Friends Thomas and Alice Curwen were traveling through New England as Quaker missionaries when they learned that the Bay Colony had just enacted a law whereby anyone found at a Quaker meeting for worship was to be jailed. They therefore went directly to the Bay Colony to attend a meeting for worship and be jailed for it, only to discover that said law had not yet been duly proclaimed and was therefore not yet being enforced.
They journeyed for awhile in New Hampshire and Maine to kill some time, and then returned again to Massachusetts, attended a Quaker meeting for worship, and were jailed for it. —Two tough dudes!

**Cambridge History of English and American Literature**

**An Account of Two Voyages to New-England**

...Narragansets-Bay, within which Bay is Rhode-Island a Harbour for the Shunamitish Brethren, as the Saints-Errant, the Quakers who are rather to be esteemed Vagabonds than religious persons, &c.

...Quakers they whip, banish, and hang if they return again. Anabaptists they imprison, fine and weary out.

...There are none that beg in the Countrey, but there be Witches too many, bottle-bellied Witches amongst the Quakers, and others that produce many strange apparations if you will believe report, of a Shallop at Sea man’d with women....

**By John Josselyn Gent.**
June 11, Friday (Old Style): The women and children of the promontory known as Mount Hope in the bay of Rhode Island were taken across the bay for sanctuary in the Narragansett country. Braves started appearing more frequently in the neighborhood of the smaller outlying hamlets. There was a report that the Wampanoag near Swansea (Swanzy) were under arms.

The English, who were of course under arms, were of course greatly alarmed that any other than themselves would be under arms. Even Quaker adherents of the Peace Testimony were preparing for the coming race war:

In 1675, King Philip's War erupted, between native Americans and the English of the United Colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth. A 14-month war of exceptional loss of life, much of it fought on Rhode Island soil....

It is conventional wisdom that the Quaker government participated in the war only with great reluctance and minimal measures. But contradictory evidence modifies this view. While it is clear that large-scale troop mobilisations did not occur... the Quaker government directed military activities of both an offensive and defensive nature....

At the beginning of the war, in June 1675, the Quaker governor was John Easton, supported by five Quaker assistants and at least four Quaker deputies. All of the men were early and substantial leaders within the Rhode Island meeting. The Newport Monthly Meetings, for example were held at Governor William Coddington’s house, where indeed George Fox attended Yearly Meeting in 1672.

The legislative records, noting the “dangerous hurries with the Indians,” show that the government engaged in mobilising councils of war in the towns, ordering ammunition, mounting “great guns” and transporting Plymouth soldiers. Quakers were specifically commissioned to oversee watches in Rhode Island, to evaluate whether to fund a garrison in Providence, to procure

7. RECORDS OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND...Volume 2, page 531
8. Friend Walter Clarke’s letter to the magistrates at Providence, 19th day of 9th month, 1675
and manage the deployment of four boats, each with five or six men, and to patrol the waters of Narragansett Bay.9 The Assembly appointed a major to command the military forces of the colony, thereby centralizing the war power. Governor Coddington signed the major’s commission “to use your utmost endeavor to kill, expulse, expell, take and destroy all and every the enemies of this his Majesty’s Collony.”10 [Meredith Baldwin Weddle, “Early Quaker Peace Testimony,” in Mullett’s New Light on George Fox, pages 92-93]

June 23, Wednesday (Old Style): A white boy shot and killed a red native who was looting one of the abandoned Swansea homes. The trap, if it was a trap, was sprung. The next day after that offing, the escalation would be on its merry way, with one white being offed at Swansea, two being offed at Miles’ Garrison, two being offed at Rehoboth, and six being offed at Mattapoiset.11

At some point in this timeframe, Friend John Easton would relate, a letter had been received in Rhode Island from the governor of the Plymouth colony, John Winslow, requesting “our help with sum boats if thay had such ocation and for us to looke to our selves.” Captain James Cudworth communicated that the Governor’s intention in making this request was to “Cum upon the indians” by land, down the neck of the Mount Hope peninsula, and that the Rhode Island boats were “to atend,” blockading the Mount Hope peninsula so that the Wampanoag would not be able to escape the Plymouth troops simply by taking to their canoes. On this day Governor William Coddington of Rhode Island, a Quaker, agreed to do this: “I intend (God willing) to get our boats and watch the shore to oppose the common enemy, all of us being Englishmen and subjects of our King and proposing to serve one and the same end.” One may infer from this pledge that the Quaker Peace Testimony was not seen as applying to interracial conflicts — that blood was thicker than principle.

9. RECORDS OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND...Volume 2, pages 531-537, passim
10. RECORDS OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND...Volume 2, page 538
11. The “score” at this point: 8 out of 10 Commandments still operational.
July 8, Thursday (Old Style): Captain Goulding of Portsmouth was in his sloop on the bay when he saw that Benjamin Church of Plymouth and 19 other Englishmen had taken refuge behind a rock in a “pease field” at Pocasset, and were being besieged by about 300 natives. He used the canoe of his sloop to pluck the white men out of their great peril two at a time.

A treaty was accomplished between Massachusetts and Connecticut on the one hand, and Narragansett headmen on the other, in Rhode Island territory on the west coast of the Narragansett Bay. The Narragansett agreed to look on the Wampanoag as their enemies and turn them in alive, or deliver their heads to the English. Four of the Wampanoag were taken to Boston as hostages. In these negotiations, the rights and prerogatives of the Rhode Island whites, and the charter of Rhode Island, were entirely disregarded and ignored. It was as if Rhode Island did not exist. When Thomas Gould ventured to verbalize a suspicion that was being entertained by the governor of Rhode Island, Friend William Coddington, that what the Massachusetts troops intended to do was seize Rhode Island territory and make it part of Massachusetts, he was taken under arrest, and would wind up in Connecticut in prison.

The Bay colony observed another Fast Day or Day of Humiliation as attacks were being staged by the Wampanoag on Middleborough, and upon Dartmouth, on this day and on the following one.

“KING PHILLIP’S WAR”

November 1, Friday (Old Style): William Coddington died in office, aged 77 years.

In Rhode Island, a William Coddington was again in charge — but this was the namesake son born on January 18, 1651 (or 1652), as the father had died in office on November 1, 1678, aged 77 years.

May 9, Friday (Old Style): Ann Coddington, widow of Governor William Coddington, died at the age of 80.

THE ANCIENT BANNER;

OR

Brief Sketches

OF PERSONS AND SCENES IN THE EARLY HISTORY
OF FRIENDS.

“THOU HAST GIVEN A BANNER TO THEM THAT FEARED THEE,
THAT IT MAY BE DISPLAYED BECAUSE OF THE TRUTH.”
Psalm 60,—4.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE ANCIENT BANNER.

In boundless mercy, the Redeemer left,
The bosom of his Father, and assumed
A servant’s form, though he had reigned a king,
In realms of glory, ere the worlds were made,
Or the creating words, “Let there be light”
In heaven were uttered. But though veiled in flesh,
His Deity and his Omnipotence,
Were manifest in miracles. Disease
Fled at his bidding, and the buried dead
Rose from the sepulchre, reanimate,
At his command, or, on the passing bier
Sat upright, when he touched it. But he came,
Not for this only, but to introduce
A glorious dispensation, in the place
Of types and shadows of the Jewish code.
Upon the mount, and round Jerusalem,
He taught a purer, and a holier law,—

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
His everlasting Gospel, which is yet
To fill the earth with gladness, for all climes
Shall feel its influence, and shall own its power.
He came to suffer, as a sacrifice
Acceptable to God. The sins of all
Were laid upon Him, when in agony
He bowed upon the cross. The temple’s veil
Was rent asunder, and the mighty rocks,
Trembled, as the incarnate Deity,
By his atoning blood, opened that door,
Through which the soul, can have communion with
Its great Creator; and when purified,
From all defilements, find acceptance too,
Where it can finally partake of all
The joys of His salvation.
But the pure Church he planted,—the pure Church
Which his apostles watered,—and for which,
The blood of countless martyrs freely flowed,
In Roman Amphitheatres,—on racks,—
And in the dungeon’s gloom,—this blessed Church,
Which grew in suffering, when it overspread
Surrounding nations, lost its purity.
Its truth was hidden, and its light obscured
By gross corruption, and idolatry.
As things of worship, it had images,
And even painted canvass was adored.
It had a head and bishop, but this head
Was not the Saviour, but the Pope of Rome.
Religion was a traffic. Men defiled,
Professed to pardon sin, and even sell,
The joys of heaven for money,—and to raise
Souls out of darkness to eternal light,
For paltry silver lavished upon them.
And thus thick darkness, overspread the Church
As with a mantle.
At length the midnight of apostacy
Passed by, and in the horizon appeared,
Day dawning upon Christendom. The light,
Grew stronger, as the Reformation spread.
For Luther, and Melancthon, could not be
Silenced by papal bulls, nor by decrees
Of excommunication thundered forth
Out of the Vatican. And yet the light,
Of Luther’s reformation, never reached
Beyond the morning’s dawn. The noontide blaze
Of Truth’s unclouded day, he never saw.
Yet after him, its rising sun displayed
More and more light upon the horizon.
Though thus enlightened, the professing Church,
Was far from many of the precious truths
Of the Redeemer’s gospel; and as yet,
Owned not his Spirit’s government therein.
But now the time approached, when he would pour
A larger measure of his light below;
And as he chose unlearned fishermen
To spread his gospel when first introduced,
So now he passed mere human learning by,
And chose an instrument, comparable
To the small stone the youthful David used,
To smite the champion who defied the Lord.
Apart from human dwellings, in a green
Rich pasturage of England, sat a youth,
Who seemed a shepherd, for around him there
A flock was feeding, and the sportive lambs
Gambolled amid the herbage. But his face
Bore evidence of sadness. On his knee
The sacred book lay open, upon which
The youth looked long and earnestly, and then,
Closing the book, gazed upward, in deep thought
This was the instrument by whom the Lord
Designed to spread a clearer light below
And fuller reformation. He appeared,
Like ancient Samuel, to be set apart
For the Lord’s service from his very birth.
Even in early childhood, he refrained
From youthful follies, and his mind was turned
To things of highest moment. He was filled
With awful feelings, by the wickedness
He saw around him. As he grew in years,
Horror of sin grew stronger; and his mind
Became so clothed with sadness, and so full
Of soul-felt longings, for the healing streams
Of heavenly consolation, that he left
His earthly kindred, seeking quietude
In solitary places, where he read
The book of inspiration, and in prayer,
Sought heavenly counsel.

In this deep-proving season he was told,
Of priests, whose reputation had spread wide
For sanctity and wisdom; and from these
He sought for consolation,—but in vain.
One of these ministers became enraged,
Because the youth had inadvertently
Misstepped within his garden; and a priest
Of greater reputation, counselled him
To use tobacco, and sing holy psalms!
And the inquirer found a third to be
But as an empty, hollow cask at best.

Finding no help in man, the youthful Fox,
Turned to a higher and a holier source,
For light and knowledge. In his Saviour’s school,
He sat a scholar, and was clearly shown
The deep corruption, that had overspread
Professing Christendom. And one by one,
The doctrines of the Gospel, were unveiled,
To the attentive student,—doctrines, which,
Though clearly written on the sacred page,
Had long been hidden, by the rubbish man’s
Perversions and inventions heaped thereon.
He saw that colleges, could not confer,
A saving knowledge of the way of Truth,
Nor qualify a minister to preach
The everlasting Gospel; but that Christ,
Is the true Teacher, and that he alone
Has power to call, anoint, and qualify,
And send a Gospel minister to preach
Glad tidings of salvation. He was shown,
No outward building, made of wood and stone
Could be a holy place,—and that the Church—
The only true and living Church—must be
A holy people gathered to the Lord,
And to his teaching. He was clearly taught,
The nature of baptism, by which souls
Are purified and fitted for this Church;
That this was not, by being dipped into,
Or sprinkled with clear water, but it was
The one baptism of the Holy Ghost.
He saw the Supper was no outward food,
Made and administered by human hands,—
But the Lord’s Table was within the heart;
Where in communion with him, holy bread
Was blessed and broken, and the heavenly wine,
Which cheers the fainting spirit, handed forth.
The Saviour showed him that all outward wars,
Are now forbidden,—that the warfare here,
Is to be waged within. Its weapons too,
Though mighty, even to the pulling down,
Of the strong holds of Satan, are yet all
The Spirit’s weapons. He was shown, that oaths
Judicial or profane, are banished from
The Christian dispensation, which commands,
“Swear not at all.” He saw the compliments,—
Hat honour, and lip service of the world,
Sprang from pride’s evil root, and were opposed
To the pure spirit of Christ’s holy law.
And by His inward Light, was clearly seen
The perfect purity of heart and life
For which that Saviour calls, who never asked,
Things unattainable.

These truths and others, being thus revealed,
Fox was prepared and qualified to preach,
The unveiled Gospel, to the sons of men.
Clothed with divine authority, he went
Abroad through Britain, and proclaimed that Light,
Which Christ’s illuminating Spirit sheds,
In the dark heart of man. Some heard of this,
Who seemed prepared and waiting, to receive
His Gospel message, and were turned to Him,
Whose Holy Spirit sealed it on their hearts.
And not a few of these, were called upon,
To take the message, and themselves declare
The way of Truth to others. But the Priests,
Carnal professors, and some magistrates,
Heard of the inward light, and purity,
With indignation, and they seized upon,
And thrust the Preacher within prison walls.
Not once alone, but often was he found,
Amid the very dregs of wickedness—
With robbers, and with blood-stained criminals,
Locked up in loathsome jails. And when abroad
Upon his Master’s service, he was still
Reviled and buffeted, and spit upon.
But none of these things moved him, for within
He felt that soul-sustaining evidence,
Which bore his spirit high above the waves,
Of bitter persecution.

But now the time approached, for his release
From suffering and from labour. He had spent,
Long years in travel for the cause of Truth,—
Not all in Britain,—for he preached its light,
And power in Holland,—the West Indian isles,
And North America. Far through the wild,
And trackless wilderness, this faithful man,
Carried his Master’s message; he lived,
To see Truth’s banner fearlessly displayed
Upon both continents. He lived to see,
Pure hearted men and women gathered to
The inward teaching of the Saviour’s will,—
Banded together in the covenant,
Of light and life. But his allotted work,
Was now accomplished, and his soul prepared,
For an inheritance with saints in light.
And with his loins all girded, he put off
His earthly shackles, triumphing in death,
That the Seed reigned, and Truth was over all!

Where the dark waters of the Delaware,
Roll onward to the ocean, sweeping by,
Primeval forests, where the red man still,
Built his rude wigwam, and the timid deer
Fled for concealment from the Indian's eye,
And the unerring arrow of his bow;
There, in the shadow of these ancient woods,
A sea-worn ship has anchored. On her deck,
Men of grave mien are gathered. One of whom,
Of noble figure, and quick searching eyes,
Surveys the scene, wrapt in the deepest thought.
And this is William Penn. He stands among,
Fellow believers, who have sought a home,
And place of refuge, in this wilderness.

Born of an ancient family, his sire
An English Admiral, the youthful Penn,
Might, with his talents, have soon ranked among
The proudest subjects of the British throne.
He chose the better part—to serve that King
Who is immortal and invisible.
While yet a student within college halls,
He heard Truth's message, and his heart was reached,
And fully owned it, though it came through one
Of that despised and persecuted class,
Called in derision Quakers. Thus convinced,
He left the college worship, to commune
In spirit with his Maker. And for this,
He was expelled from Oxford; and was soon
Maltreated by his father, who, enraged,
Because his only son, had turned away
From brilliant prospects, to pursue the path
Of self-denial, drove him harshly forth
From the paternal roof. But William Penn,
Had still a Father, who supported him,
With strength and courage to perform his will;
And he was called and qualified to preach,
And to bear witness of that blessed Light
Which shines within. He suffered in the cause,
His share of trial. He was dragged before
Judges and juries, and was shut within
The walls of prisons.

Looking abroad through England, he was filled
With deep commiseration, for the jails—
The loathsome, filthy jails—were crowded with
His brethren in the Truth. For their relief,
He sought the ear of royalty, and plead
Their cruel sufferings; and their innocence;
And thus became the instrument through which
Some prison doors were opened. But he sought
A place of refuge from oppression's power,
That Friends might worship the Creator there,
Free from imprisonment and penalties.
And such a place soon opened to his view,
Far in the Western Wilderness, beyond
The Atlantic's wave.

And here is William Penn, and here a band
Of weary emigrants, who now behold
The promised land before them; but it is
The Indian's country, and the Indian's home.
Penn had indeed, received a royal grant,
To occupy it; but a grant from one
Who had no rightful ownership therein;  
He therefore buys it honestly from those  
Whose claims are aboriginal, and just.  
With these inhabitants, behold, he stands  
Beneath an ancient elm, whose spreading limbs  
O’erhang the Delaware. The forest chiefs  
Sit in grave silence, while the pipe of peace  
Goes round the circle. They have made a league  
With faithful Onas—a perpetual league,  
And treaty of true friendship, to endure  
While the sun shines, and while the waters run.  
And here was founded in the wilderness,  
A refuge from oppression, where all creeds  
Found toleration, and where truth and right  
Were the foundation of its government,  
And its protection. In that early day,  
The infant colony sought no defence  
But that of justice and of righteousness;  
The only guarantees of peace on earth,  
Because they ever breathe, good will to men.  
His colony thus planted, William Penn  
Sought his old field of labour, and again,  
Both through the press and vocally, he plead  
The right of conscience, and the rights of man;  
And frequently, and forcibly he preached  
Christ’s universal and inshining Light.  
His labour was incessant; and the cares,  
And the perplexities connected with  
His distant province, which he visited  
A second time, bore heavily upon  
His burdened spirit, which demanded rest;—  
That rest was granted. In the midst of all  
His labour and his trials, there was drawn  
A veil, in mercy, round his active mind,  
Which dimmed all outward things; but he still saw  
The beauty and the loveliness of Truth,  
And found sweet access to the Source of good.  
And thus, shut out from the perplexities  
And sorrows of the world, he was prepared  
To hear the final summons, to put off  
His tattered garments, and be clothed upon  
With heavenly raiment.  
Scotland, thou hadst a noble citizen,  
In him of Ury! Born amid thy hills,  
Though educated where enticing scenes,  
Crowd giddy Paris, he rejected all  
The world’s allurements, and unlike the youth  
Who talked with Jesus, Barclay turned away  
From great possessions, and embraced the Truth.  
He early dedicated all the powers  
Of a well cultivated intellect  
To the Redeemer and His holy cause.  
He was a herald, to proclaim aloud,  
Glad tidings of salvation; and his life  
Preached a loud sermon by its purity.  
Not only were his lips made eloquent,  
By the live coal that touched them, but his pen,  
Moved by a force from the same altar, poured  
Light, truth, and wisdom. From it issued forth  
The great Apology, which yet remains  
One of the best expositors of Truth  
That man has published, since that sacred book  
Anciently written. Seekers are still led  
By its direction, to that blessed Light,
And inward Teacher, who is Jesus Christ.
But now, this noble servant of the Lord,
Rests from his faithful labour, while his works
Yet follow him.

Early believers in the light of Truth,
Dwelt not at ease in Zion. They endured
Conflicts and trials, and imprisonments.
Even the humble Penington, whose mind
Seemed purged and purified from all the dross
Of human nature—who appeared as meek
And harmless as an infant—was compelled
To dwell in loathsome prisons. But he had,
Though in the midst of wickedness, sublime
And holy visions of the purity,
And the true nature of Christ’s living Church.
While Edmundson, the faithful pioneer
Of Truth in Ireland, was compelled to drink
Deeply of suffering for the blessed cause.
Dragged from his home, half naked, by a mob
Who laid that home in ashes, he endured
Heart-rending cruelties. But all of these,
Stars of the morning, felt oppression’s hand,
And some endured it to the closing scene.
Burroughs, a noble servant of the Lord,
Whose lips and pen were eloquent for Truth,
Drew his last breath in prison. Parnel, too,
A young and valiant soldier of the Lamb,
Died, a true martyr in a dungeon’s gloom.
Howgill and Hubberthorn, both ministers
Of Christ’s ordaining, were released from all
Their earthly trials within prison walls.
And beside these, there was a multitude
Of faithful men, and noble women too,
Who past from scenes of conflict, to the joys
Of the Redeemer’s kingdom, within jails,
And some in dungeons. But amid it all,
Light spread in Britain, and a living Church
Was greatly multiplied. The tender minds,
Even of children, felt the power of Truth,
And showed the fruit and firmness it affords.
When persecution, rioted within
The town of Bristol, and all older Friends
Were locked in prison, little children met,
Within their place of worship, by themselves,
To offer praises, in the very place
From which their parents had been dragged to jail.

But let us turn from Britain, and look down,
Upon an inland sea whose swelling waves
Encircle Malta. There a cloudless sun,
In Eastern beauty, pours its light upon
The Inquisition. All without its walls
Seems calm and peaceful, let us look within.
There, stretched upon the floor, within a close,
Dark, narrow cell, inhaling from a crack
A breath of purer air, two women lie.
But who are these, and wherefore are they here?
These are two ministers of Christ, who left
Their homes in England, faithfully to bear,
The Saviour’s message into eastern lands.
And here at Malta they were seized upon
By bigotted intolerance, and shut
Within this fearful engine of the Pope.
Priests and Inquisitor assail them here,
And urge the claims of popery. The rack,
And cruel deaths are threatened; and again
Sweet liberty is offered, as the price
Of their apostacy. All, all in vain!
For years these tender women have been thus,
Victims of cruelty. At times apart,
Confined in gloomy, solitary cells.
But all these efforts to convert them failed:
The Inquisition had not power enough
To shake their faith and confidence in Him,
Whose holy presence was seen anciently
To save his children from devouring flames;
He, from this furnace of affliction, brought
These persecuted women, who came forth
Out of the burning, with no smell of fire
Upon their garments, and again they trod,
Their native land rejoicing.

In Hungary, two ministers of Christ,
Were stretched upon the rack. Their tortured limbs
Were almost torn asunder, but no force
Could tear them from their Master, and they came
Out of the furnace, well refined gold.
Nor were these all who suffered for the cause
Of truth and righteousness, in foreign lands.
For at Mequinez and Algiers, some toiled,
And died in slavery. But nothing could
Discourage faithful messengers of Christ
From his required service. They were found
Preaching repentance where the Israelites
Once toiled in Egypt, and the ancient Nile
Still rolls its waters. And the holy light
Of the eternal Gospel was proclaimed,
Where its great Author had first published it—
Where the rich temple of King Solomon,
Stood in its ancient glory. Even there,
The haughty Musselmen, were told of Him,
The one great Prophet, who now speaks within.

For their refusing to participate
In carnal warfare, many early Friends,
Were made to suffer. On a ship of war
Equipped for battle, Richard Sellers bore,
With a meek, Christian spirit, cruelties
The most atrocious, for obeying Him
Who was his heavenly Captain, and by whom,
War is forbidden. Sellers would not touch,
The instruments of carnage, nor could all
The cruelties inflicted, move his soul
From a reliance on that holy Arm,
Which had sustained him in the midst of all
His complicated trials; and he gained
A peaceful, but a greater victory
Than that of battle, for he wearied out
Oppression, by his constancy, and left
A holy savor, with that vessel’s crew.

But let us turn from persecuting scenes,
That stain the annals of the older world,
To young America, whose virgin shores
Offer a refuge from oppression’s power.
Here lies a harbour in the noble bay
Of Massachusetts. Many little isles
Dot its expanding waters, and Nahant
Spreads its long beach and eminence beyond,
A barrier to the ocean. The whole scene,
Looks beautiful, in the clear northern air,
And loveliness of morning. On the heights
That overlook the harbour, there is seen
An infant settlement. Let us approach,
And anchor where the Puritans have sought,
For liberty of conscience. But there seems,
Disquietude in Boston. Men appear
Urged on by stormy passions, and some wear
A look of unrelenting bitterness.
But what is that now rising into view,
Where crowds are gathered on an eminence?
These are the Puritans. They now surround
A common gallows. On its platform, stands
A lovely woman in the simple garb
Worn by the early Quakers. Of the throng,
She only seems unmoved, although her blood
They madly thirst for.

The first professors of Christ’s inward Light,
Who brought this message into Boston bay,
Were inoffensive women. They were searched
For signs of witchcraft, and their books were burned.
The captain who had brought them, was compelled
To carry them away. But others came,
Both men and women, zealous for the Truth.
These were received with varied cruelties—
By frequent whippings and imprisonments.
Law after law was made excluding them;
But all in vain, for still these faithful ones
Carried their Master’s message undismayed
Among the Puritans, and still they found
Those who received it, and embraced the Truth,
And steadily maintained it, in the midst
Of whipping posts, and pillories, and jails!
A law was then enacted, by which all
The banished Quakers, who were found again
Within the province, were to suffer death.
But these, though ever ready to obey
All just enactments, when laws trespassed on
The rights of conscience, and on God’s command,
Could never for a moment hesitate,
Which to obey.—And soon there stood upon
A scaffold of New England, faithful friends,
Who, in obeying Christ, offended man!
Of these was Mary Dyer, who exclaimed,
While passing to this instrument of death,
“No eye can witness, and no ear can hear,
No tongue can utter, nor heart understand
The incomes and refreshings from the Lord
Which now I feel.” And in the spirit which
These words a little pictured, Robinson,
Past to the presence of that Holy One
For whom he laboured, and in whom he died.
Then Stevenson, another faithful steward
And servant of the Lamb, was ushered from
Deep scenes of suffering into scenes of joy.
But Mary Dyer, who was all prepared,
To join these martyrs in their heavenward flight,
Was left a little longer upon earth.
But a few fleeting months had rolled away,
Ere this devoted woman felt constrained,
Again to go among the Puritans,
In Massachusetts, and in Boston too.
And here she stands! the second time, upon
A gallows of New England. No reprieve
Arrests her sentence now. But still she feels
The same sweet incomes, and refreshing streams
From the Lord’s Holy Spirit. In the midst
Of that excited multitude, she seems
The most resigned and peaceful.—But the deed
Is now accomplished, and the scene is closed!
Among the faithful martyrs of the Lamb,
Gathered forever round His Holy Throne,
She doubtless wears a pure and spotless robe,
And bears the palm of victory.

The blood of Leddra was soon after shed,
Which closed the scene of martyrdom among
The early Quakers in this colony,
But not the scene of suffering. Women were
Dragged through its towns half-naked, tied to carts,
While the lash fell upon their unclothed backs,
And bloody streets, showed where they past along.
And such inhuman treatment was bestowed
On the first female minister of Christ,
Who preached the doctrine of his inward Light.

But in New England, there was really found
A refuge from oppression, justice reigned
Upon Rhode Island. In that early day,
The rights of conscience were held sacred there,
And persecution was a thing unknown.
A bright example, as a governor,
Was William Coddington. He loved the law—
The perfect law of righteousness—and strove
To govern by it; and all faithful Friends
Fell him a brother in the blessed Truth.

In North America, the Puritans
Stood not alone in efforts to prevent
The introduction and the spread of light.
The Dutch plantation of New Amsterdam,
Sustained a measure of the evil work.
The savage cruelties inflicted on
The faithful Hodgson, have few parallels
In any age or country; but the Lord
Was with His servant in the midst of all,
And healed his tortured and his mangled frame.

The early Friends were bright and shining stars,
For they reflected the clear holy light
The Sun of Righteousness bestowed on them.
They followed no deceiving, transient glare—
No ignis fatuus of bewildered minds;
They followed Jesus in the holiness
Of His unchanging Gospel. They endured
Stripes and imprisonment and pillories,
Torture and slavery and banishment,
And even death; but they would not forsake
Their Holy Leader, or His blessed cause.

Their patient suffering, and firm steadfastness,
Secured a rich inheritance for those
Who have succeeded them. Do these now feel
That firm devotion to the cause of Truth—That
singleheartedness their fathers felt?
Do they appreciate the price and worth
Of the great legacy and precious trust
Held for their children? The great cruelties
Borne by the fathers, have not been entailed
On their descendants, who now dwell at ease.
The world does not revile them. Do not some
Love it the more for this? and do they not
Make more alliance with it, and partake
More and more freely of its tempting baits,
Its fashions and its spirit? but are these
More pure and holy than they were of old,
When in the light of Truth, their fathers saw
That deep corruption overspread the world?

Other professors latterly have learned
To speak of Quakers with less bitterness
Than when the name reproachfully was cast
In ridicule upon them. Has not this
Drawn watchmen from the citadel of Truth?
Has it not opened doors that had been closed,
And should have been forever? And by these,
Has not an enemy been stealing in,
To spoil the goods of many; to assail,
And strive in secrecy to gather strength,
To overcome the citadel at last?
Is it not thought illiberal to refuse
Alliances with those who now profess
Respect and friendship? Must the Quaker then
Bow in the house of Rimmon, saying, Lord
Pardon in this thy servant? Do not some
Fail to resist encroachments, when they come
Clothed in enticing words, and wear the guise
Of charity and kindness, and are veiled,
Or sweetened to the taste, by courtesy?
But is a snare less certain, when concealed
By some enticing bait? or is a ball
Less sure and fatal, when it flies unheard,
Or, when the hand that sends it is unseen,
Or offers friendship? Did not Joab say,
“Art thou in health my brother?” and appeared
To kiss Amasa, while he thrust his sword
Into his life-blood? And when Jonas fled
From the Lord’s service, and the stormy waves
Threatened the ship that bore him, was the cause
Not found within it? Was there not a calm
When he, whose disobedience to the Lord
Had raised the tempest, was no longer there?

Truth has a standard openly displayed,
Untorn—unsullied. Man indeed may change,
And may forsake it; but the Standard still
Remains immutable. May all who love
This Holy Banner, rally to it now!

May all whose dwellings are upon the sand,
Seek for a building on that living Rock,
Which stands forever,—for a storm has come—
A storm that tries foundations! Even now,
The flooding rains are falling, and the winds
Rapidly rising to a tempest, beat
Upon all dwellings. They alone can stand
Which have the Rock beneath them, and above
The Omnipresent and Omnipotent.
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“It’s all now you see. Yesterday won’t be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago.”

– Remark by character “Garin Stevens” in William Faulkner’s INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Prepared: December 10, 2013
This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.
Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.