

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

***“WHEN THE LORD SENT ME FORTH
INTO THE WORLD,
HE FORBADE ME TO PUT OFF MY HAT
TO ANY HIGH OR LOW”***





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George Fox

All [Waldo Emerson](#) seems to have known of [George Fox](#) was contempt: in his later writings he depicted Fox as a mere egotist with convulsions tending to insanity, while he explained away the quaking of Friends as merely his shadow lengthening into a religious institution. The "most relentless" application of a principle of "Religious Sentiment" which Emerson refers to as



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"this gay dream of eternalizing their preeminence" breaks out among lowly people like Fox (THE EARLY LECTURES OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1836-1838, Stephen E. Whicher, Robert E. Spiller, and Wallace E. Williams, ed. (Cambridge MA: Harvard UP. The Belknap Press, 1959, I:167). What is of interest to him is merely the worldly influence of this phenomenon: "to what power this man attained and what were the sources of his power" (ibid, page 182). Although I am aware that some [Quakers](#) can peruse Emerson on Fox while noticing nothing untoward, I am a Quaker who simply cannot study even Emerson's early (apparently laudatory) essay on Fox without sensing a contempt he barely attempts to conceal - I marvel that I sense this while others do not.



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1614

[Margaret Askew Fell](#) was born, related to the Protestant martyr Anne Askew.¹

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**



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1624

July: [George Fox](#) was born, the son of “righteous” [Christopher Fox](#), a Puritan weaver of Drayton-in-the-Clay in Leicestershire,² and [Mary Lago Fox](#)³:

That all may know the dealings of the Lord with me, and the various exercises, trials, and troubles through which He led me, in order to prepare and fit me for the work unto which He had appointed me, and may thereby be drawn to admire and glorify His infinite wisdom and goodness, I think fit (before I proceed to set forth my public travels in the service of Truth) briefly to mention how it was with me in my youth, and how the work of the Lord was begun, and gradually carried on in me, even from my childhood.

I was born in the month called July, 1624, at Drayton-in-the-Clay, in Leicestershire. My father's name was Christopher Fox; he was by profession a weaver, an honest man; and there was a Seed of God in him. The neighbours called him Righteous Christer. My mother was an upright woman; her maiden name was Mary Lago, of the family of the Lagos, and of the stock of the martyrs.

In my very young years I had a gravity and stayedness of mind and spirit not usual in children; insomuch that when I saw old men behave lightly and wantonly towards each other, I had a dislike thereof raised in my heart, and said within myself, "If ever I come to be a man, surely I shall not do so, nor be so wanton."

THE TASK OF THE HISTORIAN IS TO CREATE HINDSIGHT WHILE INTERCEPTING ANY ILLUSION OF FORESIGHT. NOTHING A HUMAN CAN SEE CAN EVER BE SEEN AS IF THROUGH THE EYE OF GOD.

2. Rufus Jones explains: Now called Fenny Drayton; a little hamlet about five miles from Nuneaton, in a flat, though beautiful farming country. The house in which [George Fox](#) was born has long since vanished, and the few cottages which cluster here about the crossing of two roads are of modern structure. An obelisk with a long inscription, stands within a hundred yards or so of the site of the birthplace.

3. Rufus Jones explains: This martyred ancestor of Mary Lago was probably a member of the Glover family, of Mancetter, a few miles north of Drayton. (See article on [George Fox](#) in the DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, which refers to Riching's MANCETTER MARTYRS, 1860.)

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'STIFF AS A TREE, PURE AS A BELL'⁴

'I am plenteuous in ioie in all oure tribulacione.'—ST. PAUL (Wiclif's Translation).

'Stand firm like a smitten anvil under the blows of a hammer; be strong as an athlete of God, it is part of a great athlete to receive blows and to conquer.'—IGNATIUS.

'He was valiant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in labouring in it, steady in his testimony to it, immoveable as a rock.'—T. ELLWOOD about G. FOX.

'George Fox never lost his temper—he left that to his opponents: and he had the most exasperating way of getting the best of an argument. His Journal ... is like a little rusty gate which opens right into the heart of the 17th Century, so that when we go in by it—hey presto! we find ourselves pilgrims with the old Quaker in the strangest kind of England.'—L.M. MACKAY.

'And there was never any persecution that came but we saw it was for good, and we looked upon it to be good as from GOD. And there was never any prisons or sufferings that I was in, but still it was for bringing multitudes more out of prison.'—G. FOX.

4. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.

QUAKER SAINTS



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'STIFF AS A TREE, PURE AS A BELL'

When the days are lengthening in the spring, even though the worst of the winter may be over, there is often a sharp tooth in the March wind as it sweeps over the angry sea and bites into the north-eastern coast of England.

Children, warm and snug in cosy rooms, like to watch the gale and the damage it does as it hurries past. It amuses them to see the wind at its tricks, ruffling up the manes of the white horses far out at sea, blowing the ships away from their moorings in the harbour, and playing tricks upon the passers-by, when it comes ashore. Off fly stout old gentlemen's hats, round like windmills go the smart ladies' skirts and ribbons; even the milkman's fingers turn blue with cold. It is all very well for children, safe indoors, to laugh at the antics of the mischievous wind, even on the bleak north-eastern coast nowadays; but in times long ago, that same wind could be a more cruel playfellow still. Come back with me for two hundred and fifty years. Let us watch the tricks the wind is playing on the prisoners in the castle high up on Scarborough cliff in the year of our Lord 1666.

Though the keen, cutting blast is the same, a very different Scarborough lies around us from the Scarborough modern children know. There is a much smaller town close down by the water's edge, and a much larger castle covering nearly the whole of the cliff.

Nowadays, when children go to Scarborough for their holidays in the summer, as they run down the steep paths with their spades and buckets to dig on the beach, they are too busy to pay much attention to the high cliff that juts out against the sky above the steep red roofs of the old town. But if they do look up for a moment they notice a pile of grey stones at the very top of the hill. 'Oh, that is the old ruined castle,' they say to themselves; and then they forget all about it and devote themselves to the important task of digging a new castle of their own that shall not crumble into ruins in its turn, as even sand castles have an uncomfortable way of doing, if they are unskilfully made.

Those children are only modern children. They have not gone back, as you and I are trying to do, two hundred and fifty long years up the stream of time. If we are really to find out what Scarborough looked like then, we must put on our thinking caps and flap our fancy wings, and, shutting our eyes very tight, not open them again until that long-ago Scarborough is really clear before us. Then, looking up at the castle, what shall we see? The same hill of course, but so covered with stately buildings that we can barely make out its outline. Instead of one old pile of crumbling stones, roofless, doorless, windowless, there is a



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massive fortress towering over us, ringed round with walls and guarded with battlements and turrets. High above all stands the frowning Norman Keep, of which only some of the thick outer stones remain to-day. Scarborough Castle was a grand place, and a strong place too, in the seventeenth century.

In order to reach it, then as now, it was necessary to climb the long flights of stone steps that stretch up from the lower town near the water's edge to the high, arched gateway upon the Castle Hill. We will climb those steps, only of course the stones were newer and cleaner then, and less worn by generations of climbing feet. Up them we mount till we reach the gateway with its threatening portcullis, where the soldiers of King Charles the Second, in their jackboots, are walking up and down on guard, determined to keep out all intruders. Intruders we certainly are, seeing that we belong to another generation and another century. There is no entrance at that gateway for us. Yet except through that gateway there is no way into the castle, and all the windows on this side are high up in the walls, and barred and filled with strong thick glass.

Now let us go round to the far side of the cliff where the castle overlooks the sea. Here the fortress still frowns above us; but lower down, nearer our level, we can see some holes and caves scooped out of the solid rock, through which the wind blows and shrieks eerily. As these caves can only be reached by going through the castle, some of the prisoners are kept here for safety. The windows have no glass. They are merely holes in the rock, open to fog and snow and bitter wind. Another hole in the cliff does duty for a chimney after a fashion, but even if the prisoners are allowed to light a fire they are scarcely any warmer, for the whole cave becomes filled with smoke. And now we must flap our fancy wings still more vigorously, until somehow we stand outside one of those prison holes, scooped out of the cliff, and can look down and see what is to be seen inside it.

There is only one man in this particular prison cave, and what is he doing? Is he moving about to keep himself warm? At first he seems to be, for he walks from side to side without a moment's rest. Every now and then he stretches his arm out of the window, apparently throwing something away. He is certainly ill. His body and legs are badly swollen, and there are great lumps in the places where his joints and knuckles ought to be. Well then, if he is ill, why does he not lie still in bed and rest and get well? For even in this wretched cave-room there is something that looks like a bed in one corner. It has no white sheets or soft blankets, but still it has four legs and a sort of coverlet, and at least the prisoner could rest upon it, which would be better for him than dancing about. Look again! The bed stands under a gaping hole in the roof, and a stream of water is dripping steadily down upon it. The coarse coverings must be soaked through already, and the hard mattress too. It is really



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less like a bed than a damp and nasty little pond. No wonder the prisoner does not choose to lie there. But then, why not move the bed somewhere else? And what is that round thing like a platter in his hand, and what is he doing with it? Is he playing 'Turn the Trencher' to keep himself warm?

Look again! How could he move the bed? He is in a tiny cave, and all its walls are leaky. The bed must stand in that particular corner because there is nowhere else that it could be placed. Now look down at the floor. Notice how uneven it is, and the big pools of water standing on it, and then you will understand what the prisoner is doing. Indeed he is not playing 'Turn the Trencher'; he is trying to scoop up some of the water in that shallow platter, because he has nothing else in the room that will hold it. If he can do this fast enough, and can manage to pour enough of the water away out of one of the holes in the walls, he may be able to keep himself from being flooded out, and thus he may preserve one little dry patch of floor, dry enough for his swollen feet to stand on, till the storm is over. But it is like trying to bale water out of a very leaky boat; for always faster than he can scoop it up and pour it away, more rain comes pouring in steadily, dripping and drenching. The wind shrieks and whistles and the prisoner is numb with cold.

What a wicked man he must be, to be punished by being put in this dreadful place! Certainly, if he has committed some dreadful crime, he has found a terrible punishment. But does he look wicked? See, at last he is too stiff and weary to move about any longer. In spite of the rain and the wind he sinks down exhausted upon a rickety chair and draws it to the spot where there is the best chance of a little shelter. There he sits in silence for some time. He is soaked to the skin, as well as tired and stiff and hungry. There is a small mug by the door, but it is empty and there is not a sign of food. Some bitter water to drink and a small piece of bread are all the food he has had today, and that is all gone now, for it was so very little. In this place a small threepenny loaf of bread has sometimes to last for three weeks. This poor man must be utterly miserable and wretched. But is he? Let us watch him.

Do you think he can be a wicked man after all? Is not the prisoner being punished through some dreadful mistake? He looks kind and good, and, stranger still, he looks happy, even through all his sufferings in this horrible prison. His face has a sort of brightness in it, like the mysterious light there is sometimes to be seen in a dark sky, behind a thunderstorm. A radiance is about him too as if, in spite of all he is enduring, he has some big joy that shines through everything and makes it seem worth while.

He is actually 'letting the sunlight through,' even in this dismal place. Any one who can do that must be a very real and a very big saint indeed. We must just find out all that we can about him. Let us take a good look at him now, while we have the



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chance. Then we shall know him another time, when we meet him again, having all sorts of adventures in all sorts of places. It is impossible to see his eyes, as he sits by the bed, for they are downcast, but we can see that he has a long, nearly straight nose, and lips tightly pressed together. His hair is parted and hangs down on each side of his head, stiff and lank now, owing to the wet, but in happier days it must have hung in little curls round his neck, just below his ears. He is a tall man, with a big strong-looking body. In spite of the coarse clothes he wears, there is a strange dignity about him. You feel something drawing you to him, making you want to know more about him.

You feel somehow as if you were in the presence of some one who is very big, and that you yourself are very small, smaller perhaps than you ever felt in your life. Yet you feel ready to do anything for him, and, at the same time, you believe that, if only you could make him know that you are there, he would be ready to do anything for you. Even in this wretched den he carries himself with an air of authority, as if he were accustomed to command. Now, at last he is looking up; and we can see his eyes. Most wonderful eyes they are! Eyes that look as if they could pierce through all sorts of disguises, and read the deepest secrets of a man's heart. They are kind eyes too; and look as if they could be extraordinarily tender at times. They are something like a shepherd's eyes, as if they were accustomed to gazing out far and wide in search of strayed sheep and lost lambs. Yet they are also like the eyes of a Judge; thoroughly well able to distinguish right from wrong. It would be terrible to meet those eyes after doing anything the least bit crooked or shabby or untrue. They look as if they would know at the first glance just how much excuses were worth; and what was the truth. No wonder that once, when those eyes fell on a man who was arguing on the wrong side, he felt ashamed all of a sudden and cried out in terror: 'Do not pierce me so with thine eyes! Keep thine eyes off me!' Another time when this same prisoner was reasoning with a crowd of people, who did not agree with him, they all cried out with one accord: 'Look at his eyes, look at his eyes!' And yet another time when he was riding through an angry mob, in a city where men were ready to take his life, they dared not touch him. 'Oh, oh,' they cried, 'see, he shines! he glisters!'

Then what happened next? We do not want to look at the prisoner in fancy any longer. We want really to know about him: to hear the beginnings and endings of those stories and of many others. And that is exactly what we are going to do. The prisoner is going to tell us his own true story in his own real words. There is no need for our fancy wings any longer. They may shrivel up and drop off unheeded. For that prisoner is GEORGE FOX, and he belongs to English history. He has left the whole story of his life and adventures written in two large folio volumes that may still be seen in London. The pages are so old and the edges have



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worn so thin in the two hundred and fifty years since they were written, that each page has had to be most carefully framed in strong paper to keep it from getting torn. The ink is faded and brown, and the writing is often crabbed and difficult to read. But it can be read, and it is full of stories. In olden times, probably, the book was bound in a brown leather cover, but now, because it is very old and valuable, it has been clothed with beautiful red leather, on which is stamped in gold letters, the title:



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GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

Now let us open it at the right place, and, before any of the other stories, let us hear what the writer says about that dismal prison in Scarborough Castle: how long he stayed there, and how he was at last set free.

'One day the governor of Scarborough castle, Sir Jordan Crosland, came to see me. I desired the governor to go into my room and see what a place I had. I had got a little fire made in it, and it was so filled with smoke that when they were in it they could hardly find their way out again.... I told him I was forced to lay out about fifty shillings to stop out the rain, and keep the room from smoking so much. When I had been at that charge and had made it somewhat tolerable, they removed me into a worse room, where I had neither chimney nor fire hearth.'

(This last is the room in the castle cliff that is still called 'George Fox's prison,' where we have been standing in imagination and looking in upon him. We will listen while he describes it again, so as to get accustomed to his rather old-fashioned English.)

'This being to the sea-side and lying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly, so that the water came over my bed, and ran about the room, that I was fain to skim it up with a platter. And when my clothes were wet, I had no fire to dry them; so that my body was benumbed with cold, and my fingers swelled, that one was grown as big as two. Though I was at some charge in this room also, yet I could not keep out the wind and rain.... Afterwards I hired a soldier to fetch me water and bread, and something to make a fire of, when I was in a room where a fire could be made. Commonly a threepenny loaf served me three weeks, and sometimes longer, and most of my drink was water, with wormwood steeped or bruised in it.... As to friends I was as a man buried alive, for though many came far to see me, yet few were suffered to come to me.... The officers often threatened that I should be hanged over the wall. Nay, the deputy governor told me once, that the King, knowing that I had a great interest in the people, had sent me thither, that if there should be any stirring in the nation, they should hang me over the wall to keep the people down. A while after they talked much of hanging me. But I told them that if that was what they desired and it was permitted them, I was ready; for I never feared death nor sufferings in my life, but I was known to be an innocent, peaceable man, free from all stirrings and plottings, and one that sought the good of all men. Afterwards, the Governor growing kinder, I spoke to him when he was going to London, and desired him to speak to Esquire Marsh, Sir Francis Cobb, 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.

'There were among the prisoners two very bad men, who often sat



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drinking with the officers and soldiers; and because I would not sit and drink with them, it made them the worse against me. One time when these two prisoners were drunk, one of them (whose name was William Wilkinson, who had been a captain), came in and challenged me to fight with him. I seeing what condition he was in, got out of his way; and next morning, when he was more sober, showed him how unmanly a thing it was in him to challenge a man to fight, whose principle he knew it was not to strike; but if he was stricken on one ear to turn the other. I told him that if he had a mind to fight, he should have challenged some of the soldiers, that could have answered him in his own way. But, however, seeing he had challenged me, I was now come to answer him, with my hands in my pockets: and, reaching my head towards him, "Here," said I, "here is my hair, here are my cheeks, here is my back." With that, he skipped away from me and went into another room, at which the soldiers fell a-laughing; and one of the officers said, "You are a happy man that can bear such things." Thus he was conquered without a blow.

'... After I had lain a prisoner above a year in Scarborough Castle, I sent a letter to the King, in which I gave him an account of my imprisonment, and the bad usage I had received in prison; and also 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 ... 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. The substance of this order was that the King, being certainly informed, that I was a man principled against plotting and fighting, and had been ready at all times to discover plots, rather than to make any, therefore his royal pleasure was, that I should be discharged from my imprisonment. As soon as this order was obtained, John Whitehead came to Scarborough with it and delivered it to the Governor; who, upon receipt thereof, gathered the officers together, ... and being satisfied that I was a man of peaceable life, he discharged me freely, and gave me the following passport:-

"Permit the bearer hereof, GEORGE FOX, late a prisoner here, and now discharged by his majesty's order, quietly to pass about his lawful occasions, without any molestation. Given under my hand at Scarborough Castle, this first day of September 1666.- JORDAN CROSLAND, Governor of Scarborough Castle."

'After I was released, I would have made the Governor a present for his civility and kindness he had of late showed me; but he would not receive anything; saying "Whatever good he could for me and my friends, he would do it, and never do them any hurt." ... He continued loving unto me unto his dying day. The officers also and the soldiers were mightily changed, and became very respectful to me; when they had occasion to speak of me they would say, "HE IS AS STIFF AS A TREE, AND AS PURE AS A BELL; FOR WE COULD NEVER BOW HIM."'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's *JOURNAL*, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

‘STIFF AS A TREE, PURE AS A BELL.’

Historical; described as closely as possible from George Fox's own words in his *JOURNAL*, vol. ii. pp. 94, 100-104.



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1635

[George Fox](#) would in this year turn 11 years of age, and at least by his own account he was a promising lad:

When I came to eleven years of age I knew pureness and righteousness; for while a child I was taught how to walk to be kept pure. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things, and to act faithfully two ways, viz., inwardly, to God, and outwardly, to man; and to keep to Yea and Nay in all things. For the Lord showed me that, though the people of the world have mouths full of deceit, and changeable affords, yet I was to keep to Yea and Nay in all things; and that my words should lie few and savoury, seasoned with grace; and that I might not eat and drink to make myself wanton, but for health, using the creatures [created things] in their service, as servants in their places, to the glory of Him that created them.

As I grew up, my relations thought to have made me a priest [clergyman in the established Church, or any minister who receives pay for preaching], but others persuaded to the contrary. Whereupon I was put to a man who was a shoemaker by trade, and dealt in wool. He also used grazing, and sold cattle; and a great deal went through my hands. While I was with him he was blessed, but after I left him he broke and came to nothing.

I never wronged man or woman in all that time; for the Lord's power was with me and over me, to preserve me. While I was in that service I used in my dealings the word Verily, and it was a common saying among those that knew me, "If George says verily, there is no altering him." When boys and rude persons would laugh at me, I let them alone and went my way; but people had generally a love to me for my innocency and honesty.

Rufus Jones comments that although this brief connection with a Nottingham shoemaker and cattle grazer has been effectively used by [Thomas Carlyle](#) in his famous characterization of Fox (*SARTOR RESARTUS*, Book iii., Chapter 1: "An Incident in Modern History"), there is simply no historical foundation whatever for such a conceit, any more than there is any historical foundation whatever for Carlyle's conceit that Fox lived in a hollow tree. The only known reference would be to a passage in Fox's writings, in which he comments that "I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days; and often took my Bible, and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on," and this of course would be evidence merely for a practice of frequent retirement for private devotional meditation and prayer not at all uncommon in Fox's day and age, and as such entirely innocuous.

Also, it is merely conjectural, or imaginative, to suppose there to have been any connection between Fox's leather outfit and his earlier apprenticeship — we might as well suppose that when Fox stopped off at an inn

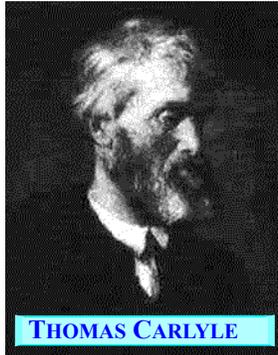


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in Nottingham for a steak and kidney pie, the steak and the kidney would perhaps have been contributed by a descendant of a cow that the apprentice Fox had once herded!



THOMAS CARLYLE

Good morrow to thee,
You who live in a tree;
Dressed all in leather,
You teach decency.



As a type case of The-Toil-Worn-Craftsman-Hero, perhaps [Carlyle](#) offers us the Lord Protector [Oliver Cromwell](#), as type cases of The-Priestly-Great-Man, perhaps he offers us the Reverends [Martin Luther](#) and John Knox, and as a type case of The-Great-One-Who-Does-It-All, who combines the work of this material world with the work of the other immaterial one, perhaps he offers us (over and above [Jesus](#) the carpenter savior) his image of [George Fox](#) the worker in soles and souls. It is interesting that Carlyle supposes that he knows of no-one of this category in his own generation, when he is in contact with [Waldo Emerson](#) – and Emerson has been feeding him this and that piece of info about his Concord neighbor and confidant [Henry](#)



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Thoreau, who might have been eminently perceived as fitting into such shoes as these!

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou were our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: **thou** art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? —These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**

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'PURE FOY, MA JOYE'⁵

'Outwardly there was little resemblance between George Fox and Francis of Assisi, between the young Leicestershire Shepherd of the XVIIth Century and the young Italian merchant of the XIIIth, but they both felt the power of GOD and yielded themselves wholly to it: both left father and mother and home: both defied the opinions of their time: both won their way through bitter opposition to solid success: both cast themselves "upon the infinite love of GOD": both were most truly surrendered souls; but Francis submitted himself to established authority, Fox only to the spirit of GOD speaking in the single soul.'

'In solitude and silence Fox found GOD and heard Him. He proclaimed that the Kingdom of GOD is the Kingdom of a living Spirit Who holds converse with His people.'—BISHOP WESTCOTT.

'Some place their religion in books, some in images, some in the pomp and splendour of external worship, but some with illuminated understandings hear what the Holy Spirit speaketh in their hearts'—THOMAS À KEMPIS.

'Lord, when I look upon mine own life it seems Thou hast led me so carefully, so tenderly, Thou canst have attended to none else; but when I see how wonderfully Thou hast led the world and art leading it, I am amazed that Thou hast had time to attend to such as I.'—AUGUSTINE.

5. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.

QUAKER SAINTS



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'PURE FOY, MA JOYE'

'He is stiff as a tree and pure as a bell, and we could never bow him.' So spoke the rough soldiers of Scarborough Castle of their prisoner, George Fox, after he had been set at liberty. A splendid thing it was for soldiers to say of a prisoner whom they had held absolutely in their power. But a tree does not grow stiff all at once. It takes many years for a tiny seedling to grow into a sturdy oak. A bell has to undergo many processes before it gains its perfect form and pure ringing note. And a whole lifetime of joys and sorrows had been needed to develop the 'stiffness' (or steadfastness, as we should call it now) and purity of character that astonished the soldiers in their prisoner. There will not be much story in this history of George Fox's early days, but it is the foundation-stone on which most of the later stories will be built.

It was in July 1624, the last year in which James the First, King of England, ruled in his palace at Whitehall, that far away in a quiet Leicestershire village their first baby was born to a weaver and his wife. They lived in a small cottage with a thatched roof and wooden shutters, in a village then known as 'Drayton-in-the-Clay,' because of the desolate waters of the marshlands that lay in winter time close round the walls of the little hamlet. Even though the fens and marshes have now long ago been drained and turned into fertile country, the village is still called 'Fenny Drayton.' The weaver's name was Christopher Fox. His wife's maiden name had been Mary Lago; and the name they gave to their first little son was George.

Mary Lago came 'of the stock of the martyrs': that is to say, either her parents or her grand-parents had been put to death for their faith. They had been burnt at the stake, probably, in one of the persecutions in the reign of Queen Mary. From her 'martyr stock' Mary Lago must have learned, when she was quite a little girl, to worship God in purity of faith. Later on, after she had become the mother of little George, it was no wonder that her baby son sitting on her knee, looking up into her face, or listening to her stories, learned from the very beginning to try to be 'Pure as a Bell.'

Mary Lago's husband, Christopher Fox, did not come 'of the stock of the martyrs,' but evidently he had inherited from his ancestors plenty of tough courage and sturdy sense. Almost the only story remembered about him is that one day he stuck his cane into the ground after listening to a long dispute and exclaimed: 'Now I see that if a man will but stick to the truth it will bear him out.'

When little George grew old enough to scramble down from his mother's knee and to walk with unsteady steps across the stone-flagged floor of the cottage, there was his weaver father

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sitting at his loom, making a pleasant rhythmic sound that filled the small house with music. As the boy watched the skilful hands sending the flying shuttle in and out among the threads, he learned from his father, not only the right way to weave good reliable stuff, but also how to weave the many coloured threads of everyday life into a strong character. The village people called his father 'Righteous Christer,' which shows that he too must have been 'stiff as a tree' in following what he knew to be right; for a name like that is not very easily earned where village eyes are sharp and village tongues are shrewd.



THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE FOX

Less than a mile from the weaver's cottage stood the Church and the Manor House side by side. The churchyard had a wall of solid red bricks, overshadowed by a border of solemn old yew-trees. The Manor House was encircled by a moat on which graceful white



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swans swam to and fro. For centuries the Purefoy family had been Squires of Drayton village. They had inhabited the Manor House while they were alive, and had been buried in the churchyard close by after they were dead. The present Squire was a certain COLONEL GEORGE PUREFOY. It may have been after him that 'Righteous Christer' called his eldest son George, or it may have been after that other George, 'Saint George for Merrie England,' whose image killing the Dragon was to be seen engraved on each rare golden 'noble' that found its way to the weaver's home. Christopher and Mary Fox were both of them possessed of more education than was usual among country people at that time, when reading and writing were still rare accomplishments. 'Righteous Christer' was an important man in the small village. Besides being a weaver, he was also a churchwarden, and was able to sign his own name in bold characters, as may still be seen to-day in the parish registers, where his fellow-churchwarden, being unable to read or write, was only able to sign his name with a cross. Unfortunately this same register, which ought to record the exact day of July 1624 on which little George was baptized here in the old church, no longer mentions him, since, more than a hundred years after his time, the wife of the Sexton of Fenny Drayton, running short of paper to cover her jam-pots, must needs lay hands on the valuable Church records and tear out a few priceless pages just here. So, although several other brothers and sisters followed George and came to live in the weaver's cottage during the next few years, we know none of their ages or birthdays, until we come to the record of the baptism of the youngest sister Sarah. Happily her page came last of all, after the Sexton's jam was finished, and thus Sarah's name escaped being made into the lid of a jam-pot. But we will hope that the weaver and his wife remembered and kept all their children's birthdays on the right days, even though they are forgotten now. However that may have been, George's parents 'endeavoured to train him up, as they did their other children, in the common way of worship—his mother especially being eminent for piety: but even from a child he was seen to be of another frame of mind from his brethren, for he was more religious, retired, still and solid, and was also observing beyond his age. His mother, seeing this extraordinary temper and godliness, which so early did shine through him, so that he would not meddle with childish games, carried herself indulgent towards him.... Meanwhile he learned to read pretty well, and to write as much as would serve to signify his meaning to others.'

When he saw older people behaving in a rowdy, frivolous way, it distressed him, and the little boy used to say to himself: 'If ever I come to be a man, surely I will not be so wanton.'

'When I came to eleven years of age,' he says himself in his Journal, 'I knew pureness and righteousness; for while I was a child I was taught how to walk so as to be kept pure, and to be faithful in two ways, both inwardly to God, and outwardly to man, and to keep to Yea and Nay in all things.'



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At that time there was a law obliging everybody to attend Church on Sundays, and as the services lasted for several hours at a time, the weaver's children doubtless had time to look about them, and learned to know the stones of the old church well. When the Squire and his family were at home they sat in the Purefoy Chapel in the North Aisle. From this Chapel a door in the wall opened on to a path that led straight over the drawbridge across the moat to the Manor House. It must have been interesting for all the village children to watch for the opening and shutting of that door. But up in the chancel there was, and still is, something even more interesting: the big tomb that a certain Mistress Jocosa or Joyce Purefoy had put up to the memory of her husband, who had died in the days of good Queen Bess.

'PURE FOY, MA JOYE,' the black letters of the family motto, can still be read on a marble scroll. If George in his boyhood ever asked his mother what the French words meant, Mary Fox, who was, we are told, 'accomplished above her degree in the place where she lived,' may have been able to tell him that they mean, in English, 'Pure faith is my Joy'; or that, keeping the rhyme, they might be translated as follows:-

'MY FAITH PURE, MY JOY SURE.'

Then remembering what had happened in her own family, surely she would add, 'And I, who come of martyr stock, know that that is true. Even if you have to suffer for it, my son, even if you have to die for it, keep your Faith pure, and your Joy will be sure in the end.'

Then Righteous Christer would take the little lad up on his shoulder and show him the broken spear above the tomb, the crest of the Purefoys, and tell him its story. Hundreds of years before, one of the Squires of this family had defended his liege lord on the battle-field at the risk of his own life, and even after his weapon, a spear, had been broken in his hand. His lord, out of gratitude for this, had given his faithful follower, not only the right to wear the broken spear in token of his valour ever after as a crest, but also by his name and by his motto to proclaim to all men the PURE FAITH (PUREFOY) that had given him this sure and lasting joy. Ever since, for hundreds of years, the Purefoy family had handed down, by their name, by their motto, and by the broken spear on their crest, this noble tradition of loyalty and allegiance—enshrined like a shining jewel in the centre of the muddy village of Drayton-in-the-Clay. This was not the only battle story the boy must have known well. A few miles from Fenny Drayton is 'the rising ground of Market Bosworth,' better known as Bosworth Field. As he grew older George loved to wander over the fields that surrounded his birthplace. He 'must have often passed the site of Henry's camp, perhaps may have drunk sometimes at the well at which Richard



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is said to have quenched his thirst.' But although his home was near this old battlefield, the boy grew up in a peaceful England. Probably no one in Fenny Drayton imagined that in a very few years the smiling English meadows would once more be drenched in blood. George Fox in his country home was brought up to follow country pursuits, and was especially skilful in the management of sheep. He says in his Journal: 'As I grew up, my relations thought to have made me a priest, but others persuaded to the contrary. Whereupon I was put to a man who was a shoemaker by trade, and dealt in wool. He also used grazing and sold cattle; and a great deal went through my hands. While I was with him he was blest, but after I left him, he broke and came to nothing. I never wronged man or woman in all that time.... While I was in that service, I used in my dealings the word "Verily," and it was a common saying among those that knew me, "if George says Verily, there is no altering him." When boys and rude persons would laugh at me, I let them alone, but people generally had a love to me for my innocence and honesty.

'When I came towards 19 years of age, being upon business at a Fair, one of my cousins, whose name was Bradford, a professor, having another professor with him, asked me to drink part of a jug of beer with them. I, being thirsty, went with them, for I loved any that had a sense of good. When we had drunk a glass apiece, they began to drink healths and called for more drink, agreeing together that he that would not drink should pay for all. I was grieved that they should do so, and putting my hand into my pocket took out a groat and laid it on the table before them, saying, "If it be so, I will leave you." So I went away, and when I had done my business I returned home, but did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep, but sometimes walked up and down and prayed and cried unto the Lord, who said to me: "Thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all and be a stranger to all."

'Then at the command of God, the 9th of the 7th month,⁶ 1643, I left my relations, and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with young or old.'

The old-fashioned English of the 'Journal' makes this story rather puzzling at the first reading, because several words have changed in meaning since it was written. The name 'professors,' did not then mean learned men who teach or lecture in a University, but any men who 'professed' to be particularly religious and good. These 'professionally religious people' are generally known as 'the Puritans,' and it was meeting with these bad specimens among them who 'professed' a religion they did not attempt to practise, that so dismayed George Fox. Here at any rate 'Pure Faith' was not being kept either to God or men. He must find a more solid foundation on which to rest his own soul's loyalty and allegiance. Over the porch of the Church at Fenny Drayton is painted now, not the Purefoy motto, but the words:

6. The 7th month would be September, because the years then began with March.



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'I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God.' It was from this place that George Fox set forth on the long search for a 'Pure Faith' that, when he found it, was to bring both to him and to many thousands of his countrymen a 'Sure Joy.'

Why Righteous Christer and his wife did not help George more at this time remains a puzzle. They may have been afraid lest he was making a terrible mistake in leaving the worship they knew and followed, or they may have guessed that God was really calling him to do some work for Him bigger than they could understand, and may have felt that they could help their boy best by leaving him free to follow the Voice that spoke to him in the depths of his own heart, even if he had to fight his own battles unaided. Or possibly their thoughts were too full of all the actual battles that were filling the air just then to think any other troubles important. For our Quaker Saints are not legendary people; they are a real part of English History.

All through the years of George's boyhood the struggle between King Charles the First and his Parliament had been getting more tense and embittered. The abolition of the Star Chamber (May 1640), the attempted arrest of the five Members (October 1642), the trial and death, first of Strafford (May 1641) and then of Laud (January 1644/45)—all these events had been convulsing the great heart of the English nation during the long years while young George had been quietly keeping his master's sheep and cattle in his secluded Leicestershire village.

A year before he left home the long-dreaded Civil War had at last broken out. But the Civil War that broke out in the soul of the young shepherd lad, the struggle between good and evil when he saw his Puritan cousin tempting other people to drink and carouse, was to him a more momentous event than all the outward battles that were raging. His Journal hardly mentions the rival armies of King and Parliament that were marching through the land. Yet in reading of his early struggles in his own spirit, we must always keep in the background of our minds the thought of the great national struggle that was raging at the same time. It was not in the orderly, peaceful, settled England of his earliest years that the boy grew to manhood, but in an England that was being torn asunder by the rival faiths and passions of her sons. Men's minds were filled with the perplexities of great national problems of Church and State, of tyranny and freedom. No wonder that at such a time everyone was too busy to spare much sympathy or many thoughts for the spiritual perplexities of one obscure country lad.

Right into the very middle, then, of this troubled, seething England, George Fox plunged when he left his home at Fenny Drayton. The battle of Marston Moor was fought the following year, July 1644, and Naseby the summer after that. But George was not heeding outward battles. Up and down the country he walked, seeking for help in his spiritual difficulties from all the different kinds of people he came across; and there were a



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great many different kinds. The England of that day was not only torn by Civil War, it was also split up into innumerable different sects, now that the attempt to force everyone to worship according to one prescribed fashion was at length being abandoned. In one small Yorkshire town it is recorded that there were no less than forty of these sects worshipping in different ways about this time, while new sects were continually arising. Perhaps it was a generous wish to give the professors another chance and not to judge the whole party from the bad specimens he had met, that made George go back to the Puritans for help. At first they made much of the young enquirer; but, alas! they all had the same defect as those he had met already. Their spoken profession sounded very fine, but they did not carry it out in their lives.

'They sought to be acquainted with me, but I was afraid of them, for I was sensible they did not possess what they professed.' In other words, their faith did not ring true. The professors were certainly not 'Pure as a Bell.'

George Fox's test was always the same, both for his own religion and other people's: 'Is this faith real? Is it true? Can you actually live out what you profess to believe? And do you? Is your faith pure? Is your joy sure?'

Finding that, in the case of the professors, a sorrowful 'No' was the only answer that their lives gave to these questions, George says: 'A strong temptation to despair came over me. I then saw how Christ was tempted, and mighty troubles I was in. Sometimes I kept myself retired in my chamber, and often walked solitary in the Chace to wait upon the Lord.'

It must not be forgotten that part of the Puritan worship consisted in making enormously long prayers in spoken words, and preaching sermons that lasted several hours at a time. George Fox became more and more sure that this was not the worship God wanted from him, as he thought over these matters in solitude under the trees of Barnet Chace.

After a time he went back to his relations in Leicestershire. They saw the youth was unhappy, and very naturally thought it would be far better for him to settle down and have a happy home of his own than to go wandering about the country in distress about the state of his soul.

'Being returned into Leicestershire, my relations would have had me married; but I told them I was but a lad and must get wisdom.' Other people said: 'No, don't marry him yet. Put him into the auxiliary band among the soldiery. Once he gets fighting, that will soon knock the notions out of his head.'

Young George would not consent to this plan either. He had his own battle to fight, his own victory to win, unaided and alone. He did not yet know that it was useless for him to seek for outward help. Being still only a lad of nineteen he thought that surely there must be someone among his elders who could help



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him, if only he could find out the right person. Having failed with the professors, he determined next to consult the priests and see if they could advise him in his perplexities. 'Priests' is another word that has changed its meaning almost as much as 'professors' has done. By 'priests' George Fox does not mean Anglican or Roman Catholic clergy, but simply men of any denomination who were paid for preaching. At this particular time the English Rectories and Vicarages were mostly occupied by Presbyterians and Independents. It was they who preached and who were paid for preaching in the village churches, which is what he means by calling them 'priests' in his Journal.

In these stories there is no need to think of George Fox as arguing or fighting against real Christianity in any of the churches. He was fighting, rather, against sham religion, formality and hypocrisy wherever he found them. In that great fight all who truly love Truth and God are on the same side, even though they are called by different names. So remember that these old labels that he uses for his opponents have changed their meaning very considerably in the three hundred years that have passed since his birth. Remember too that the world had had at that time nearly three hundred years less in which to learn good manners than it has now. The manners and customs of the day were much rougher than those of modern times. However much we may disagree with people, there is no need for us to tell them so in the same sort of harsh language that was too often used by George Fox and his contemporaries.

To these Presbyterian priests, therefore, George went next to ask for counsel and help. The first he tried was the Reverend Nathaniel Stephens, the priest of his own village of Fenny Drayton. At first Priest Stephens and young George seemed to get on very well together. Another priest was often with Stephens, and the two learned men would often talk and argue with the boy, and be astonished at the wise answers he gave. 'It is a very good, full answer,' Stephens once said to George, 'and such an one as I have not heard.' He applauded the boy and spoke highly of him, and even used the answers he gave in his own sermons on Sundays. This was a compliment, but it cost him George's friendship and respect, because he felt it was a deceitful practice. The Journal says: 'What I said in discourse to him on week-days, he would preach of on first days, which gave me a dislike to him. This priest afterwards became my great persecutor.'

Priest Stephens' wife was also very much opposed to Fox, and it is said that on one occasion she 'very unseemly plucked and haled him up and down, and scoffed and laughed.' Fox always felt that this priest and his wife were his bitter foes; but other people described Priest Stephens as 'a good scholar and a useful preacher, in his younger days a very hard student, in his old age pleasant and cheerful.' So, as generally happens, there may have been a friendly side to this couple for those who took them



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the right way.

After this, Fox continues, 'I went to another ancient priest at Mancetter in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations; but he was ignorant of my condition; he bade me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing; I could not sing. Then he bid me come again and he would tell me many things; but when I came he was angry and pettish; for my former words had displeased him. He told my troubles, sorrows and griefs to his servants so that it got among the milk-lasses. It grieved me that I should have opened my mind to such a one. I saw they were all miserable comforters, and this brought my troubles more upon me. Then I heard of a priest living about Tamworth, which was accounted an experienced man, and I went seven miles to him; but I found him like an empty hollow cask. I heard also of one called Dr. Craddock of Coventry, and went to him. I asked him the ground of temptations and despair, and how troubles came to be wrought in man? He asked me, "Who was Christ's Father and Mother?" I told him Mary was His Mother, and that He was supposed to be the son of Joseph, but He was the Son of God. Now, as we were walking together in his garden, the alley being narrow, I chanced, in turning, to set my foot on the side of a bed, at which the man was in a rage, as if his house had been on fire. Thus all our discourse was lost, and I went away in sorrow, worse than I was when I came. I thought them miserable comforters, and saw they were all as nothing to me; for they could not reach my condition. After this I went to another, one Macham, a priest in high account. He would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood; but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head (though they endeavoured to do so), my body being, as it were, dried up with sorrows, grief and troubles, which were so great upon me that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might never have seen wickedness or vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, or the Lord's name blasphemed. When the time called Christmas came, while others were feasting and sporting themselves, I looked out poor widows from house to house, and gave them some money. When I was invited to marriages (as I sometimes was) I went to none at all, but the next day, or soon after, I would go to visit them; and if they were poor, I gave them some money; for I had wherewith both to keep myself from being chargeable to others, and to administer something to the necessities of those who were in need.'

Three years passed in this way, and then at last the first streaks of light began to dawn in the darkness. They came, not in any sudden or startling way, but little by little his soul was filled with the hope of dawn:

Silently as the morning
Comes on when night is done,



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Or the crimson streak, on ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun.

He says, 'About the beginning of the year 1646, as I was going into Coventry, a consideration arose in me how it was said, "All Christians are believers, both Protestants and Papists," and the Lord opened to me, that if all were believers, then they were all born of God, and were passed from death unto life, and that none were true believers but such, and though others said they were believers, yet they were not.'

Possibly George Fox was looking up at the 'Three Tall Spires' of Coventry when this thought came to him, and remembering in how many different ways Christians had worshipped under their shadow: first the Latin Mass, then the order of Common Prayer, and now the Puritan service. 'At another time,' he says, 'as I was walking in a field on a first day morning, the Lord opened to me "That being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ:" and I wondered at it because it was the common belief of people. But I saw it clearly as the Lord had opened it to me, and was satisfied and admired the goodness of the Lord, who had opened the thing to me this morning.... So that which opened in me struck I saw at the priests' ministry. But my relations were much troubled that I would not go with them to hear the priest; for I would go into the orchard or the fields with my Bible by myself.... I saw that to be a true believer was another thing than they looked upon it to be ... so neither them nor any of the dissenting people could I join with.

'At another time it was opened in me, "That God who made the world did not dwell in temples made with hands." This at the first seemed strange, because both priests and people used to call their temples or churches dreadful places, holy ground and the temples of God. But the Lord showed me clearly that He did not dwell in these temples which men had made, but in people's hearts.'

In this way George Fox had found out for himself three of the foundation truths of a pure faith:-

- 1st. That all Christians are believers, Protestants and Papists alike.
- 2nd. That Christ was come to teach His people Himself.
- 3rd. That the Temple in which God wishes to dwell is in the hearts of His children.

Now that George Fox was sure of these three things, it troubled him less if he was with people whose beliefs he could not share. The first set of people he came among believed that women had no souls, 'no more than a goose has a soul' added one of them in a light, jesting tone. George Fox reproved them and told them it was a wrong thing to say, and added that Mary in her song said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,' so she must have had a soul. George by this time had learned to know his Bible so well in the long quiet hours out of doors, when it had been his only companion, that it was easy to him to find the exact quotation he wanted in an argument. It was said of him, later on, by wise and learned men, that if the Bible itself were ever to be lost it might almost



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be found again in the mouth of George Fox, so well did he know it.

The next set of people he came to were great dreamers. They guided their lives in the daytime according to the dreams they had happened to dream during the night. And I should think a fine mess they must have made of things! George helped these dreamers to know more of realities, till, later on, many of them came out of their dream-world and became Friends.

After this at last he came upon a set of people who really did seem to understand him and to care for the same things that he did. They were called 'Shattered Baptists,' because they had broken off from the other Baptists in the neighbourhood who 'did the Lord's work negligently' and did not act up to what they professed. This was the very same fault that had driven George forth from among the professors at the beginning of his long quest. It is easy to imagine that he and these people were happy together. 'With these,' he says, 'I had some meetings and discourses, but my troubles continued and I was often under great temptations. I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on, and frequently in the night walked about by myself.... O the everlasting love of God to my soul, when I was in great distress! when my troubles and torments were great, then was His love exceeding great.... When all my hopes in all men were gone so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could I tell what to do, then, O then, I heard a Voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." When I heard it, my heart did leap for joy.'

This message was like the rising of the sun to George Fox. The long night of darkness was over now, the sun had risen, and though there might be clouds and storms ahead of him still he had come out into the full clear light of day.

'My desires after the Lord grew stronger,' he writes, 'and zeal in the pure knowledge of God and of Christ alone, without the help of any man, book, or writing.... Then the Lord gently led me along and let me see His love which was endless and eternal, surpassing all the knowledge that men have in the natural state or can get by history and books. That love let me see myself as I was without him.... At another time I saw the great love of God, and was filled with admiration at the infiniteness of it.' The truths that George Fox is trying to express are difficult to put into words. It is the more difficult for us to understand what he means because his language is not quite the same as ours. Other words besides 'priest' and 'professor' have altered their meanings. When he speaks of having had things 'opened' to him, we should be more likely to say he had had them revealed to him, or had had a revelation. Perhaps these 'openings' and 'seeings' that he describes, though they meant much to him, do not sound to us now like very great discoveries. They are only what we



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have been accustomed to hear all our lives. But then, whom have we to thank for that? In large measure George Fox himself.

In the immense bush forests that cover an unexplored country or continent the first man who attempts to make a track through them has the hardest task. He has to guess the right direction, to cut down the first trees, to 'blaze a trail,' to help every one who follows him to find the way a little more easily. That man is called a Pioneer. George Fox was a pioneer in the spiritual world. He discovered a true path for himself, a path leading right through the thick forest of human selfishness and sin and out into the bright sunshine beyond. In his lonely Quest through those years of struggle he was indeed 'blazing a trail' for us. If the track we tread nowadays is smooth and easy to tread, that is because of the pioneers who have gone before us. Our ease has been gained through their labours and sufferings and steadfastness.

The track was not fully clear even yet to George Fox. He had more to learn before he could make the right path plain to others; more to learn, but chiefly more to suffer. To strengthen him beforehand for those sufferings, he was given an assurance that never afterwards entirely left him. 'I saw the Infinite Love of God. I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God, and I had great openings.' The Quest was ended. Faith was pure, and Joy was sure at last.

'Now was I come up in spirit, through the flaming sword, into the Paradise of God. All things were made new, and all the creation gave another smell to me beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, innocency, and righteousness, being renewed up to the image of God by Christ Jesus.... Great things did the Lord lead me into, and wonderful depths were opened to me, beyond what can by words be declared; but as people come into subjection by the Spirit of God, and grow up in the Image and Power of the Almighty they may receive the word of wisdom that opens all things, and come to know the hidden unity in the Eternal Being.'

'Thus travelled I in the Lord's service, as He led me.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'PURE FOY, MA JOYE.'

Historical. See George Fox's JOURNAL (Ellwood Edition), pp. 1-17. See also Sewel's 'HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS,' and 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' by W.C. Braithwaite. See 'GEORGE FOX,' by Thomas Hodgkin (Leaders of Religion Series), for description of Fenny Drayton village, manor house, church, and neighbourhood. See also W. Penn's PREFACE TO GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL (Ellwood Edition), pp. xxiv and xxv, for details of parentage, childhood, and youth.

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1640

1640 Events of the English Civil War:

- 16th March: Meeting of the Dublin parliament.
- 13th April: Meeting of the Short Parliament.
- 15th May: Parliament was dissolved.
- 20th August: The 2nd bishops war.
- 28th August: The King's army was defeated at Newburn, and peers petitioned the King for a new Westminster Parliament.
- 26th October: The treaty of Ripon with the Scots.
- 3rd November: Meeting of the Long Parliament.
- 11th November: The Earl of Strafford was arrested.
- 21st November: The Archbishop of Canterbury was arrested.



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1641

1641 Events of the English Civil War:

- 16th February: The Triennial Act.
- 3rd May: The 1st Army Plot was revealed.
- 10th May: The Act of Attainder against Strafford.
- 12th May: Strafford was executed.
- 24th June: The Ten Propositions.
- 14th August: King Charles I went to Edinburgh to ratify the treaty of London.
- 23rd October: An Irish rebellion broke out.
- 30th October: The 2nd Army Plot was revealed.
- 1st December: The Grand Remonstrance was presented to King Charles I.



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1642 Events of the English Civil War:

- 5th January: King Charles I failed to arrest 6 of his leading opponents.
- 5th March: The Militia Ordinance.
- 23d April: Hotham barred Hull to the king.
- 1st June: The Nineteen Propositions.
- 11th June: The Commissions of Array.
- 15th July: There was fighting in Manchester.
- 4th August: The Battle of Marshall's Elm.
- 22d August: The royal standard was raised at Nottingham.
- 22d September: The Episcopacy was suspended.
- 23d October: The Royalists won the Battle of Powick Bridge.
- 23d October: The initial battle of Edgehill.
- 12th November: The Storm of Brentford.
- 13th November: The Royalists turned back at Turnham Green.



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1643 Events of the English Civil War:

- 1st February: Negotiations opened at Oxford.
- 23rd February: Queen Henrietta returned from Europe with arms and ammunition.
- 27th March: The 1st Ordinance for Sequestration.
- 14th April: The Oxford talks broke down.
- 24th May: The Treatise of Monarchy was published.
- 24th June: The Battle of Chalgrove Field.
- 30th June: The Battle of Adwalton Moor.
- 1st July: The Westminster Assembly of Divines met.
- 5th July: The Battle of Lansdown.
- 13th July: The Battle of Roundway Down.
- 27th July: The army of Oliver Cromwell won at Gainsborough.
- 6th September: The Earl of Essex relieved Gloucester.
- 20th September: The Parliamentarians won the 1st battle at Newbury.
- 25th September: The Solemn League and Covenant.
- 11th October: The Battle of Winceby.
- 8th December: John Pym died.



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September 9, Saturday (Old Style): [George Fox](#) having in this year turned 19 years of age, as a younger son subject to the usual English rules of primogeniture he embarked upon a necessarily separate existence in life:

When I came towards nineteen years of age, being upon business at a fair, one of my cousins, whose name was Bradford, having another professor [a nominal Christian, a "church member"] with him, came and asked me to drink part of a jug of beer with them. I, being thirsty, went in with them, for I loved any who had a sense of good, or that sought after the Lord.

** When we had drunk a glass apiece, they began to drink healths, and called for more drink, agreeing together that he that would not drink should pay all. I was grieved that any who made profession of religion should offer to do so. They grieved me very much, having never had such a thing put to me before by any sort of people. Wherefore I rose up, and, putting my hand in my pocket, took out a groat, and laid it upon the table before them, saying, "If it be so, I will leave you."*

So I went away; and when I had done my business returned home; but did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep, but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed and cried to the Lord, who said unto me: "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be as a stranger unto all."

Then, at the command of God, the ninth of the Seventh month, 1643, I left my relations, and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with young or old. I passed to Lutterworth, where I stayed some time. From thence I went to Northampton, where also I made some stay; then passed to Newport-Pagnel, whence, after I had stayed awhile, I went to Barnet, in the Fourth month, called June [Until 1752 the English year began in March, so that by the calendar then in use June would have been the fourth month.], in the year 1644.

As I thus traveled through the country, professors took notice of me, and sought to be acquainted with me; but I was afraid of them, for I was sensible they did not possess what they professed.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



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1644

1644 Events of the English Civil War:

- 19th January: A Scottish army invaded England.
- 22nd January: The Oxford Parliament met.
- 25th January: The Battle of Nantwich.
The Committee of both Kingdoms was set up.
- 18th February: The defense of Hopton Castle.
- 29th March: The Battle of Cheriton.
- 11th April: The Battle of Selby.
- 29th June: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Cropredy Bridge.
- 2nd July: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Marston Moor.
- 14th July: Queen Henrietta Maria left England.
- 16th July: The surrender of York.
- 1st September: Essex's army surrendered to Carles at Lostwithiel.
- 27th October: The 2nd Battle of Newbury.



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[George Fox](#) was at this point experiencing spiritual difficulties:⁷

During the time I was at Barnet a strong temptation to despair came upon me. I then saw how Christ was tempted, and mighty troubles I was in. Sometimes I kept myself retired to my chamber, and often walked solitary in the Chase to wait upon the fjord. I wondered why these things should come to me. I looked upon myself, and said, "Was I ever so before?" Then I thought, because I had forsaken my relations I had done amiss against them.

So I was brought to call to mind all my time that I had spent, and to consider whether I had wronged any; but temptations grew more and more, and I was tempted almost to despair; and when Satan could not effect his design upon me that way, he laid snares and baits to draw me to commit some sin, whereof he might take advantage to bring me to despair.

I was about twenty years of age when these exercises came upon me; and some years I continued in that condition, in great trouble; and fain I would have put it from me. I went to many a priest to look for comfort, but found no comfort from them.

From Barnet I went to London, where I took a lodging, and was under great misery and trouble there; for I looked upon the great professors of the city of London, and saw all was dark and under the chain of darkness. I had an uncle there, one Pickering, a Baptist; the Baptists were tender [the persons to whom Fox applies this word are religiously inclined, serious, and earnest in their search for spiritual realities] then; yet I could not impart my mind to him, nor join with them; for I saw all, young and old, where they were. Some tender people would have had me stay, but I was fearful, and returned homeward into Leicestershire, having a regard upon my mind to my parents and relations, lest I should grieve them, for I understood they were troubled at my absence.

7. From his return home in this year [George Fox](#) would later date the beginning of his religious society (see the 1831 Philadelphia edition of his EPISTLES, Volume I, page 10).

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1645 Events of the English Civil War:

- 4th January: Ordinance for Directory of Worship.
- 10th January: Archbishop William Laud was executed.
- 29th January: Uxbridge negotiations opened.
- 2nd February: The Royalists won the Battle of Inverlochy.
- 17th February: The New Model Army Ordinance.
- 3rd April: The Self Denying Ordinance.
- 9th May: The Royalists won the Battle of Auldearn.
- 30th May: The Storm of Leicester.
- 14th June: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Naseby.
- 10th July: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Langport.
- 1st August: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Colby Moor.
- 15th August: The Royalists won the Battle of Kilsyth.
- 25th August: Glamorgan's Treaty with the Irish.
- 10th September: The Fall of Bristol.
- 13th September: The Battle of Philiphaugh.
- 20th September: Glamorgan's second Treaty.
- 24th September: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Rowton Heath.
- 1st November: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Mold.



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[George Fox](#) was continuing to experience great spiritual difficulties, and at this point first ran across the Richard Abell who later would become his “great persecutor”:⁸

Being returned into Leicestershire, my relations would have had me married; but I told them I was but a lad, and must get wisdom. Others would have had me join the auxiliary band among the soldiery, but I refused, and was grieved that they offered such things to me, being a tender youth. Then I went to Coventry, where I took a chamber for awhile at a professor's house, till people began to be acquainted with me, for there were many tender people in that town. After some time I went into my own country again, and continued about a year, in great sorrow and trouble, and walked many nights by myself.

Then the priest of Drayton, the town of my birth, whose name was Nathaniel Stephens, came often to me, and I went often to him; and another priest sometimes came with him; and they would give place to me, to hear me; and I would ask them questions, and reason with them. This priest, Stephens, asked me why Christ cried out upon the cross, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” and why He said, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, but thine, be done”? I told him that at that time the sins of all mankind were upon Him, and their iniquities and transgressions, with which He was wounded; which He was to bear, and to be an offering for, as He was man; but died not, as He was God; so, in that He died for all men, tasting death for every man, He was an offering for the sins of the whole world.

This I spoke, being at that time in a measure sensible of Christ's sufferings. The priest said it was a very good, full answer, and such a one as he had not heard. At that time he would applaud and speak highly of me to others; and what I said in discourse to him on week-days, he would preach of on First days, which gave me a dislike to him. This priest afterwards became my great persecutor.

After this I went to another ancient priest at Mancetter, in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations. But he was ignorant of my condition; he bade me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing; I could not sing. He bade me come again, and he would tell me many things; but when I came he was angry and pettish, for my former words had displeased him. He told my troubles, sorrows, and griefs to his servants, so that it got out among the milk-lasses. It grieved me that I should have opened my mind to such a one. I saw they were all miserable comforters, and this increased my troubles upon me. I heard of a priest living about Tamworth, who was accounted an experienced man. I went seven miles to him, but found him like an empty, hollow cask.

8. Rufus Jones comments that it is difficult to find out where [George Fox](#)'s ample funds were coming from. He reports in the original MS of the JOURNAL, page 17, a remark his relatives made about him when he left home: “When hee went from us hee had a greate deale of Gould and silver about him.” He is always well supplied. He goes to inns, always has a good horse, wears clean linen and frequently gives to charity. In signed papers in the Spence collection he gives orders for the disposal of money invested “in ships and trade,” as well as of a thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania which [William Penn](#) had assigned to him!



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I heard also of one called Dr. Cradock, of Coventry, and went to him. I asked him the ground of temptations and despair, and how troubles came to be wrought in man? He asked me, "Who were Christ's father and mother?" I told him, Mary was His mother, and that He was supposed to be the Son of Joseph, but He was the Son of God.

Now, as we were walking together in his garden, the alley being narrow, I chanced, in turning, to set my foot on the side of a bed, at which the man was in a rage, as if his house had been on fire. Thus all our discourse was lost, and I went away in sorrow, worse than I was when I came. I thought them miserable comforters, and saw they were all as nothing to me, for they could not reach my condition.

After this I went to another, one Macham, a priest in high account. He would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood; but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head (though they endeavoured to do so), my body being, as it were, dried up with sorrows, grief and troubles, which were so great upon me that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might never have seen wickedness or vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, or the Lord's name blasphemed. When the time called Christmas came, while others were feasting and sporting themselves I looked out poor widows from house to house, and gave them some money. When I was invited to marriages (as I sometimes was), I went to none at all; but the next day, or soon after, I would go and visit them, and if they were poor I gave them some money; for I had wherewith both to keep myself from being chargeable to others and to administer something to the necessities of those who were in need.

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1646

1646 Events of the English Civil War:

- January: The exposure of King Charles I's secret treaty with the Kilkenny government.
- 3rd February: Chester surrendered to the Parliamentarians.
- 21st March: The Parliamentarians won the Battle of Stow-on-the-Wold.
- 5th May: King Charles I surrendered to the Scots besieging Newark.
- 5th June: Confederation forces won the Battle of Benburb.
- July: Parliament presented King Charles I with the Newcastle propositions.
- 4th August: The treaty between Kilkenny and Ormund.



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[George Fox](#) continued his spiritual peregrinations:⁹

About the beginning of the year 1646, as I was going to Coventry, and approaching towards the gate, a consideration arose in me, how it was said that "All Christians are believers, both Protestants and Papists"; and the Lord opened to me that if all were believers, then they were all born of God, and passed from death to life; and that none were true believers but such; and, though others said they were believers, yet they were not. At another time, as I was walking in a field on a First-day morning, the Lord opened unto me that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ; and I wondered at it, because it was the common belief of people. But I saw it clearly as the Lord opened it unto me, and was satisfied, and admired the goodness of the Lord, who had opened this thing unto me that morning. This struck at priest Stephens's ministry, namely, that "to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man fit to be a minister of Christ." So that which opened in me I saw struck at the priest's ministry.

But my relations were much troubled that I would not go with them to hear the priest; for I would go into the orchard or the fields, with my Bible, by myself. I asked them, "Did not the Apostle say to believers that they needed no man to teach them, but as the anointing teacheth them?" Though they knew this was Scripture, and that it was true, yet they were grieved because I could not be subject in this matter, to go to hear the priest with them. I saw that to be a true believer was another thing than they looked upon it to be; and I saw that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge did not qualify or fit a man to be a minister of Christ; what then should I follow such for? So neither them, nor any of the dissenting people, could I join with; but was as a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

At another time it was opened in me that God, who made the world, did not dwell in temples made with hands. This at first seemed a strange word, because both priests and people used to call their temples, or churches, dreadful places, holy ground, and the temples of God. But the Lord showed me clearly that He did not dwell in these temples which men had commanded and set up, but in people's hearts; for both Stephen and the apostle Paul bore testimony that He did not dwell in temples made with hands, not even in that which He had once commanded to be built, since He put an end to it; but that His people were His temple, and He dwelt in them.

This opened in me as I walked in the fields to my relations' house. When I came there they told me that Nathaniel Stephens, the priest, had been there, and told them he was afraid of me, for going after new lights. I smiled in myself, knowing what the Lord had opened in me concerning him and his brethren; but I told not my relations, who, though they saw beyond the priests, yet went to hear them, and were grieved because I would not go also. But I brought them Scriptures, and told them there was an anointing within man to teach him, and that the Lord would teach His people Himself.



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I had also great openings concerning the things written in the Revelations; and when I spoke of them the priests and professors would say that was a sealed book, and would have kept me out of it. But I told them Christ could open the seals, and that they were the nearest things to us; for the epistles were written to the saints that lived in former ages, but the Revelations were written of things to come.

After this I met with a sort of people that held women have no souls, (adding in a light manner), No more than a goose. But I reprov'd them, and told them, that was not right; for Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Removing to another place, I came among a people that relied much on dreams. I told them, except they could distinguish between dream and dream, they would confound all together; for there were three sorts of dreams; multitude of business sometimes caused dreams, and there were whisperings of Satan in man in the night season; and there were speakings of God to man in dreams. But these people came out of these things, and at last became Friends.

Now, though I had great openings, yet great trouble and temptation came many times upon me; so that when it was day I wished for night, and when it was night I wished for day; and by reason of the openings I had in my troubles, I could say as David said, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." When I had openings they answered one another and answered the Scriptures; for I had great openings of the Scriptures: and when I was in troubles, one trouble also answered to another.

9. Rufus Jones points out that "Friends" is here used for the first time in the JOURNAL as the name of the new denomination. It is not possible to determine when the name was adopted or why it was chosen. When the JOURNAL was written the term had already become fixed and [George Fox](#) uses it without comment or explanation, referring it back to a period before it came into use as the name of the Society. At first the word "friends" was probably used in an untechnical sense for those who were **friendly**, and little by little it hardened into a name. At the very beginning, Jones points out, they were calling themselves "Children of the Light."

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1647

1647 Events of the English Civil War:

- 30th January: The Scots surrendered King Charles I to the English.
- 21st March: The 1st Saffron Walden meeting of Members of Parliament with army officers.
- 15th April: The 2nd Saffron Walden meeting of Members of Parliament with army officers.
- 28th April: Agitators addressed the House of Commons.
- 7th May: The 3rd Saffron Walden meeting of Members of Parliament with army officers.
- 4th June: King Charles I was removed to Newmarket.
- 5th June: The Solemn Engagement.
- 16th June: The New Model Army moved against Eleven Members.
- 14th July: The Declaration of the New Model Army.
- 23rd July: The Heads of Proposals was submitted to King Charles I.
- 30th July: The Speaker and Independent MPs fled to the Army.
- 6th August: The Army occupied London.
- 8th August: The Battle of Dangan Hill.
- 20th August: The Null and Void Ordinance.
- 7th September: The Hampton Court Proposals.
- 15th October: The Case of the Army Truly Stated.
- 28th October: The Agreement of the People.
The Putney Debates began.
- 11th November: The Four Bills.
- 24th December: The Four Bills were presented to King Charles I.
- 25th December: There were riots due to the abolition of Christmas.

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- 26th December: King Charles I and the Scots entered into The Engagement.



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The usual story has it that as a teenager, [George Fox](#) had wandered, before becoming a shoemaker in his home town of Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire, and that in this year this shoemaker began preaching and the [Religious Society of Friends](#) was formed. You are supposed to imagine the man in leathern breeches at work cobbling your soul.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Like most of our simple stories, this is a falsehood.

** About the beginning of the year 1647 I was moved of the Lord to go into Derbyshire, where I met with some friendly people, and had many discourses with them. Then, passing into the Peak country, I met with more friendly people, and with some in empty high notions. Travelling through some parts of Leicestershire, and into Nottinghamshire, I met with a tender people and a very tender woman, whose name was Elizabeth Hooton. With these I had some meetings and discourses; but my troubles continued, and I was often under great temptations. I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible, and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the time of the first workings of the Lord in me.*

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It would appear that the above passage is the source for the conceit offered by Thomas Carlyle, that Fox lived in a hollow tree. However, the passage would of course be evidence merely for a practice of frequent retirement for private devotional meditation and prayer not at all uncommon in Fox's day and age, and as such entirely innocuous.



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During all this time I was never joined in profession of Religion with any, but gave up myself to the Lord, having forsaken all evil company, taken leave of father and mother, and all other relations, and travelled up and down as a stranger in the earth, which way the Lord inclined my heart; taking a chamber to myself in the town where I came, and tarrying, sometimes more, sometimes less, in a place. For I durst not stay long in a place, being afraid both of professor and profane, lest, being a tender young man, I should be hurt by conversing much with either. For this reason I kept much as a stranger, seeking heavenly wisdom and getting knowledge from the Lord, and was brought off from outward things to rely on the Lord alone.

Though my exercises and troubles were very great, yet were they not so continual but that I had some intermissions, and I was sometimes brought into such an heavenly joy that I thought I had been in Abraham's bosom. As I cannot declare the misery I was in, it was so great and heavy upon me, so neither can I set forth the mercies of God unto me in all my misery. O the everlasting love of God to my soul, when I was in great distress! When my troubles and torments were great, then was His love exceeding great. Thou, Lord, makest a fruitful field a barren wilderness, and a barren wilderness a fruitful field! Thou bringest down and settest up! Thou killest and makest alive! all honour and glory be to thee, O Lord of Glory! The knowledge of Thee in the Spirit is life; but that knowledge which is fleshly works death.

While there is this knowledge in the flesh, deceit and self will conform to anything, and will say Yes, Yes, to that it doth not know. The knowledge which the world hath of what the prophets and apostles spake, is a fleshly knowledge; and the apostates from the life in which the prophets and apostles were have got their words, the Holy Scriptures, in a form, but not in the life nor spirit that gave them forth. So they all lie in confusion; and are making provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof, but not to fulfil the law and command of Christ in His power and Spirit. For that they say they cannot do; but to fulfil the lusts of the flesh, that they can do with delight.

Now, after I had received that opening from the Lord, that to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not sufficient to fit a man to be a minister of Christ, I regarded the priests less, and looked more after the Dissenting people. Among them I saw there was some tenderness; and many of them came afterwards to be convinced, for they had some openings.

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** But as I had forsaken the priests, so I left the separate preachers also, and those esteemed the most experienced people; for I saw there was none among them all that could speak to my condition. When all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could I tell what to do, then, oh, then, I heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition"; and when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy.*

*Then the Lord let me see why there was none upon the earth that could speak to my condition, namely, that I might give Him all the glory. For all are concluded under sin, and shut up in unbelief, as I had been; that Jesus Christ might have the pre-eminence who enlightens, and gives grace, and faith, and power. Thus when God doth work, who shall hinder it? and **this I knew experimentally.***

My desire after the Lord grew stronger, and zeal in the pure knowledge of God, and of Christ alone, without the help of any man, book, or writing. For though I read the Scriptures that spoke of Christ and of God, yet I knew Him not, but by revelation, as He who hath the key did open, and as the Father of Life drew me to His Son by His Spirit. Then the Lord gently led me along, and let me see His love, which was endless and eternal, surpassing all the knowledge that men have in the natural state, or can obtain from history or books; and that love let me see myself, as I was without Him.

I was afraid of all company, for I saw them perfectly where they were, through the love of God, which let me see myself. I had not fellowship with any people, priests or professors, or any sort of separated people, but with Christ, who hath the key, and opened the door of Light and Life unto me. I was afraid of all carnal talk and talkers, for I could see nothing but corruptions, and the life lay under the burthen of corruptions.

When I myself was in the deep, shut up under all, I could not believe that I should ever overcome; my troubles, my sorrows, and my temptations were so great that I thought many times I should have despaired, I was so tempted. But when Christ opened to me how He was tempted by the same devil, and overcame him and bruised his head, and that through Him and His power, light, grace, and Spirit, I should overcome also, I had confidence in Him; so He it was that opened to me when I was shut up and had no hope nor faith. Christ, who had enlightened me, gave me His light to believe in; He gave me hope, which He Himself revealed in me, and He gave me His Spirit and grace, which I found sufficient in the deeps and in weakness.

Thus, in the deepest miseries, and in the greatest sorrows and temptations, that many times beset me, the Lord in His mercy did keep me. I found that there were two thirsts in me – the one after the creatures, to get help and strength there, and the other after the Lord, the Creator, and His Son Jesus Christ. I saw all the world could do me no good; if I had had a king's diet, palace, and attendance, all would have been as nothing; for nothing gave me comfort but the Lord by His power. At another time I saw the great love of God, and was filled with admiration at the infiniteness of it.



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One day, when I had been walking solitarily abroad, and was come home, I was taken up in the love of God, so that I could not but admire the greatness of His love; and while I was in that condition, it was opened unto me by the eternal light and power, and I therein clearly saw that all was done and to be done in and by Christ, and how He conquers and destroys this tempter the devil, and all his works, and is atop of him; and that all these troubles were good for me, and temptations for the trial of my faith, which Christ had given me.

The Lord opened me, that I saw all through these troubles and temptations. My living faith was raised, that I saw all was done by Christ the life, and my belief was in Him.

When at any time my condition was veiled, my secret belief was stayed firm, and hope underneath held me, as an anchor in the bottom of the sea, and anchored my immortal soul to its Bishop, causing it to swim above the sea, the world, where all the raging waves, foul weather, tempests and temptations are. But O! then did I see my troubles, trials, and temptations more clearly than ever I had done. As the light appeared all appeared that is out of the light; darkness, death, temptations, the unrighteous, the ungodly; all was manifest and seen in the light.

I heard of a woman in Lancashire that had fasted two and twenty days, and I travelled to see her; but when I came to her I saw that she was under a temptation. When I had spoken to her what I had from the Lord, I left her, her father being one high in profession.

Passing on, I went among the professors at Duckingfield and Manchester, where I stayed awhile, and declared truth among them. There were some convinced who received the Lord's teaching, by which they were confirmed and stood in the truth. But the professors were in a rage, all pleading for sin and imperfection, and could not endure to hear talk of perfection, and of a holy and sinless life. But the Lord's power was over all, though they were chained under darkness and sin, which they pleaded for, and quenched the tender thing in them.

About this time there was a great meeting of the Baptists, at Broughton, in Leicestershire, with some that had separated from them, and people of other notions went thither, and I went also. Not many of the Baptists came, but many others were there. The Lord opened my mouth, and the everlasting truth was declared amongst them, and the power of the Lord was over them all. For in that day the Lord's power began to spring, and I had great openings in the Scriptures. Several were convinced in those parts and were turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, and many were raised up to praise God. When I reasoned with professors and other people, some became convinced.

I went back into Nottinghamshire, and there the Lord showed me that the natures of those things, which were hurtful without, were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The natures of dogs, swine, vipers, of Sodom and Egypt, Pharaoh, Cain, Ishmael, Esau, etc.; the natures of these I saw within, though people had been looking without. I cried to the Lord, saying, "Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils?" and the Lord answered, "That it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions!" and in this I saw the infinite love of God.



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FOX'S JOURNAL:

** I saw, also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God, and I had great openings.*

Then came people from far and near to see me; but I was fearful of being drawn out by them; yet I was made to speak, and open things to them. There was one Brown, who had great prophecies and sights upon his death-bed of me. He spoke only of what I should be made instrumental by the Lord to bring forth And of others he spoke, that they should come to nothing, which was fulfilled on some, who then were something in show. When this man was buried a great work of the Lord fell upon me, to the admiration of many, who thought I had been dead, and many came to see me for about fourteen days. I was very much altered in countenance and person, as if my body had been new moulded or changed. My sorrows and troubles began to wear off, and tears of joy dropped from me, so that I could have wept night and day with tears of joy to the Lord, in humility and brokenness of heart.

I saw into that which was without end, things which cannot be uttered, and of the greatness and infinitude of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words. For I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan, by the eternal, glorious power of Christ; even through that darkness was I brought, which covered over all the world, and which chained down all and shut up all in death. The same eternal power of God, which brought me through these things, was that which afterwards shook the nations, priests, professors and people.

Then could I say I had been in spiritual Babylon, Sodom, Egypt, and the grave; but by the eternal power of God I was come out of it, and was brought over it, and the power of it, into the power of Christ. I saw the harvest white, and the seed of God lying thick in the ground, as ever did wheat that was sown outwardly, and none to gather it; for this I mourned with tears.

A report went abroad of me, that I was a young man that had a discerning spirit; whereupon many came to me, from far and near, professors, priests, and people. The Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto them of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.

Then came the tempter and set upon me again, charging me that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost; but I could not tell in what. Then Paul's condition came before me, how after he had been taken up into the third heaven, and seen things not lawful to be uttered, a messenger of Satan was sent to buffet him. Thus by the power of Christ I got over that temptation also.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?



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**— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**



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THE ANGEL OF BEVERLEY¹⁰

'To instruct young lasses and maidens in whatever things was useful in the creation.'—R. ABRAHAM.

'It was the age of long discourses and ecstatic exercises.'—MORLEY'S CROMWELL.

'George Fox's preaching, in those early years, chiefly consisted of some few, but powerful and piercing words, to those whose hearts were already in some measure prepared to be capable of receiving this doctrine.'—SEWEL'S HISTORY.

'But at the first convincement when friends could not put off their hats to people, nor say you to a particular but thee and thou; and could not bowe nor use the world's fashions nor customs ... people would not trade with them nor trust them ... but afterwards people came to see friends honesty and truthfulness.'—G. FOX.

'The light which shows us our sins is that which heals us.'—G. FOX.

'GOD works slowly.'—BISHOP WESTCOTT.

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THE ANGEL OF BEVERLEY

Among all the children of Drayton village who watched eagerly for the door to open into the Purefoy Chapel on Sundays, when the Squire's family were at home, none watched for it more intently than blue-eyed Cecily, the old huntsman's granddaughter. Cecily's parents were both dead, and she lived with her grandfather in one of the twin lodges that guarded the Manor gates. Old Thomas had fought at the Squire's side abroad in years gone by. Now, aged and bent, he, too, watched for that door to open, as he sat in his accustomed place in the church with Cecily by his side. Old Thomas's eyes followed his master lovingly, when Colonel Purefoy entered, heading the little procession,—a tall, erect, soldierly-looking man, though his hair was decidedly grey, and grey too was the pointed beard that he still wore over a small ruff, in the fashion of the preceding reign.

Close behind him came his wife. The village people spoke of her as 'Madam,' since, although English born, and, indeed, possessed of considerable property in her own native county of Yorkshire, she was attached to the Court of Queen Henrietta Maria, and had caught something of the foreign grace of her French mistress. But it was the two children for whose coming Cecily waited most eagerly, as they followed their parents. Edward Purefoy, the heir, a tall, handsome boy, came in first, leading by the hand his dainty little sister Jocosa, who seemed too fairy-like to support the stately family name, and who was generally known by its shorter form of Joyce.

Last of all came a portly waiting-maid, carrying a silky-haired spaniel on a cushion under each arm. These petted darlings, King Charles' own special favourites, were all the rage at Court at this time, and accompanied their masters and mistresses everywhere, even to church, where—fortunate beings—they were allowed to slumber peacefully on cushions at their owners' feet throughout the long services, when mere human creatures were obliged at any rate to endeavour to keep awake.

Cecily had no eyes to spare, even for the pet-dogs, on the eventful Sunday when the Squire and his family first appeared again at church after an unusually long absence. For there was little Mistress Jocosa, all clad in white satin, like a princess in a fairy tale, and as pretty as a picture. And so the great Court painter, Sir Anthony Vandyck, must have thought, seeing he had chosen to paint her portrait and make a picture of her himself in this same costume, with its stiff, straight, shining skirt, tight bodice, pointed lace collar, and close-fitting transparent cap that covered, but could not hide, the waves of dark crisp hair. When Cecily discovered that a string of pearls was clasped round the other little girl's neck, she gave a long



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gasp of delight, a gasp that ended in an irrepressible sigh. For, a moment later, this dazzling vision, with its dancing eyes, delicate features, and glowing cheeks, was lost to sight. All through the remainder of the service it stayed hidden in the depths of the high old family pew, whence nothing could be seen save the top of the Squire's silver head, rising occasionally, like an erratic half moon, over the edge of the dark oak wood. Not another glimpse was to be had of the white satin princess; there was no one to look at but the ordinary village folk whom Cecily could see every day of her life: young George Fox, for instance, the Weaver's son, who was staring straight before him as usual, paying not the smallest heed to the entrance of all these marvellous beings. Fancy staring at the marble tomb erected by a long dead Lady Jocosa, and never even noticing her living namesake of to-day, with all her sparkles and flushes! Truly the Weaver's son was a strange lad, as the whole village knew.

A strange boy indeed, Joyce Purefoy thought in her turn, as, passing close by him on her way out of church, she happened to look up and to meet the steady gaze of the young eyes that were at the same time so piercing and yet so far away. She could not see his features clearly, since the sun, pouring in through a tall lancet window behind him, dazzled her eyes. Yet, even through the blurr of light, she felt the clear look that went straight through and found the real Joyce lying deep down somewhere, though hidden beneath all the finery with which she had hoped to dazzle the village children.

Late that same evening it was no fairy princess but a contrite little girl who approached her mother's side at bed-time.

'Forgive me, mother mine, I did pick just a few cherries from the tree above the moat,' she whispered hesitatingly 'I was hot and they were juicy. Then, when you and my father crossed the bridge on our way to church and asked me had I taken any, I,—no—I did not exactly forget, but I suppose I disremembered, and I said I had not had one.'

'Jocosa!' exclaimed her mother sternly: 'What! You a Purefoy and my daughter, yet not to be trusted to tell the truth! For the cherries, they are a small matter, I gave you plenty myself later, but to lie about even a trifle, it is that, that I mind.' The little girl hung her head still lower. 'I know,' she said, 'it was shameful. Yet, in truth, I did confess at length.'

'True,' answered her mother, 'and therefore thou art forgiven, and without a punishment; only remember thy name and take better heed of thy Pure Faith another time. What made thee come and tell me even now?'

'The sight of the broken spear in church,' stammered the little girl. 'That began it, and then I partly remembered....'

She got no further. Even to her indulgent mother (and Madam Purefoy was accounted an unwontedly tender parent in those days), Joyce could not explain how it was, that, as the glance



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from those grave boyish eyes fell upon her, out of the sunlit window, her 'disremembering' became suddenly a weight too heavy to be borne.

Jocosa Purefoy never forgot that Sunday, or her childish fault. The visits of the Squire and his family to the old Manor House were few and far between. The estates in Yorkshire that Madam Purefoy had brought to her husband on her marriage were the children's real home. It was several years after this before Cecily saw her fairy princess again. The next glimpse was even more fleeting than their appearance in church, just a mere flash at the lodge gates as Jocosa and her brother cantered past on their way out for a day's hunting. Old Thomas, sitting in his arm-chair in the sun, looked critically and enviously at the man-servant who accompanied them. 'Too young-too young,' he muttered. His own hunting days were long past, but he could not bear, even crippled with rheumatism as he was, that any one but he, who had taught their father to sit a horse, should ride to hounds with his children.

Cecily had some envious thoughts too. 'I should like very well to wear a scarlet riding-dress and fur tippet, and a long red feather in my hat, and go a-hunting on old Snowball, instead of having to stop at home and take care of grandfather and mind the house.'

After she had closed the heavy iron gates with a clang, she pressed her nose between the bars and looked wistfully along the straight road, carried on its high causeway above the fens, down which the gay riders were swiftly disappearing.

But, in spite of envious looks, the gaiety of the day was short-lived. During the very first run, Snowball put her foot into a rabbit-hole, and almost came down. 'Lamed herself, sure enough,' said the man-servant grimly. No more hunting for Snowball that day. The best that could be hoped was that she might be able to carry her little mistress's light weight safely home, at a walking pace, over the few miles that separated them from Drayton. Joyce could not return alone, and Edward would not desert his sister, though he could not repress a few gloomy remarks on the homeward way.

'To lose such a splendid dry day at this season! Once the weather breaks and the floods are out, there will be no leaving the Manor House again for weeks, save by the causeway over the fens!'

Thus it was a rather melancholy trio that returned slowly by the same road over which the ponies' feet had scampered gaily an hour or two before.

When the chimneys of Drayton were coming in sight, a loud 'Halloo' made the riders look round. A second fox must have led the hunt back in their direction after all. Sure enough, a speck of ruddy brown was to be seen slinking along beneath a haystack in the distance. Already the hounds were scrambling across the road after him, while, except for the huntsman, not a solitary rider was as yet to be seen anywhere.



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The temptation was too strong for Edward. The brush might still be his, if he were quick.

'We are close at home. You will come to no harm now, sister,' he called. Then, raising his whip, he was off at a gallop, beckoning peremptorily to the groom to follow him. Not without a shade of remorse for deserting his little mistress, the manservant obediently gave Snowball's bridle to Joyce, and set spurs to his horse. Then, as he galloped away, he salved his conscience with the reflection that 'after all, young Master's neck is in more danger than young Missie's, now home is in sight.'

Joyce, left alone, dismounted, in order to lead Snowball herself on the uneven road across the fens. It was difficult to do this satisfactorily, owing to the pony's lameness, and her long, clinging skirt, over which she was perpetually tripping. Therefore, looking down over the hedgeless country for someone to help her, it was with real relief that she caught sight of a tall youth close at hand, in a pasture where sheep and cattle were grazing. All her life Joyce was accustomed to treat the people she met with the airs of a queen. Therefore, 'Hey! boy,' she called imperiously, 'come and help me! quick!'

She had to call more than once before the youth looked up, and when he did, at first he made no motion in response. Then, seeing that the pony really was limping badly, and that the little lady was obviously in difficulty, and was, moreover, a very little lady still, in spite of her peremptory tones, he changed his mind. Striding slowly towards her, he rather reluctantly closed the book he had been reading, and placed it in his pocket. Then, without saying a single word, he put out his hand and taking Snowball's bridle from Joyce he proceeded to lead the pony carefully and cleverly over the stones.

The silence remained unbroken for a few minutes: the lad buried in his own thoughts, grave, earnest and preoccupied; the dainty damsel, her skirt held up now, satisfactorily, on both sides, skipping along, with glancing footsteps, as she tried to keep up with her companion's longer paces, and at the same time to remember why this tall, silent boy seemed to her vaguely familiar. She could not see his face, for it was turned towards Snowball, and Joyce herself scarcely came up to her companion's elbow.

They passed a cottage, set back at some distance from the road and half hidden by a cherry-tree with a few late leaves upon it, crimsoned by the first touch of November frost. A cherry-tree! The old memory flashed back in a moment.

'I know who you are,' exclaimed Joyce, 'even though you don't speak a word. And I know your name. You are Righteous Christer the Weaver's son, and you are called George, like my father. You have grown so big and tall I did not know you at first, but now I do. Where do you live?'

The boy pointed in the direction of the cottage under the cherry-



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tree. The gentle whirr of the loom stole through the window as they approached.

'And I have seen you before,' Joyce went on, 'a long time ago, the last time we were here, on Sunday. It was in church,' she concluded triumphantly.

'Aye, in yon steeple-house,' answered her companion moodily, and with no show of interest. 'Very like.' His eyes wandered from the thatched roof of the cottage to where, high above the tall old yew-trees, a slender spire pointed heavenward.

Joyce laughed at the unfamiliar word. 'That is a church, not a steeple-house,' she corrected. 'Of course it has a steeple, but wherefore give it such a clumsy name?'

Her companion made no reply. He seemed absorbed in a world of his own, though still leading the pony carefully.

Joyce, piqued at having her presence ignored even by a village lad, determined to arouse him. 'Moreover, I have heard Priest Stephens speak of you to my father,' she went on, with a little pin-prick of emphasis on each word, though addressing her remarks apparently to no one in particular, and with her dainty head tilted in the air.

Her companion turned to her at once. 'What said the Priest?' he enquired quickly.

'The Priest said, "Never was such a plant bred in England before!" What his words meant I know not—unless he was thinking of the proverb of certain plants that grow apace,' she added maliciously, looking up with a gleam of fun at the tall figure beside her. 'And my father said....'

Colonel Purefoy's remark was not destined to be revealed, for they had reached the tall gateway by this time. Old Thomas, seeing his little mistress approaching, accompanied only by the Weaver's son, and with Snowball obviously damaged, had hobbled to meet them in spite of his rheumatics. Close at hand was Cecily, brimful of excitement at the sight of her fairy princess actually stopping at their own cottage door. The tall youth handed the pony's bridle to the old man, and was departing with evident relief, when a clear, imperious voice stopped him—

'Good-bye and good-day to you, Weaver's son, and thanks for your aid,' said Jocosia, like a queen dismissing a subject.

The tall figure looked down upon the patronizing little lady, as if from a remote height. 'Mayest thou verily fare well,' he said, almost with solemnity, and then, without removing his hat or making any gesture of respect, he turned abruptly and was gone.

'A strange boy,' Joyce said to herself a few minutes later as she stood on the stone bridge that crossed the moat in front of the Manor House. 'I did not like him; in fact I rather disliked him—but I should like to see him again and find out what he meant by his "steeple-house" and "verily."'

Cecily, left behind at the Lodge, very happy because her fairy princess had actually thrown her a smile as she passed, was still



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following the distant figure on the bridge with wistful eyes, as Joyce busily searched her pockets for a few stray crumbs with which to feed the swans in the moat. The scarlet riding-dress, glossy tippet, and scarlet feather in the big brown hat were all faithfully reflected in the clear water below, except where the swans interrupted the vivid picture with dazzling snowy curves and orange webbed feet.

More critical eyes than Cecily's were also watching Joyce. High up on the terrace, where a few late roses and asters were still in bloom, two figures were leaning over the stone parapet, looking down over the moat. 'A fair maiden, indeed,' a voice was saying, in low, polished tones. The next moment the sound of her own name made the girl look up. There, coming towards her, at the very top of the flight of shallow stone steps that led from the terrace to the low stone bridge, she saw her father, and with him a stranger, dressed, not like Colonel Purefoy, in a slightly archaic costume, but in the very latest fashion of King Charles's Court at Whitehall.

'My father come home already! and a stranger with him! What an unlucky chance after the misadventure of the morning!'

Throwing her remaining crumbs over the swans in a swift shower, Joyce made haste up the stone steps, to greet the two gentlemen with the reverence always paid by children to their elders in those days.

Somewhat to her surprise, her father bent down and kissed her cheek. Then, taking her hand, he led her towards the stranger, and presented her very gravely. 'My daughter, Jocosa: my good friend, Sir Everard Danvers.' 'Exactly as if I had been a grown-up lady at Court,' thought Joyce, delighted, with the delight of thirteen, at her own unexpected importance. Her father had never paid her so much attention before. Well, at least he should see that she was worthy of it now. And Joyce dropped her lowest, most formal, curtsey, as the stranger bowed low over her hand. To curtsey at the edge of a flight of steps, and in a clinging riding skirt, was an accomplishment of which anyone might be proud. Was the stranger properly impressed? He appeared grave enough, anyhow, and a very splendid figure in his suit of sky-blue satin, short shoulder cape, and pointed lace collar. He was a strikingly handsome man, of a dark-olive complexion, with good features, and jet-black hair; but strangely enough, the sight of him made Joyce turn back to her father, feeling as if she had never understood before the comfort of his quiet, familiar face. Even the old-fashioned ruff gave her a sense of home and security. She would tell him about the morning's disasters now after all. But Colonel Purefoy's questions came first. 'How now, Jocosa, and wherefore alone? My daughter rides with her brother in my absence,' he added, turning to his companion.

'Father,—Snowball,...' began Joyce bravely, her colour rising as she spoke.

'Talk not of snowballs,' interrupted Sir Everard gallantly, 'it



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may be November by the calendar, but here it is high summer yet, with roses all abloom.' He pointed to her crimsoning cheeks.

They quickly flushed a deeper crimson, evidently to the stranger's amusement. 'Why here comes Maiden's Blush, Queen of all the Roses' he went on, in a teasing voice. Then, turning to Colonel Purefoy, 'By my faith, Purefoy,' he said, 'my scamp of a nephew is a lucky dog.'

Joyce's bewilderment increased. What did it all mean? Was he play-acting? Why did they both treat her so? The stranger's punctilious politeness had flattered her at first, but, since the mocking tone stole into his voice she felt that she hated him, and looked round hoping to escape. Sir Everard was too quick for her. In that instant he had managed to possess himself of her hand, and now he was kissing it with exaggerated homage and deference, yet still with that mocking smile that seemed to say—'Like it, or like it not, little I care.'

Joyce had often seen people kiss her mother's hand, and had thought, as she watched the delightful process, how much she should enjoy it, when her own turn came. She knew better now: it was not a delightful process at all, it was simply hateful. A new Joyce suddenly woke up within her, a frightened, angry Joyce, who wanted to run away and hide. All her new-born dignity vanished in a moment. Scarcely waiting for her father's amused permission: 'There then, maiden, haste to thy mother: she has news for thee'—she flew along the terrace and in at the hall door. As she fled up the oak staircase that led to her mother's withdrawing-room, she vainly tried to shut her ears to the sounds of laughter that floated after her from the terrace below.

Madam Purefoy was seated, half hidden behind her big, upright embroidery frame, in one of the recesses formed by the high, deeply mullioned windows. Thin rays of autumn sunshine filled the tapestried room with pale, clear light. There was no possibility of mistaking the colours of the silks that lay in their varied hues close under her hand. Why, then, had this skilful embroideress deliberately threaded her needle with a shade of brilliant blue silk? Why was she carefully using it to fill in a lady's cheek without noticing, apparently, that anything was wrong? Yet, at the first sound of Joyce's light footfall on the stairs she laid down her needle and listened, and held out her arms, directly her daughter appeared, flushed and agitated, in the doorway, waiting for permission to enter. Mothers were mothers, it seems, even in the seventeenth century. In another minute Joyce was in her arms, pouring out the whole history of the morning. By this time Snowball's lameness had faded behind the remembrance of the encounter on the terrace.

'Who is that man, mother? A courtier, I know, since he wears such beautiful clothes. But wherefore comes he here? I thought I liked him, until he kissed my hand and laughed at me, and then I detested him. I hope I shall never see him again.' And she hid



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her face.

Before speaking, Mistress Purefoy left her seat and carefully closed the casement, in order that their voices might not reach the ears of anyone on the terrace below. Then, taking Joyce on her knee as if she had been still a child, she explained to her that the stranger, Sir Everard Danvers, was a well-known and favourite attendant of the Queen's. 'And it is by her wish that he comes hither for thee, Mignonne.'

'For me?' Joyce grew rosier than ever; 'I am too young yet to be a Maid of Honour as thou wert in thy girlhood. What does her Majesty know about me?' she questioned.

'Only that thou art my daughter, and that she is my very good friend. Her Majesty knows also that, in time, thou wilt inherit some of my Yorkshire estates; and therefore she hath sent Sir Everard to demand thy hand in marriage for his nephew and ward, the young Viscount Danvers, whose property marches with ours. Moreover, seeing that the times are unsettled, her Majesty hath signified her pleasure that not a mere betrothal, but the marriage ceremony itself, shall take place as soon as possible in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, since the young Viscount, thy husband to be, is attached to her suite as a page.'

'But I am not fourteen yet,' faltered Joyce, 'tis full soon to be wed.' A vista of endless court curtsies and endless mocking strangers swam before her eyes, and prevented her being elated with the prospect that would otherwise have appeared so dazzling.

Her mother stifled a sigh. 'Aye truly,' she replied, 'thy father and I have both urged that. But her Majesty hath never forgotten the French fashion of youthful marriages, and is bent on the scheme. She says, with truth, that thou must needs have a year or two's education after thy marriage for the position thou wilt have in future to fill at Court, and 'tis better to have the contract settled first.'

Education! To be married at thirteen might be a glorious thing, but to be sent back, a bride, for a year or two of education thereafter was a dismal prospect.

That night there were tears of excitement and dismay on the pillow of the Viscountess-to-be as she thought of the alarming future. Yet she woke up, laughing, in the morning sunlight, for she had dreamt that she was fastening a coronet over her brown hair.

The wedding festivities a few weeks later left nothing to be desired. Day after day Joyce found herself the caressed centre of a brilliant throng that held but one disappointing figure—her boy bridegroom. 'He has eyes like a weasel, and a nose like a ferret,' was the bride's secret criticism, when the introduction took place. But, after all, the bridegroom was one of the least important parts of the wedding: far less important than the Prince of Wales, who led her out to dance, and whom she much preferred: far less important also than the bridegroom's



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cousin, Abigail, a bold, black-eyed girl who took country-bred Joyce under her protection at once, and saved her from many a mistake. Abigail was already at the school to which Joyce was to be sent. She herself was betrothed, though not as yet married, to my Lord Darcy, and was therefore able to instruct Joyce herself in many of the needful accomplishments of her new position.

The school days that followed were not unhappy ones, since, far better than their books, both girls loved their embroidery work and other 'curious and ingenious manufactures,' especially the new and fashionable employment of making samplers, which had just been introduced. But when, in a short time, the Civil Wars broke out, their peaceful world collapsed like a house of cards. The 'position' of the young Viscountess and her husband vanished into thin air. One winter at Court the young couple spent together, it is true, when the King and Queen were in Oxford, keeping state that was like a faint echo of Whitehall.

All too soon the fighting began again. In one of the earliest battles young Lord Danvers was severely wounded and sent home maimed for life. His days at Court and camp were over. Summoning his wife to nurse him, he returned to his estate near Beverley in Yorkshire, where the next few years of Joyce's life were spent, to her ill-concealed displeasure.

Her husband's days were evidently numbered, and as he grew weaker, he grew more exacting. Patience had never been one of Joyce's strong points, and, though she did her best, time often dragged, and she mourned the cruel fate that had cast her lot in such an unquiet age. Instead of wearing her coronet at Court, here she was moping and mewed up in a stiff, puritanical countryside.

After the triumph of the Parliamentarians, things grew worse. It would have gone hard with the young couple had not a neighbour of theirs, of much influence with the Protector, one Justice Hotham, made representations as to the young lord's dying state and so ensured their being left unmolested.

Justice Hotham was a fatherly old man with a genius for understanding his neighbours, especially young people. He was a good friend to Joyce, and perpetually urged her to cherish her husband while he remained with her. Judge then of the good Justice's distress, when, one fine day, a note was brought to him from his wilful neighbour to say that she could bear her lot no longer, that her dear friend Abigail, Lady Darcy, was now on her way to join the Queen in France, and had persuaded Joyce to leave her husband and accompany her thither.

The Justice looked up in dismay: a dismay reflected on the face of the waiting-woman to whom Joyce had entrusted her confidential letter. This was a certain blue-eyed Cecily, now a tall and comely maiden, who had followed her mistress from her old home at Drayton-in-the-Clay.

'She must be stopped,' said the good Judge. 'Spending the night



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with Lady Darcy at the Inn at Beverley is she, sayest thou? And thou art to join her there? Hie thee after her then, and delay her at all costs. Plague on this gouty foot that ties me here! Maiden, I trust in thee to bring her home.'

Cecily needed no second bidding. 'She will not heed me. No mortal man or woman can hinder my lady, once her mind is made up. Still I will do my best,' was her only answer to the Judge; while 'It would take an angel to stop her! May Heaven find one to do the work and send her home, or ever my lord finds out that she has forsaken him,' she prayed in the depths of her faithful heart.

Was it in answer to her prayer that the rain came down in such torrents that for two days the roads were impassable? Cecily was inclined to think so. Anyhow, Joyce and Abigail, growing tired of the stuffy inn parlour while the torrents descended, and having nothing to do, seeing that the day was the Sabbath, and therefore scrupulously observed without doors in Puritan Beverley, strolled through the Minster, meaning to make sport of the congregation and its ways thereafter. The sermon was long and tedious, but it was nearing its end as they entered. At the close a stranger rose to speak in the body of the Church, a tall stranger, who stood in the rays of the sun that streamed through a lancet window behind him. His first words arrested careless Joyce, though she paid small heed to preaching as a rule.

More than the words, something vaguely familiar in the tones of the voice and the piercing gaze that fell upon her out of the flood of sunlight, awoke in her the memory of that long ago Sunday of her childhood, of her theft of the cherries, of her 'disremembering,' and then of her mother's words, 'You, a Purefoy, to forget to be worthy of your name.'

Alas! where was her Pure Faith now? The preacher seemed to be speaking to her, to her alone: yet, strangely enough, to almost every heart in that vast congregation the message went home. Did the building itself rock and shake as if filled with power? The real Joyce was reached again: the real Joyce, though hidden now under the weight of years of self-pleasing, a heavier burden than any childish finery. Certainly reached she was, though Lady Darcy preserved through it all her cynical smile, and made sport of her friend's earnestness. Nevertheless Lady Darcy went to France alone. Lady Danvers returned to her husband—too much accustomed to be left alone, poor man, to have been seriously disquieted by her absence. For the remainder of his short life his wife did her best to tend him dutifully. But she did leave him for an hour or two the day after her return, in order to go and throw herself on her knees beside kind old Justice Hotham, and confess to him how nearly she had deserted her post.

'And then what saved you?' enquired the wise old man, smoothing back the wavy hair from the wilful, lovely face that looked up to him, pleading for forgiveness.

'I think it was an angel,' said Joyce simply—'an angel or a spirit. It rose up in Beverley Minster: it preached to us of the



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wonderful things of God: words that burned. The whole building shook. Afterwards it passed away.'

Little she guessed that George Fox, the Weaver's son, the Judge's guest, seated in a deep recess of the long, panelled library, was obliged to listen to every word she spoke. Joyce never knew that the angel who had again enabled her to keep her 'Faith pure' was no stranger to her. Neither did it occur to him, whose thoughts were ever full of weightier matters than wilful woman's ways, that he had met this 'great woman of Beverley,' as he calls her, long before.

Only waiting-maid Cecily, who had prayed for an angel; Cecily, who had recognised the Weaver's son the first moment she saw him at the inn door; Cecily who had found in him, also, the messenger sent by God in answer to her prayer-wise Cecily kept silence until the day of her death.

George Fox says in his Journal:

'I was moved of the Lord to go to Beverley steeple-house, which was a place of high profession. Being very wet with rain, I went first to an inn. As soon as I came to the door, a young woman of the house said, "What, is it you? Come in," as if she had known me before, for the Lord's power bowed their hearts. So I refreshed myself and went to bed. In the morning, my clothes being still wet, I got ready, and, having paid for what I had, went up to the steeple-house where was a man preaching. When he had done, I was moved to speak to him and to the people in the mighty power of God, and turned them to their teacher, Christ Jesus. The power of the Lord was so strong that it struck a mighty dread among the people. The Mayor came and spoke a few words to me, but none had power to meddle with me, so I passed out of the town, and the next day went to Justice Hotham's. He was a pretty tender man and had some experience of God's workings in his heart. After some discourse with him of the things of God he took me into his closet, where, sitting together, he told me he had known that principle these ten years, and was glad that the Lord did now send his servants to publish it abroad among the people. While I was there a great woman of Beverley came to Justice Hotham about some business. In discourse she told him that "The last Sabbath day," as she called it, "an Angel or Spirit came into the church at Beverley and spoke the wonderful things of God, to the astonishment of all that were there: and when it had done, it passed away, and they did not know whence it came or whither it went; but it astonished all, priests, professors and magistrates." This relation Justice Hotham gave me afterwards, and then I gave him an account that I had been that day at Beverley steeple-house and had declared truth to the priest and people there.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'THE ANGEL OF BEVERLEY.'

This is a purely imaginary story, written for a ten-year-old listener who begged for 'more of a story about him when he was young.' The connection of a member of the Purefoy family with the 'Great Lady of Beverley' has no foundation in fact. On visiting Fenny Drayton, since writing the story, I find, however, that there were a brother and sister Edward and Joyce Purefoy, who lived a few years earlier than the date of this tale. They may still be seen in marble on a tomb in the North Aisle with their father, the Colonel Purefoy of that day, who does wear a ruff as described in the story. It is not impossible that the Colonel Purefoy of George Fox's JOURNAL may also have had a son and daughter of the same names as described in my account, but I have no warrant for supposing this and am anxious that this imaginary tale should not be supposed to possess the same kind of authenticity as most of the other stories. Priest Stephens' remark about George Fox, and the scenes in Beverley Minster and at Justice Hotham's house, are, however, historical.



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October 14, Thursday (Old Style): According to [George Fox](#) the name “Quaker” was first given to himself and his followers by Justice Bennet at Derby in 1650 “because I bid them, Tremble at the Word of the Lord.” It would appear, however, from an OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY entry in regard to this term “[Quaker](#),” that this was not its first application. According to a letter of intelligence written on this date in [London](#), the term “Quakers” had previously been applied to the members of some foreign religious sect:

I heare of a Sect of woemen (they are at Southworke) come from beyond Sea, called Quakers, and these swell, shiver, and shake, and when they come to themselves (for in all this fitt Mahomett’s holy-ghost hath bin conversing with them) they begin to preache what hath bin delivered to them by the Spiritt.

— CLARENDON MSS #2624

This Justice Bennet may have been recycling a term already familiar and appropriate as descriptive of Fox’s earlier adherents (cf. quotations. 1654, 1694, and see quaking vbl. sb. and ppl. a. 2). If this could help us understand Friend George, perhaps by displaying a situation in which he mythified history by inappropriately placing himself at its center, it wouldn’t be mere etymology. One of the possibilities would be that these women of Southworke who were from “beyond Sea” were not Moslems but merely refugee [Huguenots](#), and that the reference to the spirit of “Mahomett” in the quotation is a mere pejorative aspersion.

NO-ONE’S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE



HDT

WHAT?

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1648

1648 Events of the English Civil War:

- 3rd January: The vote on No Addresses.
- 23rd March: Laugharne's revolt in Wales.
- 8th May: The Battle of St Fagans.
- 24th May: The House of Commons voted to negotiate with King Charles II.
- 26th May: The failure of the Kentish revolt.
- 27th May: The Navy revolted against the Parliament.
- 1st June: The Battle of Maidstone.
- 8th June: The rising in Essex.
- 13th June: Colchester Castle was seized.
- 10th July: The Battle of St Neots.
- 17th August: The Battle of Preston.
- 18th August: The Battle of Wigan.
- 24th August: Repeal of the vote on No Addresses.
- 25th August: The Duke of Hamilton surrendered.
- 27th August: Colchestre Castle surrendered.
- 11th September: The Leveller's Humble Petition.
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- 29th October: The assassination of Rainsborough.
- 16th November: The Remonstrance of the Army.
- 2nd December: The Army occupied London.
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ROUNDHEADS



CAVALIERS



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George Fox was preaching.



“Vale of Beavor,” Nottinghamshire

George Fox



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After this I went to Mansfield, where was a great meeting of professors and people. Here I was moved to pray; and the Lord's power was so great that the house seemed to be shaken. When I had done, some of the professors said it was now as in the days of the apostles, when the house was shaken where they were. After I had prayed, one of the professors would pray, which brought deadness and a veil over them; and others of the professors were grieved at him and told him it was a temptation upon him. Then he came to me, and desired that I would pray again; but I could not pray in man's will.

Soon after there was another great meeting of professors, and a captain, whose name was Amor Stoddard, came in. They were discoursing of the blood of Christ; and as they were discoursing of it, I saw, through the immediate opening of the invisible Spirit, the blood of Christ. And I cried out among them, and said, "Do ye not see the blood of Christ? See it in your hearts, to sprinkle your hearts and consciences from dead works, to serve the living God"; for I saw it, the blood of the New Covenant, how it came into the heart.

This startled the professors, who would have the blood only without them, and not in them. But Captain Stoddard was reached, and said, "Let the youth speak; hear the youth speak"; when he saw they endeavoured to bear me down with many words.

There was also a company of priests, that were looked upon to be tender; one of their names was Kellett; and several people that were tender went to hear them. I was moved to go after them, and bid them mind the Lord's teaching in their inward parts. That priest Kellett was against parsonages then; but afterwards he got a great one, and turned a persecutor.

Now, after I had had some service in these parts, I went through Derbyshire into my own county, Leicestershire, again, and several tender people were convinced.

Passing thence, I met with a great company of professors in Warwickshire, who were praying, and expounding the Scriptures in the fields. They gave the Bible to me, and I opened it on the fifth of Matthew, where Christ expounded the law; and I opened the inward state to them, and the outward state; upon which they fell into a fierce contention, and so parted; but the Lord's power got ground.

Then I heard of a great meeting to be at Leicester, for a dispute, wherein Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists and Common-prayer-men were said to be all concerned. The meeting was in a steeple-house; and thither I was moved by the Lord God to go, and be amongst them. I heard their discourse and reasonings, some being in pews, and the priest in the pulpit; abundance of people being gathered together.



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** At last one woman asked a question out of Peter, What that birth was, viz., a being born again of incorruptible seed, by the Word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever? And the priest said to her, "I permit not a woman to speak in the church"; though he had before given liberty for any to speak. Whereupon I was wrapped up, as in a rapture, in the Lord's power; and I stepped up and asked the priest, "Dost thou call this (the steeple-house) a church? Or dost thou call this mixed multitude a church?" For the woman asking a question, he ought to have answered it, having given liberty for any to speak.*

But, instead of answering me, he asked me what a church was? I told him the church was the pillar and ground of truth, made up of living stones, living members, a spiritual household, which Christ was the head of; but he was not the head of a mixed multitude, or of an old house made up of lime, stones and wood.

This set them all on fire. The priest came down from his pulpit, and others out of their pews, and the dispute there was marred. I went to a great inn, and there disputed the thing with the priests and professors, who were all on fire. But I maintained the true church, and the true head thereof, over their heads, till they all gave out and fled away. One man seemed loving, and appeared for a while to join with me; but he soon turned against me, and joined with a priest in pleading for infant-baptism, though himself had been a Baptist before; so he left me alone. Howbeit, there were several convinced that day; the woman that asked the question was convinced, and her family; and the Lord's power and glory shone over all.

After this I returned into Nottinghamshire again, and went into the Vale of Beavor. As I went, I preached repentance to the people. There were many convinced in the Vale of Beavor, in many towns; for I stayed some weeks amongst them.

One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me; and I sat still. It was said, "All things come by nature"; and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. But as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it and let it alone, a living hope and a true voice arose in me, which said, "There is a living God who made all things." Immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all; my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.

After some time I met with some people who had a notion that there was no God, but that all things come by nature. I had a great dispute with them, and overturned them, and made some of them confess that there is a living God. Then I saw that it was good that I had gone through that exercise [experience]. We had great meetings in those parts; for the power of the Lord broke through in that side of the country.

Returning into Nottinghamshire, I found there a company of shattered Baptists, and others. The Lord's power wrought mightily, and gathered many of them. Afterwards I went to Mansfield and thereaway, where the Lord's power was wonderfully manifested both at Mansfield and other towns thereabouts.



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In Derbyshire the mighty power of God wrought in a wonderful manner. At Eton, a town near Derby, there was a meeting of Friends, where appeared such a mighty power of God that they were greatly shaken, and many mouths were opened in the power of the Lord God. Many were moved by the Lord to go to steeple-houses, to the priests and people, to declare the everlasting truth unto them.

At a certain time, when I was at Mansfield, there was a sitting of the justices about hiring of servants; and it was upon me from the Lord to go and speak to the justices, that they should not oppress the servants in their wages. So I walked towards the inn where they sat; but finding a company of fiddlers there, I did not go in, but thought to come in the morning, when I might have a more serious opportunity to discourse with them.

But when I came in the morning, they were gone, and I was struck even blind, that I could not see. I inquired of the innkeeper where the justices were to sit that day; and he told me, at a town eight miles off. My sight began to come to me again; and I went and ran thitherward as fast as I could. When I was come to the house where they were, and many servants with them, I exhorted the justices not to oppress the servants in their wages, but to do that which was right and just to them; and I exhorted the servants to do their duties, and serve honestly. They all received my exhortation kindly; for I was moved of the Lord therein.

Moreover, I was moved to go to several courts and steeple-houses at Mansfield, and other places, to warn them to leave off oppression and oaths, and to turn from deceit to the Lord, and to do justly. Particularly at Mansfield, after I had been at a court there, I was moved to go and speak to one of the most wicked men in the country, one who was a common drunkard, a noted whore-master, and a rhyme-maker; and I reproved him in the dread of the mighty God, for his evil courses.

When I had done speaking, and left him, he came after me, and told me that he was so smitten when I spoke to him, that he had scarcely any strength left in him. So this man was convinced, and turned from his wickedness, and remained an honest, sober man, to the astonishment of the people who had known him before.

Thus the work of the Lord went forward, and many were turned from the darkness to the light, within the compass of these three years, 1646, 1647 and 1648. Diverse meetings of Friends, in several places, were then gathered to God's teaching, by his light, Spirit, and power; for the Lord's power broke forth more and more wonderfully.

Now I was come up in spirit through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God. All things were new; and all the creation gave unto me another smell than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, and innocency, and righteousness; being renewed into the image of God by Christ Jesus, to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell. The creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their names given them according to their nature and virtue.



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I was at a stand in my mind whether I should practise physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of things were so opened to me by the Lord. But I was immediately taken up in spirit to see into another or more steadfast state than Adam's innocency, even into a state in Christ Jesus that should never fall. And the Lord showed me that such as were faithful to Him, in the power and light of Christ, should come up into that state in which Adam was before he fell; in which the admirable works of the creation, and the virtues thereof, may be known, through the openings of that divine Word of wisdom and power by which they were made. Great things did the Lord lead me into, and wonderful depths were opened unto me, beyond what can by words be declared; but as people come into subjection to the Spirit of God, and grow up in the image and power of the Almighty, they may receive the Word of wisdom that opens all things, and come to know the hidden unity in the Eternal Being.

Thus I travelled on in the Lord's service, as He led me. When I came to Nottingham, the mighty power of God was there among Friends. From thence I went to Clawson, in Leicestershire, in the Vale of Beavor; and the mighty power of God appeared there also, in several towns and villages where Friends were gathered.

While I was there the Lord opened to me three things relating to those three great professions in the world, - law, physic, and divinity (so called). He showed me that the physicians were out of the wisdom of God, by which the creatures were made; and knew not the virtues of the creatures, because they were out of the Word of wisdom, by which they were made. He showed me that the priests were out of the true faith, of which Christ is the author, - the faith which purifies, gives victory and brings people to have access to God, by which they please God; the mystery of which faith is held in a pure conscience. He showed me also that the lawyers were out of the equity, out of the true justice, and out of the law of God, which went over the first transgression, and over all sin, and answered the Spirit of God that was grieved and transgressed in man; and that these three, - the physicians, the priests, and the lawyers, - ruled the world out of the wisdom, out of the faith, and out of the equity and law of God; one pretending the cure of the body, another the cure of the soul, and the third the protection of the property of the people. But I saw they were all out of the wisdom, out of the faith, out of the equity and perfect law of God.

And as the Lord opened these things unto me I felt that His power went forth over all, by which all might be reformed if they would receive and bow unto it. The priests might be reformed and brought into the true faith, which is the gift of God. The lawyers might be reformed and brought into the law of God, which answers that [indwelling Spirit] of God which is [in every one, is] transgressed in every one, and [which yet, if heeded] brings one to love his neighbour as himself. This lets man see that if he wrongs his neighbour, he wrongs himself; and teaches him to do unto others as he would they should do unto him. The physicians might be reformed and brought into the wisdom of God, by which all things were made and created; that they might receive a right knowledge of the creatures, and understand their virtues, which the Word of wisdom, by which they were made and are upheld, hath given them.



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THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





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The spirit getting the better of young [George Fox](#), he disrupted a minister's sermon and needed to be punished.

George Fox

Now, as I went towards Nottingham, on a Firstday, in the morning, going with Friends to a meeting there, when I came on the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house. And the Lord said unto me, "Thou must go cry against yonder great idol, and against the worshippers therein."

I said nothing of this to the Friends that were with me, but went on with them to the meeting, where the mighty power of the Lord was amongst us; in which I left Friends sitting in the meeting, and went away to the steeple-house. When I came there, all the people looked like fallow ground; and the priest (like a great lump of earth) stood in his pulpit above.

He took for his text these words of Peter, "We have also a more sure Word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." And he told the people that this was the Scriptures, by which they were to try all doctrines, religions, and opinions.

Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out and say, "Oh, no; it is not the Scriptures!" and I told them what it was, namely, the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions, and judgments were to be tried; for it led into all truth, and so gave the knowledge of all truth. The Jews had the Scriptures, and yet resisted the Holy Ghost, and rejected Christ, the bright morning star. They persecuted Christ and His apostles, and took upon them to try their doctrines by the Scriptures; but they erred in judgment, and did not try them aright, because they tried without the Holy Ghost.

As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came and took me away, and put me into a nasty, stinking prison; the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat that it very much annoyed me.

But that day the Lord's power sounded so in their ears that they were amazed at the voice, and could not get it out of their ears for some time after, they were so reached by the Lord's power in the steeple-house. At night they took me before the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the town; and when I was brought before them, the mayor was in a peevish, fretful temper, but the Lord's power allayed him. They examined me at large; and I told them how the Lord had moved me to come. After some discourse between them and me, they sent me back to prison again. Some time after, the head sheriff, whose name was John Reckless, sent for me to his house. When I came in, his wife met me in the hall, and said, "Salvation is come to our house." She took me by the hand, and was much wrought upon by the power of the Lord God; and her husband, and children, and servants were much changed, for the power of the Lord wrought upon them.



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I lodged at the sheriff's, and great meetings we had in his house. Some persons of considerable condition in the world came to them, and the Lord's power appeared eminently amongst them.

This sheriff sent for the other sheriff, and for a woman they had had dealings with in the way of trade; and he told her, before the other sheriff, that they had wronged her in their dealings with her (for the other sheriff and he were partners), and that they ought to make her restitution. This he spoke cheerfully; but the other sheriff denied it, and the woman said she knew nothing of it. But the friendly sheriff said it was so, and that the other knew it well enough; and having discovered the matter, and acknowledged the wrong, done by them, he made restitution to the woman, and exhorted the other sheriff to do the like. The Lord's power was with this friendly sheriff, and wrought a mighty change in him; and great openings he had.

The next market-day, as he was walking with me in the chamber, he said, "I must go into the market, and preach repentance to the people." Accordingly he went in his slippers into the market, and into several streets, and preached repentance to the people. Several others also in the town were moved to speak to the mayor and magistrates, and to the people exhorting them to repent. Hereupon the magistrates grew very angry, sent for me from the sheriff's house and committed me to the common prison.

When the assize came on, one person was moved to come and offer up himself for me, body for body, yea, life also; but when I should have been brought before the judge, the sheriff's man being somewhat long in bringing me to the sessions-house, the judge was risen before I came. At which I understood the judge was offended, and said, "I would have admonished the youth if he had been brought before me": for I was then imprisoned by the name of a youth. So I was returned to prison again, and put into the common jail.

The Lord's power was great among Friends; but the people began to be very rude: wherefore the governor of the castle sent soldiers, and dispersed them. After that they were quiet. Both priests and people were astonished at the wonderful power that broke forth. Several of the priests were made tender, and some did confess to the power of the Lord.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

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1649

1649 Events of the English Civil War:

- 4th January: The assumption of full power by House of Commons.
- 20th January: The commencement of the trial of King Charles I.
- 30th January: The execution of Charles I.
- 5th February: King Charles II was proclaimed in Scotland.
- 8th February: The *EIKON BASILIKE* of King Charles I was printed.
- 14th February: The Council of State.
- 17th March: The abolition of the English monarchy.



- 19th March: The abolition of the English House of Lords.
- 27th April: Execution of Robert Lockyer, a mutineer.
- 15th May: A mutiny was suppressed at Burford.
- 19th May: England proclaimed itself a Commonwealth.
- 2d August: The Battle of Rathmines.
- 11th September: The Drogheda slaughter.
- 11th October: The Wexford slaughter.

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ROUNDHEADS



CAVALIERS



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After a Royalist uprising leading to a 2d civil war during Summer 1648, [Oliver Cromwell](#) supervised [King Charles I](#)'s trial and execution. The Commonwealth, in which England was to be governed as a republic, was established and would last until 1660; [Cromwell](#) harshly suppressed Catholic rebellion in [Ireland](#).¹¹ Amidst

11. The Puritan prisoner [Samuell More](#) was of course set free by Lord Protector Cromwell. Eventually he would become a Member of Parliament. In his will there would be no mention of the four inconvenient small children whom he had so coldly sent to transportation.



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this turmoil Friend [George Fox](#) was preaching:

Abundance was opened concerning these things; how all lay out of the wisdom of God, and out of the righteousness and holiness that man at the first was made in. But as all believe in the Light, and walk in the Light, – that Light with which Christ hath enlightened every man that cometh into the world, – and become children of the Light, and of the day of Christ, all things, visible and invisible, are seen, by the divine Light of Christ, the spiritual heavenly man, by whom all things were created.

Moreover, when I was brought up into His image in righteousness and holiness, and into the paradise of God He let me see how Adam was made a living soul; and also the stature of Christ, the mystery that had been hid from ages and generations: which things are hard to be uttered, and cannot be borne by many. For of all the sects in Christendom (so called) that I discoursed with, I found none who could bear to be told that any should come to Adam's perfection, – into that image of God, that righteousness and holiness, that Adam was in before he fell; to be clean and pure, without sin, as he was. Therefore how shall they be able to bear being told that any shall grow up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, when they cannot bear to hear that any shall come, whilst upon earth, into the same power and Spirit that the prophets and apostles were in? – though it be a certain truth that none can understand their writings aright without the same Spirit by which they were written.

Now the Lord God opened to me by His invisible power that every man was enlightened by the divine Light of Christ, and I saw it shine through all; and that they that believed in it came out of condemnation to the Light of life, and became the children of it; but they that hated it, and did not believe in it were condemned by it, though they made a profession of Christ. This I saw in the pure openings of the Light without the help of any man; neither did I then know where to find it in the Scriptures; though afterwards, searching the Scriptures, I found it. For I saw, in that Light and Spirit which was before the Scriptures were given forth, and which led the holy men of God to give them forth, that all, if they would know God or Christ, or the Scriptures aright, must come to that Spirit by which they that gave them forth were led and taught.

On a certain time, as I was walking in the fields, the Lord said unto me, "Thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life, which was before the foundation of the world": and as the Lord spoke it, I believed, and saw in it the new birth. Some time after the Lord commanded me to go abroad into the world, which was like a briery, thorny wilderness. When I came in the Lord's mighty power with the Word of life into the world, the world swelled and made a noise like the great raging waves of the sea. Priests and professors, magistrates and people, were all like a sea when I came to proclaim the day of the Lord amongst them, and to preach repentance to them.

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I was sent to turn people from darkness to the Light, that they might receive Christ Jesus; for to as many as should receive Him in His Light, I saw He would give power to become the sons of God; which power I had obtained by receiving Christ. I was to direct people to the Spirit that gave forth the Scriptures, by which they might be led into all truth, and up to Christ and God, as those had been who gave them forth.

Yet I had no slight esteem of the holy Scriptures. They were very precious to me; for I was in that Spirit by which they were given forth; and what the Lord opened in me I afterwards found was agreeable to them. I could speak much of these things, and many volumes might be written upon them; but all would prove too short to set forth the infinite love, wisdom, and power of God, in preparing, fitting, and furnishing me for the service to which He had appointed me; letting me see the depths of Satan on the one hand, and opening to me, on the other hand, the divine mysteries of His own everlasting kingdom.

When the Lord God and His Son Jesus Christ sent me forth into the world to preach His everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was glad that I was commanded to turn people to that inward Light, Spirit, and Grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God; even that Divine Spirit which would lead them into all truth, and which I infallibly knew would never deceive any.

But with and by this divine power and Spirit of God, and the Light of Jesus, I was to bring people off from all their own ways, to Christ, the new and living way; and from their churches, which men had made and gathered, to the Church in God, the general assembly written in heaven, of which Christ is the head. And I was to bring them off from the world's teachers, made by men, to learn of Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, of whom the Father said, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him"; and off from all the world's worships, to know the Spirit of Truth in the inward parts, and to be led thereby; that in it they might worship the Father of spirits, who seeks such to worship Him. And I saw that they that worshipped not in the Spirit of Truth, knew not what they worshipped.

And I was to bring people off from all the world's religions, which are vain, that they might know the pure religion; might visit the fatherless, the widows, and the strangers, and keep themselves from the spots of the world. Then there would not be so many beggars, the sight of whom often grieved my heart, as it denoted so much hard-heartedness amongst them that professed the name of Christ.

I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, and prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power; that their fellowship might be in the Holy Ghost, and in the Eternal Spirit of God; that they might pray in the Holy Ghost, and sing in the Spirit and with the grace that comes by Jesus; making melody in their hearts to the Lord, who hath sent His beloved Son to be their Saviour, and hath caused His heavenly sun to shine upon all the world, and His heavenly rain to fall upon the just and the unjust, as His outward rain doth fall, and His outward sun doth shine on all.

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I was to bring people off from Jewish ceremonies, and from heathenish fables, and from men's inventions and worldly doctrines, by which they blew the people about this way and the other, from sect to sect; and from all their beggarly rudiments, with their schools and colleges for making ministers of Christ, - who are indeed ministers of their own making, but not of Christ's; and from all their images, and crosses, and sprinkling of infants, with all their holy-days (so called), and all their vain traditions, which they had instituted since the Apostles' days, against all of which the Lord's power was set: in the dread and authority of which power I was moved to declare against them all, and against all that preached and not freely, as being such as had not received freely from Christ.

Moreover, when the Lord sent me forth into the world, He forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to Thee and Thou all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I travelled up and down I was not to bid people Good morrow, or Good evening; neither might I bow or scrape with my leg to any one; and this made the sects and professions to rage. But the Lord's power carried me over all to His glory, and many came to be turned to God in a little time; for the heavenly day of the Lord sprung from on high, and broke forth apace, by the light of which many came to see where they were.

Oh, the blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent for not putting off our hats to men! Some had their hats violently plucked off and thrown away, so that they quite lost them. The bad language and evil usage we received on this account are hard to be expressed, besides the danger we were sometimes in of losing our lives for this matter; and that by the great professors of Christianity, who thereby discovered they were not true believers.

And though it was but a small thing in the eye of man, yet a wonderful confusion it brought among all professors and priests; but, blessed be the Lord, many came to see the vanity of that custom of putting off the hat to men, and felt the weight of Truth's testimony against it.

About this time I was sorely exercised in going to their courts to cry for justice, in speaking and writing to judges and justices to do justly; in warning such as kept public houses for entertainment that they should not let people have more drink than would do them good; in testifying against wakes, feasts, May-games, sports, plays, and shows, which trained up people to vanity and looseness, and led them from the fear of God; and the days set forth for holidays were usually the times wherein they most dishonoured God by these things.

In fairs, also, and in markets, I was made to declare against their deceitful merchandise, cheating, and cozening; warning all to deal justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea, and their nay be nay, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them; forewarning them of the great and terrible day of the Lord, which would come upon them all.



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I was moved, also, to cry against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks on their stages; for they burthened the pure life, and stirred up people's minds to vanity. I was much exercised, too, with school-masters and school-mistresses, warning them to teach children sobriety in the fear of the Lord, that they might not be nursed and trained up in lightness, vanity, and wantonness. I was made to warn masters and mistresses, fathers and mothers in private families, to take care that their children and servants might be trained up in the fear of the Lord, and that themselves should be therein examples and patterns of sobriety and virtue to them.

The earthly spirit of the priests wounded my life; and when I heard the bell toll to call people together to the steeple-house, it struck at my life; for it was just like a market-bell, to gather people together, that the priest might set forth his ware for sale. Oh, the vast sums of money that are gotten by the trade they make of selling the Scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest! What one trade else in the world is comparable to it? notwithstanding the Scriptures were given forth freely, and Christ commanded His ministers to preach freely, and the prophets and apostles denounced judgment against all covetous hirelings and diviners for money.

But in this free Spirit of the Lord Jesus was I sent forth to declare the Word of life and reconciliation freely, that all might come to Christ, who gives freely, and who renews up into the image of God, which man and woman were in before they fell, that they might sit down in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

FOX'S JOURNAL

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

ENGLISH CIVIL WAR



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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[Sir Henry Vane](#) returned to public life as a member of the Council of State that had almost exclusive direction of the British Navy, and the conduct of foreign wars.

SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER

In the previous year THE SHORTER CATECHISM, prepared by the Westminster Assembly of Divines primarily for the instruction of children, had been authorized by the English parliament. During this year this article of faith was authorized by the Scottish parliament as well. There were 107 questions and answers the first being the famed

Q1. WHAT IS THE CHIEF END OF MAN? A. Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.¹²

12. With the restoration of monarchy in 1660 the official standing of this document would of course evaporate.

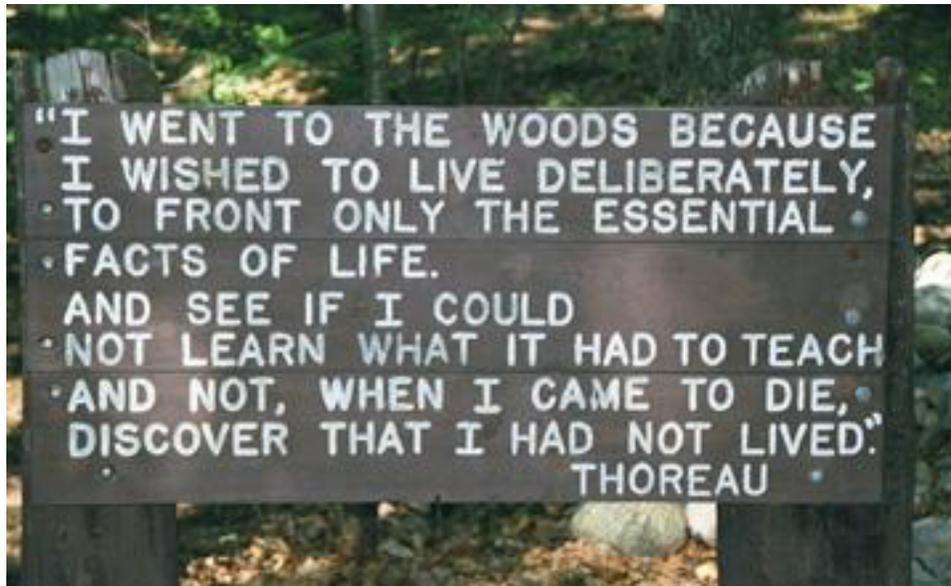


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WALDEN: I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."





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Friend [George Fox](#) served out his term for disrupting another's sermon, and went on preaching.

After I was set at liberty from Nottingham jail, where I had been kept prisoner a pretty long time I travelled as before, in the work of the Lord.

Coming to Mansfield-Woodhouse, I found there a distracted woman under a doctor's hand, with her hair loose about her ears. He was about to let her blood, she being first bound, and many people about her, holding her by violence; but he could get no blood from her.

I desired them to unbind her and let her alone, for they could not touch the spirit in her by which she was tormented. So they did unbind her; and I was moved to speak to her, and in the name of the Lord to bid her be quiet; and she was so. The Lord's power settled her mind, and she mended. Afterwards she received the truth, and continued in it to her death; and the Lord's name was honoured.

Many great and wonderful things were wrought by the heavenly power in those days; for the Lord made bare His omnipotent arm, and manifested His power, to the astonishment of many, by the healing virtue whereby many have been delivered from great infirmities. And the devils were made subject through His name; of which particular instances might be given, beyond what this unbelieving age is able to receive or bear.

Now while I was at Mansfield-Woodhouse, I was moved to go to the steeple-house there, and declare the truth to the priest and people; but the people fell upon me in great rage, struck me down, and almost stifled and smothered me; and I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, and with Bibles and sticks. Then they haled me out, though I was hardly able to stand, and put me into the stocks, where I sat some hours; and they brought dog-whips and horse-whips, threatening to whip me.

After some time they had me before the magistrate, at a knight's house, where were many great persons; who, seeing how evilly I had been used, after much threatening, set me at liberty. But the rude people stoned me out of the town, for preaching the Word of life to them.

I was scarcely able to move or stand by reason of the ill usage I had received; yet with considerable effort I got about a mile from the town, and then I met with some people who gave me something to comfort me, because I was inwardly bruised; but the Lord's power soon healed me again. That day some people were convinced of the Lord's truth, and turned to His teaching, at which I rejoiced.

Then I went into Leicestershire, several Friends accompanying me. There were some Baptists in that country, whom I desired to see and speak with, because they were separated from the public worship. So one Oates, who was one of their chief teachers, and others of the heads of them, with several others of their company, came to meet us at Barrow; and there we discoursed with them.



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One of them said that what was not of faith was sin, whereupon I asked them what faith was and how it was wrought in man. But they turned off from that, and spoke of their baptism in water. Then I asked them whether their mountain of sin was brought down and laid low in them and their rough and crooked ways made smooth and straight in them, – for they looked upon the Scriptures as meaning outward mountains and ways. But I told them they must find these things in their own hearts; at which they seemed to wonder

We asked them who baptized John the Baptist, and who baptized Peter, John and the rest of the apostles, and put them to prove by Scripture that these were baptized in water; but they were silent. Then I asked them, "Seeing Judas, who betrayed Christ, and was called the son of perdition, had hanged himself, what son of perdition was that of which Paul spoke, that sat in the temple of God, exalted above all that is called God? and what temple of God was that in which this son of perdition sat?" And I asked them whether he that betrays Christ within himself be not one in nature with that Judas that betrayed Christ without. But they could not tell what to make of this, nor what to say to it. So, after some discourse, we parted; and some of them were loving to us.

On the First-day following we came to Bagworth, and went to a steeple-house, where some Friends were got in, and the people locked them in, and themselves, too, with the priest. But, after the priest had done, they opened the door, and we went in also, and had service for the Lord amongst them. Afterwards we had a meeting in the town, amongst several that were in high notions.

Passing thence, I heard of a people in prison at Coventry for religion. As I walked towards the jail, the word of the Lord came to me, saying, "My love was always to thee, and thou art in my love." And I was ravished with the sense of the love of God, and greatly strengthened in my inward man. But when I came into the jail where those prisoners were, a great power of darkness struck at me; and I sat still, having my spirit gathered into the love of God.

At last these prisoners began to rant, vapour, and blaspheme; at which my soul was greatly grieved. They said that they were God; but we could not bear such things. When they were calm, I stood up and asked them whether they did such things by motion, or from Scripture. They said, "From Scripture." Then, a Bible lying by, I asked them for that Scripture; and they showed me that place where the sheet was let down to Peter; and it was said to him that what was sanctified he should not call common or unclean. When I had showed them that that Scripture made nothing for their purpose, they brought another, which spake of God's reconciling all things to Himself, things in heaven and things in earth. I told them I owned that Scripture also; but showed them that it likewise was nothing to their purpose.



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*Then, seeing they said that they were God, I asked them if they knew whether it would rain to-morrow. They said they could not tell. I told them God could tell. I asked them if they thought they should be always in that condition, or should change. They answered that they could not tell. "Then," said I, "God can tell, and He doth not change. You say you are God, and yet you cannot tell whether you shall change or no." So they were confounded, and quite brought down for the time.
* After I had reproved them for their blasphemous expressions, I went away; for I perceived they were Ranters. I had met with none before; and I admired the goodness of the Lord in appearing so unto me before I went amongst them. Not long after this one of these Ranters, whose name was Joseph Salmon, published a recantation; upon which they were set at liberty.*

YOUR GARDEN-VARIETY ACADEMIC HISTORIAN INVITES YOU TO CLIMB ABOARD A HOVERING TIME MACHINE TO SKIM IN METATIME BACK ACROSS THE GEOLOGY OF OUR PAST TIMESLICES, WHILE OFFERING UP A GARDEN VARIETY OF COGENT ASSESSMENTS OF OUR PROGRESSION. WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP! YOU SHOULD REFUSE THIS HELICOPTERISH OVERVIEW OF THE HISTORICAL PAST, FOR IN THE REAL WORLD THINGS HAPPEN ONLY AS THEY HAPPEN. WHAT THIS SORT WRITES AMOUNTS, LIKE MERE "SCIENCE FICTION," MERELY TO "HISTORY FICTION": IT'S NOT WORTH YOUR ATTENTION.



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TAMING THE TIGER¹³

'The state of the English law in the 17th century with regard to prisons was worthy of Looking Glass Land. The magistrates' responsibility was defined by ... the justice. "They were to commit them to prison but not to provide prisons for them." This duty devolved upon the gaoler, who was an autocrat and responsible to no authority. It frequently happened that he was a convicted & branded felon, chosen for the position by reason of his strength & brutality. Prisoners were ... required to pay for this enforced hospitality, & their first act must be to make the most favourable terms possible with their gaoler landlord or his wife, for food & lodging.'—M.R. BRAILSFORD.

'You are bidden to fight with your own selves, with your own desires, with your own affections, with your own reason, and with your own will; and therefore if you will find your enemies, never look without.... You must expect to fight a great battle.'—JOHN EVERARD. 1650.

'The real essential battlefield is always in the heart itself. It is the victory over ourselves, over the evil within, which alone enables us to gain any real victory over the evil without.'—E.R. CHARLES.

'They who defend war, must defend the dispositions that lead to war, and these are clean against the gospel.'—ERASMUS.

13. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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TAMING THE TIGER

Perhaps some boys and girls have said many times since the War began: 'I wish Friends did not think it wrong to fight for their King and Country. Why did George Fox forbid Quakers to fight for the Right like other brave men? Is it not right to fight for our own dear England?'

But did George Fox ever forbid other people to fight? He was not in the habit of laying down rules for other people, even his own followers. Let us see what he himself did when, as a young man, he was faced with this very same difficulty, or an even more perplexing one, since it was our own dear England itself in those days that was tossed and torn with Civil War.

First of all, listen to the story of a man who tamed a Tiger:— Far away in India, a savage, hungry Tiger, with stealthy steps and a yellow, striped skin, came padding into a defenceless native village, to seek for prey. In the early morning he had slunk out of the Jungle, with soft, cushioned paws that showed no signs of the fierce nails they concealed. All through the long, hot day he had lain hidden in the thick reeds by the riverside; but at sunset he grew hungry, and sprang, with a great bound, up from his hiding-place. Right into the village itself he came, trampling down the patches of young, green corn that the villagers had sown, and that were just beginning to spring up, fresh and green, around the mud walls of their homes. All the villagers fled away in terror at the first glimpse of the yellow, striped skin. The fathers and mothers snatched up their brown babies, the older children ran in front screaming, 'Tiger! Tiger!' Young and old they all fled away, as fast as ever they could, into the safest hiding-places near at hand.

One man alone, a Stranger, did not fly. He remained standing right in the middle of the Tiger's path, and fearlessly faced the savage beast. With a howl of rage, the Tiger prepared for a spring. The man showed no sign of fear. He never moved a muscle. Not an eyelash quivered. Such unusual behaviour puzzled the Tiger. What could this strange thing be, that stood quite still in the middle of the path? It could hardly be a man. Men were always terrified of tigers, and fled screaming when they approached. The Tiger actually stopped short in its spring, to gaze upon this perplexing, motionless Being who knew no fear. There he stood, perfectly silent, perfectly calm, gazing back at the Tiger with the look of a conqueror. Several long, heavy minutes passed. At length the villagers, peeping out from their hiding-places, looking between the broad plantain leaves or through the chinks of their wooden huts, beheld a miracle. They saw, to their amazement, the Tiger slink off, sullen and baffled, to the jungle, while the Stranger remained alone and unharmed in possession of the path. At first they scarcely dared



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to believe their eyes. It was only gradually, as they saw that the Tiger had really departed not to return, that they ventured to creep back, by twos and threes first of all, and then in little timid groups, to where the Stranger stood. Then they fell at his feet and embraced his knees and worshipped him, almost as if he had been a god. 'Tell us your Magic, Sahib,' they cried, 'this mighty magic, whereby you have managed to overcome the Monarch of the Jungle and tame him to your will.'

'I know no magic,' answered the Stranger, 'I used no spells. I was able to overcome this savage Tiger only because I have already learned how to overcome and tame THE TIGER IN MY OWN HEART.'

That was his secret. That is the story. And now let us return to George Fox.

Think of the England he lived in when he was a young man, the distracted England of the Civil Wars. Think of all the tiger spirits of hatred that had been unloosed and that were trampling the land. The whole country lay torn and bleeding. Some bad men there were on both sides certainly; but the real misery was that many good men on each side were trying to kill and maim one another, in order that the cause they believed to be 'the Right' might triumph.

'Have at you for the King!' cried the Cavaliers, and rushed into the fiercest battle with a smile.

'God with us!' shouted back the deep-voiced Puritans. 'For God and the Liberties of England!' and they too laid down their lives gladly.

Far away from all the hurly-burly, though in the very middle of the clash of arms, George Fox, the unknown Leicestershire shepherd lad, went on his way, unheeded and unheeding. He, too, had to fight; but his was a lonely battle, in the silence of his own heart. It was there that he fought and conquered first of all, there that he tamed his own Tiger at last—more than that, he learned to find God.

'One day,' he says in his Journal, 'when I had been walking solitarily abroad and was come home, I was taken up into the love of God, and it was opened to me by the eternal light and power, and I therein clearly saw that all was to be done in and by Christ, and how He conquers and destroys the Devil and all his works and is atop of him.' He means that he saw that all the outward fighting was really part of one great battle, and that to be on the right side in that fight is the thing that matters eternally to every man.

Another time he writes: 'I saw into that which was without end, things which cannot be uttered and of the greatness and infiniteness of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words, for I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan by the eternal glorious power of Christ; even through that darkness was I brought which covered over all the world and shut up all in the



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death.... And I saw the harvest white and the seed of God lying thick in the ground, as ever did wheat that was sown outwardly, and I mourned that there was none to gather it.'

When George Fox speaks of the 'seed,' he means the tender spot that there must always be in the hearts of all men, however wicked, since they are made in the likeness of God. A tiny, tiny something, the first stirring of life, that God's Spirit can find and work on, however deeply it may be buried (like a seed under heavy clods of earth), if men will only yield to It. In another place he calls this seed 'THAT OF GOD WITHIN YOU.' And it is this tender growing 'seed' that gets trampled down when fierce angry passions are unloosed in people's hearts, just as the tender springing corn in the Indian village was trampled down by the hungry Tiger. George Fox believed that that seed lay hidden in the hearts of all men, because he had found it in his own. Everywhere he longed to set that seed free to grow, and to tame the Tiger spirits that would trample it down and destroy it. Let us watch and see how he did this.

One day when he was about twenty-five years old, he heard that some people had been put in prison at Coventry for the sake of their religion. He thought that there must be a good crop of seed in the hearts of those people, since they were willing to suffer for their faith, so he determined to go and see them. As he was on his way to the gaol a message came to him from God. He seemed to hear God's own Voice saying to him, 'MY LOVE WAS ALWAYS TO THEE, AND THOU ART IN MY LOVE.' 'Always to thee.' Then that love had always been round him, even in his loneliest struggles, and now that he knew that he was in it, nothing could really hurt him. No wonder that he walked on towards the gaol with a feeling of new joy and strength. But when he came to the dark, frowning prison where numbers of men and women were lying in sin and misery, this joyfulness left him. He says, 'A great power of darkness struck at me.' The prisoners were not the sort of people he had hoped to find them. They were a set of what were then called 'Ranters.' They began to swear and to say wicked things against God. George Fox sat silent among them, still fastening his mind on the thought of God's conquering love; but as they went on to say yet wilder and more wicked things, at last that very love forced him to reprove them. They paid no attention, and at length Fox was obliged to leave them. He says he was 'greatly grieved, yet I admired the goodness of the Lord in appearing so to me, before I went among them.'

For the time it did seem as if the Tiger spirits had won, and were able to trample down the living seed. But wait! A little while after, one of these same prisoners, named Joseph Salmon, wrote a paper confessing that he was sorry for what he had said and done, whereupon they were all set at liberty.

Meanwhile, George Fox went on his way, and travelled through 'markets, fairs, and divers places, and saw death and darkness everywhere, where the Lord had not shaken them.' In one place



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he heard that a great man lay dying and that his recovery was despaired of by all the doctors. Some of his friends in the town desired George Fox to visit the sufferer. 'I went up to him in his chamber,' says Fox in his Journal, 'and spake the word of life to him, and was moved to pray by him, and the Lord was entreated and restored him to health. When I was come down the stairs into a lower room and was speaking to the servants, a serving-man of his came raving out of another room, with a naked rapier in his hand, and set it just to my side. I looked steadfastly on him and said "Alack for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon, it is no more to me than a straw." The standers-by were much troubled, and he went away in a rage; but when news came of it to his master, he turned him out of his service.'

Although that particular man's Tiger spirit had been foiled in its spring, the man himself had not been really tamed. Perhaps George Fox needed to learn more, and to suffer more himself, before he could really change other men's hearts. If so, he had not long to wait.

Shortly after this, it was his own turn to be imprisoned. He was shut up in Derby Gaol, and given into the charge of a very cruel Gaoler. This man was a strict Puritan, and he hated Fox, and spoke wickedly against him. He even refused him permission to go and preach to the people of the town, which, strangely enough, the prisoners in those days were allowed to do.

One morning, however, Fox was walking up and down in his cell, when he heard a doleful noise. He stopped his walk to listen. Through the wall he could hear the voice of the Gaoler speaking to his wife—'Wife,' he said, 'I have had a dream. I saw the Day of Judgment, and I saw George there!' How the listener must have wondered what was coming! 'I saw George there,' the Gaoler continued, 'and I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong, and spoken so much against him to the ministers and professors, and to the Justices and in taverns and alehouses.' But there the voice stopped, and the prisoner heard no more. When evening came, however, the Gaoler visited the cell, no longer raging and storming at his prisoner, but humbled and still. 'I have been as a lion against you,' he said to Fox, 'but now I come like a lamb, or like the Gaoler that came to Paul and Silas, trembling.' He came to ask as a favour that he might spend the night in the same prison chamber where Fox lay. Fox answered that he was in the Gaoler's power: the keeper of the prison of course could sleep in any place he chose. 'No,' answered the Gaoler, 'I wish to have your permission. I should like to have you always with me, but not as my prisoner.' So the two strange companions spent that night together lying side by side. In the quiet hours of darkness the Gaoler told Fox all that was in his heart. 'I have found that what you said of the true faith and hope is really true, and I want you to know that even before I had that terrible vision, whenever I refused to let you go and



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preach, I was sorry afterwards when I had treated you roughly, and I had great trouble of mind.'

There had been a little seed of kindness even in this rough Gaoler's heart. Deeply buried though it was, it had been growing in the darkness all the time, though no one guessed it—the Gaoler himself perhaps least of all until his dream showed him the truth about himself. When the night was over and morning light had come, the Gaoler was determined to do all he could to help his new friend. He went straight to the Justices and told them that he and all his household had been plagued because of what they had done to George Fox the prisoner.

'Well, we have been plagued too for having him put in prison,' answered one of the Justices, whose name was Justice Bennett. And here we must wait a minute, for it is interesting to know that it was this same Justice Bennett who first gave the name of Quakers to George Fox and his followers as a nickname, to make fun of them. Fox declared in his preaching that 'all men should tremble at the word of the Lord,' whereupon the Justice laughingly said that 'Quakers and Tremblers was the name for such people.' The Justice might have been much surprised if he could have known that centuries after, thousands of people all over the world would still be proud to call themselves by the name he had given in a moment of mockery.

Neither Justice Bennett nor his prisoner could guess this, however; and therefore, although his Gaoler's heart had been changed, George Fox still lay in Derby Prison. There was more work waiting for him to do there.

One day he heard that a soldier wanted to see him, and in there came a rough trooper, with a story that he was very anxious to tell. 'I was sitting in Church,' he began. 'Thou meanest in the steeple-house,' corrected Fox, who was always very sure that a 'Church' meant a 'Company of Christ's faithful people,' and that the mere outward building where they were gathered should only be called a steeple-house if it had a steeple, or a meeting-house if it had none. 'Sitting in Church, listening to the Priest,' continued the trooper, paying no attention to the interruption, 'I was in an exceeding great trouble, thinking over my sins and wondering what I should do, when a Voice came to me—I believe it was God's own Voice and it said— "Dost thou not know that my servant is in prison? Go thou to him for direction." So I obeyed the Voice,' the man continued, 'and here I have come to you, and now I want you to tell me what I must do to get rid of the burden of these sins of mine.' He was like Christian in Pilgrim's Progress, with a load of sins on his back, was he not? And just as Christian's burden rolled away when he came to the Cross, so the trooper's distress vanished when Fox spoke to him, and told him that the same power that had shown him his sins and troubled him for them, would also show him his salvation, for 'That which shows a man his sin is the Same that takes it away!'



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Fox did not speak in vain. The trooper 'began to have great understanding of the Lord's truth and mercyes.' He became a bold man too, and took his new-found happiness straight back to the other soldiers in his quarters, and told them of the truths he had learnt in the prison. He even said that their Colonel—Colonel Barton—was 'as blind as Nebuchadnezzar, to cast such a true servant of God as Fox was, into Gaol.'

Before long this saying came to Colonel Barton's ears, and then there was a fine to do. Naturally he did not like being compared with Nebuchadnezzar. Who would? But it would have been undignified for a Colonel to take any notice then of the soldiers' tittle-tattle; so he said nothing, only bided his time and waited until he could pay back his grudge against the sergeant. A whole year he waited—then his chance came. It was at the Battle of Worcester, when the two armies were lying close together, but before the actual fighting had begun, that two soldiers of the King's Army came out and challenged any two soldiers of the Parliamentary Army to single combat, whereupon Colonel Barton ordered the soldier who had likened him to Nebuchadnezzar to go with one other companion on this dangerous errand. They went; they fought with the two Royalists, and one of the two Parliamentarians was killed; but it was the other one, not Fox's friend. He, left alone, with his comrade lying dead by his side, suddenly found that not even to save his own life could he kill his enemies. So he drove them both before him back to the town, but he did not fire off his pistol at them. Then, as soon as Worcester fight was over, he himself returned and told the whole tale to Fox. He told him 'how the Lord had miraculously preserved him,' and said also that now he had 'seen the deceit and hypocrisy of the officers he had seen also to the end of Fighting.' Whereupon he straightway laid down his arms. The trooper left the army. Meanwhile his friend and teacher had suffered for refusing to join it. We must go back a little to the time, some months before the Battle of Worcester, when the original term of Fox's imprisonment in the House of Correction in Derby was drawing to a close.

At this time many new soldiers were being raised for the Parliamentary Army, and among them the authorities were anxious to include their stalwart prisoner, George Fox. Accordingly the Gaoler was asked to bring his charge out to the market-place, and there, before the assembled Commissioners and soldiers, Fox was offered a good position in the army if he would take up arms for the Commonwealth against Charles Stuart. The officers could not understand why George Fox should refuse to regain his liberty on what seemed to them to be such easy terms. 'Surely,' they said, 'a strong, big-boned man like you will be not only willing but eager to take up arms against the oppressor and abuser of the liberties of the people of England!'

Fox persisted in his refusal. 'I told them,' he writes in his Journal, 'that I knew whence all wars arose, even from men's



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lusts ... and that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars. Yet they courted me to accept their offer, and thought I did but compliment them. But I told them I was come into that covenant of peace which was before wars and strifes were. They said they offered it in love and kindness to me, because for my virtue, and such like flattering words they used. But I told them if that was their love and kindness, I trampled it under my feet. Then their rage got up, and they said, "Take him away, Gaoler, and put him into the prison among the rogues and thieves."

This prison was a much worse place than the House of Correction where Fox had been confined hitherto. In it he was obliged to remain for a weary half-year longer, knowing all the time that he might have been at liberty, could he have consented to become an officer in the army. His relations, distressed at his imprisonment, had already offered £100 for his release, but Fox would not accept the pardon this sum might have obtained for him as he said he had done nothing wrong. He was occasionally allowed to leave the horrible, dirty gaol, with its loathsome insects and wicked companions, and walk for a short time in the garden by himself, because his keepers knew that when he had given his word he would not try to escape from their custody.

As time went on, many dismal people (looking on the gloomy side of things, as dismal people always do) began to shake their heads and say, 'Poor young man, he will spend all his life in gaol. You will see he will never be set free or get his liberty again.' But Fox refused to be cast down. Narrow though his prison was, Hope shared it with him. 'I had faith in God,' his Journal says, 'that I should be delivered from that place in the Lord's time, but not yet, being set there for a work He had for me to do!' Work there was for him in prison truly. A young woman prisoner who had robbed her master was sentenced to be hanged, according to the barbarous law then in force. This shocked Fox so much that he wrote letters to her judges and to the men who were to have been her executioners, expressing his horror at what was going to happen in such strong language that he actually softened their hearts. Although the girl had actually reached the foot of the gallows, and her grave had already been dug, she was reprieved. Then, when she was brought back into prison again after this wonderful escape Fox was able to pour light and life into her soul, which was an even greater thing than saving her body from death. Many other prisoners did Fox help and comfort in Derby Gaol;¹⁴ but though he could soften the sufferings of others he could not shorten his own. Once again Justice Bennett sent his men to the prison, this time with orders to take the Quaker by force and compel him to join the army, since he would not fight of his own free will.

'But I told him,' said Fox, "'that I was brought off from outward wars." They came again to give me press money, but I would take

14. Two men who were executed for small offences he could not save, but 'a little time after they had suffered their spirits appeared to me as I was walking, and I saw the men was well.'



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none. Afterwards the Constables brought me a second time before the Commissioners, who said I should go for a soldier, but I said I was dead to it. They said I was alive. I told them where envy and hatred is, there is confusion. They offered me money twice, but I refused it. Being disappointed, they were angry, and committed me a close prisoner, till at length they were made to turn me out of Gaol about the beginning of winter 1651, after I had been a prisoner in Derby almost a year; six months in the House of Correction, and six months in the common gaol.'

Thus at length Derby prison was left behind; but the seeds that the prisoner had planted in that dark place sprang up and flourished and bore fruit long after he had left.

Eleven years later, the very same Gaoler, who had been cruel to Fox at the first, and had then had the vision and repented, wrote this letter to his former prisoner. It is a real Gaoler's love-letter, and quite fresh to-day, though it was written nearly 300 years ago.

'DEAR FRIEND,' the letter begins,

'Having such a convenient messenger I could do no less than give thee an account of my present condition; remembering that to the first awakening of me to a sense of life, God was pleased to make use of thee as an instrument. So that sometimes I am taken with admiration that it should come by such means as it did; that is to say that Providence should order thee to be my prisoner to give me my first sight of the truth. It makes me think of the gaoler's conversion by the apostles. Oh! happy George Fox! that first breathed the breath of life within the walls of my habitation! Notwithstanding that my outward losses are since that time such that I am become nothing in the world, yet I hope I shall find that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. They have taken all from me; and now instead of keeping a prison, I am waiting rather when I shall become a prisoner myself. Pray for me that my faith fail not, and that I may hold out to the death, that I may receive a crown of life. I earnestly desire to hear from thee and of thy condition, which would very much rejoice me. Not having else at present, but my kind love to thee and all friends, in haste, I rest thine in Christ Jesus.

'THOMAS SHARMAN.

'Derby, the 22nd of the fourth month, 1662.'

This Gaoler was one of the first people whose Tiger spirits were tamed by George Fox. But he certainly was not the last. Fox himself had told the soldiers in Derby market-place that he could not fight, because he 'lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars.' As a friend



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of his wrote, after his death many years later: 'George Fox was a discerner of other men's spirits, AND VERY MUCH A MASTER OF HIS OWN.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's *JOURNAL*, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'TAMING THE TIGER.'

Historical. See George Fox's *JOURNAL* (Ellwood Edition), pp. 27, 28, 31-48, 335, for the different incidents.



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1650

In this year Charles II landed in [Scotland](#) and was proclaimed king. It was in this year, also, that [John Bunyan](#) began to be gradually converted to what was for him a new sort of Christian faith, non-conformity and the



inner life, and that Friend [George Fox](#) began keeping a journal. (The journal we have at [JOURNAL](#) in the Rufus Jones edition is not this real journal, which no longer exists, but very much Fox's after-the-fact reconstruction made in the shape of a journal, as evidently supplemented by undocumented reconstructions added



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surreptitiously by other Quakers of his generation and of the succeeding generation.)



Friend George's epistle entitled "Praise, Honor, and Glory Be To the Lord" dates to this year:

Upon the Fourth-day of the First month, 1650, I felt the Power Of The Lord to spread over all the world in praise. Praise, honour, and glory be to the Lord of heaven and earth! Lord of peace, Lord of joy! thy countenance maketh my heart glad. Lord of glory, Lord of mercy, Lord of strength, Lord of life, and of power over death, and Lord of lords, and King of kings! In the world there are lords many, but to us there but one God the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things: to whom be all glory, who is worthy! In the world are many lords, and many gods. and the earth maketh lords, coveting after riches, and oppressing the creatures; and so, the covetous mind getting to itself, lords it above the others. The nature of the lordly pride is head, until subdued by the power of God; for every one, in that state, doth strive to be above another; few will strive to be the lowest. Oh! that every one would strive to put down, in themselves, mastery and honour, that the Lord of heaven and earth might be exalted!



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G.F.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox'. The script is fluid and cursive, with a large 'G' and 'F'.

His epistle entitled “The Children of the Devil, How Expert They Are In Evil” also dates to this year:

Friends, - the children of the devil, how expert they are in evil, in all deceit in his kingdom; and yet they may speak of the things of God: but no vulturous eye or venomous beast ever trod in the steps of the just, thought they may talk of the way. For who have their conversation in this world, and only mind the things of this world, in vain do they profess godliness. But the children of God, who are conceived and begotten of him, are not of this world, neither do they mind only the things of this world, but the things which are eternal. But the children of this world do mostly mind the external things, and their love is in them, and the other live by faith; the one is sanctified by the world, the other painted with the words. The children of God are pure in heart, not looking only at the outside. The favour of the world and friendship thereof is enmity to God, man may soon be stained with it. O! love the strange, and be as strangers in the world, and to the world! For they that followed Christ in his cross, they were strangers in the world, and wonders to the world, and condemned by the world and the world knew him not, neither do it them that follow him now. So, marvel not if the world hate you; for the world lieth in hatred and wickedness. Who love this world, are enemies to Christ; and who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and have him for their Lord over them, they are redeemed out of the world. The world would have a Christ, but not to rule over them; the nature of the world is above Christ in man, until Christ hath subdued that nature in man. While the nature of the world doth rule in man, Oh! the deaf ears and blind eyes, and the understandings, that are all shut up amongst them, with which they judge! But who love the Lord Jesus Christ, do not mind the world's judgment, nor are troubled at it; but consider all our brethren, who have gone before us.

When ye think ye are past all crosses, when the trial doth come, ye will find a cross to that will which doth meddle with the things of God presumptuously; that many may live in joy, but the spirit is in bondage. Rejoice not in the flesh, but in the spirit, which crucifieth all fleshly boasting: if the fleshly will be fed, then carelessness cometh up, and they fall into flatness, (from the spirit,) and are mindless of the Lord God; such are soon up and down. The serpent tempted Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, and she took and gave to her husband, and so they fell under the serpent's power, and the creatures, out of the power of God, which would have kept them in dominion. And so, Adam and Eve, and the serpent, all went out of truth. and

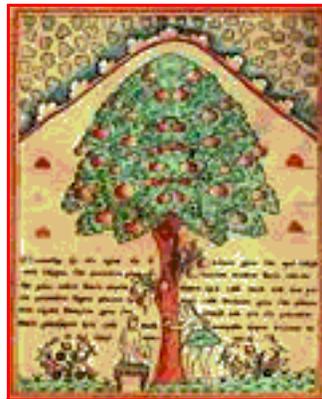


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*Eve eating of the tree of knowledge, she had knowledge and wisdom after the fall, but not in the dominion, in the power of God. but the seed Christ, which was in the beginning, bruise the serpent's head, and he is the wisdom of God.
G.F.*



ORIGIN OF TERM "QUAKER," PER THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX:

George Fox

“Quakers practiced divine healing openly. Thousands of English men and women were drawn to George Fox between the 1650s and 1660s, because he performed miraculous cures regularly.”¹⁵

Around this decade, a group of Huguenot refugees from France were setting up a wireworks at Tintern in the valley of the River Wye in Monmouth(shire), South Wales, with a number of forges in the Pontypool area at Pontymoilo, Monkswood and Trevethin to provide iron for this works. At least one family from the original group of Huguenots has been later identified as a family Quaker ironmasters, so these religious dissenters evidently made a contribution to the founding of the Society of Friends, particularly in the Monmouth area. Of them, Fox knew John Gawler and the Francis Gawler who wrote A RECORD OF SOME PERSECUTIONS IN SOUTH WALES. For the first decade of their existence, [Quakers](#) were not so much pacifists as tax resisters, particularly in regard to the abolition of tithes. Originally tithes were a tax of one-tenth of the annual produce of land or labor levied to support the clergy and buildings of the Church of England. Tithe-barns held tithes paid in kind. One of the basic concepts of many Protestant sects (derived from early Protestant beliefs, including those expressed by Martin Luther) was the “priesthood of all believers.” Oliver Cromwell had once told the Irish clergy that “So anti-christian and dividing a term as clergy and laity was unknown to the primitive church,” and before the battle of Dunbar in September 1650 he allegedly promised to abolish tithes “if the Lord gave him victory.” According to Christopher Hill (GOD’S ENGLISHMAN: OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION, 1970), Fox never forgave him for having reneged on this promise. A Parliamentary Committee recommended in December 1653 that tithes should be abolished but its recommendation was rejected by the full House by two votes. The gentry, the clergy and traditionalists of all classes of course considered tax resistance to be outrageously reminiscent of the “Levellers” whom they had suppressed in 1649 and of the Diggers or “True Levellers” whom they were suppressing in 1650. (This had been was part of a

15. Butler, Jon. AWASH IN A SEA OF FAITH: CHRISTIANIZING THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. Cambridge MA: Harvard UP, 1990, page 23



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long-term protest by the ordinary people, many of whom held land on the basis of feudal rights with no security of tenure, against the enclosure of land, commons, and wastes. They had wanted all crown lands and forests, all commons, and all wastelands to be made available for free cultivation by the poor.) Even a Friend such as George Wither could confess that such people were “our Levellers new-named.”

The name by which Fox’s followers first referred to themselves was “Children of Light.” The transition from “Children of Light” to “Society of Friends,” which would occur in the mid-1650s, would indicate that the movement was turning away to some extent from its earlier more ecstatic and mystical form. But “Quaker” itself seems not to have originated as a self-characterization:

... to me, that at those Times, when I had asked him to let me go forth, to speak the Word of the Lord to the People, and he had refused to let me go, and I had laid the weight thereof upon him, that then he used to be under great Trouble, amazed and almost distracted for some time after; and in such a Condition, that he had little Strength left him. When the Morning came, he... went to the Justices, and told them; “That he and his House had been plagued for my sake”: and one of the Justices replied (as he reported to me) that the Plagues were on them too, for keeping me. This was Justice Bennet of Darby, who was the first that called us Quakers, because I bid them Tremble at the Word of the Lord. And this was in the Year 1650. Now the Keeper of the Prison [where Fox was confined on a charge of blasphemy for saying he had got beyond sin], being an high Professor [i.e. “professing” a high standard of religion], was greatly enraged against me; and spake very wickedly of me: But it pleased the Lord one Day to strike him so, that he was in great Trouble, and under great Terrors of Mind. And as I was walking in my Chamber, I heard a doleful Noise; and standing still, I heard him say to his Wife; “Wife, I have seen the Day of Judgment, and I saw GEORGE there, and I was afraid of him; because I had done him so much wrong, and spoken so much against him to the Ministers and Professors, and to the Justices, and in Taverns and Alehouses.” After this, towards the Evening, he came up into my Chamber, and said to me; “I have been as a Lion against you; But now I come like a Lamb, and like the Jailer, that came to Paul and Silas trembling.” And he said, He had been plagued, and his house had been plagued for my sake. So I suffered him to lodge with me. Then he told me all his heart, and said, he believed what I had said of the true faith and hope to be true; and he wondered that the other man, who was put in prison with me, did not stand to it; and said, That man was not right, but I was an honest man. He confessed also to me, that at those times when I had asked him to let me go forth to speak the word of the Lord to the people, when he refused to let me go, and I laid the weight thereof upon him, that he used to be under great trouble, amazed, and almost distracted for some time after, and in such a condition that he had little strength left him. When the morning came, he arose and went to the justices, and told them, That he and his house had been plagued for my sake. One of the justices replied, (as he reported to me), that the plagues were upon them too for keeping me. This was justice Bennet of Derby, who was the first that called us Quakers, because I bid them tremble at the word of the Lord. This was in the year 1650. After this the justices gave leave, that I should have leave to walk a mile.



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In THE BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM (page 57) William C. Braithwaite cited Fox's account but added that the word had already been in use as early as 1647 in a derisive reference to "a sect of women ... come from beyond the sea, called Quakers, and these swell, shiver and shake, and, when they come to themselves (for in all this fit Mahomet's Holy Ghost hath been conversing with them) they begin to preach what hath been delivered to them by the Spirit." Braithwaite noted also that Robert Barclay "tells us that the name came from the trembling of Friends under the powerful working of the Holy Ghost." This commentator found "no real inconsistency" between the two accounts, since Justice Bennett was presumably familiar with the earlier use of the term when he applied it for the first time to Friend [George Fox](#).



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FOX'S JOURNAL:

As I travelled through markets, fairs, and diverse places, I saw death and darkness in all people where the power of the Lord God had not shaken them. As I was passing on in Leicestershire I came to Twy-Cross, where there were excise-men. I was moved of the Lord to go to them, and warn them to take heed of oppressing the poor; and people were much affected with it.

There was in that town a great man that had long lain sick, and was given up by the physicians; and some Friends in the town desired me to go to see him. I went up to him in his chamber, and spoke the Word of life to him, and was moved to pray by him; and the Lord was entreated, and restored him to health. But when I was come down stairs, into a lower room, and was speaking to the servants, and to some people that were there, a serving-man of his came raving out of another room, with a naked rapier in his hand, and set it just to my side. I looked steadfastly on him, and said, "Alack for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? It is no more to me than a straw." The bystanders were much troubled, and he went away in a rage and full of wrath. But when the news of it came to his master, he turned him out of his service.

Thus the Lord's power preserved me and raised up the weak man, who afterwards was very loving to Friends; and when I came to that town again both he and his wife came to see me.

After this I was moved to go into Derbyshire, where the mighty power of God was among Friends. And I went to Chesterfield, where one Britland was priest. He saw beyond the common sort of priests, for he had been partly convinced, and had spoken much on behalf of Truth before he was priest there; but when the priest of that town died, he got the parsonage, and choked himself with it. I was moved to speak to him and the people in the great love of God, that they might come off from all men's teaching unto God's teaching; and he was not able to gainsay.

But they had me before the mayor, and threatened to send me, with some others, to the house of correction, and kept us in custody till it was late in the night. Then the officers, with the watchmen, put us out of the town, leaving us to shift as we could. So I bent my course towards Derby, having a friend or two with me. In our way we met with many professors; and at Kidsey Park many were convinced.

Then, coming to Derby, I lay at the house of a doctor, whose wife was convinced; and so were several more in the town. As I was walking in my chamber, the [steeple-house] bell rang, and it struck at my life at the very hearing of it; so I asked the woman of the house what the bell rang for. She said there was to be a great lecture there that day, and many of the officers of the army, and priests, and preachers were to be there, and a colonel, that was a preacher.

Then was I moved of the Lord to go up to them; and when they had done I spoke to them what the Lord commanded me, and they were pretty quiet. But there came an officer and took me by the hand, and said that I and the other two that were with me must go before the magistrates. It was about the first hour after noon that we came before them.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

They asked me why we came thither. I said God moved us so to do; and I told them, "God dwells not in temples made with hands." I told them also that all their preaching, baptism and sacrifices would never sanctify them, and bade them look unto Christ within them, and not unto men; for it is Christ that sanctifies. Then they ran into many words; but I told them they were not to dispute of God and Christ, but to obey Him.

The power of God thundered among them, and they did fly like chaff before it. They put me in and out of the room often, hurrying me backward and forward, for they were from the first hour till the ninth at night in examining me. Sometimes they would tell me in a deriding manner that I was taken up in raptures.

At last they asked me whether I was sanctified. I answered, "Yes; for I am in the paradise of God." Then they asked me if I had no sin. I answered, "Christ my Saviour has taken away my sin; and in Him there is no sin." They asked how we knew that Christ did abide in us. I said, "By His Spirit, that He hath given us." They temptingly asked if any of us were Christ. I answered, "Nay; we are nothing; Christ is all." They said, "If a man steal, is it no sin?" I answered, "All unrighteousness is sin."

When they had wearied themselves in examining me, they committed me and one other man to the house of correction in Derby for six months, as blasphemers, as may appear by the mittimus, a copy whereof here followeth:

** "To the master of the house of correction in Derby, greeting:*

"We have sent you herewithal the bodies George Fox, late of Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, and John Fretwell, late of Staniesby, in the county of Derby, husbandman, brought before us this present day, and charged with the avowed uttering and broaching of diverse blasphemous opinions, contrary to the late Act of Parliament; which, upon their examination before us, they have confessed. These are therefore to require you forthwith, upon sight hereof, to receive them, the said George Fox and John Fretwell, into your custody, and them therein safely to keep during the space of six months, without bail or mainprize, or until they shall find sufficient security to be of good behaviour, or be thence delivered by order from ourselves. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under our hands and seals this 30th day of October, 1650.

*"GERVASE BENNET,
"NATH. BARTON."*

GEORGE FOX



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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

While I was here in prison diverse professors came to discourse with me. I had a sense, before they spoke, that they came to plead for sin and imperfection. I asked them whether they were believers and had faith. They said, "Yes." I asked them, "In whom?" They said, "In Christ." I replied. "If ye are true believers in Christ, you are passed from death to life; and if passed from death, then from sin that bringeth death; and if your faith be true, it will give you victory over sin and the devil, purify your hearts and consciences (for the true faith is held in a pure conscience), and bring you to please God, and give you access to Him again."

But they could not endure to hear of purity, and of victory over sin and the devil. They said they could not believe any could be free from sin on this side of the grave. I bade them give over babbling about the Scriptures, which were holy men's words, whilst they pleaded for unholiness.

At another time a company of professors came, who also began to plead for sin. I asked them whether they had hope. They said, "Yes: God forbid but we should have hope." I asked them, "What hope is it that you have? Is Christ in you the hope of your glory? Doth it purify you, as He is pure?" But they could not abide to hear of being made pure here. Then I bade them forbear talking of the Scriptures, which were the holy men's words; "for," said I, "the holy men that wrote the Scriptures pleaded for holiness in heart, life, and conversation here; but since you plead for impurity and sin, which is of the devil, what have you to do with the holy men's words?" The keeper of the prison, being a high professor, was greatly enraged against me, and spoke very wickedly of me; but it pleased the Lord one day to strike him, so that he was in great trouble and under much terror of mind. And, as I was walking in my chamber I heard a doleful noise, and, standing still, I heard him say to his wife, "Wife, I have seen the day of judgment, and I saw George there; and I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong, and spoken so much against him to the ministers and professors, and to the justices, and in taverns and alehouses."

After this, towards the evening, he came into my chamber, and said to me, "I have been as a lion against you; but now I come like a lamb, and like the jailer that came to Paul and Silas trembling." And he desired he might lodge with me. I told him I was in his power; he might do what he would; but he said, "Nay," that he would have my leave, and that he could desire to be always with me, but not to have me as a prisoner. He said he had been plagued, and his house had been plagued, for my sake. So I suffered him to lodge with me.

Then he told me all his heart, and said that he believed what I had said of the true faith and hope to be true; and he wondered that the other man, who was put in prison with me, did not stand it; and said, "That man was not right, but you are an honest man." He confessed also to me that at those times when I had asked him to let me go forth to speak the word of the Lord to the people, when he refused to let me go, and I laid the weight thereof upon him, he used to be under great trouble, amazed, and almost distracted for some time after, and in such a condition that he had little strength left him.

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FOX'S JOURNAL:

When the morning came he rose and went to the justices, and told them that he and his house had been plagued for my sake. One of the justices replied (as he reported to me) that the plagues were upon them, too, for keeping me. This was Justice Bennet, of Derby, who was the first that called us Quakers, because I bade them tremble at the word of the Lord. This was in the year 1650.

After this the justices gave leave that I should have liberty to walk a mile. I perceived their end, and told the jailer, that if they would set down to me how far a mile was, I might take the liberty of walking it sometimes. For I had a sense that they thought I would go away. And the jailer confessed afterwards they did it with that intent, to have me go away, to ease them of their plague; but I told him I was not of that spirit.

While I was in the house of correction my relations came to see me; and, being troubled for my imprisonment, they went to the justices that cast me into prison and desired to have me home with them, offering to be bound in one hundred pounds, and others of Derby in fifty pounds apiece with them, that I should come no more thither to declare against the priests.

So I was taken up before the justices; and because I would not consent that they or any should be bound for me (for I was innocent of any ill behaviour, and had spoken the Word of life and truth unto them), Justice Bennet rose up in a rage; and, as I was kneeling down to pray to the Lord to forgive him, he ran upon me, and struck me with both his hands, crying, "Away with him, jailer; take him away, jailer." Whereupon I was taken again to prison, and there kept till the time of my commitment for six months was expired.

But I had now the liberty of walking a mile by myself, which I made use of as I felt freedom. Sometimes I went into the market and streets, and warned the people to repent of their wickedness, and returned to prison again. And there being persons of several sorts of religion in the prison, I sometimes visited them in their meetings on First-days.

GEORGE FOX

“HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE” BEING A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN TIME (JUST AS THE PERSPECTIVE IN A PAINTING IS A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN SPACE), TO “LOOK AT THE COURSE OF HISTORY MORE GENERALLY” WOULD BE TO SACRIFICE PERSPECTIVE ALTOGETHER. THIS IS FANTASY-LAND, YOU’RE FOOLING YOURSELF. THERE CANNOT BE ANY SUCH THINGIE, AS SUCH A PERSPECTIVE.



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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

'THE MAN IN LEATHER BREECHES'¹⁶

'As I was walking I heard old people and work people to say: "he is such a man as never was, he knows people's thoughts" for I turned them to the divine light of Christ and His spirit let them see ... that there was the first step to peace to stand still in the light that showed them their sin and transgression.'—G. FOX.

'Do not look at but keep over all unnaturalness, if any such thing should appear, but keep in that which was and is and will be.'—G. FOX.

'Wait patiently upon the Lord; let every man that loves God, endeavour by the spirit of wisdom, meekness, and love to dry up Euphrates, even this spirit of bitterness that like a great river hath overflowed the earth of mankind.'—GERRARD WINSTANLEY. 1648.

'Blessed is he who loves Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy for Thy sake.'—AUGUSTINE.

'Eternity is just the real world for which we were made, and which we enter through the door of love.'—RUFUS M. JONES.

16. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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'THE MAN IN LEATHER BREECHES'

22nd Dec. 1651.

'Rough Moll, the worst-tempered woman in all Yorkshire.' It was thus her neighbours were wont to speak behind her back of Mistress Moll, the keeper of the 'George and Dragon' Inn at Hutton Cranswick near Driffield in the East Riding. Never a good word or a kind deed had she for anyone, since her husband had been called away to serve in King Charles's army. In former days, when mine host was at home, the neighbours had been encouraged to come early and stay late at night gossiping over the home-brewed ale he fetched for them so cheerily; for Moll's husband was an open-hearted, pleasant-mannered man, the very opposite of his shrewish wife. But now, since his departure for the wars, the neighbours got to the bottom of their mugs with as little delay as possible, vowing to themselves in whispers that they would seek refuge elsewhere another night, since Moll's sour looks went near to give a flavour of vinegar even to the ale she brewed. Thus, as speedily as might be, they escaped from the reach of their hostess's sharp tongue.

But the lasses of the inn, who were kept to do the rough work of the house, found it harder to escape from the harsh rule of their mistress. And for little Jan, Moll's four-year-old son, there was still less possibility of escape from the tyrant whom he called by the name of Mother.

Nothing of true mother-love had ever yet been kindled in Rough Moll's heart. From the very beginning she had fiercely resented being burdened with what she called 'the plague of a brat.' Still, so long as his father remained at home, the child's life had not been an unhappy one. As soon as ever he could stand alone he drew himself up by his father's trousers, with an outstretched hand to be grasped in the big fist. As soon as he could toddle, he spent his days wandering round the Inn after his daddy, knowing that directly he grew tired daddy would be ready to stop whatever he might be doing, in order to lift the small boy up in his arms or to give him a ride on his knee.

'Wasting your time over the brat and leaving the Tavern to go to rack and ruin'—Moll would say, with a sneer, as she passed them. But she never interfered; for the husband who had courted her when she was a young girl was the only person for whom she still kept a soft spot in the heart that of late years seemed to have grown so hard.

Truth to tell, tavern-keeping was no easy business in those unsettled times, and Moll had ever been a famous body for worrying over trifles.

``The worry cow
Would have lived till now,



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If she had not lost her breath,
But she thought her hay
Would not last the day,
So she mooded herself to death."

'And all the time she had three sacks full! Remember that, Moll, my lass!' Jan's father would say to his wife, when she began to pour out to him her dismal forebodings about the future.

But since this easy-going, jolly daddy had left the Inn and had gone away with the other men and lads of the village to fight with My Lord for the King, little Jan's lot was a hard one, and seemed likely to grow harder day by day.

Rough Moll's own life was not too easy either, at this time, though few folks troubled themselves to speculate upon the reason for her added gruffness. So she concealed her anxieties under an extra harshness of tongue and did her best to make life a burden to everyone she came across. For, naturally, now that the Inn was no longer a pleasant place in mine host's absence, it was no longer a profitable place either. Custom was falling off and quarter day was fast approaching. Moll was at her wits' end to know where she should find money to pay her rent, when, one day, to her unspeakable relief, My Lady in her coach stopped at the door of the Inn. Now Moll had been dairymaid up at the Hall years ago, before her marriage, and My Lady knew of old that Moll's butter was as sweet as her looks were sour. Perhaps she guessed, also, at some of the other woman's anxieties; for was not her own husband, My Lord, away at the wars too? Anyway, when the fine yellow coach stopped at the door of the Inn, it was My Lady's own head with the golden ringlets that leaned out of the window, and My Lady's own soft voice that asked if her old dairymaid could possibly oblige her with no less than thirty pounds of butter for her Yuletide feast to the villagers the following week.

The Moll who came out, smiling and flattered, to the Inn door and stood there curtsying very low to her Ladyship, was a different being from the Rough Moll of every day. She promised, with her very smoothest tongue, she would not fail. She knew where to get the milk, and her Ladyship should have the butter, full weight and the very best, by the following evening, which would leave two full days before [Christmas](#).

'That is settled then, for I have never known you to fail me,' said My Lady, as the coach drove away, leaving Moll curtsying behind her, and vowing again that 'let come what would come,' she would not fail.

It was small wonder, therefore, after this unaccustomed graciousness, that she was shorter-tempered than ever with her unfortunate guests that evening. Was not their presence hindering her from getting on with her task? At length she left the lasses to serve the ale, which, truth to tell, they were nothing loath to do, while Moll herself, in her wooden shoes and with her skirts tucked up all round her, clattered in and out



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of the dairy where already a goodly row of large basins stood full to the brim with rich yellow milk on which, even now, the cream was fast rising.

Thirty pounds of butter could never all be made in one day; she must begin her task overnight. True, little Jan was whining to go to bed as he tried vainly to keep awake on his small hard stool by the fire. The brat must wait; she could not attend to him now. He could sleep well enough leaning against the bricks of the chimney-corner. Or, no! the butter-making would take a long time, and Moll was never a methodical woman. Jan should lie down, just as he was, and have a nap in the kitchen until she was ready to attend to him. Roughly, but not unkindly, she pulled him off the stool and laid him down on a rug in a dark corner of the kitchen and told him to be off to sleep as fast as he could, stooping to cover him with an old coat of her husband's that was hanging on the door, as she spoke. Nothing loath, Jan shut his sleepy eyes, and, burying his little nose in the folds of the old coat, he went happily off into dreamland, soothed by the well-remembered out-door smell that always clung around his father's belongings.

It did not take Moll long to fill the churn and to set it in its place. Just as she was busy shutting down the lid, there came a knock at the door. 'Plague take you, Stranger,' she grumbled, as she opened it, and a gust of snow and wind blew in upon her and the assembled guests in the tavern kitchen. 'You bring in more of the storm than you are likely to pay for your ale.'

'My desire is not for ale,' said the Stranger, speaking slowly, and looking at the woman keenly from underneath his shaggy eyebrows. 'I came but to ask thee for shelter from the storm; and for a little meat, if thou hast any to set before me.'

'To ask thee for shelter.' 'If thou hast any meat.' The unusual form of address caught Moll's ear. She looked more closely at her visitor. Yes, his lower limbs were not covered with homely Yorkshire frieze; they were encased in odd garments that must surely be made of leather, since the snowflakes lay upon them in crisp wreaths and wrinkles before they melted. She had heard of the strange being who was visiting those parts and she had no desire to make his acquaintance. 'Hey, lasses!' she called to her maids at the far end of the tavern parlour, 'here is the man in leather breeches himself, come to pay us a visit this wild night!'

A shout of laughter went up from the men at their tankards. 'The man in leather breeches!' 'Send him out again into the storm! We'll have none of his company here, the spoil sport!'

Moll nodded assent, and returning to her unwelcome guest, said shortly, 'Meat there is none for you here,' and moved towards the door, where the Stranger still stood, as if to close it upon him.

But the man was not to be so easily dismissed.

'Hast thou then milk?' he asked.



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Moll laughed aloud. A man who did not want ale should not have milk; no money to be made out of that; especially this night of all nights, when every drop would be wanted for her Ladyship's butter.

Lies were part of Moll's regular stock-in-trade. She lied now, with the ease of long habit.

'You will get no shelter here,' she said roughly, 'and as for milk, there is not a drop in the house.'

The Stranger looked at her. He spoke no words for a full minute, but as his eyes pierced her through and through, she knew that he knew that she had lied. The knowledge made her angry. She repeated her words with an oath. The Stranger made as if to turn away; then, almost reluctantly but very tenderly, as if he were being drawn back in spite of himself: 'Hast thou then cream?' he asked. Yet, though his tone was persuasive, his brows were knitted as he stood looking down upon the angry woman.

'Not as if he cared about the cream, but as if he cared about me,' Moll said herself, long after. But at the time: 'No, nor cream either. On my soul, there is not a drop in the house,' she repeated, more fiercely than before.

But, even as she spoke, she saw that the Stranger's eyes were fastened on the churn that stood behind her, the churn evidently full and drawn out for use, with drops of rich yellow cream still standing upon the lid and trickling down the sides.

Moll turned her square shoulders upon the churn as if to shut out its witness to her falsehood. Her lies came thick and fast; 'I tell you there is not a single drop of cream in the house.'

The next moment, a loud crash made her look round. She had forgotten Jan! The loud angry voice and the cold blast from the open door had awakened him before he had had time to get sound asleep. Hearing his mother vow that she had not a drop of cream in the house, he left his rug and began playing about again. Then, being ever a restless little mortal, he had crept round to the churn to see if it had really become empty in such a short time. He had tried to pull himself up by one of the legs in order to stand on the rim and see if there was really no cream inside; and in attempting this feat, naturally, he had pulled the whole churn over upon him. And not only the churn,—its contents too! Eighteen quarts of Moll's richest yellow cream were streaming all over the kitchen floor. Pools, lakes, rivers, seas of cream were running over the flagstones and dripping through the crevices into the ground.

With a cry of rage Moll turned, and, seeing the damage, she sprang upon little Jan and beat him soundly; and a beating from Moll's heavy hand was no small matter: then with a curse she flung the child away from her towards the hearth.

'Woman!' The Stranger's voice recalled her. 'Woman! Beware! Thou art full of lies and fury and deceit, yet in the name of the Lord I warn thee. Ere three days have gone by, thou shalt know what is in thine heart; and thou shalt learn the power of that



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which was, and is, and will be!’

So saying, the unwelcome guest opened the outer door and walked away into the raging storm and darkness,—a less bitter storm it seemed to him now than that created by the violent woman within doors. Some way further on he espied a haystack, under which he lay down, as he had done on many another night before this, and there he slept in the wind and the snow until morning.

Moll, meanwhile, enraged beyond words at the loss of her cream, stalked off for a pail and cloth, and set herself to wash the floor, muttering curses as she did so. Never a glance did she cast at the corner by the fire where little Jan still lay by the hearth-stone, motionless and strangely quiet; he, the restless imp, who was usually so full of life. Never a glance, until, the centre of the floor being at last clean again, Moll, on her knees, came with her pail of soap-suds to the white river that surrounded the corner of the kitchen where Jan lay. A white river? Nay, there was a crimson river that mingled with it; a stream of crimson drops that flowed from the stone under the child’s head.

Moll leapt to her feet on the instant. What ailed the boy? She had beaten him, it is true, but then she had beaten him often before this in his father’s absence. A beating was nothing new to little Jan. Why had he fallen? What made him lie so still? She turned him over. Ah! it was easy to see the reason. As she flung him from her in her rage, the child in his fall had struck his head against the sharp edge of the hearth-stone, and there he lay now, with the life-blood steadily flowing from his temple.

A feeling that Rough Moll had never been conscious of before gripped her heart at the sight. Was her boy dead? Had she killed him? What would his father say? What would her husband call her? A murderer? Was she that? Was that what the Stranger had meant when he had looked at her with those piercing eyes? He might have called her a liar, at the sight of the churn full of cream, but he had not done so; and little she would have cared if he had. But a murderer! Was murder in her heart?

Lifting Jan as carefully as she could, she carried him upstairs to the small bedroom under the roof, where he usually lay on a tiny pallet by her side. But this night the child’s small figure lay in the wide bed, and big Moll, with all her clothes on, hung over him; or if she lay down for a moment or two, it was only on the hard little pallet by his side.

All that night Moll watched. But all that night Jan never moved. All the next day he lay unconscious, while Moll did her clumsy utmost to staunch the wound in his forehead. Long before it was light, she tried to send one of her maids for the doctor; but the storm was now so violent that none could leave or enter the house.

Her Ladyship’s order went unheeded. The thirty pounds of butter were never made. But My Lady, who was a mother herself, not only



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forgave Moll for spoiling her Yuletide festivities, but even told her, when she heard of the disaster, that she need not trouble about the rent until her boy was better.

Until he was better! But would Jan ever be better? Moll had no thought now for either the butter or the rent. The yellow cream might turn sour in every single one of her pans for all she cared, if only she could get rid of this new unbearable pain.

At length, on the evening of the second day, faint with the want of sleep, she fell into an uneasy doze: and still Jan had neither moved nor stirred. Presently a faint sound woke her. Was he calling? No; it was but the [Christmas](#) bells ringing across the snow. What were those bells saying? 'MUR-DER-ER' 'MUR-DERER'—was that it? Over and over again. Did even the bells know what she had done and what she had in her heart? For a moment black despair seized her.

The next moment there followed the shuffling sound of many feet padding through the snow. The storm had ceased by this time, and all the world was wrapped in a white silence, broken only by the sound of the distant bells. And now the [Christmas](#) waits had followed the bells' music, and were singing carols outside the ale-house door. Fiercely, Moll stuck her fingers in her ears. She would not listen, lest even the waits should sing of her sin, and shew her the blackness of her heart. But the song stole up into the room, and, in spite of herself, something forced Moll to attend to the words:

'Babe Jesus lay in Mary's lap,
The sun shone on his hair—
And that was how she saw, mayhap,
The crown already there.'

That was how good mothers sang to their children. They saw crowns upon their hair. What sort of a crown had Moll given to her child? She looked across and saw the chaplet of white bandages lying on the white pillow. No; she, Moll, had never been a good mother, would never be one now, unless her boy came back to life again. She was a murderer, and her husband when he returned from the wars would tell her so, and little Jan would never know that his mother had a heart after all.

At that moment the carol died away, and the waits' feet, heavy with clinging snow, shuffled off into the darkness; but looking down again at the head with its crown of white bandages upon the white pillow, Moll saw that this time Jan's eyes were open and shining up at her.

'Mother,' he said, in his little weak voice, as he opened his arms and smiled. Moll had seen him smile like that at his father; she had never known before that she wanted to share that smile. She knew it now.

Only three short days had passed since she turned the Stranger from her doors, but little Jan and his mother entered a new world of love and tenderness together that [Christmas](#) morning. As Rough Moll gathered her little son up into her arms and held him closely to her breast, she knew for the first time the power of 'that which was, and is, and will be.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'THE MAN IN LEATHER BREECHES.'

Expanded, with imaginary incidents and consequences, from a few paragraphs in George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 20.



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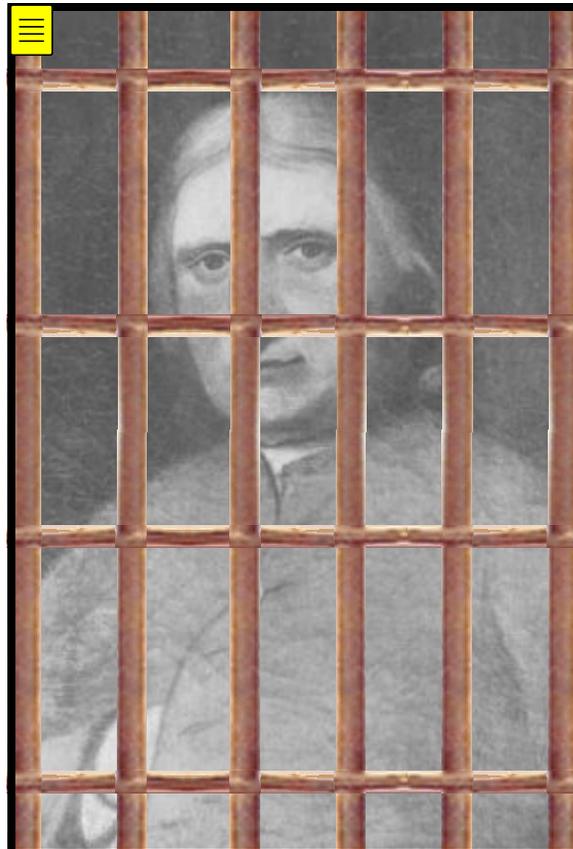
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July: Friend [George Fox](#) had been confined in Derby's gaol, over a branch of the River Derwent at one end of the corn market, when he was approached by a group of recruits to the revolutionary army in search of a captain to appoint over themselves. He responded to these wannabee soldiers that war and fighting grew out of human lusts, and that he personally was in a condition which took away the occasion for war. It is this incident which is the factual background for the famous song couplet:

ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

*"If we give you a pistol
Will you fight for the Lord?"*
*"But you can't kill the Devil
With a gun or a sword!"*



But note, this is **not** a general principle of pacifism. Although over time Fox's prose would alter to allow that it was possible to use force only in a "war with the devil and his works," and as part of keeping the peace and



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protecting people's estates (he assumed all his life that it was appropriate for the civil authority to use weapons of the flesh to suppress maygames and drunkards), he had nevertheless at this point begun to appreciate that violence could never legitimately be used in the furtherance of human confederations or in the prosecution of plots to raise insurrections. Also, we notice that this moderate change of heart was coming about at a time in Fox's life and in the life of England which could aptly be characterized by the invidious term "convenient."

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

While I was yet in the house of correction there came unto me a trooper, and said that as he was sitting in the steeple-house, hearing the priest, exceeding great trouble fell upon him; and the voice of the Lord came to him, saying, "Dost thou not know that my servant is in prison? Go to him for direction." So I spake to his condition, and his understanding was opened. I told him that that which showed him his sins, and troubled him for them, would show him his salvation; for He that shows a man his sin is the same that takes it away.

While I was speaking to him the Lord's power opened his mind, so that he began to have a good understanding in the Lord's truth, and to be sensible of God's mercies. He spoke boldly in his quarters amongst the soldiers, and to others, concerning truth (for the Scriptures were very much opened to him), insomuch that he said that this colonel was "as blind as Nebuchadnezzar, to cast the servant of the Lord into prison."

Upon this his colonel conceived a spite against him, and at Worcester fight, the year after, when the two armies lay near one another, and two came out from the king's army and challenged any two of the Parliament army to fight with them, his colonel made choice of him and another to answer the challenge. When in the encounter his companion was slain, he drove both his enemies within musket-shot of the town without firing a pistol at them. This, when he returned, he told me with his own mouth. But when the fight was over he saw the deceit and hypocrisy of the officers, and, being sensible how wonderfully the Lord had preserved him, and seeing also to the end of fighting, he laid down his arms.

** The time of my commitment to the house of correction being very nearly ended, and there being many new soldiers raised, the commissioners would have made me captain over them; and the soldiers cried out that they would have none but me. So the keeper of the house of correction was commanded to bring me before the commissioners and soldiers in the market-place, where they offered me that preferment, as they called it, asking me if I would not take up arms for the Commonwealth against Charles Stuart. I told them I knew whence all wars arose, even from the lusts, according to James' doctrine; and that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars.*

Yet they courted me to accept of their offer, and thought I did but compliment them. But I told them I was come into the covenant of peace, which was before wars and strifes were. They said they offered it in love and kindness to me because of my virtue; and such-like flattering words they used. But I told them, if that was their love and kindness, I trampled it under my feet.

Then their rage got up, and they said, "Take him away, jailer, and put him into the prison amongst the rogues and felons." So I was put into a lousy, stinking place, without any bed, amongst thirty felons, where I was kept almost half a year; yet at times they would let me walk to the garden, believing I would not go away.

When they had got me into Derby prison, it was the saying of people that I would never come out; but I had faith in God that I should be delivered in His time; for the Lord had given me to believe that I was not to be removed from that place yet, being set there for a service which He had for me to do.

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THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



September: Tithes were a form of taxation outside the control of Parliament and attempts before 1640 to recover impropriated tithes threatened the property rights of those who had succeeded to the estates of the dissolved monasteries. Before the battle of Dunbar [Oliver Cromwell](#) evidently promised to abolish tithes “if the Lord gave him victory.”



ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

According to Christopher Hill (GOD’S ENGLISHMAN: OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION, 1970), Friend [George Fox](#) would never forgive him for renegeing on this promise.

ESSENCES ARE FUZZY, GENERIC, CONCEPTUAL;
ARISTOTLE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE INSISTED THAT ALL TRUTH IS
SPECIFIC AND PARTICULAR (AND WRONG WHEN HE CHARACTERIZED
TRUTH AS A GENERALIZATION).

Friend George Fox

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

Friend George Fox

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

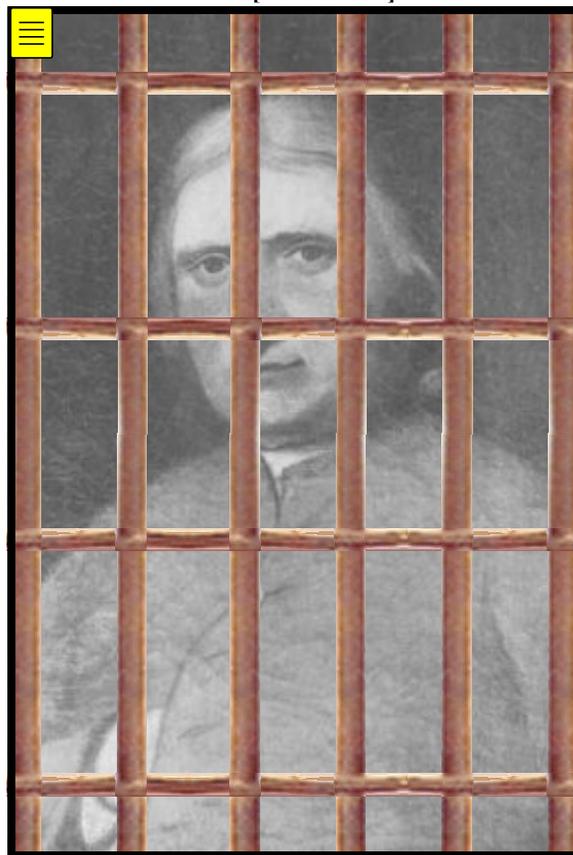
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1651

About the beginning of Winter: Friend [George Fox](#) continued to be pressed, to allow himself to be inducted into the ongoing civil war and thus “get out of jail free,” but he refused and stayed to complete his full sentence.

[next screen]



CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



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THE SHEPHERD OF PENDLE HILL¹⁷

'On Pendle G.F. saw people as thick as motes in the sun, that should in time be brought home to the Lord, that there might be but one Shepherd and one Sheepfold in all the earth. There his eye was directed Northward beholding a great people that should receive him and his message in those parts.'—W. PENN'S Testimony to George Fox.

'In Adam, in the fall are all the inward foul weather, storms, tempests, winds, strifes, the whole family of it is in confusion, being all gone from the spirit and witness of God in themselves, and the power and the light, in which power and light and spirit, is the fellowship with God and with one another, through which they come ... into the quickener, who awakens (them) and brings (them) up unto Himself, the way, Christ; and out of and off from the teachers and priests, and shepherds that change and fall, to the PRIEST, SHEPHERD and PROPHET, that never fell or changed, nor ever will fail or change, nor leave the flock in the cold weather nor in the winter, nor in storms or tempests; nor doth the voice of the wolf frighten him from his flock. For the Light, the Power, the Truth, the Righteousness, did it ever leave you in any weather, or in any storms or tempests? And so his sheep know his voice and follow Him, who gives them life eternal abundantly.'—GEORGE FOX.

17. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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While I was here in prison there was a young woman in the jail for robbing her master. When she was to be tried for her life I wrote to the judge and jury, showing them how contrary it was to the law of God in old time to put people to death for stealing, and moving them to show mercy. Yet she was condemned to die, and a grave was made for her, and at the time appointed she was carried forth to execution. Then I wrote a few words, warning all to beware of greediness or covetousness, for it leads from God; and that all should fear the Lord, avoid earthly lusts, and prize their time while they have it; this I gave to be read at the gallows. And, though they had her upon the ladder, with a cloth bound over her face, ready to be turned off, yet they did not put her to death, but brought her back to prison, where she afterwards came to be convinced of God's everlasting truth.

There was also in the jail, while I was there, a wicked, ungodly man, who was reputed a conjurer. He threatened that he would talk with me, and boasted of what he would do; but he never had power to open his mouth to me. And the jailer and he falling out, he threatened to raise the devil and break his house down; so that he made the jailer afraid. I was moved of the Lord to go in His power and rebuke him, and to say to him, "Come, let us see what thou canst do; do thy worst." I told him that the devil was raised high enough in him already; but the power of God chained him down, so he slunk away from me.

The time of Worcester fight coming on, Justice Bennet sent constables to press me for a soldier, seeing I would not voluntarily accept of a command. I told them that I was brought off from outward wars. They came again to give me press-money; but I would take none. Then I was brought up to Sergeant Holes, kept there awhile, and taken down again. Afterwards the constables brought me a second time before the commissioners, who said I should go for a soldier; but I told them I was dead to it. They said I was alive. I told them that where envy and hatred is there is confusion. They offered me money twice, but I refused it. Being disappointed, they were angry, and committed me close prisoner, without bail or mainprize.

Great was the exercise and travail in spirit that I underwent during my imprisonment here, because of the wickedness that was in this town; for though some were convinced, yet the generality were a hardened people. I saw the visitation of God's love pass away from them. I mourned over them.

There was a great judgment upon the town, and the magistrates were uneasy about me; but they could not agree what to do with me. One while they would have sent me up to the Parliament; another while they would have banished me to Ireland. At first they called me a deceiver, a seducer and a blasphemer. Afterwards, when God had brought his plagues upon them, they styled me an honest, virtuous man. But their good report and bad report were nothing to me; for the one did not lift me up, nor the other cast me down; praised be the Lord! At length they were made to turn me out of jail, about the beginning of winter, in the year 1651, after I had been a prisoner in Derby almost a year, - six months in the house of correction, and the rest of the time in the common jail.



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THE SHEPHERD OF PENDLE HILL

'Ingleborough, Pendle and Pen-y-Ghent Are the highest hills 'twixt Scotland and Trent.' So sing I, the Shepherd of Pendle, to myself, and so have I sung, on summer days, these many years, lying out atop of old Pendle Hill, keeping watch over my flock. In good sooth, a shepherd's life is a hard one, on our Lancashire fells, for nine months out of the twelve. The nights begin to be sharp with frost towards the back-end of the year, for all the days are sunny and warm at times. Bitter cold it is in winter and worse in spring, albeit the daylight is longer.

'As the day lengthens, so the cold strengthens,' runs the rhyme, and well do men know the truth of it in these parts. Many a time a man must be ready to give his own life for his sheep, aye and do it too, to save them in a snow-drift or from the biting frost. It is an anxious season for the shepherd, until he sees the lambs safely at play and able to stand upon their weak legs and run after their mothers. But it is not until the dams are clipped that a shepherd has an easy mind and can let his thoughts dwell on other things. Then, at last, in the summer, his time runs gently for a while; and I, for one, was always ready to enjoy myself, when once the bitter weather was over.

So there I was, one day many years ago, nigh upon Midsummer, lying out on the grassy slopes atop of old Pendle Hill, and singing to myself—

'Ingleborough, Pendle and Pen-y-Ghent
Are the highest hills 'twixt Scotland and Trent.'

But for all I sang of the hills, my thoughts were in the valleys. I lay there, watching till the sun should catch the steep roof of a certain cot I know. It stands by the side of a stream, so hidden among the bushes that even my eye cannot find it, unless the sunlight finds it first, and flashes back at me from roof and window-pane. That was the cot I had never lived in then, but I hoped to live in it before the summer was over, and to bring the bonniest lass in all yon broad Yorkshire there with me as my bride. That was to be if things went well with me and with the sheep; for my master had promised to give me a full wage (seeing I had now reached man's estate), if so be I came through the spring and early summer without losing a single lamb. Thinking of these things, and dreaming dreams as a lad will, the hours trod swiftly over Pendle Hill that day; for all the sun was going down the sky but slowly, seeing it was Midsummer-tide.

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‘DREAMING OF THE COT IN THE VALE’

Suddenly, as I lay there looking down over the slope, I saw a strange sight, for travellers are scarce on Pendle Hill even at Midsummer. But it was a traveller surely, or was it a shepherd? At first I could not be sure; for he carried a lamb in his arms and trod warily with it, in the way that shepherds do. Yet I never met a shepherd clad in clothes like his; nor with a face like his either, as I saw it, when he came nearer. Weary he looked, and with a pale countenance, as if he had much ado to come up the hill, and in good sooth 'tis full steep just there; or else, may be, he was fasting and faint for lack of food. But all this I only thought of later. At the time, I looked not much at him, but only at the lamb he carried in his arms. How came such a man to be carrying a lamb, and carrying it full gently and carefully too, supporting one leg with both hands, although he was encumbered with a staff? Then, when he had come yet nearer, I saw that it was not only a lamb—it was one of my master's lambs, my own lambs that I was set to watch; for there on its wool was the brand carried by our flocks and by none others on all those fells. One of my lambs, lying in a stranger's arms! A careless shepherd I! I must have been asleep or dreaming ... dreaming foolish dreams about that cottage, on which the sun might shine unheeded now, I cared not for it, being full of other thoughts. No sooner did I espy the brand on the lamb than I rose



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to my feet, and, even as I ran nimbly down the slope towards the stranger, my eyes roamed over the hillside to discover which of my lambs had strayed:—Rosamond, Cowslip, Eglantine and Gillyflower—I could see them all safe with their dams, and many more besides. All the lambs that springtime I had named after the flowers that I hoped to plant another year in the garden of that cot beside the stream. And all the flowers I could see and name were safe beside their dams, as I leapt down the hillside. Nay, Periwinkle was missing! Periwinkle was ever a strayer, and Periwinkle's dam was bleating at the edge of the steep cliff up which the stranger toiled. It was Periwinkle and none other that he was carrying in his arms! Seeing it was Periwinkle, I halloed to him to halt. Hearing my cry, he stopped, and waited till I reached him, all the time holding the lamb carefully, tending it and speaking to it in the tone a shepherd is wont to use.

'Thanks to you, Good Stranger,' I said, as I came nearer, 'Periwinkle is ever a strayer. Did you see her fall?'

'Nay,' said the Stranger, giving the lamb tenderly into my arms, and halting upon his staff; speaking warily and weightily as I never heard a man speak before or since. 'Nay; the lambkin must have fallen before I came by. But I heard the mother bleat, and I knew, by the sound, that she was in distress. Therefore I turned towards the crag upon which she stood, and, looking down, I perceived the lamb fallen among the brambles beneath a high ledge.'

'And went down over for her yourself and brought her up again! 'Twas bravely done, Good Stranger,' I answered, and then, thinking to encourage him, I said, 'Better you could not have done it, had you been a shepherd yourself, for I see your hands are torn.'

'It is nothing,' he answered. 'A shepherd expects that.'

'Then are you a shepherd too, Master Stranger?' I asked, but he gave no answer; only fastened his eyes upon me as we climbed together up the hill. Wonderful eyes he had, not like to other men's; with a depth and yet a light in them, as when the June sun shines back reflected from the blackness of a mountain tarn. I saw them then, and still I seem to see them, for when he looked at me, although he said no word, it was as if he knew me apart from everyone else in the world, even as I know every one of my master's sheep. I felt that he knew too how I had been looking at that cot in the vale and dreaming idly, forgetful of my lambs. Therefore, though he said no word of rebuke to me, I felt my cheeks grow hot, and I hung my head and spake not. Only, when we reached the top of the hill, he turned and answered me at last. 'Thou judgest right, friend,' he said, 'I was indeed a shepherd in my young years. I am a shepherd even now, though as yet with full few sheep. But, hereafter, it may be....'

I did not wait for the end of his sentence. Now that we were come to level ground I was fain to show that I was not a careless, idle shepherd in truth. My mind was set on



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Periwinkle's leg; broken, I feared, for it hung down limply. I took her,—laid her on the grass beside her dam while I fashioned a rough splint, shepherd-fashion, to keep the leg steady till we reached the fold. Then, seeing the sun was low by this time and nigh to setting over beyond the sea towards Morecambe, I called my sheep and gathered them from all the fells, near and far; and a fairer flock of sheep ye shall never see 'twixt Scotland and Trent, as the song says, though I trow ye may, an ye look carefully, find steeper hills than old Pendle.

When my work was done, I took up Periwinkle in my arms once more, anxious to descend with her ere night fell. Already I was climbing carefully down the slope, when, bless me, I remembered the Stranger, and that I had left him without a word, he having gone clean out of my mind, and I not having given him so much as a 'thank ye' at parting, for all he had saved Periwinkle. But I think I must have gone clean out of his mind too.

When I came back to him once more, there he was, still standing on the very top of the hill, where I had left him. But now his head was raised, the breeze lifted his hair. A kind of glory was on him. It was light from the sunset sky, I thought at first; but it was brighter far than that; for the sunset sky looked dull and dim beside it. His eyes were roaming far and wide over the valleys and hills, even as my eyes had wandered, when I was gathering my sheep. But his eyes wandered further, and further far, till they reached the utmost line of the Irish Sea to westward and covered all the country that lay between. Then he turned himself around to the east again. A strong man he was and a tall, and the glory was still on his face, though now he had the sunset sky at his back. And he opened his mouth and spake. Strange were his words:

'If but one man,' said he, 'but one man or woman, were raised by the Lord's Power to stand and live in the same Spirit that the Apostles and Prophets were in, he or she should shake all this country for miles round.' Shake all the country! He had uttered a fearsome thing. 'Nay, Master Stranger, bethink ye,' I said, going up to him, 'how may that be? What would happen to me and the sheep were these fells to shake? Even now, though they stand steady, you have seen that wayward lambs like Periwinkle will fall over and do themselves a mischief.' So I spake, being but a witless lad. But my words might have been the wind passing by him, so little he heeded them. I doubt if he even heard or knew that I was there although I stood close at his side. For again his eyes were resting on the Irish Sea, and on the country that lay shining in the sun towards Furness, and on the wide, glistening sands round Morecambe Bay. And then he turned himself round to the north where lie the high mountains that can at times be seen, or guessed, in the glow of the setting sun. Thus, as he gazed on all that fair land, the Stranger spoke. Again he uttered strange words.

At first his voice was low and what he said reached me not, save



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only the words: 'A great people, a great people to be gathered.' Whereat I, being, as I say, but a lad then, full of my own notions and mighty sure of myself as young lads are, plucked at his sleeve, having heard but the last words, and supposing that he had watched me gathering my flock for the fold.

'Not people, Master Stranger,' I interrupted. ''Tis my business to gather sheep. Sheep and silly, heedless lambs like Periwinkle, 'tis them I must gather for my master's fold.'

He saw and heard me then, full surely.

'Aye,' he said, and his voice, though deep, had music in it, while his eyes pierced me yet again, but more gently this time, so that I made sure he had seen me tending Periwinkle and knew that I had done the best I could. 'Aye, verily thou dost well. Shepherd of Pendle, to gather lambs and silly sheep for their master's fold. I, too....' But there again he broke off and fell once more into silence.

Thus I left him, still standing atop of the hill; but as I turned to go I heard his voice yet again, and though I looked not round, the sound of it was as if a man were speaking to his friend, for all I knew that he stood there, atop of the hill, alone:

'I thank thee, Lord, that Thou hast let me see this day in what places Thou hast a great people, a great people to be gathered.' Thereat I partly understood, yet turned not back again, nor sought to enquire further of his meaning; for the daylight was fast fading and I had need of all my skill in getting home my sheep.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's *JOURNAL*, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'THE SHEPHERD OF PENDLE HILL.'

Expanded from George Fox's *JOURNAL*, i. 40.

N.B.—The Shepherd, who is the speaker, is a wholly imaginary person.



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1652

[Margaret Askew Fell](#) became a [Quaker](#). She believed, as a Friend, that men and women are equal in the eyes of God, and have the same potential to receive the inner light which allows them to become wise ministers.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In a metaphor for the Inner Light, Friend [George Fox](#) wrote that:

After thou seest thy thoughts, and the temptation, do not think, but submit; and then power comes. Stand still in that which shows and discovers; and then doth strength immediately come and stand still in the light, and submit to it and the other will be hush'd and gone; and then content comes.

Henry Thoreau would later exploit this metaphor (but translated from vision to hearing, as the need to [“step to the beat of a different drummer”](#)) in his 1854 book of lyceum lectures, [WALDEN](#).





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WALDEN: Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple-tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

DIFFERENT DRUMMER
THE INNER LIGHT

Friend George also insisted that:



Every scripture is to be interpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth.

Waldo Emerson would denominate this “the fundamental law of criticism” in his 1836 monograph NATURE.

**ESSENCE IS BLUR. SPECIFICITY,
THE OPPOSITE OF ESSENCE,
IS OF THE NATURE OF TRUTH.**



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Friend [George Fox](#) continued his ministry:

Being again at liberty, I went on, as before, in the work of the Lord, passing through the country into Leicestershire, having meetings as I went; and the Lord's Spirit and power accompanied me.

As I was walking with several Friends, I lifted up my head and saw three steeple-house spires, and they struck at my life. I asked them what place that was. They said, "Lichfield." Immediately the Word of the Lord came to me that I must go thither. Being come to the house we were going to, I wished the Friends to walk into the house, saying nothing to them of whither I was to go. As soon as they were gone I stepped away, and went by my eye over hedge and ditch till I came within a mile of Lichfield, where, in a great field, shepherds were keeping their sheep.

*Then was I commanded by the Lord to pull off my shoes. I stood still, for it was winter; and the Word of the Lord was like a fire in me. So I put off my shoes, and left them with the shepherds; and the poor shepherds trembled, and were astonished. Then I walked on about a mile, and as soon as I was got within the city, the Word of the Lord came to me again, saying, "Cry, 'Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!'" * So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" It being market-day, I went into the market-place, and to and fro in the several parts of it, and made stands, crying as before, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" And no one laid hands on me.*

As I went thus crying through the streets, there seemed to me to be a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market-place appeared like a pool of blood.

When I had declared what was upon me, and felt myself clear, I went out of the town in peace, and, returning to the shepherds, I gave them some money, and took my shoes of them again. But the fire of the Lord was so in my feet, and all over me, that I did not matter to put on my shoes again, and was at a stand whether I should or no, till I felt freedom from the Lord so to do; then, after I had washed my feet, I put on my shoes again.

After this a deep consideration came upon me, for what reason I should be sent to cry against that city, and call it the bloody city! For, though the Parliament had had the minster one while, and the King another, and much blood had been shed in the town during the wars between them, yet that was no more than had befallen many other places. But afterwards I came to understand, that in the Emperor Diocletian's time a thousand Christians were martyred in Lichfield.



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Passing on, I was moved of the Lord to go to Beverley steeple-house, which was then a place of high profession; and being very wet with rain, I went first to an inn. As soon as I came to the door, a young woman of the house came to the door, and said, "What, is it you? come in," as if she had known me before; for the Lord's power bowed their hearts. So I refreshed myself and went to bed; and in the morning, my clothes being still wet, I got ready, and having paid for what I had had in the inn, I went up to the steeple-house, where was a man preaching. When he had done, I was moved to speak to him, and to the people, in the mighty power of God, and to turn them to their teacher, Christ Jesus. The power of the Lord was so strong, that it struck a mighty dread amongst the people. The mayor came and spoke a few words to me; but none of them had any power to meddle with me.

So I passed away out of the town, and in the afternoon went to another steeple-house about two miles off. When the priest had done, I was moved to speak to him, and to the people very largely, showing them the way of life and truth, and the ground of election and reprobation. The priest said he was but a child, and could not dispute with me. I told him I did not come to dispute, but to hold forth the Word of life and truth unto them, that they might all know the one Seed, to which the promise of God was given, both in the male and in the female. Here the people were very loving, and would have had me come again on a week-day, and preach among them; but I directed them to their teacher, Christ Jesus, and so passed away.

The next day I went to Cranswick, to Captain Pursloe's, who accompanied me to Justice Hotham's. This Justice Hotham was a tender man, one that had had some experience of God's workings in his heart. After some discourse with him of the things of God, he took me into his closet, where, sitting with me, he told me he had known that principle these ten years, and was glad that the Lord did now publish it abroad to the people. After a while there came a priest to visit him, with whom also I had some discourse concerning the Truth. But his mouth was quickly stopped, for he was nothing but a notionist, and not in possession of what he talked of.

While I was here, there came a great woman of Beverley to speak to Justice Hotham about some business; and in discourse she told him that the last Sabbath-day (as she called it) there came an angel or spirit into the church at Beverley, and spoke the wonderful things of God, to the astonishment of all that were there; and when it had done, it passed away, and they did not know whence it came, nor whither it went; but it astonished all, - priest, professors, and magistrates of the town. This relation Justice Hotham gave me afterwards, and then I gave him an account of how I had been that day at Beverley steeple-house, and had declared truth to the priest and people there.

GEORGE FOX



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I went to another steeple-house about three miles off, where preached a great high-priest, called a doctor, one of them whom Justice Hotham would have sent for to speak with me. I went into the steeple-house, and stayed till the priest had done. The words which he took for his text were these, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Then was I moved of the Lord God to say unto him, "Come down, thou deceiver; dost thou bid people come freely, and take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them for preaching the Scriptures to them. Mayest thou not blush for shame? Did the prophet Isaiah, and Christ do so, who spoke the words, and gave them forth freely? Did not Christ say to His ministers, whom He sent to preach, 'Freely ye have received, freely give'?"

The priest, like a man amazed, hastened away. After he had left his flock, I had as much time as I could desire to speak to the people; and I directed them from the darkness to the Light, and to the grace of God, that would teach them, and bring them salvation; to the Spirit of God in their inward parts, which would be a free teacher unto them.

Having cleared myself amongst the people, I returned to Justice Hotham's house that night. When I came in he took me in his arms, and said his house was my house; for he was exceedingly glad of the work of the Lord, and that His power was revealed.

Thence I passed on through the country, and came at night to an inn where was a company of rude people. I bade the woman of the house, if she had any meat, to bring me some; but because I said Thee and Thou to her, she looked strangely on me. I asked her if she had any milk. She said, No. I was sensible she spake falsely; and, being willing to try her further, I asked her if she had any cream? She denied that she had any. There stood a churn in the room, and a little boy, playing about, put his hands into it and pulled it down, and threw all the cream on the floor before my eyes. Thus was the woman manifested to be a liar. She was amazed, blessed herself, took up the child, and whipped it sorely: but I reproved her for her lying and deceit. After the Lord had thus discovered her deceit and perverseness, I walked out of the house, and went away till I came to a stack of hay, and lay in the hay-stack that night, in rain and snow, it being but three days before the time called Christmas.

GEORGE FOX
CHRISTMAS

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

The next day I came into York, where were several very tender people. Upon the First-day following, I was commanded of the Lord to go and speak to priest Bowles and his hearers in their great cathedral. Accordingly I went. When the priest had done, I told them I had something from the Lord God to speak to the priest and people. "Then say on quickly," said a professor, for there was frost and snow, and it was very cold weather. Then I told them that this was the Word of the Lord God unto them, — that they lived in words, but God Almighty looked for fruits amongst them.

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, they hurried me out, and threw me down the steps. But I got up again without hurt, and went to my lodging, and several were convinced there. For that which arose from the weight and oppression that was upon the Spirit of God in me, would open people, strike them, and make them confess that the groans which broke forth through me did reach them, for my life was burthened with their profession without possession, and their words without fruit.

[After being thus violently tumbled down the steps of the great minster, George Fox found his next few days crowded with hot discussion. Papists and Ranters and Scotch "priests" made him stand forth for the hope that was in him. The Ranters, he says, "had spent their portions, and not living in that which they spake of, were now become dry. They had some kind of meetings, but they took tobacco and drank ale in their meetings and were grown light and loose." After the narrative of an attempt to push him over the cliffs the account continues.]

Another priest sent to have a dispute with me, and Friends went with me to the house where he was; but when he understood we were come, he slipped out of the house, and hid himself under an hedge. The people went and found him, but could not get him to come to us.

Then I went to a steeple-house hard by, where the priest and people were in a great rage. This priest had threatened Friends what he would do; but when I came he fled; for the Lord's power came over him and them. Yea, the Lord's everlasting power was over the world, and reached to the hearts of people, and made both priests and professors tremble. It shook the earthly and airy spirit in which they held their profession of religion and worship; so that it was a dreadful thing to them when it was told them, "The man in leathern breeches is come." At the hearing thereof the priests in many places got out of the way, they were so struck with the dread of the eternal power of God; and fear surprised the hypocrites.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

At Pickering, Fox stood in the yard of the “steeple-house” to inform its congregation of his mission:

I was sent of the Lord God of heaven and earth to preach freely, and to bring people off from these outward temples made with hands, which God dwelleth not in; that they might know their bodies to become the temples of God and of Christ; and to draw people off from all their superstitious ceremonies, Jewish and heathenish customs, traditions, and doctrines of men; and from all the world's hireling teachers, that take tithes and great wages, preaching for hire, and divining for money, whom God and Christ never sent, as themselves confess when they say that they never heard God's nor Christ's voice. I exhorted the people to come off from all these things, directing them to the Spirit and grace of God in themselves, and to the Light of Jesus in their own hearts; that they might come to know Christ, their free teacher, to bring them salvation, and to open the Scriptures to them.

Thus the Lord gave me a good opportunity to open things largely unto them. All was quiet, and many were convinced; blessed be the Lord.

I passed to another town, where was another great meeting, the old priest being with me; and there came professors of several sorts to it. I sat on a haystack, and spoke nothing for some hours; for I was to famish them from words. The professors would ever and anon be speaking to the old priest, and asking him when I would begin, and when I would speak? He bade them wait; and told them that the people waited upon Christ a long while before He spoke.

At last I was moved of the Lord to speak; and they were struck by the Lord's power. The Word of life reached to them, and there was a general conviction amongst them.

Now I came towards Cranswick, to Captain Pursloe's and Justice Hotham's, who received me kindly, being glad that the Lord's power had so appeared; that truth was spread, and so many had received it. Justice Hotham said that if God had not raised up this principle of Light and life which I preached, the nation would have been overrun with Ranterism, and all the justices in the nation could not have stopped it with all their laws; "Because," said he, "they would have said as we said, and done as we commanded, and yet have kept their own principle still. But this principle of truth," said he, "overthrows their principle, and the root and ground thereof"; and therefore he was glad the Lord had raised up this principle of life and truth.

The next day Friends and friendly people having left me, I travelled alone, declaring the day of the Lord amongst people in the towns where I came, and warning them to repent. I came towards night into a town called Patrington. As I walked along the town, I warned both priest and people (for the priest was in the street) to repent and turn to the Lord. It grew dark before I came to the end of the town, and a multitude of people gathered about me, to whom I declared the Word of life.

When I had cleared myself I went to an inn, and desired them to let me have a lodging; but they would not. I desired a little meat or milk, and said I would pay for it; but they refused. So I walked out of the town, and a company of fellows followed, and asked me, "What news?" I bade them repent, and fear the Lord.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

After I was gone a pretty way, I came to another house, and desired the people to let me have a little meat, drink, and lodging for my money; but they denied me. I went to another house, and desired the same; but they refused me also. By this time it was grown so dark that I could not see the highway; but I discerned a ditch, and got a little water, and refreshed myself. Then I got over the ditch; and, being weary with travelling, I sat down amongst the furze bushes till it was day.

About break of day I got up, and passed on over the fields. A man came after me with a great pikestaff and went along with me to a town; and he raised the town upon me, with the constable and chief constable, before the sun was up. I declared God's everlasting truth amongst them, warning them of the day of the Lord, that was coming upon all sin and wickedness; and exhorted them to repent. But they seized me, and had me back to Patrington, about three miles, guarding me with watch-bills, pikes, staves, and halberds.

When I was come to Patrington, all the town was in an uproar, and the priest and constables were consulting together; so I had another opportunity to declare the Word of life amongst them, and warn them to repent. At last a professor, a tender man, called me into his house, and there I took a little milk and bread, having not eaten for some days before. Then they guarded me about nine miles to a justice.

When I was come near his house, a man came riding after us, and asked me whether I was the man that was apprehended. I asked him wherefore he asked. He said, "For no hurt." I told him I was: so he rode away to the justice before us. The men that guarded me said it would be well if the justice were not drunk before we got to him; for he used to get drunk early.

When I was brought in before him, because I did not put off my hat, and because I said Thou to him, he asked the man that rode thither before me whether I was not mazed or fond [foolish]. The man told him, No; it was my principle.

I warned him to repent, and come to the Light with which Christ had enlightened him; that by it he might see all his evil words and actions, and turn to Christ Jesus whilst he had time; and that whilst he had time he should prize it. "Ay, ay," said he, "the Light that is spoken of in the third of John." I desired he would mind it, and obey it.

As I admonished him, I laid my hand upon him, and he was brought down by the power of the Lord; and all the watchmen stood amazed. Then he took me into a little parlour with the other man, and desired to see what I had in my pockets of letters or intelligence. I plucked out my linen, and showed him I had no letters. He said, "He is not a vagrant, by his linen"; then he set me at liberty.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

I went back to Patrington with the man that had rode before me to the justice: for he lived at Patrington. When I came there, he would have had me have a meeting at the Cross; but I said it was no matter; his house would serve. He desired me to go to bed, or lie down upon a bed; which he did, that they might say they had seen me in a bed, or upon a bed; for a report had been raised that I would not lie on any bed, because at that time I lay many times out of doors. Now when the First-day of the week was come, I went to the steeple-house, and declared the truth to the priest and people; and the people did not molest me, for the power of God was come over them. Presently after I had a great meeting at the man's house where I lay, and many were convinced of the Lord's everlasting truth, who stand faithful witnesses of it to this day. They were exceedingly grieved that they had not received me, nor given me lodging, when I was there before.

Thence I travelled through the country, even to the furthest part thereof, warning people, in towns and villages, to repent, and directing them to Christ Jesus, their teacher.

On the First-day of the week I came to one Colonel Overton's house, and had a great meeting of the prime of the people of that country; where many things were opened out of the Scriptures which they had never heard before. Many were convinced, and received the Word of life, and were settled in the truth of God.

Then I returned to Patrington again, and visited those Friends that were convinced there; by whom I understood that a tailor, and some wild blades in that town, had occasioned my being carried before the justice. The tailor came to ask my forgiveness, fearing I would complain of him. The constables also were afraid, lest I should trouble them. But I forgave them all, and warned them to turn to the Lord, and to amend their lives.

Now that which made them the more afraid was this: when I was in the steeple-house at Oram, not long before, there came a professor, who gave me a push on the breast in the steeple-house, and bade me get out of the church. "Alas, poor man!" said I, "dost thou call the steeple-house the Church? The Church is the people, whom God hath purchased with His blood, and not the house." It happened that Justice Hotham came to hear of this man's abuse, sent his warrant for him, and bound him over to the sessions; so affected was he with the Truth and so zealous to keep the peace. And indeed this Justice Hotham had asked me before whether any people had meddled with me, or abused me; but I was not at liberty to tell him anything of that kind, but was to forgive all.

GEORGE FOX

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

The next First-day I went to Tickhill, whither the Friends of that side gathered together, and a mighty brokenness by the power of God there was amongst the people. I went out of the meeting, being moved of God to go to the steeple-house. When I came there, I found the priest and most of the chief of the parish together in the chancel.

I went up to them, and began to speak; but they immediately fell upon me; the clerk up with his Bible, as I was speaking, and struck me on the face with it, so that my face gushed out with blood; and I bled exceedingly in the steeple-house. The people cried, "Let us have him out of the church." When they had got me out, they beat me exceedingly, threw me down, and turned me over a hedge. They afterwards dragged me through a house into the street, stoning and beating me as they dragged me along; so that I was all over besmeared with blood and dirt. They got my hat from me, which I never had again. Yet when I was got upon my legs, I declared the Word of life, showed them the fruits of their teacher, and how they dishonored Christianity.

After awhile I got into the meeting again amongst Friends, and the priest and people coming by the house, I went with Friends into the yard, and there spoke to the priest and people. The priest scoffed at us, and called us Quakers. But the Lord's power was so over them, and the Word of life was declared in such authority and dread to them, that the priest fell a-trembling himself; and one of the people said, "Look how the priest trembles and shakes; he is turned a Quaker also." When the meeting was over, Friends departed; and I went without my hat to Balby, about seven or eight miles. Friends were much abused that day by the priest and his people: insomuch that some moderate justices hearing of it, two or three of them came and sat at the town to examine the business. He that had shed my blood was afraid of having his hand cut off for striking me in the church, as they called it; but I forgave him, and would not appear against him.

Thence I went to Wakefield; and on the First-day after, I went to a steeple-house where James Nayler had been a member of an Independent church; but upon his receiving truth, he was excommunicated. When I came in, and the priest had done, the people called upon me to come up to the priest, which I did; but when I began to declare the Word of life to them, and to lay open the deceit of the priest, they rushed upon me suddenly, thrust me out at the other door, punching and beating me, and cried, "Let us have him to the stocks." But the Lord's power restrained them, that they were not suffered to put me in.

*So I passed away to the meeting, where were a great many professors and friendly people gathered, and a great convincement there was that day; for the people were mightily satisfied that they were directed to the Lord's teaching **in themselves**. Here we got some lodging; for four of us had lain under a hedge the night before, there being then few Friends in that place.*

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

JAMES NAYLER

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

The priest of that church, of which James Nayler had been a member, whose name was Marshall, raised many wicked slanders about me, as that I carried bottles with me, and made people drink of them, which made them follow me; and that I rode upon a great black horse, and was seen in one country upon it in one hour, and at the same hour in another country threescore miles off; and that I would give a fellow money to follow me, when I was on my black horse. With these lies he fed his people, to make them think evil of the truth which I had declared amongst them. But by these lies he preached many of his hearers away from him; for I was then travelling on foot, and had no horse at that time; which the people generally knew.

As we travelled through the country, preaching repentance to the people, we came into a market-town, where a lecture was held that day. I went into the steeple-house, where many priests, professors and people were. The priest that preached took for his text those words of Jeremiah 5:31, "My people love to have it so": leaving out the foregoing words, viz.: "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means." I showed the people his deceit; and directed them to Christ, the true teacher within; declaring that God was come to teach His people himself, and to bring them off from all the world's teachers and hirelings; that they might come to receive freely from Him. Then, warning them of the day of the Lord that was coming upon all flesh, I passed thence without much opposition.

At night we came to a country place, where there was no public house near. The people desired us to stay all night; which we did, and had good service for the Lord, declaring His truth amongst them.

The Lord had said unto me that if but one man or woman were raised by His power to stand and live in the same Spirit that the prophets and apostles were in who gave forth the Scriptures, that man or woman should shake all the country in their profession [that is, shake all the people throughout the country who are mere nominal Christians] for ten miles round. For people had the Scripture, but were not in the same Light, power, and Spirit which those were in who gave forth the Scripture; so they neither knew God, Christ, nor the Scriptures aright; nor had they unity one with another, being out of the power and Spirit of God. Therefore we warned all, wherever we met them, of the day of the Lord that was coming upon them.

GEORGE FOX

JAMES NAYLER

THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECOURSE TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE, A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT. NO INSTANT HAS EVER FOR AN INSTANT EXISTED.

At this point Friend [George Fox](#) determined that he would write to his parents Christopher Fox, a puritan weaver of Drayton-in-the-Clay in Leicestershire known to his neighbors by the nickname “Righteous,”¹⁸ and Mary Lago Fox¹⁹:



Dear father and mother in the flesh, but not of that birth which speaks to you: for like to that which doth beget, is that which is begotten. Praises, praises be given to my heavenly Father, who hath begotten me again by the immortal word.

To that of God in you both I speak, and do beseech you both for the Lord's sake, to return within, and wait to hear the voice of the Lord there; and waiting there, and keeping close to the Lord, a discerning will grow, that ye may distinguish the voice of the stranger, when ye hear it. Oh! be faithful! Be faithful to the Lord in that ye know; for in the backslider the Lord hath no pleasure, neither shall their damnation slumber. Oh! be faithful! Look not back, nor be too forward, further than ye have attained; for ye have no time, but this present time: therefore prize your time for your souls' sake. And so, grow up in that which is pure, and keep to the oneness; then shall my joy be full. So fare ye well! And the Lord God of power keep you in his power! To him be praises for evermore.

Friend George Fox

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

18. Rufus Jones explains: Now called Fenny Drayton; a little hamlet about five miles from Nuneaton, in a flat, though beautiful farming country. The house in which [George Fox](#) was born has long since vanished, and the few cottages which cluster here about the crossing of two roads are of modern structure. An obelisk with a long inscription, stands within a hundred yards or so of the site of the birthplace.

19. Rufus Jones explains: This martyred ancestor of Mary Lago was probably a member of the Glover family, of Mancetter, a few miles north of Drayton. (See article on [George Fox](#) in the DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, which refers to Riching's MANCETTER MARTYRS, 1860.)



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

G.F.

His epistle entitled “That Which is Set Up by the Sword” dates to this year:



Friends, - that which is set up by the sword, is held up by the sword; and that which is set up by spiritual weapons, is held up by spiritual weapons, and not by carnal weapons. The peacemaker hath the kingdom, and is in it; and hath dominion over the peace-breaker, to calm him in the power of God. And friends, let the waves break over your heads. There is rising a new and living way out of the north, which makes the nations like waters. Hurt not the vines, nor the oil, nor such as know that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." The days of virtue, love, and peace, are come and coming, and the Lamb had and hath the kings of the earth to war withal, and to fight withal, who will overcome with the sword of the spirit, the word of his mouth; for the Lamb shall have the victory. And are not some like Ephraim, with a miscarrying womb? which have not brought forth the substance, the birth from above; but have brought forth children to murder?
G.F.

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled “If Ye Love the Light, and Walk In It” also dates to this year:



Friends, - If ye love the light, and walk in it, ye love Christ, and will all walk in unity together. And if ye hate the light, ye hate Christ. Here is your teacher, who love it; here is your condemnation, who hate the light. And the conscience being seared, there is a returning to the teachers without. For the carnal will have its vain invented form; but the spirit's form stands in the power. Prove yourselves where ye are.
G.F.

His epistle entitled “O Friends! Keep Close to the Light” also dates to this year:



O Friends! keep close to the light in you, and do not look forth at words that proceed from a vain and light mind; but at the power of words. For the words of God, that proceed from him, are powerful and mighty in operation, to the throwing down of all the strong holds of the man of sin. The Lord is coming in power, to gather his chosen ones to himself, and to judge and condemn the wicked ones for evermore. He will plague the beast, and burn the whore, and plague and torment the disobedient, and rebellious, and backsliders very sore. Therefore, ye that know



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

*the voice of the Lord, hearken to it, and see how ye stand in his fear, and how ye are brought into the obedience of the truth. And take heed of looking forth at man; but keep close to the light in you, and see that your minds be kept close to that, and guided by that; and being guided by that, it will keep you clear and pure to receive the teaching of the Lord. Have salt in yourselves, and let your words be few and seasoned, that they may be savoury. And watch over one another in love, and walk in wisdom, and sobriety, and gravity, and sincerity, in purity, and cleanness. And keep free from deceit, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful words of darkness, but rather reprove them. And be faithful to the Lord; walk so that the world may be confounded and ashamed, when they speak evil of you, as evil doers; walking in humbleness, lowliness, and uprightness before them, it will take away all just occasion of speaking evil against the truth. And be bold and valiant for the truth, and press forward, towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and let no man take your crown. Dear Friends, watch over one another in love, and stir up that which is pure in one another, and exhort one another daily. And the Lord keep you all in his fear, and in his obedience now and evermore!
G.F.*

BETWEEN ANY TWO MOMENTS ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MOMENTS, AND BETWEEN THESE OTHER MOMENTS LIKEWISE AN INFINITE NUMBER, THERE BEING NO ATOMIC MOMENT JUST AS THERE IS NO ATOMIC POINT ALONG A LINE. MOMENTS ARE THEREFORE FIGMENTS. THE PRESENT MOMENT IS A MOMENT AND AS SUCH IS A FIGMENT, A FLIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION TO WHICH NOTHING REAL CORRESPONDS. SINCE PAST MOMENTS HAVE PASSED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND FUTURE MOMENTS HAVE YET TO ARRIVE, WE NOTE THAT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS ALL THAT EVER EXISTS — AND YET THE PRESENT MOMENT BEING A MOMENT IS A FIGMENT TO WHICH NOTHING IN REALITY CORRESPONDS.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

June 13, Sunday: Quakerism became a movement when [George Fox](#) converted a large group called the Seekers to his leadership by preaching a long sermon on Pendle Hill in Lancashire. The Seekers were for the most part agricultural workers, yeomen or husbandmen of one form or another who had in the 1640s been in conflict with their landlords over rents and manorial services which they regarded as excessive, or who had been refusing to pay tithes. A tablet on Firbank Fell now reads:

Let Your Lives Speak

Here or near this rock
George Fox
preached to about one thousand seekers
for three hours on Sunday June 13, 1652.
Great power inspired his message
and the meeting proved of first importance
in gathering the Society of Friends known as Quakers.
Many men and women convinced of the truth on this fell
and in other parts of the Northern counties
(of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire and Yorkshire)
went forth through the land and over the seas
with the living word of the Lord
enduring great hardships
and
winning multitudes to Christ.

The [Religious Society of Friends](#) would spread rapidly southwards, and by 1655 would have its main centres in Bristol and [London](#), though Quakerism would remain predominantly a rural movement, with local congregations scattered throughout the nation linked only by itinerant “ministers” and by occasional General Meetings. Many of the early [Quakers](#) would soldier in the New Model Army, either as officers or in the ranks, as this new movement would not develop a uniform Peace Testimony until 1661.

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

As we travelled we came near a very great hill, called Pendle Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it; which I did with difficulty, it was so very steep and high. When I was come to the top, I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire. From the top of this hill the Lord let me see in what places he had a great people to be gathered. As I went down, I found a spring of water in the side of the hill, with which I refreshed myself, having eaten or drunk but little for several days before.

** At night we came to an inn, and declared truth to the man of the house, and wrote a paper to the priests and professors, declaring the day of the Lord, and that Christ was come to teach people Himself, by His power and Spirit in their hearts, and to bring people off from all the world's ways and teachers, to His own free teaching, who had bought them, and was the Saviour of all them that believed in Him. The man of the house spread the paper abroad, and was mightily affected with the truth. Here the Lord opened unto me, and let me see a great people in white raiment by a river side, coming to the Lord; and the place that I saw them in was about Wensleydale and Sedbergh.*

The next day we travelled on, and at night got a little fern or bracken to put under us, and lay upon a common. Next morning we reached a town, where Richard Farnsworth parted from me; and then I travelled alone again. I came up Wensleydale, and at the market-town in that Dale, there was a lecture on the market-day. I went into the steeple-house; and after the priest had done I proclaimed the day of the Lord to the priest and people, warning them to turn from darkness to the Light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might come to know God and Christ aright, and to receive His teaching, who teacheth freely. Largely and freely did I declare the Word of life unto them, and had not much persecution there.

Afterwards I passed up the Dales, warning people to fear God, and preaching the everlasting gospel to them. In my way I came to a great house, where was a schoolmaster; and they got me into the house. I asked them questions about their religion and worship; and afterwards I declared the truth to them. They had me into a parlour, and locked me in, pretending that I was a young man that was mad, and had run away from my relations; and that they would keep me till they could send to them. But I soon convinced them of their mistake, and they let me forth, and would have had me to stay; but I was not to stay there.

Then having exhorted them to repentance, and directed them to the Light of Christ Jesus, that through it they might come unto Him and be saved, I passed from them, and came in the night to a little ale-house on a common, where there was a company of rude fellows drinking. Because I would not drink with them, they struck me with their clubs; but I reprov'd them, and brought them to be somewhat cooler; and then I walked out of the house upon the common in the night.

After some time one of these drunken fellows came out, and would have come close up to me, pretending to whisper to me; but I perceived he had a knife; and therefore I kept off him, and bade him repent, and fear God. So the Lord by His power preserved me from this wicked man; and he went into the house again.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

The next morning I went on through other Dales, warning and exhorting people everywhere as I passed, to repent and turn to the Lord: and several were convinced. At one house that I came to, the man of the house (whom I afterwards found to be a kinsman of John Blakelin's) would have given me money, but I would not receive it.

The next day I went to a meeting at Justice Benson's, where I met a people that were separated from the public worship. This was the place I had seen, where a people came forth in white raiment. A large meeting it was, and the people were generally convinced; and they continue still a large meeting of Friends near Sedbergh; which was then first gathered through my ministry in the name of Jesus.

In the same week there was a great fair, at which servants used to be hired; and I declared the day of the Lord through the fair. After I had done so, I went into the steeple-house yard, and many of the people of the fair came thither to me, and abundance of priests and professors. There I declared the everlasting truth of the Lord and the Word of life for several hours, showing that the Lord was come to teach His people Himself, and to bring them off from all the world's ways and teachers, to Christ, the true teacher, and the true way to God. I laid open their teachers, showing that they were like them that were of old condemned by the prophets, and by Christ, and by the apostles. I exhorted the people to come off from the temples made with hands; and wait to receive the Spirit of the Lord, that they might know themselves to be the temples of God.

Not one of the priests had power to open his mouth against what I declared: but at last a captain said, "Why will you not go into the church? this is not a fit place to preach in." I told him I denied their church. Then stood up Francis Howgill, who was preacher to a congregation. He had not seen me before; yet he undertook to answer that captain; and he soon put him to silence. Then said Francis Howgill of me, "This man speaks with authority, and not as the scribes."

After this, I opened to the people that that ground and house were no holier than another place; and that the house is not the Church, but the people, of whom Christ is the head. After awhile the priests came up to me, and I warned them to repent. One of them said I was mad; so they turned away. But many were convinced there that day, who were glad to hear the truth declared, and received it with joy. Amongst these was Captain Ward, who received the truth in the love of it, and lived and died in it.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

The next First-day I came to Firbank chapel in Westmoreland, where Francis Howgill and John Audland had been preaching in the morning. The chapel was full of people, so that many could not get in. Francis said he thought I looked into the chapel, and his spirit was ready to fail, the Lord's power did so surprise him: but I did not look in. They made haste, and had quickly done, and they and some of the people went to dinner; but abundance stayed till they came again. John Blakelin and others came to me, and desired me not to reprove them publicly; for they were not parish-teachers, but pretty tender men. I could not tell them whether I should or no, though I had not at that time any drawings to declare publicly against them; but I said they must leave me to the Lord's movings.

While others were gone to dinner, I went to a brook, got a little water, and then came and sat down on the top of a rock hard by the chapel. In the afternoon the people gathered about me, with several of their preachers. It was judged there were above a thousand people; to whom I declared God's everlasting truth and Word of life freely and largely for about the space of three hours. I directed all to the Spirit of God in themselves; that they might be turned from darkness to Light, and believe in it; that they might become the children of it, and might be turned from the power of Satan unto God, and by the Spirit of truth might be led into all truth, and sensibly understand the words of the prophets, of Christ, and of the apostles; and might all come to know Christ to be their teacher to instruct them, their counsellor to direct them, their shepherd to feed them, their bishop to oversee them, and their prophet to open divine mysteries to them; and might know their bodies to be prepared, sanctified, and made fit temples for God and Christ to dwell in. In the openings of heavenly life I explained unto them the prophets, and the figures and shadows, and directed them to Christ, the substance. Then I opened the parables and sayings of Christ, and things that had been long hid.

** Now there were many old people who went into the chapel and looked out at the windows, thinking it a strange thing to see a man preach on a hill, and not in their church, as they called it; whereupon I was moved to open to the people that the steeple-house, and the ground whereon it stood were no more holy than that mountain; and that those temples, which they called the dreadful houses of God were not set up by the command of God and of Christ; nor their priests called, as Aaron's priesthood was; nor their tithes appointed by God, as those amongst the Jews were; but that Christ was come, who ended both the temple and its worship, and the priests and their tithes; and that all should now hearken unto Him; for He said, "Learn of me"; and God said of Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him."*

I declared unto them that the Lord God had sent me to preach the everlasting gospel and Word of life amongst them, and to bring them off from all these temples, tithes, priests, and rudiments of the world, which had been instituted since the apostles' days, and had been set up by such as had erred from the Spirit and power the apostles were in. Very largely was I opened at this meeting, and the Lord's convincing power accompanied my ministry, and reached the hearts of the people, whereby many were convinced; and all the teachers of that congregation (who were many) were convinced of God's everlasting truth.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

At Kendal a meeting was held in the Town-hall. Several were convinced and many were loving. One whose name was Cock met me in the street and would have given me a roll of tobacco, for people were then much given to smoking. I accepted his love, but did not receive his tobacco. Thence I went to Underbarrow, and several people going along with me, great reasonings I had with them, especially with Edward Burrough. At night the priest and many professors came to the house; and a great deal of disputing I had with them. Supper being provided for the priest and the rest of the company, I had not freedom to eat with them; but told them that if they would appoint a meeting for the next day at the steeple-house, and acquaint the people with it, I might meet them. They had a great deal of reasoning about it; some being for, and some against it.

** In the morning, after I had spoken to them again concerning the meeting, as I walked upon a bank by the house, there came several poor travellers, asking relief, who I saw were in necessity; and they gave them nothing, but said they were cheats. It grieved me to see such hard-heartedness amongst professors; whereupon, when they were gone in to their breakfast, I ran after the poor people about a quarter of a mile, and gave them some money.*

Meanwhile some that were in the house, coming out, and seeing me a quarter of a mile off, said I could not have gone so far in such an instant, if I had not had wings. Hereupon the meeting was like to have been put by; for they were filled with such strange thoughts concerning me that many of them were against having a meeting with me.

I told them that I had run after those poor people to give them some money; being grieved at the hardheartedness of those who gave them nothing.

Then came Miles and Stephen Hubbersty, who, being more simple-hearted men, would have the meeting held. So to the chapel I went, and the priest came.

A great meeting there was, and the way of life and salvation was opened; and after awhile the priest fled away. Many of Crook and Underbarrow were convinced that day, received the Word of life, and stood fast in it under the teaching of Christ Jesus.

After I had declared the truth to them for some hours, and the meeting was ended, the chief constable and some other professors fell to reasoning with me in the chapel yard. Whereupon I took a Bible and opened the Scriptures, and dealt tenderly with them, as one would do with a child. They that were in the Light of Christ and Spirit of God knew when I spake Scripture, though I did not mention chapter and verse, after the priest's form, to them.

Then I went to an ale-house, to which many resorted betwixt the time of their morning and afternoon preaching, and had a great deal of reasoning with the people, declaring to them that God was come to teach His people, and to bring them off from the false teachers, such as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles cried against. Many received the Word of life at that time, and abode in it.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Thence I went to Ulverstone, and so to Swarthmore to Judge Fell's; whither came up one Lampitt, a priest, who was a high notionist. With him I had much reasoning; for he talked of high notions and perfection, and thereby deceived the people. He would have owned me, but I could not own nor join with him, he was so full of filth. He said he was above John; and made as though he knew all things. But I told him that death reigned from Adam to Moses; that he was under death, and knew not Moses, for Moses saw the paradise of God; but he knew neither Moses nor the prophets nor John; for that crooked and rough nature stood in him, and the mountain of sin and corruption; and the way was not prepared in him for the Lord.

He confessed he had been under a cross in things; but now he could sing psalms, and do anything. I told him that now he could see a thief, and join hand in hand with him; but he could not preach Moses, nor the prophets, nor John, nor Christ, except he were in the same Spirit that they were in.

Margaret Fell had been absent in the day-time; and at night her children told her that priest Lampitt and I had disagreed, which somewhat troubled her, because she was in profession with him; but he hid his dirty actions from them. At night we had much reasoning, and I declared the truth to her and her family. The next day Lampitt came again, and I had much discourse with him before Margaret Fell, who then clearly discerned the priest. A convincement of the Lord's truth came upon her and her family.

Soon after a day was to be observed for a humiliation, and Margaret Fell asked me to go with her to the steeple-house at Ulverstone, for she was not wholly come off from them. I replied, "I must do as I am ordered by the Lord." So I left her, and walked into the fields; and the Word of the Lord came to me, saying, "Go to the steeple-house after them."

When I came, Lampitt was singing with his people; but his spirit was so foul, and the matter they sung so unsuitable to their states, that after they had done singing, I was moved of the Lord to speak to him and the people. The word of the Lord to them was, "He is not a Jew that is one outwardly, but he is a Jew that is one inwardly, whose praise is not of man, but of God."

As the Lord opened further, I showed them that God was come to teach His people by His Spirit, and to bring them off from all their old ways, religions, churches, and worships; for all their religions, worships, and ways were but talking with other men's words; but they were out of the life and Spirit which they were in who gave them forth.

Then cried out one, called Justice Sawrey, "Take him away"; but Judge Fell's wife said to the officers, "Let him alone; why may not he speak as well as any other?" Lampitt also, the priest, in deceit said, "Let him speak." So at length, when I had declared some time, Justice Sawrey caused the constable to put me out; and then I spoke to the people in the graveyard.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

From thence I went into the island of Walney; and after the priest had done I spoke to him, but he got away. Then I declared the truth to the people, but they were something rude. I went to speak with the priest at his house, but he would not be seen. The people said he went to hide himself in the haymow; and they looked for him there, but could not find him. Then they said he was gone to hide himself in the standing corn, but they could not find him there either. I went to James Lancaster's, in the island, who was convinced, and from thence returned to Swarthmore, where the Lord's power seized upon Margaret Fell, her daughter Sarah, and several others.

Then I went to Baycliff, where Leonard Fell was convinced, and became a minister of the everlasting gospel. Several others were convinced there, and came into obedience to the truth. Here the people said they could not dispute; and would fain have put some other to hold talk with me; but I bade them fear the Lord, and not in a light way hold a talk of the Lord's words, but put the things in practice.

I directed them to the Divine Light of Christ, and His Spirit in their hearts, which would let them see all the evil thoughts, words, and actions that they had thought, spoken, and acted; by which Light they might see their sin, and also their Saviour Christ Jesus to save them from their sins. This I told them was their first step to peace, even to stand still in the Light that showed them their sins and transgressions; by which they might come to see they were in the fall of old Adam, in darkness and death, strangers to the covenant of promise, and without God in the world; and by the same Light they might see Christ that died for them to be their Redeemer and Saviour, and their way to God.

Soon after, Judge Fell being come home, Margaret Fell, his wife, sent to me, desiring me to return thither; and feeling freedom from the Lord so to do, I went back to Swarthmore. I found the priests and professors, and that envious Justice Sawrey, had much incensed Judge Fell and Captain Sands against the truth by their lies; but when I came to speak with him I answered all his objections, and so thoroughly satisfied him by the Scriptures that he was convinced in his judgment. He asked me if I was that George Fox of whom Justice Robinson spoke so much in commendation amongst many of the Parliament men? I told him I had been with Justice Robinson, and with Justice Hotham in Yorkshire, who were very civil and loving to me; and that they were convinced in their judgment by the Spirit of God that the principle to which I bore testimony was the truth; and they saw over and beyond the priests of the nation, so that they, and many others, were now come to be wiser than their teachers.

After we had discoursed some time together, Judge Fell himself was satisfied also, and came to see, by the openings of the Spirit of God in his heart, over all the priests and teachers of the world, and did not go to hear them for some years before he died: for he knew it was the truth that I declared, and that Christ was the teacher of His people, and their Saviour. He sometimes wished that I were a while with Judge Bradshaw to discourse with him.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

There came to Judge Fell's Captain Sands before-mentioned, endeavouring to incense the Judge against me, for he was an evil-minded man, and full of envy against me; and yet he could speak high things, and use the Scripture words, and say, "Behold, I make all things new." But I told him, then he must have a new God, for his God was his belly. Besides him came also that envious justice, John Sawrey. I told him his heart was rotten, and he was full of hypocrisy to the brim. Several other people also came, of whose states the Lord gave me a discerning; and I spoke to their conditions. While I was in those parts, Richard Farnsworth and James Nayler came to see me and the family; and Judge Fell, being satisfied that it was the way of truth, notwithstanding all their opposition, suffered the meeting to be kept at his house. A great meeting was settled there in the Lord's power, which continued near forty years, until the year 1690, when a new meeting-house was erected near it.

On the market-day I went to Lancaster, and spoke through the market in the dreadful power of God, declaring the day of the Lord to the people, and crying out against all their deceitful merchandise. I preached righteousness and truth unto them, which all should follow after, walk and live in, directing them how and where they might find and receive the Spirit of God to guide them thereinto.

After I had cleared myself in the market, I went to my lodging, whither several people came; and many were convinced who have since stood faithful to the truth.

The First-day following, in the forenoon, I had a great meeting in the street at Lancaster, amongst the soldiers and people, to whom I declared the Word of life, and the everlasting truth. I opened unto them that all the traditions they had lived in, all their worships and religions, and the profession they made of the Scriptures, were good for nothing while they lived out of the life and power which those were in who gave forth the Scriptures. I directed them to the Light of Christ, the heavenly man, and to the Spirit of God in their own hearts, that they might come to be acquainted with God and Christ, receive Him for their teacher, and know His kingdom set up in them.

In the afternoon I went to the steeple-house at Lancaster, and declared the truth to the priest and people, laying open before them the deceit they lived in, and directing them to the power and Spirit of God which they wanted. But they haled me out, and stoned me along the street till I came to John Lawson's house.

Another First-day I went to a steeple-house by the waterside, where one Whitehead was priest. To him and to the people I declared the truth in the dreadful power of God. There came a doctor so full of envy that he said he could find it in his heart to run me through with his rapier, though he were hanged for it the next day; yet this man came afterwards to be convinced of the truth so far as to be loving to Friends. Some were convinced thereabouts who willingly sat down under the ministry of Christ, their teacher; and a meeting was settled there in the power of God, which has continued to this day.

GEORGE FOX

JAMES NAYLER



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

After this I returned into Westmoreland, and spoke through Kendal on a market-day. So dreadful was the power of God upon me, that people flew like chaff before me into their houses. I warned them of the mighty day of the Lord, and exhorted them to hearken to the voice of God in their own hearts, who was now come to teach His people Himself. When some opposed, many others took my part. At last some fell to fighting about me; but I went and spoke to them, and they parted again. Several were convinced.

After I had travelled up and down in those countries, and had had great meetings, I came to Swarthmore again. And when I had visited Friends in those parts, I heard of a great meeting the priests were to have at Ulverstone, on a lecture-day. I went to it, and into the steeple-house in the dread and power of the Lord. When the priest had done, I spoke among them the Word of the Lord, which was as a hammer, and as a fire amongst them. And though Lampitt, the priest of the place, had been at variance with most of the priests before, yet against the truth they all joined together. But the mighty power of the Lord was over all; and so wonderful was the appearance thereof, that priest Bennett said the church shook, insomuch that he was afraid and trembled. And when he had spoken a few confused words he hastened out for fear it should fall on his head. Many priests got together there; but they had no power as yet to persecute.

When I had cleared my conscience towards them, I went up to Swarthmore again, whither came four or five of the priests. Coming to discourse, I asked them whether any one of them could say he had ever had the word of the Lord to go and speak to such or such a people. None of them durst say he had; but one of them burst out into a passion and said that he could speak his experiences as well as I.

I told him experience was one thing; but to receive and go with a message, and to have a Word from the Lord, as the prophets and apostles had had and done, and as I had done to them, this was another thing. And therefore I put it to them again, "Can any of you say you have ever had a command or word from the Lord immediately at any time?" but none of them could say so.

Then I told them that the false prophets, the false apostles, and the antichrists, could use the words of the true prophets, the true apostles, and of Christ, and would speak of other men's experiences, though they themselves never knew or heard the voice of God or Christ; and that such as they might obtain the good words and experiences of others. This puzzled them much, and laid them open.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

At another time, when I was discoursing with several priests at Judge Fell's house, and he was by, I asked them the same question, – whether any of them had ever heard the voice of God or Christ, to bid him go to such and such a people, to declare His word or message unto them. Any one, I told them, that could but read, might declare the experiences of the prophets and apostles, which were recorded in the Scriptures. Thereupon Thomas Taylor, an ancient priest, did ingenuously confess before Judge Fell that he had never heard the voice of God, nor of Christ, to send him to any people; but that he spoke his experiences, and the experiences of the saints in former ages, and that he preached. This very much confirmed Judge Fell in the persuasion he had that the priests were wrong; for he had thought formerly, as the generality of people then did, that they were sent from God.

Now began the priests to rage more and more, and as much as they could to stir up persecution. James Nayler and Francis Howgill were cast into prison in Appleby jail, at the instigation of the malicious priests, some of whom prophesied that within a month we should be all scattered again, and come to nothing. But, blessed for ever be the worthy name of the Lord, His work went on and prospered; for about this time John Audland, Francis Howgill, John Camm, Edward Burrough, Richard Hubberthorn, Miles Hubbersty, and Miles Halhead, with several others, being endued with power from on high, came forth in the work of the ministry, and approved themselves faithful labourers therein, travelling up and down, and preaching the gospel freely; by means whereof multitudes were convinced, and many effectually turned to the Lord.

On a lecture-day I was moved to go to the steeple-house at Ulverstone, where were abundance of professors, priests, and people. I went near to priest Lampitt, who was blustering on in his preaching. After the Lord had opened my mouth to speak, John Sawrey, the justice, came to me and said that if I would speak according to the Scriptures, I should speak. I admired him for speaking so to me, and told him I would speak according to the Scriptures, and bring the Scriptures to prove what I had to say; for I had something to speak to Lampitt and to them. Then he said I should not speak, contradicting himself, for he had said just before that I should speak if I would speak according to the Scriptures. The people were quiet, and heard me gladly, till this Justice Sawrey (who was the first stirrer-up of cruel persecution in the north) incensed them against me, and set them on to hale, beat, and bruise me. But now on a sudden the people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. They led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold by my collar, some by my arms and shoulders; and they shook and dragged me along.

GEORGE FOX

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Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, diverse of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads so that the blood ran down from several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying, "Knock the teeth out of his head." When they had haled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with their willow rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me on my head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common.

When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a littlewhile, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me; so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms toward them, I said, with a loud voice, "Strike again; here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks."

There was in the company a mason, a professor, but a rude fellow, who with his walking rule-staff gave me a blow with all his might just over the back of my hand, as it was stretched out; with which blow my hand was so bruised, and my arm so benumbed, that I could not draw it to me again. Some of the people cried, "He hath spoiled his hand for ever having the use of it any more." But I looked at it in the love of God (for I was in the love of God to all that persecuted me), and after awhile the Lord's power sprang through me again, and through my hand and arm, so that in a moment I recovered strength in my hand and arm in the sight of them all.

Then they began to fall out among themselves. Some of them came to me, and said that if I would give them money they would secure me from the rest. But I was moved of the Lord to declare the Word of life, and showed them their false Christianity, and the fruits of their priest's ministry, telling them that they were more like heathens and Jews than true Christians.

Then was I moved of the Lord to come up again through the midst of the people, and go into Ulverstone market. As I went, there met me a soldier, with his sword by his side. "Sir," said he to me, "I see you are a man, and I am ashamed and grieved that you should be thus abused"; and he offered to assist me in what he could. I told him that the Lord's power was over all; and I walked through the people in the market, none of whom had power to touch me then. But some of the market people abusing some Friends in the market, I turned about, and saw this soldier among them with his naked rapier; whereupon I ran, and, catching hold of the hand his rapier was in, bid him put up his sword again if he would go along with me.

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About two weeks after this I went into Walney island, and James Nayler went with me. We stayed one night at a little town on this side, called Cockan, and had a meeting there, where one was convinced.

After a while there came a man with a pistol, whereupon the people ran out of doors. He called for me; and when I came out to him he snapped his pistol at me, but it would not go off. This caused the people to make a great bustle about him; and some of them took hold of him, to prevent his doing mischief. But I was moved in the Lord's power to speak to him; and he was so struck by the power of the Lord that he trembled for fear, and went and hid himself. Thus the Lord's power came over them all, though there was a great rage in the country.

Next morning I went over in a boat to James Lancaster's. As soon as I came to land there rushed out about forty men with staves, clubs, and fishing-poles, who fell upon me, beating and punching me, and endeavouring to thrust me backward into the sea. When they had thrust me almost into the sea, and I saw they would knock me down in it, I went up into the midst of them; but they laid at me again, and knocked me down, and stunned me.

* When I came to myself, I looked up and saw James Lancaster's wife throwing stones at my face, and her husband, James Lancaster, was lying over me, to keep the blows and the stones off me. For the people had persuaded James Lancaster's wife that I had bewitched her husband, and had promised her that if she would let them know when I came thither they would be my death. And having got knowledge of my coming, many of the town rose up in this manner with clubs and staves to kill me; but the Lord's power preserved me, that they could not take away my life.

At length I got up on my feet, but they beat me down again into the boat; which James Lancaster observing, he presently came into it, and set me over the water from them; but while we were on the water within their reach they struck at us with long poles, and threw stones after us. By the time we were come to the other side, we saw them beating James Nayler; for whilst they had been beating me, he walked up into a field, and they never minded him till I was gone; then they fell upon him, and all their cry was, "Kill him, kill him."

When I was come over to the town again, on the other side of the water, the townsmen rose up with pitchforks, flails, and staves, to keep me out of the town, crying, "Kill him, knock him on the head, bring the cart; and carry him away to the churchyard." So after they had abused me, they drove me some distance out of the town, and there left me.

Then James Lancaster went back to look after James Nayler; and I being now left alone, went to a ditch of water, and having washed myself (for they had besmeared my face, hands, and clothes with miry dirt), I walked about three miles to Thomas Hutton's house, where lodged Thomas Lawson, the priest that was convinced.

When I came in I could hardly speak to them, I was so bruised; only I told them where I left James Nayler. So they took each of them a horse, and went and brought him thither that night. The next day Margaret Fell hearing of it, sent a horse for me; but I was so sore with bruises, I was not able to bear the shaking of the horse without much pain.

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When I was come to Swarthmore, Justice Sawrey, and one Justice Thompson, of Lancaster, granted a warrant against me; but Judge Fell coming home, it was not served upon me; for he was out of the country all this time that I was thus cruelly abused. When he came home he sent forth warrants into the isle of Walney, to apprehend all those riotous persons; whereupon some of them fled the country.

James Lancaster's wife was afterwards convinced of the truth, and repented of the evils she had done me; and so did others of those bitter persecutors also; but the judgments of God fell upon some of them, and destruction is come upon many of them since. Judge Fell asked me to give him a relation of my persecution; but I told him they could do no otherwise in the spirit wherein they were, and that they manifested the fruits of their priest's ministry, and their profession and religion to be wrong. So he told his wife I made light of it, and that I spoke of it as a man that had not been concerned; for, indeed, the Lord's power healed me again.

The time for the sessions at Lancaster being come, I went thither with Judge Fell, who on the way told me he had never had such a matter brought before him before, and he could not well tell what to do in the business. I told him, when Paul was brought before the rulers, and the Jews and priests came down to accuse him, and laid many false things to his charge, Paul stood still all that while. And when they had done, Festus, the governor, and king Agrippa, beckoned to him to speak for himself; which Paul did, and cleared himself of all those false accusations, so he might do with me.

Being come to Lancaster, Justice Sawrey and Justice Thompson having granted a warrant to apprehend me, though I was not apprehended by it, yet hearing of it, I appeared at the sessions, where there appeared against me about forty priests. These had chosen one Marshall, priest of Lancaster, to be their orator; and had provided one young priest, and two priests' sons, to bear witness against me, who had sworn beforehand that I had spoken blasphemy

When the justices were sat, they heard all that the priests and their witnesses could say and charge against me, their orator Marshall sitting by, and explaining their sayings for them. But the witnesses were so confounded that they discovered themselves to be false witnesses; for when the court had examined one of them upon oath, and then began to examine another, he was at such loss he could not answer directly, but said the other could say it. Which made the justices say to him, "Have you sworn it, and given it in already upon your oath, and now say that he can say it? It seems you did not hear those words spoken yourself, though you have sworn it."

There were then in court several who had been at that meeting, wherein the witnesses swore I spoke those blasphemous words which the priests accused me of; and these, being men of integrity and reputation in the country, did declare and affirm in court that the oath which the witnesses had taken against me was altogether false; and that no such words as they had sworn against me were spoken by me at that meeting. Indeed, most of the serious men of that side of the country, then at the sessions, had been at that meeting; and had heard me both at that and at other meetings also.

[GEORGE FOX](#)



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This was taken notice of by Colonel West, who, being a justice of the peace, was then upon the bench; and having long been weak in body, blessed the Lord and said that He had healed him that day; adding that he never saw so many sober people and good faces together in all his life. Then, turning himself to me, he said in the open sessions, "George, if thou hast anything to say to the people, thou mayest freely declare it."

I was moved of the Lord to speak; and as soon as I began, priest Marshall, the orator for the rest of the priests, went his way. That which I was moved to declare was this: that the holy Scriptures were given forth by the Spirit of God; and that all people must come to the Spirit of God in themselves in order to know God and Christ, of whom the prophets and apostles learnt: and that by the same Spirit all men might know the holy Scriptures. For as the Spirit of God was in them that gave forth the Scriptures, so the same Spirit must be in all them that come to understand the Scriptures. By this Spirit they might have fellowship with the Father, with the Son, with the Scriptures, and with one another: and without this Spirit they can know neither God, Christ, nor the Scriptures, nor have a right fellowship one with another.

I had no sooner spoken these words than about half a dozen priests, that stood behind me, burst into a passion. One of them, whose name was Jackus, amongst other things that he spake against the Truth, said that the Spirit and the letter were inseparable. I replied, "Then every one that hath the letter hath the Spirit; and they might buy the Spirit with the letter of the Scriptures."

This plain discovery of darkness in the priest moved Judge Fell and Colonel West to reprove them openly, and tell them that according to that position they might carry the Spirit in their pockets as they did the Scriptures. Upon this the priests, being confounded and put to silence, rushed out in a rage against the justices, because they could not have their bloody ends upon me. The justices, seeing the witnesses did not agree, and perceiving that they were brought to answer the priests' envy, and finding that all their evidences were not sufficient in law to make good their charge against me, discharged me.

After Judge Fell had spoken to Justice Sawrey and Justice Thompson concerning the warrant they had given forth against me, and showing them the errors thereof, he and Colonel West granted a supersedeas to stop the execution of it. Thus I was cleared in open sessions of those lying accusations which the malicious priests had laid to my charge: and multitudes of people praised God that day, for it was a joyful day to many. Justice Benson, of Westmoreland, was convinced; and Major Ripan, mayor of the town of Lancaster, also.

It was a day of everlasting salvation to hundreds of people: for the Lord Jesus Christ, the way to the Father, the free Teacher, was exalted and set up; His everlasting gospel was preached, and the Word of eternal life was declared over the heads of the priests, and all such lucrative preachers. For the Lord opened many mouths that day to speak His Word to the priests, and several friendly people and professors reprov'd them in their inns, and in the streets, so that they fell, like an old rotten house: and the cry was among the people that the Quakers had got the day, and the priests were fallen.

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FIGURING OUT WHAT AMOUNTS TO A “HISTORICAL CONTEXT” IS WHAT THE CRAFT OF HISTORICIZING AMOUNTS TO, AND THIS NECESSITATES DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN THE SET OF EVENTS THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE BEFORE EVENT E COULD BECOME POSSIBLE, AND MOST CAREFULLY DISTINGUISHING THEM FROM ANOTHER SET OF EVENTS THAT COULD NOT POSSIBLY OCCUR UNTIL SUBSEQUENT TO EVENT E.



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TWO ROBBER STORIES.

WEST AND EAST²⁰

'They were changed men themselves, before they went out to change others'—W. PENN, Testimony to George Fox.

'But when He comes to reign, whose right it is, then peace and goodwill is unto all men, and no hurt in all the holy mountain of the Lord is seen.'—G. FOX.

*'Wouldst thou love one who never died for thee,
Or ever die for one who had not died for thee?*

*And if God dieth not for Man and giveth not Himself
Eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is Love
As God is Love. Every kindness to another is a little death
In the Divine Image, nor can man exist but by brotherhood.'*
W. BLAKE, 'Jerusalem.'

*'England is as a family of prophets which must spread over all nations, as a garden of plants, and the place where the pearl is found which must enrich all nations with the heavenly treasure, out of which shall the waters of life flow, and water all the thirsty ground, and out of which nation and dominion must go the spiritually weaponed and armed men, to fight and conquer all nations and bring them to the nation of God.'—
Epistle of Skipton General Meeting, 1660.*

20. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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TWO ROBBER STORIES.

WEST AND EAST

I

LEONARD FELL AND THE HIGHWAYMAN

In that same memorable summer of 1652 when George Fox first visited Swarthmoor Hall and 'bewitched' the household there, he also met and 'bewitched' another member of the Fell family. This was one Leonard Fell, a connection of the Judge, whose home was at Baycliff in the same county of Lancashire. Thither George Fox came on his travels shortly after his first visit to Swarthmoor, when only Margaret Fell and her children were at home, and before his later visit after Judge Fell's return.

'I went to Becliff,' says the Journal, 'where Leonard Fell was convinced, and became a minister of the everlasting Gospel. Several others were convinced there and came into obedience to truth. Here the people said they could not dispute, and would fain have put some others to hold talk with me, but I bid them, "Fear the Lord and not in a light way hold a talk of the Lord's words, but put the things in practice."'

Leonard Fell did indeed put his new faith 'in practice.' He left his home and followed his teacher, sharing with him many of the perils and dangers of his journeys in the Service of Truth. Up and down and across the length and breadth of England the two men travelled side by side along the hedgeless English roads. At first as they went along, Leonard Fell watched George Fox with sharp eyes, in his dealings with the different people they met on their journeys, in order to discover how his teacher would 'put into practice' the central truth he proclaimed: that in every man, however degraded, there remains some hidden spark of the Divine. But put it in practice George Fox did, till at length Leonard Fell, too, learned to look for 'that of God within' every one he met, learned to depend upon finding it, and to be able to draw it out in his turn.

One day, Leonard was travelling in the 'Service of Truth,' not in George Fox's company but alone, when, as he crossed a desolate moor on horseback, he heard the thunderous sound of horses' hoofs coming after him down the road. Looking round, he beheld a masked and bearded highwayman, his figure enveloped in a long flowing cloak, rapidly approaching on a far swifter horse than his own 'Truth's pony.' A moment later, a pistol was drawn from the newcomer's belt and pointed full at Leonard's head.

'Another step and you are a dead man! Your money or your life, and be quick about it!' said the highwayman, as he suddenly pulled the curb and checked his foam-covered horse. At this challenge, Leonard obediently pulled up his own steed with his left hand, while, with his right, he drew out his purse and handed it over to the robber without a word.



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The pistol still remained at full cock, pointed straight at his head. 'Your horse next,' demanded the stranger. 'It is a good beast. Though not as swift as mine I can find a use for it in my profession. Dismount; or I fire.'

In perfect silence Leonard dismounted, making no objection, and gave his horse's bridle into the highwayman's outstretched hand. Then at last, the threatened pistol was lowered, and replaced in the robber's belt. Throwing the folds of his long cloak over one shoulder, and carefully adjusting his mask, that not a glimpse of either face or figure should betray his identity, he prepared to depart, leaving his victim penniless and afoot on the wide, desolate moor. But, though the highwayman had now finished with the Quaker, the Quaker had by no means finished with the highwayman.

It was now Leonard's turn to be aggressive. Standing there on the bleak road, alone and unarmed, Leonard Fell raised a warning hand, and solemnly rebuked his assailant for his evil deeds. At the same time he admonished him that it was not yet too late for him to repent and lead a righteous life, before his hour for repentance should be forever passed.

This was a most surprising turn of events for the highwayman. At first he listened silently, too much astonished to speak. Leonard however did not mince matters, and before he had finished his exhortation the other man was in a furious rage. Never before had any of his victims treated him in this fashion. Curses, tears, despair, those were all to be expected in his 'profession'; but this extraordinary man was neither beseeching him for money nor swearing at him in anger. His victim was merely giving a solemn, yet almost friendly warning to the robber of his horse and of his gold.

'You, you cowardly dog!' blustered Leonard's assailant. 'You let me rob you of your purse and of your steed like a craven! You could not even pluck up courage to defend yourself. Yet now, you actually dare to stand and preach at ME, in the middle of the King's highway?'

The pistol was out again with a flourish. This time Leonard faced it calmly, making no movement to defend himself.

'I would not risk my life to defend either my money or my horse,' he answered, looking up straight at the muzzle with a steady eye, 'but I will lay it down gladly, if by so doing I can save thy soul.'

This unexpected answer was altogether too much for the highwayman. Though his finger was already on the trigger of the pistol, that trigger was never pulled. He sat motionless on his horse, staring through the holes in his mask, down into the eyes of his intended victim, as if he would read his inmost soul.

This astonishing man, whom he had taken for a coward, was calmly ready and was apparently quite willing to give his life—his life!—in order to save his enemy's soul. The robber had almost forgotten that he had a soul. His manhood was black and stained



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now by numberless deeds of violence, by crimes, too many remembered and far more forgotten. Yet he had once known what it was to feel tender and white and innocent. He had certainly possessed a soul long ago. Did it still exist? Apparently the stranger was convinced that it must, since he was actually prepared to stake his own life upon its eternal welfare. Surprising man! He really cared what became of a robber's soul. It was impossible to wish to murder or even to steal from such an one. There could not be another like him, the wide world over. He had best be allowed to continue on his unique adventure of discovering souls, a much more dangerous career it seemed to be than any mere everyday highwayman's 'profession.'

As these thoughts passed through the robber's mind, his hand sought the folds of his cloak, and then drawing Leonard's purse forth from a deep convenient pocket, he returned it to its owner, stooping over him, as he did so, with a low and courtly bow. Next, putting the horse's bridle also back into Leonard's hand, 'If you are such a man as that,' the highwayman said, 'I will take neither your money nor your horse!'

A moment later, as if already ashamed of his impulsive generosity, he set spurs to his horse and disappeared as swiftly as he had come.

Leonard, meanwhile, remounting, pursued his way in safety, with both his horse and his money once more restored to him. But more precious, by far, than either, was the knowledge that his friend's teaching had again been proved to be true. In his own experience he had discovered that there really and truly is an Inward Light that does shine still, even in the hearts of wicked men. Thus was Leonard Fell in his turn enabled to 'put these things in practice.'

II

ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM

A few years later, on another desolate road, crossing another lonely plain, another traveller met with a very similar adventure thousands of miles away from England. Only this traveller's experiences were much worse than Leonard Fell's. He was not only attacked by three robbers instead of one alone, but this happened amid many other far worse dangers and narrower escapes. Possibly he even looked back, in after days, to his encounter with the robbers as one of the pleasanter parts of his journey!

This traveller's name was George Robinson, and he was an English Quaker and a London youth. He has left the record of his experiences in a few closely printed pages at the end of a very small book.

'In the year 1657,' he writes, 'about the beginning of the seventh month [September], as I was waiting upon the Lord in singleness of heart, His blessed presence filled me and by the power of His Spirit did command me to go unto Jerusalem, and further said to me, "Thy sufferings shall be great, but I will bear thee over them all."'

This was no easy journey for anyone in those days, least of all for a poor man such as George Robinson. However, he set out



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obediently, and went by ship to Leghorn in Italy. There he waited a fortnight until he could get a passage in another ship bound for St. Jean d'Acre, on the coast of Palestine, where centuries before Richard C[oe]ur de Lion had disembarked with his Crusaders. Innumerable other pilgrims had landed there, since Richard's time, on their way to see the Holy Places at Jerusalem. George Robinson refused to call himself a pilgrim, but he had a true pilgrim's heart that no difficulties could turn back or dismay.

After staying for eight days in the house of a French merchant at Acre, he set sail in yet a third ship that was bound for Joppa (or Jaffa, as it is called now). 'But the wind rising against us,' Robinson says in his narrative, 'we came to an anchor and the next morning divers Turks came aboard, and demanded tribute of those called Christians in the vessel, which they paid for fear of sufferings but very unwillingly, their demands being very unreasonable, and in like manner demanded of me, but I refusing to pay as according to their demands, they threatened to beat the soles of my feet with a stick, and one of them would have put his hand into my pocket, but the chiefest of them rebuked him. Soon after they began to take me out of the vessel to effect their work, but one of the Turks belonging to the vessel speaking to them as they were taking me ashore, they let me alone, wherein I saw the good Hand of God preserving me.... After this, about three or four days we came to Joppa.'

And there at Joppa (or Jaffa), where Jonah long ago had embarked for Tarshish, and where Peter on the house-top had had his vision of the great white sheet, our traveller landed. He proceeded straightway on what he hoped would have been the last stage of his long journey to Jerusalem.

Alas! he was mistaken. A few pleasant hours of travel he had, as he passed through the palm-groves that encircle the city of Jaffa, and over the first few miles of dusty road that cross the famous Plain of Sharon. Ever as he journeyed he could see the tall tower of Ramleh, built by the Crusaders hundreds of years before, growing taller as he approached, rising in the sunset like a rosy finger to beckon him across the Plains. When he reached it, in the shadow of the tall Tower enemies were lurking. Certain friars up at Jerusalem, in the hilly country that borders the plain, had heard from their brethren at Acre that a heretic stranger from England was coming on foot to visit the Holy City. Now these friars, although they called themselves Franciscans, were no true followers of St. Francis, the 'little poor man of God,' that gentlest saint and truest lover of holy poverty and holy peace. These Jerusalem friars had forgotten his teaching, and lived on the gains they made off pilgrims; therefore, hearing that the heretic stranger from heretic England was travelling independently and not on a pilgrimage, they feared that he might spoil their business at the Holy Shrines. Accordingly they sent word to their brethren, the friars of Ramleh in the plain, to waylay him and turn him back as soon as he had reached the first stage of his journey from Jaffa on the coast.

'The friars of Jerusalem,' says Robinson, 'hearing of my coming, gave orders unto some there [at Ramleh] to stay me, which



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accordingly was done; for I was taken and locked up in a room for one night and part of the day following, and then had liberty to go into the yard, but as a prisoner; in which time the Turks showed friendship unto me, one ancient man especially, of great repute, who desired that I might come to his house, which thing being granted, he courteously entertained me.'

Four or five days later there came down an Irish friar from Jerusalem to see the prisoner. At first he spoke kindly to him, and greeted him as a fellow-countryman, seeing that they both came from the distant Isles of Britain, set in their silver seas. Presently it appeared, however, that he had not come out of friendship, but as a messenger from the friars at Jerusalem, to insist that the Englishman must make five solemn promises before he could be allowed to proceed on his journey. He must promise:

- '1. That he would visit the Holy Places [so the friar called them] as other pilgrims did.
2. And give such sums of money as is the usual manner of pilgrims.
3. Wear such a sort of habit as is the manner of pilgrims.
4. Speak nothing against the Turks' laws.
5. And when he came to Jerusalem not to speak anything about religion.'

George Robinson had no intention of promising any one of these things—much less all five. 'I stand in the will of God, and shall do as He bids me,' was the only answer he would make, which did not satisfy the Irish friar. Determined that his journey should not have been in vain, and persuasion having proved useless, he sought to accomplish his object by force. Taking his prisoner, therefore, he set him on horseback, and surrounding him with a number of armed guards, both horsemen and footmen, whom he had brought down from Jerusalem for the purpose, he himself escorted George Robinson back for the second time to Jaffa. There, that very day, he put him aboard a vessel on the point of sailing for Acre. Then, clattering back with his guards across the plain of Sharon, the Irish friar probably assured the Ramleh friars that they had nothing more to fear from that heretic.

Nothing could turn George Robinson from his purpose. He was still quite sure that his Master had work for His servant to do in His Own City of Jerusalem; and, therefore, to Jerusalem that servant must go. He was obliged to stay for three weeks at Acre before he could find a ship to carry him southwards again. He lodged at this time at the house of a kind French merchant called by the curious name of Surrubi.

'A man,' Robinson says, 'that I had never seen before (that I knew of), who friendly took me into his house as I was passing along, where I remained about twenty days.'

Surrubi was a most courteous host to his Quaker visitor. He used



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to say that he was sure God had sent him to his house as an honoured guest. 'For,' he continued, 'when my own countrymen come to me, they are little to me, but thee I can willingly receive.' 'The old man would admire the Lord's doing in this thing, and he did love me exceedingly much,' his visitor records gratefully. 'But the friars had so far prevailed with the Consul that in twenty days I could not be received into a vessel for to go to Jerusalem, so that I knew not but to have gone by land; yet it was several days' journey, and I knew not the way, not so much as out of the city, besides the great difficulty there is in going through the country beyond my expression; yet I, not looking at the hardships but at the heavenly will of our Lord, I was made to cry in my heart, "Lord, Thy will be done and not mine." And so being prepared to go, and taking leave of the tender old man, he cried, "I should be destroyed if I went by land," and would not let me go.'

The friars had told the Consul that Robinson had refused to accept their conditions, 'He will turn Turk,' they said, 'and be a devil.' But, thanks to Surrubi's kindness and help, after much trouble Robinson was at length set aboard another ship bound for the south. And thus after bidding a grateful farewell to his host, he made a quick passage and came for the second time to Jaffa. Again he set forth on his last perilous journey. Only a few miles of fertile plain to cross, only a few hours of climbing up the dim blue hills that were already in view on the horizon, and then at last he should reach his goal, the Holy City.

Even yet it was not to be! This time his troubles began before ever he came within sight of the tall Tower of Ramleh, under whose shadow his enemies, the friars, were still lying in wait for him. He says that having 'left the ship and paid his passage, and having met with many people on the way, they peacefully passed him by until he had gone about six miles out of Jaffa.' But on the long straight road that runs like a dusty white ribbon across the wide parched Plain of Sharon, he beheld three other figures coming towards him. Two of them rode on the stately white asses used by travellers of the East. The third, a person of less consequence, followed on foot. As they came nearer, our traveller noticed that they all carried guns as well as fierce-looking daggers stuck in their swathed girdles. However, arms are no unusual accompaniments for a journey in that country, so Robinson still hoped to be allowed to pass with a peaceable salutation. Instead of bowing themselves in return, according to the beautiful Oriental custom, with the threefold gesture that signifies 'My head, my lips, and my heart are all at your service,' and the spoken wish that his day might be blessed, the three men rushed at the English wayfarer and threw themselves upon him, demanding money. One man held a gun with its muzzle touching Robinson's breast, another searched his pockets and took out everything that he could find, while the third held the



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asses. 'I, not resisting them,' is their victim's simple account, 'stood in the fear of the Lord, who preserved me, for they passed away, and he that took my things forth of my pockets put them up again, taking nothing from me, nor did me the least harm. But one of them took me by the hand and led me on my way in a friendly manner, and so left me.... So I, passing through like dangers through the great love of God, which caused me to magnify His holy name, came, though in much weakness of body, to Ramleh.'

At Ramleh worse dangers even than he had met with on his former visit were awaiting him. Many more perils and hairbreadth escapes had yet to be surmounted before he could say that his feet—his tired feet—had stood 'within thy gates, O Jerusalem.'

Throughout these later hardships his faith must have been strengthened by the memory of his encounter with the robbers, and the victory won by the everlasting power of meekness.

East or West, the Master's command can always be followed: the command not to fight evil with evil, but to overcome evil with good.

Leonard Fell was given his opportunity of 'putting in practice the things he had learned' as he travelled in England. Our later pilgrim had the honour of being tested in the Holy Land itself:

'In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which [nineteen] hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'TWO ROBBER STORIES—WEST AND EAST.'

(1) Leonard Fell and the Highwayman, taken from 'THE FELS OF SWARTHMOOR HALL,' by M. Webb, p. 353.

(2) On the Road to Jerusalem. Taken from George Robinson's own account, published in 'A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE OF KATHARINE EVANS AND SARAH CHEEVERS.' pp. 207 ad fin.



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1653

Beginning of the Year: At the beginning of the year Friend [George Fox](#) returned to Swarthmore.

About the beginning of the year 1653 I returned to Swarthmore, and going to a meeting at Gleaston, a professor challenged to dispute with me. I went to the house where he was, and called him to come forth; but the Lord's power was over him, so that he durst not meddle. I departed thence, visited the meetings of Friends in Lancashire, and came back to Swarthmore. Great openings I had from the Lord, not only of divine and spiritual matters, but also of outward things relating to the civil government.

YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT EITHER THE REALITY OF TIME OVER THAT OF CHANGE, OR CHANGE OVER TIME — IT'S PARMENIDES, OR HERACLITUS. I HAVE GONE WITH HERACLITUS.



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First week in April: Friend [George Fox](#) allegedly forecast that within a couple of weeks [Oliver Cromwell](#) would break up the Parliament, depriving the Speaker of his chair:

Being one day in Swarthmore Hall, when Judge Fell and Justice Benson were talking of the news, and of the Parliament then sitting (called the Long Parliament), I was moved to tell them that before that day two weeks the Parliament should be broken up, and the Speaker plucked out of his chair. That day two weeks Justice Benson told Judge Fell that now he saw George was a true prophet; for Oliver had broken up the Parliament. About this time I was in a fast for about ten days, my spirit being greatly exercised on Truth's behalf: for James Milner and Richard Myer went out into imaginations, and a company followed them. This James Milner and some of his company had true openings at the first; but getting up into pride and exaltation of spirit, they ran out from Truth. I was sent for to them, and was moved of the Lord to go and show them their outgoings. They were brought to see their folly, and condemned it; and came into the way of Truth again.



ONE COULD BE ELSEWHERE, AS ELSEWHERE DOES EXIST.
ONE CANNOT BE ELSEWHEN SINCE ELSEWHEN DOES NOT.
(TO THE WILLING MANY THINGS CAN BE EXPLAINED,
THAT FOR THE UNWILLING WILL REMAIN FOREVER MYSTERIOUS.)



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April 20, Wednesday (Old Style): [Oliver Cromwell](#) forcibly dissolved the "[Rump](#)" Parliament, creating himself as Lord Protector of England. This placed [Sir Henry Vane](#) on the outside looking in, and so he would go to his family's Raby Castle and there devote himself to the writing of theological books



(certain of these publications would come to be regarded as seditious and for that reason he would find himself,



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briefly, a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight).





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Although there is no contemporary authentication for the common-sense political forecast allegedly made by Friend George Fox a couple of weeks earlier, that by this day the Parliament would have been "broken up, and the Speaker plucked out of his chair," there seems little reason to doubt that such an understanding might have been available to Fox.

Being one day in Swarthmore Hall, when Judge Fell and Justice Benson were talking of the news, and of the Parliament then sitting (called the Long Parliament), I was moved to tell them that before that day two weeks the Parliament should be broken up, and the Speaker plucked out of his chair. That day two weeks Justice Benson told Judge Fell that now he saw George was a true prophet; for Oliver had broken up the Parliament. About this time I was in a fast for about ten days, my spirit being greatly exercised on Truth's behalf: for James Milner and Richard Myer went out into imaginations, and a company followed them. This James Milner and some of his company had true openings at the first; but getting up into pride and exaltation of spirit, they ran out from Truth. I was sent for to them, and was moved of the Lord to go and show them their outgoings. They were brought to see their folly, and condemned it; and came into the way of Truth again.



"Sir Harry Vane! - ah, Sir Harry Vane!
The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"
- Oliver Cromwell



IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT IT IS MORTALS WHO CONSUME OUR HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS, FOR WHAT WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO DO IS EVADE THE RESTRICTIONS OF THE HUMAN LIFESPAN. (IMMORTALS, WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR, TAKE NO HEED OF OUR STORIES.)



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There were some further missionary adventures and then Friend [George Fox](#) was put in prison again, at



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Carlisle.

After some time I went to a meeting at Arnside, where was Richard Myer, who had been long lame of one of his arms. I was moved of the Lord to say unto him amongst all the people, "Stand up upon thy legs," for he was sitting down. And he stood up, and stretched out his arm that had been lame a long time, and said, "Be it known unto you, all people, that this day I am healed." Yet his parents could hardly believe it; but after the meeting was done, they had him aside, took off his doublet, and then saw it was true.

He came soon after to Swarthmore meeting, and there declared how the Lord had healed him. Yet after this the Lord commanded him to go to York with a message from Him, which he disobeyed; and the Lord struck him again, so that he died about three-quarters of a year after.

Now were great threatenings given forth in Cumberland that if ever I came there they would take away my life. When I heard it I was drawn to go into Cumberland; and went to Miles Wennington's, in the same parish from which those threatenings came: but they had not power to touch me. On a First-day I went into the steeple-house at Bootle [in Cumberland]; and when the priest had done, I began to speak. But the people were exceeding rude, and struck and beat me in the yard; one gave me a very great blow over my wrist, so that the people thought he had broken my hand to pieces. The constable was very desirous to keep the peace, and would have set some of them that struck me by the heels, if I would have given way to it. After my service amongst them was over, I went to Joseph Nicholson's house, and the constable went a little way with us, to keep off the rude multitude.

In the afternoon I went again. The priest had got to help him another priest, that came from London, and was highly accounted of. Before I went into the steeple-house, I sat a little upon the cross, and Friends with me; but the Friends were moved to go into the steeple-house, and I went in after them.

The London priest was preaching. He gathered up all the Scriptures he could think of that spoke of false prophets, and antichrists, and deceivers, and threw them upon us; but when he had done I recollected all those Scriptures, and brought them back upon himself. Then the people fell upon me in a rude manner; but the constable charged them to keep the peace, and so made them quiet again. Then the priest began to rage, and said I must not speak there. I told him he had his hour-glass, by which he had preached; and he having done, the time was free for me, as well as for him, for he was but a stranger there himself.

So I opened the Scriptures to them, and let them see that those Scriptures that spoke of the false prophets, and antichrists, and deceivers, described them and their generation; and belonged to them who were found walking in their steps, and bringing forth their fruits; and not unto us, who were not guilty of such things. I manifested to them that they were out of the steps of the true prophets and apostles; and showed them clearly; by the fruits and marks, that it was they of whom those Scriptures spoke, and not we. And I declared the Truth, and the Word of life to the people; and directed them to Christ their teacher.



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When I came down again to Joseph Nicholson's house, I saw a great hole in my coat, which was cut with a knife; but it was not cut through my doublet, for the Lord had prevented their mischief. The next day there was a rude, wicked man who would have done violence to a Friend, but the Lord's power stopped him.

Now was I moved to send James Lancaster to appoint a meeting at the steeple-house of John Wilkinson, near Cockermouth, – a preacher in great repute, who had three parishes under him. I stayed at Milholm, in Bootle, till James Lancaster came back again. In the meantime some of the gentry of the country had formed a plot against me, and had given a little boy a rapier, with which to do me mischief. They came with the boy to Joseph Nicholson's to seek me; but the Lord had so ordered it that I was gone into the fields. They met with James Lancaster, but did not much abuse him; and not finding me in the house, they went away again. So I walked up and down in the fields that night, as very often I used to do, and did not go to bed.

We came the next day to the steeple-house where James Lancaster had appointed the meeting. There were at this meeting twelve soldiers and their wives, from Carlisle; and the country people came in, as if it were to a fair. I lay at a house somewhat short of the place, so that many Friends got thither before me. When I came I found James Lancaster speaking under a yew tree which was so full of people that I feared they would break it down.

I looked about for a place to stand upon, to speak unto the people, for they lay all up and down, like people at a leaguer. After I was discovered, a professor asked if I would not go into the church? I, seeing no place abroad convenient to speak to the people from, told him, Yes; whereupon the people rushed in, so that when I came the house and pulpit were so full I had much ado to get in. Those that could not get in stood abroad about the walls.

When the people were settled I stood up on a seat, and the Lord opened my mouth to declare His everlasting Truth and His everlasting day. When I had largely declared the Word of life unto them for about the space of three hours, I walked forth amongst the people, who passed away well satisfied. Among the rest a professor followed me, praising and commending me; but his words were like a thistle to me. Many hundreds were convinced that day, and received the Lord Jesus Christ and His free teaching, with gladness; of whom some have died in the Truth, and many stand faithful witnesses thereof. The soldiers also were convinced, and their wives.

After this I went to a village, and many people accompanied me. As I was sitting in a house full of people, declaring the Word of life unto them, I cast mine eye upon a woman, and discerned an unclean spirit in her. And I was moved of the Lord to speak sharply to her, and told her she was under the influence of an unclean spirit; whereupon she went out of the room. Now, I being a stranger there, and knowing nothing of the woman outwardly, the people wondered at it, and told me afterwards that I had discovered a great thing; for all the country looked upon her to be a wicked person.

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The Lord had given me a spirit of discerning, by which I many times saw the states and conditions of people, and could try their spirits. For not long before, as I was going to a meeting, I saw some women in a field, and I discerned an evil spirit in them; and I was moved to go out of my way into the field to them, and declare unto them their conditions. At another time there came one into Swarthmore Hall in the meeting time, and I was moved to speak sharply to her, and told her she was under the power of an evil spirit; and the people said afterwards she was generally accounted so. There came also at another time another woman, and stood at a distance from me, and I cast mine eye upon her, and said, "Thou hast been an harlot"; for I perfectly saw the condition and life of the woman. The woman answered and said that many could tell her of her outward sins, but none could tell her of her inward. Then I told her heart was not right before the Lord, and that from the inward came the outward. This woman came afterwards to be convinced of God's truth, and became a Friend.

Thence we travelled to Carlisle. The pastor of the Baptists, with most of his hearers, came to the abbey, where I had a meeting; and I declared the Word of life amongst them. Many of the Baptists and of the soldiers were convinced. After the meeting the pastor of the Baptists, an high notionist and a flashy man, asked me what must be damned. I was moved immediately to tell him that that which spoke in him was to be damned. This stopped his mouth; and the witness of God was raised up in him. I opened to him the states of election and reprobation; so that he said he never heard the like in his life. He came afterwards to be convinced.

** Then I went to the castle among the soldiers, who beat a drum and called the garrison together. I preached the Truth amongst them, directing them to the Lord Jesus Christ to be their teacher, and to the measure of His Spirit in themselves, by which they might be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. I warned them all that they should do no violence to any man, but should show forth a Christian life: telling them that He who was to be their Teacher would be their condemner if they were disobedient to Him. So I left them, having no opposition from any of them, except the sergeants, who afterwards came to be convinced.*

On the market-day I went up into the market, to the market-cross. The magistrates had both threatened, and sent their sergeants; and the magistrates' wives had said that if I came there they would pluck the hair off my head; and the sergeants should take me up. Nevertheless I obeyed the Lord God, went up on the cross, and declared unto them that the day of the Lord was coming upon all their deceitful ways and doings, and deceitful merchandise; that they should put away all cozening and cheating, and keep to Yea and Nay, and speak the truth one to another. So the Truth and the power of God was set over them.

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After I had declared the Word of life to the people, the throng being so great that the sergeants could not reach me, nor the magistrates' wives come at me, I passed away quietly. Many people and soldiers came to me, and some Baptists, that were bitter contenders; amongst whom one of their deacons, an envious man, finding that the Lord's power was over them, cried out for very anger. Whereupon I set my eyes upon him, and spoke sharply to him in the power of the Lord: and he cried, "Do not pierce me so with thy eyes; keep thy eyes off me."

The First-day following I went into the steeple-house: and after the priest had done, I preached the Truth to the people, and declared the Word of life amongst them. The priest got away; and the magistrates desired me to go out of the steeple-house. But I still declared the way of the Lord unto them, and told them I came to speak the Word of life and salvation from the Lord amongst them. The power of the Lord was dreadful amongst them, so that the people trembled and shook, and they thought the steeple-house shook; some of them feared it would have fallen down on their heads. The magistrates' wives were in a rage, and strove mightily to get at me: but the soldiers and friendly people stood thick about me.

At length the rude people of the city rose, and came with staves and stones into the steeple-house, crying, "Down with these round-headed rogues"; and they threw stones. Whereupon the governor sent a file or two of musketeers into the steeple-house to appease the tumult, and commanded all the other soldiers out. So those soldiers took me by the hand in a friendly manner, and said they would have me along with them. When we came into the street the city was in an uproar. The governor came down; and some of the soldiers were put in prison for standing by me against the townspeople.

A lieutenant, who had been convinced, came and brought me to his house, where there was a Baptist meeting, and thither came Friends also. We had a very quiet meeting; they heard the Word of life gladly, and many received it.

The next day, the justices and magistrates of the town being gathered together in the town-hall, they granted a warrant against me, and sent for me before them. I was then gone to a Baptist's; but hearing of it, I went up to the hall, where many rude people were, some of whom had sworn false things against me. I had a great deal of discourse with the magistrates, wherein I laid open the fruits of their priests' preaching, showed them how they were void of Christianity, and that, though they were such great professors (for they were Independents and Presbyterians) they were without the possession of that which they professed. After a large examination they committed me to prison as a blasphemer, a heretic, and a seducer, though they could not justly charge any such thing against me.

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The jail at Carlisle had two jailers, an upper and an under, who looked like two great bear-wards. When I was brought in the upper jailer took me up into a great chamber, and told me I should have what I would in that room. But I told him he should not expect any money from me, for I would neither lie in any of his beds, nor eat any of his victuals. Then he put me into another room, where after awhile I got something to lie upon.

There I lay till the assizes came, and then all the talk was that I was to be hanged. The high sheriff, Wilfred Lawson, stirred them much up to take away my life, and said he would guard me to my execution himself. They were in a rage, and set three musketeers for guard upon me, one at my chamber-door, another at the stairs-foot, and a third at the street door; and they would let none come at me, except one sometimes, to bring me some necessary things.

At night, sometimes as late as the tenth hour, they would bring up priests to me, who were exceeding rude and devilish. There were a company of bitter Scotch priests, Presbyterians, made up of envy and malice, who were not fit to speak of the things of God, they were so foul-mouthed. But the Lord, by His power, gave me dominion over them all, and I let them see both their fruits and their spirits. Great ladies also (as they were called) came to see the man that they said was to die. While the judge, justices, and sheriff were contriving together how they might put me to death, the Lord disappointed their design by an unexpected way. [A letter from the "Barebones" Parliament asked for Fox's release.]

The next day, after the judges were gone out of town, an order was sent to the jailer to put me down into the prison amongst the moss-troopers [freebooters], thieves, and murderers; which accordingly he did. A filthy, nasty place it was, where men and women were put together in a very uncivil manner, and never a house of office to it; and the prisoners were so lousy that one woman was almost eaten to death with lice. Yet bad as the place was, the prisoners were all made very loving and subject to me, and some of them were convinced of the Truth, as the publicans and harlots were of old; so that they were able to confound any priest that might come to the grates to dispute.

But the jailer was cruel, and the under-jailer very abusive both to me and to Friends that came to see me; for he would beat with a great cudgel Friends who did but come to the window to look in upon me. I could get up to the grate, where sometimes I took in my meat; at which the jailer was often offended. Once he came in a great rage and beat me with his cudgel, though I was not at the grate at that time; and as he beat me, he cried, "Come out of the window," though I was then far from it. While he struck me, I was moved in the Lord's power to sing, which made him rage the more. Then he fetched a fiddler, and set him to play, thinking to vex me. But while he played, I was moved in the everlasting power of the Lord God to sing; and my voice drowned the noise of the fiddle, struck and confounded them, and made them give over fiddling and go their way.

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** Whilst I was in prison at Carlisle, James Parnell, a little lad about sixteen years of age, came to see me, and was convinced. The Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the Word of life, and many were turned to Christ by him, though he lived not long. For, travelling into Essex in the work of the ministry, in the year 1655, he was committed to Colchester castle, where he endured very great hardships and sufferings. He was put by the cruel jailer into a hole in the castle wall, called the oven, so high from the ground that he went up to it by a ladder, which being six feet too short, he was obliged to climb from the ladder to the hole by a rope that was fastened above. When Friends would have given him a cord and a basket in which to draw up his victuals, the inhuman jailer would not suffer them, but forced him to go down and up by that short ladder and rope to fetch his victuals, which for a long time he did, or else he might have famished in the hole.*

At length his limbs became much benumbed with lying in that place; yet being still obliged to go down to take up some victuals, as he came up the ladder again with his victuals in one hand, and caught at the rope with the other, he missed the rope, and fell down from a very great height upon the stones; by which fall he was so wounded in the head, arms, and body, that he died a short time after.

While I thus lay in the dungeon at Carlisle, the report raised at the time of the assize that I should be put to death was gone far and near; insomuch that the Parliament then sitting, which, I think, was called the Little Parliament, hearing that a young man at Carlisle was to die for religion, caused a letter to be sent the sheriff and magistrates concerning me.

Not long after this the Lord's power came over the justices, and they were made to set me at liberty. But some time previous the governor and Anthony Pearson came down into the dungeon, to see the place where I was kept and understand what usage I had had. They found the place so bad and the savour so ill, that they cried shame on the magistrates for suffering the jailer to do such things. They called for the jailers into the dungeon, and required them to find sureties for their good behaviour; and the under-jailer, who had been such a cruel fellow, they put into the dungeon with me, amongst the moss-troopers.

Now I went into the country, and had mighty great meetings. The everlasting gospel and Word of life flourished, and thousands were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to His teaching.

The priests and magistrates were in a great rage against me in Westmoreland, and had a warrant to apprehend me, which they renewed from time to time, for a long time; yet the Lord did not suffer them to serve it upon me. I travelled on amongst Friends, visiting the meetings till I came to Swarthmore, where I heard that the Baptists and professors in Scotland had sent to have a dispute with me. I sent them word that I would meet them in Cumberland, at Thomas Bewley's house, whither accordingly I went, but none of them came.

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Some dangers at this time I underwent in my travels; for at one time, as we were passing from a meeting, and going through Wigton on a market-day, the people of the town had set a guard with pitchforks; and although some of their own neighbours were with us, they kept us out of the town, and would not let us pass through it, under the pretence of preventing the sickness; though there was no occasion for any such thing. However, they fell upon us, and had like to have spoiled us and our horses; but the Lord restrained them, that they did not much hurt; and we passed away.

Another time, as I was passing between two Friends' houses, some rude fellows lay in wait in a lane, and exceedingly stoned and abused us; but at last, through the Lord's assistance, we got through them, and had not much hurt. But this showed the fruits of the priest's teaching, which shamed their profession of Christianity.

After I had visited Friends in that county, I went through the county into Durham, having large meetings by the way. A very large one I had at Anthony Pearson's, where many were convinced. From thence I passed through Northumberland to Derwentwater, where there were great meetings; and the priests threatened that they would come, but none came. The everlasting Word of life was freely preached, and freely received; and many hundreds were turned to Christ, their teacher.

In Northumberland many came to dispute, of whom some pleaded against perfection. Unto these I declared that Adam and Eve were perfect before they fell; that all that God made was perfect; that the imperfection came by the devils and the fall; but that Christ, who came to destroy the devil, said, "Be ye perfect."

One of the professors alleged that Job said, "Shall mortal man be more pure than his Maker? The heavens are not clean in His sight. God charged His angels with folly." But I showed him his mistake, and let him see that it was not Job that said so, but one of those that contended against Job; for Job stood for perfection, and held his integrity; and they were called miserable comforters.

Then these professors said that the outward body was the body of death and sin. I showed them their mistake in that also; for Adam and Eve had each of them an outward body, before the body of death and sin got into them; and that man and woman will have bodies when the body of sin and death is put off again; when they are renewed again into the image of God by Christ Jesus, in which they were before they fell. So they ceased at that time from opposing further; and glorious meetings we had in the Lord's power.

Then passed we to Hexam, where we had a great meeting on top of a hill. The priest threatened that he would come and oppose us, but he came not; so all was quiet. And the everlasting day and renowned Truth of the ever-living God was sounded over those dark countries, and His Son exalted over all. It was proclaimed amongst the people that the day was now come wherein all that made a profession of the Son of God might receive Him; and that to as many as would receive Him He would give power to become the sons of God, as He had done to me.

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It was further declared that he who had the Son of God, had life eternal; but he that had not the Son of God, though he professed all the Scriptures from the first of Genesis to the last of the Revelation, had no life.

So after all were directed to the light of Christ, by which they might see Him, receive Him, and know where their true teacher was, and the everlasting Truth had been largely declared amongst them, we passed through Hexam peaceably, and came into Gilsland, a country noted for thieving.

The next day we came into Cumberland again, where we had a general meeting of thousands of people on top of an hill near Langlands. A glorious and heavenly meeting it was; for the glory of the Lord did shine over all; and there were as many as one could well speak over [reach by the power of the unaided voice], the multitude was so great. Their eyes were turned to Christ, their teacher; and they came to sit under their own vine; insomuch that Francis Howgill, coming afterwards to visit them, found they had no need of words; for they were sitting under their teacher Christ Jesus; in the sense whereof He sat down amongst them, without speaking anything.

A great convincement there was in Cumberland, Bishoprick, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Yorkshire; and the plants of God grew and flourished, the heavenly rain descending, and God's glory shining upon them. Many mouths were opened by the Lord to His praise; yea, to babes and sucklings he ordained strength.

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THE AGE OF REASON WAS A PIPE DREAM, OR AT BEST A PROJECT. ACTUALLY, HUMANS HAVE ALMOST NO CLUE WHAT THEY ARE DOING, WHILE CREDITING THEIR OWN LIES ABOUT WHY THEY ARE DOING IT.



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Toward the end of the year, the movement of Friend [George Fox](#) was beginning noticeably to prosper:

FOX'S JOURNAL:

** About this time the priests and professors fell to prophesying against us afresh. They had said long before that we should be destroyed within a month; and after that, they prolonged the time to half a year. But that time being long expired, and we mightily increased in number, they now gave forth that we would eat out one another. For often after meetings many tender people, having a great way to go, tarried at Friends' houses by the way, and sometimes more than there were beds to lodge in; so that some lay on the hay-mows. Hereupon Cain's fear possessed the professors and world's people; for they were afraid that when we had eaten one another out, we should all come to be maintained by the parishes, and be chargeable to them.*

But after awhile, when they saw that the Lord blessed and increased Friends, as he did Abraham, both in the field and in the basket, at their goings forth and their comings in, at their risings up and their lyings down, and that all things prospered with them; then they saw the falseness of all their prophecies against us, and that it was in vain to curse whom God had blessed.

At the first convincement, when Friends could not put off their hats to people, or say You to a single person, but Thou and Thee; – when they could not bow, or use flattering words in salutation, or adopt the fashions and customs of the world, many Friends, that were tradesmen of several sorts, lost their customers at first, for the people were shy of them, and would not trade with them; so that for a time some Friends could hardly get money enough to buy bread.

But afterwards, when people came to have experience of Friends' honesty and faithfulness, and found that their yea was yea, and their nay was nay; that they kept to a word in their dealings, and would not cozen and cheat, but that if a child were sent to their shops for anything, he was as well used as his parents would have been; – then the lives and conversation of Friends did preach, and reached to the witness of God in the people.

Then things altered so, that all the inquiry was, "Where is there a draper, or shop-keeper, or tailor, or shoemaker, or any other tradesman, that is a Quaker?" Insomuch that Friends had more trade than many of their neighbours, and if there was any trading, they had a great part of it. Then the envious professors altered their note, and began to cry out, "If we let these Quakers alone, they will take the trade of the nation out of our hands."

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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FOX'S JOURNAL:

This has been the Lord's doing to and for His people! which my desire is that all who profess His holy truth may be kept truly sensible of, and that all may be preserved in and by His power and Spirit, faithful to God and man. Faithful first to God, in obeying Him in all things; and next in doing unto all men that which is just and righteous in all things, that the Lord God maybe glorified in their practising truth, holiness, godliness, and righteousness amongst people in all their lives and conversation. While Friends abode in the northern parts, a priest of Wrexham, in Wales, named Morgan Floyd, having heard reports concerning us, sent two of his congregation into the north to inquire concerning us, to try us, and bring him an account of us. When these triers came amongst us, the power of the Lord seized on them, and they were both convinced of the truth. So they stayed some time with us, and then returned to Wales; where afterwards one of them departed from his convincement; but the other, named John-ap-John, abode in the truth, and received a part in the ministry, in which he continued faithful.

** About this time the oath or engagement to Oliver Cromwell was tendered to the soldiers, many of whom were disbanded because, in obedience to Christ, they could not swear. John Stubbs, for one, who was convinced when I was in Carlisle prison, became a good soldier in the Lamb's war, and a faithful minister of Christ Jesus; travelling much in the service of the Lord in Holland, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Egypt, and America. And the Lord's power preserved him from the hands of the papists, though many times he was in great danger of the Inquisition. But some of the soldiers, who had been convinced in their judgment, but had not come into obedience to the Truth, took Oliver Cromwell's oath; and, going afterwards into Scotland, and coming before a garrison there, the garrison, thinking they had been enemies, fired at them, and killed diverse of them, which was a sad event.*

During this year Friend [George Fox](#) had written an epistle entitled "Fear Not The Powers of Darkness":



Friends, - Fear not the powers of darkness, but keep your meetings, and meet in that which keeps you over them; and in the power of God ye will have unity.

And dwell in love and unity with one another, and know one another in the power of an endless life, which doth not change. And know the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, which is above the first Adam, the earthly, where all strife and transgression is. And all Friends every where, be faithful in the life and power of God, and keep your meetings (above all the world) in that which changeth not, that nothing but Christ may reign among you, the power of God, and wisdom of God, the sanctification and redemption; that the just over all may reign, and the seed of God may have the dominion in you all; that with that ye may all be ordered to the glory of God, and kept in the bond of peace, and reign in the love of God, (which is out of the iniquity, and rejoiceth not in it,) which thinks no evil. And have this love



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*shed abroad in all your hearts, and feel it abiding in you; which love of God edifies the body. And know the word of God abiding in you, which was in the beginning, and brings to the beginning; which word being ingrafted, it saves the soul, and hammers down, and throws down, and burns up that which wars against it.
G.F.*

His epistle entitled "To Friends, Concerning The Light" dates to this year:

To all Friends everywhere, scattered abroad: in the light dwell which comes from Christ, that with it ye may see Christ your saviour; that ye may grow up in him. For they who are in him, are new creatures; and "old things are passed away and all things become new." And who are in him, are led by the Spirit, to them there is no condemnation; but they dwell in that which doth condemn the world, and with the light see the deceivers, and the antichrists, which are entered into the world. And such teachers as bear rule by their means; and such as seek for the fleece, and make a prey upon the people, and are hirelings, as such as go in the way of Cain, and run greedily after the error of Balaam; and such as are called of men master, and stand praying in the synagogues, and have the chief seats in the assemblies, all which are in the world, who by those that dwelt in the light, were cried against; for it did them condemn, and all such as speak a divination of their own brain, and are filthy dreamers, who use their tongues, and steal the words from their neighbors; with the light, the world and all these aforesaid are comprehended, and all that is in it; and all they that hate it, and all the antichrists that oppose it, and all the false prophets and deceivers, that are turned from it, with the light are comprehended, and with the light are condemned, and all that are turned from it and hate it.

"I am the light of the world," saith Christ, and he doth enlighten every one that cometh into the world; and he that loves the light, and walks in the light, receives the light of life: and the other, he hates the light, because his deeds are evil, and the light doth reprove him. And this is the condemnation, that the light is come into the world, in which light, they that love it, walk; which is the condemnation of him that hates it. And all the antichrists, and all the false prophets, and all the deceivers, the beast, and the well-favoured harlot, all these are seen with the light to be in that nature, acting contrary to the light; and with the light are they comprehended, and by the light condemned.

For he is not an antichrist, that walks in the light that comes from Christ; he is no deceiver, that walks in the light that comes from Christ. Many deceivers are entered into the world.





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The world hates the light, and deceivers are turned from the light, and the antichrists they are turned from the light, therefore they oppose it, and some of them call it a natural conscience, a natural light; and such put the letter for the light. But with the light, which never changes, (which was before the world was,) are these deceivers seen, where they enter into the world. For many deceivers are entered into the world, and the false prophets are entered into the world; the world hates the light, and if it were possible, they would deceive the elect. But in the light the elect do dwell, which the antichrists, deceivers, and false prophets are turned from, into the world, that hate the light: that light which they do hate, the children of God do dwell in, the elect. So it is not possible, that the antichrists and deceivers, that are entered into the world, that hate the light, should deceive the elect, who dwell in light which they hate; which light doth them all comprehend, and the world; which light was before the world was, and is the world's condemnation; in which light the elect walk. And here it is not possible, that they that dwell in the light should be deceived, which comprehends the world, and is the world's condemnation. Which light shall bring every tongue to confess, and every knee to bow: when the judgments of God come upon them, it shall make them confess, that the judgments of God are just.

G.F.

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled "Concerning The Spiritual Warfare" also dates to this year:

The word of the Lord God to all my brethren, babes, and soldiers, that are in the spiritual warfare of our Lord Jesus Christ. Arm yourselves, like men of war, that ye may know, what to stand against. Spare not, pity not that which is for the sword (of the spirit,) plague, and famine, and set up truth, and confound the deceit, which stains the earth, and cumbers the ground. The dead stinks upon the earth, and with them the earth is stained, therefore bury it. And wait in the light which comes from Jesus, to be clothed with his zeal, to stand against all them who act contrary to the light which comes from Jesus, and yet profess the words declared from the light; which are sayers, but not doers. All such are to be trodden with the city under foot; and woe proceeds from the Lord against all such, and the stone is falling upon such, and fallen, to grind them to powder. Arm yourselves like men of war; the mighty power of God goes along with you, to enable you to stand over all the world, and (spiritually) to chain, to fetter, to bind, and to imprison, and to lead out of prison; to famish, to feed, and to make fat, and to bring into green pastures. So the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you! And go on in the work of the Lord, that ye may trample upon all deceit within and without, and their minds turned towards Christ Jesus, who doth enlighten them, that they may all see the Lord Jesus among them, their head, and they





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his branches; in the light waiting, and growing up in Christ Jesus, from whence it comes, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of his name. And all waiting and walking in the light, with it ye will see the Lord Jesus amongst you. And ye will see with the light all that hate it, who profess Christ Jesus' words declared from his light, and walk not in it; by his light are they, and all their profession, condemned. And to you this is the word of the Lord.

G.F.

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1654

At the beginning of the year, [George Fox](#) passed from Swarthmore into Lancaster:

When the churches were settled in the north, and Friends were established under Christ's teaching, and the glory of the Lord shined over them, I passed from Swarthmore to Lancaster about the beginning of the year 1654, visiting Friends, till I came to Synder-hill green, where a meeting had been appointed three weeks before. We passed through Halifax, a rude town of professors, and came to Thomas Taylor's, who had been a captain, where we met with some janglers [Ranters]; but the Lord's power was over all; for I travelled in the motion of God's power.

When I came to Synder-hill green, there was a mighty meeting. Some thousands of people, as it was judged, were there, and many persons of note, captains and other officers. There was a general convincement; for the Lord's power and Truth was set over all, and there was no opposition.

** About this time did the Lord move upon the spirits of many whom He had raised up and sent forth to labour in His vineyard, to travel southwards, and spread themselves in the service of the gospel to the eastern, southern, and western parts of the nation. Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough went to London; John Camm and John Audland to Bristol; Richard Hubberthorn and George Whitehead towards Norwich; Thomas Holmes into Wales; and many others different ways: for above sixty ministers had the Lord raised up, and did now send abroad out of the north country. The sense of their service was very weighty upon me.*

About this time Rice Jones, of Nottingham, (who had been a Baptist, and was turned Ranter), and his company, began to prophesy against me; giving out that I was then at the highest, and that after that time I should fall down as fast. He sent a bundle of railing papers from Nottingham to Mansfield Clawson, and the towns thereabouts, judging Friends for declaring the Truth in the markets and in steeple-houses; which papers I answered. But his and his company's prophecies came upon themselves; for soon after they fell to pieces, and many of his followers became Friends, and continued so.

And through the Lord's blessed power, Truth and Friends have increased, and do increase in the increase of God: and I, by the same power, have been and am preserved, and kept in the everlasting Seed, that never fell, nor changes. But Rice Jones took the oaths that were put to him, and so disobeyed the command of Christ.

Many such false prophets have risen up against me, but the Lord hath blasted them, and will blast all who rise against the blessed Seed, and me in that. My confidence is in the Lord; for I saw their end, and how the Lord would confound them, before He sent me forth.

I travelled up and down in Yorkshire, as far as Holderness, and to the land's end that way, visiting Friends and the churches of Christ; which were finely settled under Christ's teaching. At length I came to Captain Bradford's house, whither came many Ranters from York to wrangle; but they were confounded and stopped. Thither came also she who was called the Lady Montague, who was then convinced, and lived and died in the Truth.



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Thence I went to Drayton in Leicestershire to visit my relations. As soon as I was come in, Nathaniel Stephens, the priest, having got another priest, and given notice to the country, sent to me to come to them, for they could not do anything till I came. Having been three years away from my relations, I knew nothing of their design. But at last I went into the steeple-house yard, where the two priests were; and they had gathered abundance of people.

When I came there, they would have had me go into the steeple-house. I asked them what I should do there; and they said that Mr. Stephens could not bear the cold. I told them he might bear it as well as I. At last we went into a great hall, Richard Farnsworth being with me; and a great dispute we had with these priests concerning their practices, how contrary they were to Christ and His apostles.

** The priests would know where tithes were forbidden or ended. I showed them out of the seventh chapter to the Hebrews that not only tithes, but the priesthood that took tithes, was ended; and the law by which the priesthood was made, and tithes were commanded to be paid, was ended and annulled. Then the priests stirred up the people to some lightness and rudeness.*

I had known Stephens from a child, therefore I laid open his condition, and the manner of his preaching; and how he, like the rest of the priests, did apply the promises to the first birth, which must die. But I showed that the promises were to the Seed, not to many seeds, but to one Seed, Christ; who was one in male and female; for all were to be born again before they could enter into the kingdom of God.

Then he said, I must not judge so; but I told him that He that was spiritual judged all things. Then he confessed that that was a full Scripture; "but, neighbours," said he, "this is the business; George Fox is come to the light of the sun, and now he thinks to put out my star-light."

I told him that I would not quench the least measure of God in any, much less put out his star-light, if it were true star-light – light from the Morning Star. But, I told him, if he had anything from Christ or God, he ought to speak it freely, and not take tithes from the people for preaching, seeing that Christ commanded His ministers to give freely, as they had received freely. So I charged him to preach no more for tithes or any hire. But he said he would not yield to that.

After a while the people began to be vain and rude, so we broke up; yet some were made loving to the Truth that day. Before we parted I told them that if the Lord would, I intended to be at the town again that day week. In the interim I went into the country, and had meetings, and came thither again that day week.

Against that time this priest had got seven priests to help him; for priest Stephens had given notice at a lecture on a market-day at Adderston, that such a day there would be a meeting and a dispute with me. I knew nothing of it; but had only said I should be in town that day week again. These eight priests had gathered several hundreds of people, even most of the country thereabouts, and they would have had me go into the steeple-house; but I would not go in, but got on a hill, and there spoke to them and the people.

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There were with me Thomas Taylor, who had been a priest, James Parnell, and several other Friends. The priests thought that day to trample down Truth; but the Truth overcame them. Then they grew light, and the people rude; and the priests would not stand trial with me; but would be contending here a little and there a little, with one Friend or another. At last one of the priests brought his son to dispute with me; but his mouth was soon stopped. When he could not tell how to answer, he would ask his father; and his father was confounded also, when he came to answer for his son.

** So, after they had toiled themselves, they went away in a rage to priest Stephens's house to drink. As they went away, I said, "I never came to a place where so many priests together would not stand the trial with me." Thereupon they and some of their wives came about me, laid hold of me, and fawningly said, "What might you not have been, if it had not been for the Quakers!"*

Then they began to push Friends to and fro, to thrust them from me, and to pluck me to themselves. After a while several lusty fellows came, took me up in their arms, and carried me into the steeple-house porch, intending to carry me into the steeple-house by force; but the door being locked they fell down in a heap, having me under them. As soon as I could, I got up from under them, and went to the hill again. Then they took me from that place to the steeple-house wall, and set me on something like a stool; and all the priests being come back, stood under with the people.

The priests cried, "Come, to argument, to argument." I said that I denied all their voices, for they were the voices of hirelings and strangers. They cried, "Prove it, prove it." Then I directed them to the tenth of John, where they might see what Christ said of such. He declared that He was the true Shepherd that laid down His life for His sheep, and His sheep heard His voice and followed Him; but the hireling would fly when the wolf came, because he was a hireling. I offered to prove that they were such hirelings. Then the priests plucked me off the stool again; and they themselves got all upon stools under the steeple-house wall.

Then I felt the mighty power of God arise over all, and I told them that if they would but give audience, and hear me quietly, I would show them by the Scriptures why I denied those eight priests, or teachers, that stood before me, and all the hireling teachers of the world whatsoever; and I would give them Scriptures for what I said. Whereupon both priests and people consented. Then I showed them out of the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Micah, Malachi, and others, that they were in the steps of such as God sent His true prophets to cry against.

When I appealed to that of God in their consciences, the Light of Christ Jesus in them, they could not abide to hear it. They had been all quiet before; but then a professor said, "George, what! wilt thou never have done?" I told him I should have done shortly. I went on a little longer, and cleared myself of them in the Lord's power. When I had done, all the priests and people stood silent for a time.

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At last one of the priests said that they would read the Scriptures I had quoted. I told them I desired them to do so with all my heart. They began to read the twenty-third of Jeremiah, where they saw the marks of the false prophets that he cried against. When they had read a verse or two I said, "Take notice, people"; but the priests said, "Hold thy tongue, George." I bade them read the whole chapter, for it was all against them. Then they stopped, and would read no further.

My father, though a hearer and follower of the priest, was so well satisfied that he struck his cane upon the ground, and said, "Truly, I see that he that will but stand to the truth, it will bear him out." After this I went into the country, had several meetings, and came to Swannington, where the soldiers came; but the meeting was quiet, the Lord's power was over all, and the soldiers did not meddle.

Then I went to Leicester; and from Leicester to Whetstone. There came about seventeen troopers of Colonel Hacker's regiment, with his marshal, and took me up before the meeting, though Friends were beginning to gather together; for there were several Friends from diverse parts. I told the marshal he might let all the Friends go; that I would answer for them all. Thereupon he took me, and let all the Friends go; only Alexander Parker went along with me.

At night they had me before Colonel Hacker, his major, and captains, a great company of them; and a great deal of discourse we had about the priests, and about meetings; for at this time there was a noise of a plot against Oliver Cromwell. [Rufus Jones points out that at this point, Cromwell having been Lord Protector for about a half a year, the plot by Gerard and Vowel was being exposed, and that it had been this Colonel Hacker and his regiment that had superintended the execution of Charles I, keeping back the threatening crowd of Londoners – Hacker presumably was suspecting the Quakers of plotting on behalf of Charles II.] Much reasoning I had with them about the Light of Christ, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Colonel Hacker asked whether it was not this Light of Christ that made Judas betray his Master, and afterwards led him to hang himself? I told him, "No; that was the spirit of darkness, which hated Christ and His Light."

Then Colonel Hacker said I might go home, and keep at home, and not go abroad to meetings. I told him I was an innocent man, free from plots, and denied all such work. His son Needham said, "Father, this man hath reigned too long; it is time to have him cut off." I asked him, "For what? What have I done? Whom have I wronged? I was bred and born in this country, and who can accuse me of any evil, from childhood up?" Colonel Hacker asked me again if I would go home, and stay at home. I told him that if I should promise him this, it would manifest that I was guilty of something, to make my home a prison; and if I went to meetings they would say I broke their order. Therefore I told them I should go to meetings as the Lord should order me, and could not submit to their requirings; but I said we were a peaceable people.

"Well, then," said Colonel Hacker, "I will send you to-morrow morning by six o'clock to my Lord Protector, by Captain Drury, one of his life-guard."

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That night I was kept prisoner at the Marshalsea; and the next morning by the sixth hour I was delivered to Captain Drury. I desired that he would let me speak with Colonel Hacker before I went; and he took me to his bedside. Colonel Hacker again admonished me to go home, and keep no more meetings. I told him I could not submit to that; but must have my liberty to serve God, and to go to meetings. "Then," said he, "you must go before the Protector." Thereupon I kneeled at his bedside, and besought the Lord to forgive him; for he was as Pilate, though he would wash his hands; and I bade him remember, when the day of his misery and trial should come upon him, what I had said to him. But he was stirred up and set on by Stephens, and the other priests and professors, wherein their envy and baseness was manifest. When they could not overcome me by disputes and arguments, nor resist the Spirit of the Lord that was in me, they got soldiers to take me up.

Afterwards, when Colonel Hacker was imprisoned in London, a day or two before his execution, he was put in mind of what he had done against the innocent; and he remembered it, and confessed it to Margaret Fell, saying he knew well whom she meant; and he had trouble upon him for it. Now I was carried up a prisoner by Captain Drury from Leicester; and when we came to Harborough he asked me if I would go home and stay a fortnight? I should have my liberty, he said, if I would not go to, nor keep meetings. I told him I could not promise any such thing. Several times upon the road did he ask and try me after the same manner, and still I gave him the same answers. So he brought me to London, and lodged me at the Mermaid over against the Mews at Charing-Cross. As we travelled I was moved of the Lord to warn people at the inns and places where I came of the day of the Lord that was coming upon them. William Dewsbury and Marmaduke Storr being in prison at Northampton, Captain Drury let me go and visit them.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, he left me there, and went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me that the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was, and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury.

** The next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, Oliver Cromwell; wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I denied the wearing or drawing of a carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness; and to turn people from darkness to light; and to bring them from the causes of war and fighting, to the peaceable gospel. When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.*

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After some time Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed, and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in I was moved to say, "Peace be in this house"; and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him, that by it he might be directed, and order all things under his hand to God's glory.

I spoke much to him of Truth, and much discourse I had with him about religion; wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with priests, whom he called ministers. I told him I did not quarrel with them, but that they quarrelled with me and my friends. "But," said I, "if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and Spirit."

Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared freely, and against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, and divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, that could never have enough; and that they that have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said, it was very good, and it was truth. I told him that all Christendom (so called) had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and Spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures; and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.

Many more words I had with him; but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other"; adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him if he did he wronged his own soul; and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true.

Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me he told me the Lord Protector had said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know that I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this he said, "Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win with gifts or honours, offices or places; but all other sects and people I can." It was told him again that we had forsaken our own possessions; and were not like to look for such things from him.

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Being set at liberty, I went to the inn where Captain Drury at first lodged me. This captain, though he sometimes carried it fairly, was an enemy to me and to Truth, and opposed it. When professors came to me, while I was under his custody, and he was by, he would scoff at trembling, and call us Quakers, as the Independents and Presbyterians had nicknamed us before. But afterwards he came and told me that, as he was lying on his bed to rest himself in the daytime, a sudden trembling seized on him; that his joints knocked together, and his body shook so that he could not rise from his bed. He was so shaken that he had not strength enough left to rise. But he felt the power of the Lord was upon him; and he tumbled off his bed, and cried to the Lord, and said he would never speak more against the Quakers, such as trembled at the word of God.

During the time I was prisoner at Charing-Cross, there came abundance to see me, almost of all sorts, priests, professors, officers of the army, etc. Once a company of officers, being with me, desired me to pray with them. I sat still, with my mind retired to the Lord. At last I felt the power and Spirit of God move in me; and the Lord's power did so shake and shatter them that they wondered, though they did not live in it.

** Among those that came was Colonel Packer, with several of his officers. While they were with me, there came in one Cob, and a great company of Ranters with him. The Ranters began to call for drink and tobacco; but I desired them to forbear it in my room, telling them if they had such a mind to it, they might go into another room. One of them cried, "All is ours"; and another of them said, "All is well." I replied, "How is all well, while thou art so peevish, envious, and crabbed?" for I saw he was of a peevish nature. I spake to their conditions, and they were sensible of it, and looked one upon another, wondering. Then Colonel Packer began to talk with a light, chaffy mind, concerning God, and Christ, and the Scriptures. It was a great grief to my soul and spirit when I heard him talk so lightly; so that I told him he was too light to talk of the things of God, for he did not know the solidity of a man. Thereupon the officers raged, and were wroth that I should speak so of their colonel.*

This Packer was a Baptist, and he and the Ranters bowed and scraped to one another very much; for it was the manner of the Ranters to be exceedingly complimentary (as they call it), so that Packer bade them give over their compliments. But I told them they were fit to go together, for they were both of one spirit.

This Colonel Packer lived at Theobald's, near Waltham, and was made a justice of the peace. He set up a great meeting of the Baptists at Theobald's Park; for he and some other officers had purchased it. They were exceedingly high, and railed against Friends and Truth, and threatened to apprehend me with their warrants if ever I came there. Yet after I was set at liberty, I was moved of the Lord God to go down to Theobald's, and appoint a meeting hard by them; to which many of his people came, and diverse of his hearers were convinced of the way of Truth, and received Christ, the free teacher, and came off from the Baptist; and that made him rage the more. But the Lord's power came over him, so that he had not power to meddle with me.

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Then I went to Waltham, close by him, and had a meeting there; but the people were very rude, and gathered about the house and broke the windows. Thereupon I went out to them, with the Bible in my hand, and desired them to come in; and told them that I would show them Scripture both for our principles and practices. When I had done so, I showed them also that their teachers were in the steps of such as the prophets, and Christ, and the apostles testified against. Then I directed them to the Light of Christ and Spirit of God in their own hearts, that by it they might come to know their free teacher, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The meeting being ended, they went away quieted and satisfied, and a meeting hath since been settled in that town. But this was some time after I was set at liberty by Oliver Cromwell.

** When I came from Whitehall to the Mermaid at Charing-Cross, I stayed not long there, but went into the city of London, where we had great and powerful meetings. So great were the throngs of people that I could hardly get to and from the meetings for the crowds; and the Truth spread exceedingly. Thomas Aldam, and Robert Craven, who had been sheriff of London, and many Friends, came up to London after me; but Alexander Parker abode with me.*

After a while I went to Whitehall again, and was moved to declare the day of the Lord amongst them, and that the Lord was come to teach His people Himself. So I preached Truth, both to the officers, and to them that were called Oliver's gentlemen, who were of his guard. But a priest opposed while I was declaring the Word of the Lord amongst them; for Oliver had several priests about him, of which this was his newsmonger, an envious priest, and a light, scornful, chaffy man. I bade him repent, and he put it in his newspaper the next week that I had been at Whitehall and had bidden a godly minister there to repent.

When I went thither again I met with him; and abundance of people gathered about me. I manifested the priest to be a liar in several things that he had affirmed; and he was put to silence. He put in the news that I wore silver buttons; which was false, for they were but alchemy [potmetal made to resemble the color of gold]. Afterwards he put in the news that I hung ribands on people's arms, which made them follow me. This was another of his lies, for I never used nor wore ribands in my life.

Three Friends went to examine this priest, that gave forth this false intelligence, and to know of him where he had had that information. He said it was a woman that told him so, and that if they would come again he would tell them the woman's name. When they came again he said it was a man, but would not tell them his name then, but said that if they would come again he would tell them his name and where he lived. They went the third time; and then he would not say who told him; but offered, if I would give it under my hand that there was no such thing he would put that into the news. Thereupon the Friends carried it to him under my hand; but when they came he broke his promise, and would not put it in: but was in a rage, and threatened them with the constable.

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** This was the deceitful doing of this forger of lies; and these lies he spread over the nation in the news, to render Truth odious and to put evil into people's minds against Friends and Truth; of which a more large account may be seen in a book printed soon after this time, for the clearing of Friends and Truth from the slanders and false reports raised and cast upon them.*

These priests, the newsmongers, were of the Independent sect, like them in Leicester; but the Lord's power came over all their lies, and swept them away; and many came to see the naughtiness of these priests. The God of heaven carried me over all in His power, and His blessed power went over the nation; insomuch that many Friends about this time were moved to go up and down to sound forth the everlasting gospel in most parts of this nation, and also in Scotland; and the glory of the Lord was felt over all, to His everlasting praise.

A great convincement there was in London; some in the Protector's house and family. I went to see him again, but could not get to him, the officers were grown so rude.

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1655

No respecter of personages or of the rich and famous, Friend [George Fox](#) entitled a message to the Pope et al “A Warning from the Lord to the Pope and to all his Train of Idolatries”:

*It came upon me about this time from the Lord to write a short paper and send it forth as an exhortation and warning to the Pope, and to all kings and rulers in Europe.
Besides this I was moved to write a letter to the Protector (so called) to warn him of the mighty work the Lord hath to do in the nations, and the shaking of them; and to beware of his own wit, craft, subtilty, and policy, and of seeking any by-ends to himself.*

This paper to the Lord Protector from a leader of the [Quakers](#) would in the following year be published “at the Black-Spread Eagle.”

Friend George was writing quite a lot, for instance one of his letters was “to all professors of Christianity” and contained within it many pronouncements of the following sort:

Let us be glad, and rejoice for ever! Singleness of heart is come; pureness of heart is come; joy and gladness is come. The glorious God is exalting Himself; Truth hath been talked of, but now it is possessed. Christ hath been talked of; but now He is come and possessed. The glory hath been talked of; but now it is possessed, and the glory of man is defacing. The Son of God hath been talked of; but now He is come, and hath given us an understanding. Unity hath been talked of; but now it is come. Virgins have been talked of; but now they are come with oil in their lamps.

Friend [George Fox](#)’s epistle entitled “That With The Light, They May See Their Salvation”:



Friends, - All to the light, which Jesus Christ hath enlightened you withal, take heed, that with the light of Christ, the saviour of your souls, ye may all come to see and enjoy rest; and the new covenant ye may all witness, where ye need no man to teach you, saying, know the Lord. And this light shows you sin, and the evil of the world, and the lust of it, and the vain fashions of it, that pass away, and the unrighteousness, the ungodliness of it; for they are not in covenant with God, but are contrary to the light, and to be condemned with the light. Therefore to the light I direct you, that it with ye may see yourselves. Then in it stand, that with it ye may see Jesus, from whence it comes. And join not with your vain thoughts, nor that which doth consult, and set and frame ways; there is the idol maker, and the image maker, and the founder of the images, whom ye will see



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with the light, if ye take heed to it. And so, the founder of the image will be destroyed, and with that ye will come to hear the voice of the son of God; and who hears his voice shall live. And Stephen, who was stoned to death, witnessed the substance, and Moses' words fulfilled, who said, "Like unto me will God raise up a prophet, him shall ye hear." He heard this prophet, and denied the first temple and priests; and so, to deny that which God had commanded was more than to deny these which God never commanded. Therefore consider in your life time, how much time ye have spent in hearing them, and what assurance ye have of the eternal inheritance that never fades away!
G.F.

His epistle entitled "For Plymouth, Keep Your Meetings" dates to this year (this would be, of course, Plymouth in England):



Friends, - Keep your meetings, that in the truth ye may reign, and in the power spread it abroad. And keep in the truth, that ye may see and feel the Lord's presence amongst you; and for it be valiant upon the earth, and know one another in the power of it. So the Lord God Almighty preserve you in his power to his glory! Amen.
G.F.

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled "A Warning to Friends" also dates to this year:



Friends, - I warn and exhort you all in the presence of the Lord God, to meet together in the measure of life, that with it ye may be guided up to God, and in unity kept together to him, the Father of light and life; and God Almighty be with you! And that the dread and terror of the Lord may be among you, and deceit confounded; and that with the measure of life all your minds may be guided up to God, that so ye all may be kept in peace and love. And let this be sent among Friends, to be read in all their meetings. G.F.

His epistle entitled "Concerning the Light" also dates to this year:



All Friends everywhere, keep you meetings waiting in the light



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

which comes from the Lord Jesus Christ; so will ye receive power from him, and have the refreshing springs of life opened to your souls, and be kept sensible of the tender mercies of the Lord. And know one another in the life, (ye that be turned to the light,) and in the power, which comes from the Lord Jesus Christ, who is your light, who is your life; that ye may all in the life see Christ to reign among you, who is the truth, from whence ye have light. Here the old serpent is chained, and put into the bottomless pit, and Christ is known to reign, and ye to reign with him; heirs with him, joint heirs, and heirs of God. Here is the dominion received and witnessed of the word that is without end, and the promise of life from the Father of life to you, who are turned to the Son, who to the Father is the way, who is the mediator between the Father and you. All wait to receive the everlasting priest, the everlasting covenant of God, of light, or life, and peace; into which covenant no sin, no darkness, nor death comes, but the blessing of the only wise God, the Father of life, here is known, where no earthly man can approach. But he that is of God knows God's truth; and he that is of the devil, doth his lusts, who was a murderer from the beginning, in whom is no truth, who in it abide not. So he it is that speaks a lie, and speaks of himself, and not God's word; for he is out of the truth. But ye that are turned to the light walk in the light, walk in the truth, with which light, that never changeth, ye may come to see that which was in the beginning, before the world was, where there is no shadow or darkness. In which light as ye wait, ye will come to receive into your hearts the word of faith, which reconciles to God, and is as a hammer, to beat down all that is contrary; and as a sword, to divide the precious from the vile; and as a fire, to burn up that which is contrary to the precious: which word is pure, and endureth forever; which was in the beginning, and is now again witnessed and made manifest. Therefore wait in the light, that ye may all receive it, the same word that ever was, which the scriptures were given forth from. So, friends, keep your meetings; and as ye are moved of the Lord, be obedient to him, and keep your habitations. And be not troubled; but look at that which giveth you to see over the world. So the Lord God Almighty preserve you in all his glory! Amen.

G.F.



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Friend [George Fox](#)'s visit to the Southern Counties of this year and the next would end him in Launceston Jail.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

** I travelled till I came to Reading, where I found a few that were convinced of the way of the Lord. I stayed till the First-day, and had a meeting in George Lamboll's orchard; and a great part of the town came to it. A glorious meeting it proved; great convincement there was, and the people were mightily satisfied. Thither came two of Judge Fell's daughters to me, and George Bishop, of Bristol, with his sword by his side, for he was a captain.*

After the meeting many Baptists and Ranters came privately, reasoning and discoursing; but the Lord's power came over them. The Ranters pleaded that God made the devil. I denied it, and told them I was come into the power of God, the seed Christ, which was before the devil was, and bruised his head; and he became a devil by going out of truth; and so became a murderer and a destroyer. I showed them that God did not make him a devil; for God is a God of truth, and made all things good, and blessed them; but God did not bless the devil. And the devil is bad, and was a liar and a murderer from the beginning, and spoke of himself, and not from God.

So the Truth stopped and bound them, and came over all the highest notions in the nation, and confounded them. For by the power of the Lord I was manifest, and sought to be made manifest to the Spirit of God in all, that by it they might be turned to God; as many were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ by the Holy Spirit, and were come to sit under His teaching.

After this I passed to London, where I stayed awhile, and had large meetings; then went into Essex, and came to Cogshall, where was a meeting of about two thousand people, as it was judged, which lasted several hours, and a glorious meeting it was. The Word of life was freely declared, and people were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ their Teacher and Saviour, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

On the Sixth-day I had a large meeting near Colchester, to which many professors and the Independent teachers came. After I had done speaking, and was stepped down from the place on which I stood, one of the Independent teachers began to make a jangling; which Amor Stoddart perceiving, said, "Stand up again, George"; for I was going away, and did not at first hear them. But when I heard the Independent, I stood up again, and after awhile the Lord's power came over him and his company; they were confounded and the Lord's Truth went over all. A great flock of sheep hath the Lord in that country, that feed in His pastures of life.

On the First-day following we had a very large meeting not far from Colchester, wherein the Lord's power was eminently manifested, and the people were very well satisfied; for, being turned to the Lord Jesus Christ's free teaching, they received it gladly. Many of these people were of the stock of the martyrs.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

As I passed through Colchester, I went to visit James Parnell in prison; but the jailer would hardly let us come in or stay with him. Very cruel they were to him. The jailer's wife threatened to have his blood; and in that jail they did destroy him, as the reader may see in a book printed soon after his death, giving an account of his life and death; and also in an epistle printed with his collected books and writings.

We came to Yarmouth, where there was a Friend, Thomas Bond, in prison for the Truth of Christ, and there stayed a while. There we had some service; and some were turned to the Lord in that town.

Thence we rode to another town, about twenty miles off, where were many tender people; and I was moved of the Lord to speak to them, as I sat on my horse, in several places as I passed along. We went to another town about five miles beyond, and put up our horses at an inn, Richard Hubberthorn and I having travelled five and forty miles that day. There were some Friendly people in the town; and we had a tender, broken meeting amongst them, in the Lord's power.

We bade the hostler have our horses ready by three in the morning; for we intended to ride to Lynn, about three and thirty miles, next morning. But when we were in bed at our inn, about eleven at night, the constable and officers came, with a great rabble of people, into the inn. They said they were come with a hue-and-cry from a justice of the peace that lived near the town, about five miles off, where I had spoken to the people in the streets, as I rode along. They had been told to search for two horsemen, that rode upon gray horses, and in gray clothes; a house having been broken into the Seventh-day before at night. We told them we were honest, innocent men, and abhorred such things; yet they apprehended us, and set a guard with halberts and pikes upon us that night, calling upon some of those Friendly people, with others, to watch us.

Next morning we were up betimes, and the constable, with his guard, carried us before a justice of the peace about five miles off. We took with us two or three of the sufficient men of the town, who had been with us at the great meeting at Captain Lawrence's, and could testify that we lay both the Seventh-day night and the First-day night at Captain Lawrence's; and it was on the Seventh-day night that they said the house was broken into.

During the time that I was a prisoner at the Mermaid at Charing-Cross, this Captain Lawrence brought several Independent justices to see me there, with whom I had much discourse, at which they took offence. For they pleaded for imperfection, and to sin as long as they lived; but did not like to hear of Christ teaching His people Himself, and making people as clear, whilst here upon the earth, as Adam and Eve were before they fell. These justices had plotted together this mischief against me in the country, pretending that a house was broken into, that they might send their hue-and-cry after me. They were vexed, also, and troubled, to hear of the great meeting at John Lawrence's aforesaid; for a colonel was there convinced that day who lived and died in the Truth.

GEORGE FOX



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FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

But Providence so ordered that the constable carried us to a justice about five miles onward in our way towards Lynn, who was not an Independent, as the rest were. When we were brought before him he began to be angry because we did not put off our hats to him. I told him I had been before the Protector, and he was not offended at my hat; and why should he be offended at it, who was but one of his servants? Then he read the hue-and-cry; and I told him that that night wherein the house was said to have been broken into, we were at Captain Lawrence's house and that we had several men present who could testify the truth thereof.

Thereupon the justice, having examined us and them, said he believed we were not the men that had broken into the house; but he was sorry, he said, that he had no more against us. We told him he ought not to be sorry for not having evil against us, but ought rather to be glad; for to rejoice when he got evil against people, as for housebreaking or the like, was not a good mind in him.

It was a good while, however, before he could resolve whether to let us go or send us to prison, and the wicked constable stirred him up against us, telling him we had good horses and that if it pleased him he would carry us to Norwich jail. But we took hold of the justice's confession that he believed we were not the men that had broken into the house; and, after we had admonished him to fear the Lord in his day, the Lord's power came over him, so that he let us go; so their snare was broken.

A great people was afterwards gathered to the Lord in that town, where I was moved to speak to them in the street, and whence the hue-and-cry came.

Being set at liberty, we passed on to Cambridge. When I came into the town the scholars, hearing of me, were up, and were exceeding rude. I kept on my horse's back, and rode through them in the Lord's power; but they unhorsed Amor Stoddart before he could get to the inn. When we were in the inn they were so rude in the courts and in the streets that the miners, colliers and carters could not be ruder. The people of the house asked us what we would have for supper. "Supper!" said I, "were it not that the Lord's power is over them, these rude scholars look as if they would pluck us in pieces and make a supper of us." They knew I was so against the trade of preaching, which they were there as apprentices to learn, that they raged as greatly as ever Diana's craftsmen did against Paul.

At this place John Crook met us. When it was night the mayor of the town being friendly, came and fetched me to his house; and as we walked through the streets there was a bustle in the town; but they did not know me, it being darkish. They were in a rage, not only against me, but against the mayor also; so that he was almost afraid to walk the streets with me for the tumult. We sent for the Friendly people, and had a fine meeting in the power of God; and I stayed there all night.

Next morning, having ordered our horses to be ready by the sixth hour, we passed peaceably out of town. The destroyers were disappointed: for they thought I would have stayed longer in the town, and intended to have done us mischief; but our passing away early in the morning frustrated their evil purposes against us.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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FOX'S JOURNAL:

At Evesham I heard that the magistrates had cast several Friends into diverse prisons, and that, hearing of my coming, they made a pair of high stocks. I sent for Edward Pittaway, a Friend that lived near Evesham, and asked him the truth of the thing. He said it was so. I went that night with him to Evesham; and in the evening we had a large, precious meeting, wherein Friends and people were refreshed with the Word of life, the power of the Lord.

Next morning I rode to one of the prisons, and visited Friends there, and encouraged them. Then I rode to the other prison, where were several prisoners. Amongst them was Humphry Smith, who had been a priest, but was now become a free minister of Christ. When I had visited Friends at both prisons, and was turned to go out of the town, I espied the magistrates coming up the town, intending to seize me in prison. But the Lord frustrated their intent, the innocent escaped their snare, and God's blessed power came over them all. But exceeding rude and envious were the priests and professors about this time in these parts. I went from Evesham to Worcester, and had a quiet and a precious meeting there. From Worcester we went to Tewkesbury, where in the evening we had a great meeting, to which came the priest of the town with a great rabble of rude people.

Leaving Tewkesbury, we passed to Warwick, where in the evening we had a meeting with many sober people at a widow-woman's house. A precious meeting we had in the Lord's power; several were convinced and turned to the Lord. After the meeting a Baptist in the company began to jangle; and the bailiff of the town, with his officers, came in and said, "What do these people here at this time of night?" So he secured John Crook, Amor Stoddart, Gerrard Roberts and me; but we had leave to go to our inn, and to be forthcoming in the morning.

The next morning many rude people came into the inn, and into our chambers, desperate fellows; but the Lord's power gave us dominion over them. Gerrard Roberts and John Crook went to the bailiff to know what he had to say to us. He said we might go our ways, for he had little to say to us. As we rode out of town it lay upon me to ride to his house to let him know that, the Protector having given forth an instrument of government in which liberty of conscience was granted, it was very strange that, contrary to that instrument of government, he would trouble peaceable people that feared God.

The Friends went with me, but the rude people gathered about us with stones. One of them took hold of my horse's bridle and broke it; but the horse, drawing back, threw him under him. Though the bailiff saw this, yet he did not stop, nor so much as rebuke the rude multitude; so that it was strange we were not slain or hurt in the streets; for the people threw stones and struck at us as we rode along the town.

GEORGE FOX



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FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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FOX'S JOURNAL:

When we were quite out of the town I told Friends that it was upon me from the Lord that I must go back into the town again; and if any one of them felt anything upon him from the Lord he might follow me; the rest, that did not, might go on to Dun-Cow. So I passed through the market in the dreadful power of God, declaring the Word of life to them; and John Crook followed me. Some struck at me; but the Lord's power was over them, and gave me dominion over all. I showed them their unworthiness to claim the name of Christians, and the unworthiness of their teachers, that had not brought them into more sobriety; and what a shame they were to Christianity.

Having cleared myself, I turned out of the town again, and passed to Coventry, where we found the people closed up with darkness. I went to the house of a professor, where I had formerly been, and he was drunk; which grieved my soul so that I did not go into any house in the town; but rode into some of the streets, and into the market-place. I felt that the power of the Lord was over the town.

Then I went on to Dun-Cow, and had a meeting in the evening, and some were turned to the Lord by His Spirit, as some also were at Warwick and at Tewkesbury. We lay at Dun-Cow that night; we met with John Camm, a faithful minister of the everlasting gospel. In the morning there gathered a rude company of priests and people who behaved more like beasts than men, for some of them came riding on horseback into the room where we were; but the Lord gave us dominion over them.

Thence we passed into Leicestershire, and after that to Baddesley in Warwickshire. Here William Edmundson, who lived in Ireland, having some drawings upon his spirit to come into England to see me, met with me; by whom I wrote a few lines to Friends then convinced in the north of Ireland.

Friends:

In that which convinced you, wait; that you may have that removed you are convinced of. And all my dear Friends, dwell in the life, and love, and power, and wisdom of God, in unity one with another, and with God; and the peace and wisdom of God fill all your hearts that nothing may rule in you but the life which stands in the Lord God.

G.F.

When these few lines were read amongst the Friends in Ireland at their meeting, the power of the Lord came upon all in the room.

From Baddesley we passed to Swannington and Higham, and so into Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire, having great meetings; and many were turned to the Lord by His power and Spirit.

GEORGE FOX

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM****FOX'S JOURNAL:**

When we came to Baldock in Hertfordshire, I asked if there was nothing in that town, no profession; and it was answered me that there were some Baptists, and a Baptist woman who was sick. John Rush, of Bedfordshire, went with me to visit her.

When we came in there were many tender people about her. They told me she was not a woman for this world, but if I had anything that would comfort her concerning the world to come, I might speak to her. I was moved of the Lord God to speak to her; and the Lord raised her up again, to the astonishment of the town and country. This Baptist woman and her husband, whose name was Baldock, came to be convinced, and many hundreds of people have met at their house since. Great meetings and convincements were in those parts afterwards; many received the Word of life, and sat down under the teaching of Christ, their Saviour.

When we had visited this sick woman we returned to our inn, where were two desperate fellows fighting so furiously that none durst come nigh to part them. But I was moved, in the Lord's power, to go to them; and when I had loosed their hands, I held one of them by one hand and the other by the other, showed them the evil of their doings, and reconciled them one to the other; and they were so loving and thankful to me that people marveled at it.

Now, after I had tarried some time in London, and had visited Friends in their meetings, I went out of town, leaving James Nayler in the city. As I passed from him I cast my eyes upon him, and a fear struck me concerning him; but I went away and rode down to Ryegate, in Surrey, where I had a little meeting. There the Friends told me of one Thomas Moore, a justice of the peace, that lived not far from Ryegate, a Friendly, moderate man. I went to visit him at his house, and he came to be a serviceable man in Truth.

Thence we went to Dorchester, and alighted at an inn, a Baptist's house. We sent into the town to the Baptists, to ask them to let us have their meeting-house to assemble in, and to invite the sober people to the meeting; but they denied it us. We sent to them again, to know why they would deny us their meeting-house, so the thing was noised about in the town. Then we sent them word that if they would not let us come to their house, they, or any people that feared God, might come to our inn, if they pleased; but they were in a great rage. Their teacher and many of them came up, and slapped their Bibles on the table.

I asked them why they were so angry, - "Were they angry with the Bible?" But they fell into a discourse about their water-baptism. I asked them whether they could say they were sent of God to baptize people, as John was, and whether they had the same Spirit and power that the apostles had? They said they had not.

Then I asked them how many powers there are, - whether there are any more than the power of God and the power of the devil. They said there was not any other power than those two. Then said I, "If you have not the power of God that the apostles had, you act by the power of the devil." Many sober people were present, who said they have thrown themselves on their backs. Many substantial people were convinced that night; a precious service we had there for the Lord, and His power came over all.

GEORGE FOX
JAMES NAYLER



GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

** Next morning, as we were passing away, the Baptists, being in a rage, began to shake the dust off their feet after us. "What," said I, "in the power of darkness! We, who are in the power of God, shake off the dust of our feet against you."*

Leaving Dorchester, we came to Weymouth; where also we inquired after sober people; and about fourscore of them gathered together at a priest's house. Most of them received the Word of life and were turned to their teacher, Christ Jesus, who had enlightened them with His divine Light, by which they might see their sins, and Him who saveth from sin. A blessed meeting we had with them, and they received the Truth in the love of it, with gladness of heart.

The meeting held several hours. The state of their teachers, and their apostasy was opened to them; and the state of the apostles, and of the Church in their days; and the state of the law and of the prophets before Christ, and how Christ came to fulfill them; that He was their teacher in the apostles' days; and that He was come now to teach His people Himself by His power and spirit. All was quiet, the meeting broke up peaceably, the people were very loving; and a meeting is continued in that town to this day. Many are added to them; and some who had been Ranters came to own the Truth, and to live very soberly.

There was a captain of horse in the town, who sent to me, and would fain have had me stay longer; but I was not to stay. He and his man rode out of town with me about seven miles; Edward Pyot also being with me. This captain was the fattest, merriest, cheerfullest man, and the most given to laughter, that ever I met with: insomuch that I was several times moved to speak in the dreadful power of the Lord to him; yet it was become so customary to him that he would presently laugh at anything he saw. But I still admonished him to come to sobriety, and the fear of the Lord and sincerity.

We lay at an inn that night, and the next morning I was moved to speak to him again, when he parted from us. The next time I saw him he told me that when I spoke to him at parting, the power of the Lord so struck him that before he got home he was serious enough, and discontinued his laughing. He afterwards was convinced, and became a serious and good man, and died in the Truth.

After this we passed to Totness, a dark town. We lodged there at an inn; and that night Edward Pyot was sick, but the Lord's power healed him, so that the next day we got to Kingsbridge, and at our inn inquired for the sober people of the town. They directed us to Nicholas Tripe and his wife; and we went to their house. They sent for the priest, with whom we had some discourse; but he, being confounded, quickly left us. Nicholas Tripe and his wife were convinced; and since that time there has been a good meeting of Friends in that country.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

In the evening we returned to our inn. There being many people drinking in the house, I was moved of the Lord to go amongst them, and to direct them to the Light with which Christ, the heavenly man, had enlightened them; by which they might see all their evil ways, words, and deeds, and by the same Light might also see Christ Jesus their Saviour.

The innkeeper stood uneasy, seeing it hindered his guests from drinking; and as soon as the last words were out of my mouth he snatched up the candle, and said, "Come, here is a light for you to go into your chamber." Next morning, when he was cool, I represented to him what an uncivil thing it was for him so to do; then, warning him of the day of the Lord, we got ready and passed away.

We came next day to Plymouth, refreshed ourselves at our inn, and went to Robert Cary's, where we had a very precious meeting. At this meeting was Elizabeth Trelawny, daughter to a baronet. She being somewhat thick of hearing, came close up to me, and clapped her ear very nigh me while I spake; and she was convinced. After this meeting came in some jangling Baptists; but the Lord's power came over them, and Elizabeth Trelawny gave testimony thereto. A fine meeting was settled there in the Lord's power, which hath continued ever since, where many faithful Friends have been convinced.

Thence we passed into Cornwall, and came to an inn in the parish of Menheriot. At night we had a meeting at Edward Hancock's, to which came Thomas Mounce and a priest, with many people. We brought the priest to confess that he was a minister made by the state, and maintained by the state; and he was confounded and went his way; but many of the people stayed.

I directed them to the Light of Christ, by which they might see their sins; and their Saviour Christ Jesus, the way to God, their Mediator, to make peace betwixt God and them; their Shepherd to feed them, and their Prophet to teach them. I directed them to the Spirit of God in themselves, by which they might know the Scriptures, and be led into all Truth; and by the Spirit might know God, and in it have unity one with another. Many were convinced at that time, and came under Christ's teaching; and there are fine gatherings in the name of Jesus in those parts at this day.

When we came to Ives, Edward Pyot's horse having cast a shoe, we stayed to have it set; and while he was getting his horse shod, I walked down to the seaside. When I returned I found the town in an uproar. They were haling Edward Pyot and the other Friend before Major Peter Ceely, a major in the army and a justice of the peace. I followed them into the justice's house, though they did not lay hands upon me.

When we came in, the house was full of rude people; whereupon I asked if there were not an officer among them to keep the people civil. Major Ceely said that he was a magistrate. I told him that he should then show forth gravity and sobriety, and use his authority to keep the people civil; for I never saw any people ruder; the Indians were more like Christians than they.

GEORGE FOX



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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

After a while they brought forth a paper, and asked whether I would own it. I said, Yes. Then he tendered the oath of abjuration to us; whereupon I put my hand in my pocket and drew forth the answer to it which I had given to the Protector. After I had given him that, he examined us severally, one by one. He had with him a silly young priest, who asked us many frivolous questions; and amongst the rest he desired to cut my hair, which was then pretty long; but I was not to cut it, though many times many were offended at it. I told them I had no pride in it, and it was not of my own putting on. At length the justice put us under a guard of soldiers, who were hard and wild, like the justice himself; nevertheless we warned the people of the day of the Lord, and declared the Truth to them. The next day he sent us, guarded by a party of horse with swords and pistols, to Redruth. On First-day the soldiers would have taken us away; but we told them it was their Sabbath, and it was not usual to travel on that day.

Several of the townspeople gathered about us, and whilst I held the soldiers in discourse, Edward Pyot spoke to the people; and afterwards he held the soldiers in discourse, whilst I spoke to the people. In the meantime the other Friend got out the back way, and went to the steeple-house to speak to the priest and people. The people were exceedingly desperate, in a mighty rage against him, and they sorely abused him. The soldiers also, missing him, were in a great rage, ready to kill us; but I declared the day of the Lord and the Word of eternal life to the people that gathered about us.

In the afternoon the soldiers were resolved to take us away, so we took horse. When we were come to the town's end I was moved of the Lord to go back again, to speak to the old man of the house. The soldiers drew out their pistols, and swore I should not go back. I heeded them not, but rode back, and they rode after me. I cleared myself to the old man and the people, and then returned with them, and reprov'd them for being so rude and violent.

At night we were brought to a town then called Smethick, but since known as Falmouth. It being the evening of the First-day, there came to our inn the chief constable of the place, and many sober people, some of whom began to inquire concerning us. We told them we were prisoners for Truth's sake; and much discourse we had with them concerning the things of God. They were very sober and loving to us. Some were convinced, and stood faithful ever after. When the constable and these people were gone, others came in, who were also very civil, and went away very loving. When all were gone, we went to our chamber to go to bed; and about the eleventh hour Edward Pyot said, "I will shut the door; it may be some may come to do us mischief." Afterwards we understood that Captain Keat, who commanded the party, had intended to do us some injury that night; but the door being bolted, he missed his design. Next morning Captain Keat brought a kinsman of his, a rude, wicked man, and put him into the room; himself standing without. This evil-minded man walked huffing up and down the room; I bade him fear the Lord. Thereupon he ran upon me, struck me with both his hands, and, clapping his leg behind me, would have thrown me down if he could; but he was not able, for I stood stiff and still, and let him strike.

GEORGE FOX



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

FOX'S JOURNAL:

As I looked towards the door, I saw Captain Keat look on, and see his kinsman thus beat and abuse me. I said to him, "Keat, dost thou allow this?" He said he did. "Is this manly or civil," said I, "to have us under a guard, and then put a man to abuse and beat us? Is this manly, civil, or Christian?" I desired one of our friends to send for the constables, and they came.

Then I desired the Captain to let the constables see his warrant or order, by which he was to carry us; which he did. His warrant was to conduct us safe to Captain Fox, governor of Pendennis Castle; and if the governor should not be at home, he was to convey us to Launceston jail. I told him he had broken his order concerning us; for we, who were his prisoners, were to be safely conducted; but he had brought a man to beat and abuse us; so he having broken his order, I wished the constable to keep the warrant. Accordingly he did, and told the soldiers they might go their ways, for he would take charge of the prisoners; and if it cost twenty shillings in charges to carry us up, they should not have the warrant again. I showed the soldiers the baseness of their carriage towards us; and they walked up and down the house, pitifully blank and down.

The constables went to the castle, and told the officers what they had done. The officers showed great dislike of Captain Keat's base carriage towards us; and told the constables that Major-General Desborough was coming to Bodmin, and that we should meet him; and it was likely he would free us. Meanwhile our old guard of soldiers came by way of entreaty to us, and promised that they would be civil to us if we would go with them.

Thus the morning was spent till about the eleventh hour; and then, upon the soldiers' entreaty, and their promise to be more civil, the constables gave them the order again; and we went with them.

Great was the civility and courtesy of the constables and people of that town towards us. They kindly entertained us, and the Lord rewarded them with His truth; for many of them have since been convinced thereof, and are gathered into the name of Jesus, and sit under Christ, their Teacher and Saviour.

Captain Keat, who commanded our guard, understanding that Captain Fox, who was governor of Pendennis Castle, was gone to meet Major-General Desborough, did not carry us thither; but took us directly to Bodmin, in the way to Launceston. We met Major-General Desborough on the way. The captain of his troop, who rode before him, knew me, and said, "Oh, Mr. Fox, what do you here?" I replied, "I am a prisoner." "Alack," he said, "for what?" I told him I was taken up as I was travelling. "Then," said he, "I will speak to my lord, and he will set you at liberty."

So he came from the head of his troop, and rode up to the coach, and spoke to the Major-General. We also gave him an account of how we were taken. He began to speak against the Light of Christ; against which I exhorted him. Then he told the soldiers that they might carry us to Launceston; for he could not stay to talk with us, lest his horses should take cold.

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To Bodmin we were taken that night; and when we came to our inn Captain Keat, who was in before us, put me into a room and went his way. When I was come in, there stood a man with a naked rapier in his hand. Whereupon I turned out again, called for Captain Keat, and said, "What now, Keat; what trick hast thou played now, to put me into a room where there is a man with his naked rapier? What is thy end in this?" "Oh," said he, "pray hold your tongue; for if you speak to this man, we cannot rule him, he is so devilish." "Then," said I, "dost thou put me into a room where there is such a man with a naked rapier that thou sayest you cannot rule him? What an unworthy, base trick is this? and to put me single into this room, away from my friends that were fellow-prisoners with me?" Thus his plot was discovered and the mischief they intended was prevented.

Afterward we got another room, where we were together all night; and in the evening we declared the Truth to the people; but they were dark and hardened. The soldiers, notwithstanding their fair promises, were very rude and wicked to us again, and sat up drinking and roaring all night.

Next day we were brought to Launceston, where Captain Keat delivered us to the jailer. Now was there no Friend, nor Friendly people, near us; and the people of the town were a dark, hardened people. The jailer required us to pay seven shillings a week for our horse-meat [fodder], and seven shillings a week apiece for our diet. After some time several sober persons came to see us, and some people of the town were convinced, and many friendly people out of several parts of the country came to visit us, and were convinced.

Then got up a great rage among the professors and priests against us. They said, "This people 'Thou' and 'Thee' all men without respect and will not put off their hats, nor bow the knee to any man; but we shall see, when the assize comes, whether they will dare to 'Thou' and 'Thee' the judge, and keep on their hats before him." They expected we should be hanged at the assize.

But all this was little to us; for we saw how God would stain the world's honour and glory; and were commanded not to seek that honour, nor give it; but knew the honour that cometh from God only, and sought that.

It was nine weeks from the time of our commitment to the time of the assizes, to which abundance of people came from far and near to hear the trial of the Quakers. Captain Bradden lay there with his troop of horse. His soldiers and the sheriff's men guarded us to the court through the multitude that filled the streets; and much ado they had to get us through. Besides, the doors and windows were filled with people looking upon us.

When we were brought into the court, we stood a while with our hats on, and all was quiet. I was moved to say, "Peace be amongst you."

Judge Glynne, a Welshman, then Chief-Justice of England, said to the jailer, "What be these you have brought here into the court?" "Prisoners, my lord," said he.

"Why do you not put off your hats?" said the Judge to us. We said nothing. "Put off your hats," said the Judge again. Still we said nothing. Then said the Judge, "The Court commands you to put off your hats."

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Then I spoke, and said, "Where did ever any magistrate, king, or judge, from Moses to Daniel, command any to put off their hats, when they came before him in his court, either amongst the Jews, the people of God, or amongst the heathen? and if the law of England doth command any such thing, show me that law either written or printed."

Then the Judge grew very angry, and said, "I do not carry my law-books on my back." "But," said I, "tell me where it is printed in any statute-book, that I may read it."

*Then said the Judge, "Take him away, prevaricator! I'll **ferk** him." So they took us away, and put us among the thieves.*

Presently after he calls to the jailer, "Bring them up again." "Come," said he, "where had they hats, from Moses to Daniel; come, answer me: I have you fast now."

I replied, "Thou mayest read in the third of Daniel, that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command, with their coats, their hose, and their hats on."

This plain instance stopped him: so that, not having anything else to say to the point, he cried again, "Take them away, jailer."

Accordingly we were taken away, and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while; and then, without being called again, the sheriff's men and the troopers made way for us (but we were almost spent) to get through the crowd of people, and guarded us to the prison again, a multitude of people following us, with whom we had much discourse and reasoning at the jail.

We had some good books to set forth our principles, and to inform people of the Truth. The Judge and justices hearing of this, they sent Captain Bradden for them. He came into the jail to us, and violently took our books from us, some out of Edward Pyot's hands, and carried them away; so we never got them again.

[While in the jail Fox addressed a paper "against swearing" to the grand and petty juries.]

This paper passing among them from the jury to the justices, they presented it to the Judge; so that when we were called before the Judge, he bade the clerk give me that paper, and then asked me whether that seditious paper was mine. I said to him, "If they will read it out in open court, that I may hear it, if it is mine I will own it, and stand by it." He would have had me take it and look upon it in my own hand; but I again desired that it might be read, that all the country might hear it, and judge whether there was any sedition in it or not; for if there were, I was willing to suffer for it.

At last the clerk of the assize read it, with an audible voice, that all the people might hear it. When he had done I told them it was my paper; that I would own it, and so might they too, unless they would deny the Scripture: for was not this Scripture language, and the words and commands of Christ, and the Apostle, which all true Christians ought to obey?

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Then they let fall that subject; and the Judge fell upon us about our hats again, bidding the jailer take them off; which he did, and gave them to us; and we put them on again. Then we asked the Judge and the justices, for what cause we had lain in prison these nine weeks, seeing they now objected to nothing but our hats. And as for putting off our hats, I told them that that was the honour which God would lay in the dust, though they made so much ado about it; the honour which is of men, and which men seek one of another, and is a mark of unbelievers. For "How can ye believe," saith Christ, "who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" Christ saith, "I receive not honour from men"; and all true Christians should be of His mind.

Then the Judge began to make a pompous speech, how he represented the Lord Protector's person, who made him Lord Chief-Justice of England, and sent him to come that circuit, etc. We desired him, then, that he would do us justice for our false imprisonment which we had suffered nine weeks wrongfully. But instead of that, they brought an indictment framed against us; so full of lies that I thought it had been against some of the thieves, - "that we came by force and arms, and in a hostile manner, into the court"; who were brought as aforesaid. I told them it was all false; and still we cried for justice for our false imprisonment, being taken up in our journey without cause by Major Ceely.

Then Peter Ceely said to the Judge, "May it please you, my lord, this man (pointing to me) went aside with me, and told me how serviceable I might be for his design; that he could raise forty thousand men at an hour's warning, involve the nation in blood, and so bring in King Charles. I would have aided him out of the country, but he would not go. If it please you, my lord, I have a witness to swear it."

So he called upon his witness; but the Judge not being forward to examine the witness, I desired that he would be pleased to let my mittimus be read in the face of the court and the country, in which the crime was signified for which I was sent to prison. The Judge said it should not be read. I said, "It ought to be, seeing it concerned my liberty and my life." The Judge said again, "It shall not be read." I said, "It ought to be read; for if I have done anything worthy of death, or of bonds, let all the country know it."

Then seeing they would not read it, I spoke to one of my fellow-prisoners: "Thou hast a copy of it; read it up." "It shall not be read," said the Judge; "jailer, take him away. I'll see whether he or I shall be master."

So I was taken away, and awhile after called for again. I still called to have the mittimus read; for that signified the cause of my commitment. I again spoke to the Friend, my fellow-prisoner, to read it up; which he did. The Judge, justices, and the whole court were silent; for the people were eager to hear it.

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It was as followeth:

Peter Ceely, one of the justices of the peace of this county, to the keeper of His Highness's jail at Launceston, or his lawful deputy in that behalf, greeting:

I send you here withal by the bearers hereof, the bodies of Edward Pyot, of Bristol, and George Fox, of Drayton-in-the-Clay, in Leicestershire, and William Salt, of London, which they pretend to be the places of their habitations, who go under the notion of Quakers, and acknowledge themselves to be such; who have spread several papers tending to the disturbance of the public peace, and cannot render any lawful cause of coming into those parts, being persons altogether unknown, having no pass for travelling up and down the country, and refusing to give sureties for their good behaviour, according to the law in that behalf provided; and refuse to take oath of abjuration, etc. These are, therefore, in the name of his highness the Lord Protector, to will and command you, that when the bodies of the said Edward Pyot, George Fox, and William Salt, shall be unto you brought, you them receive, and in His Highness's prison aforesaid you safely keep them, until by due course of law they shall be delivered. Hereof fail you not, as you will answer the contrary at your perils. Given under my hand and seal, at St. Ives, the 18th day of January, 1655.

P. Ceely.

When it was read I spoke thus to the Judge and justices:

Thou that sayest thou art Chief-Justice of England, and you justices, know that, if I had put in sureties, I might have gone whither I pleased, and have carried on the design (if I had had one) with which Major Ceely hath charged me. And if I had spoken those words to him, which he hath here declared, judge ye whether bail or mainprize could have been taken in that case.

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Then, turning my speech to Major Ceely, I said:

When or where did I take thee aside? Was not thy house full of rude people, and thou as rude as any of them, at our examination; so that I asked for a constable or some other officer to keep the people civil? But if thou art my accuser, why sittest thou on the bench? It is not the place of accusers to sit with the judge. Thou oughtest to come down and stand by me, and look me in the face.

Besides, I would ask the Judge and justices whether Major Ceely is not guilty of this treason, which he charges against me, in concealing it so long as he hath done? Does he understand his place, either as a soldier or a justice of the peace? For he tells you here that I went aside with him, and told him what a design I had in hand, and how serviceable he might be for my design: that I could raise forty thousand men in an hour's time, bring in King Charles, and involve the nation in blood. He saith, moreover, that he would have aided me out of the country, but I would not go; and therefore he committed me to prison for want of sureties for the good behaviour, as the mittimus declares.

Now, do you not see plainly that Major Ceely is guilty of this plot and treason he talks of, and hath made himself a party to it by desiring me to go out of the country, demanding bail of me, and not charging me with this pretended treason till now, nor discovering it? But I deny and abhor his words, and am innocent of his devilish design.

So that business was let fall; for the Judge saw clearly enough that instead of ensnaring me, Major Ceely had ensnared himself.

** Major Ceely got up again, and said,*

If it please you, my lord, to hear me: this man struck me, and gave me such a blow as I never had in my life.

At this I smiled in my heart, and said,

Major Ceely, art thou a justice of the peace, and a major of a troop of horse, and tellest the Judge, in the face of the court and country, that I, a prisoner, struck thee and gave thee such a blow as thou never hadst the like in thy life? What! art thou not ashamed? Prithee, Major Ceely, where did I strike thee? and who is thy witness for that? who was by?

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He said it was in the Castle-Green, and Captain Bradden was standing by when I struck him. I desired the Judge to let him produce his witness for that; and called again upon Major Ceely to come down from the bench, telling him that it was not fit that the accuser should sit as judge over the accused. When I called again for his witness he said that Captain Bradden was his witness.

Then I said, "Speak, Captain Bradden, didst thou see me give him such a blow, and strike him as he saith?" Captain Bradden made no answer; but bowed his head towards me. I desired him to speak up, if he knew any such thing; but he only bowed his head again. "Nay," said I, "speak up, and let the court and country hear, and let not bowing of the head serve the turn. If I have done so, let the law be inflicted on me; I fear not sufferings, nor death itself, for I am an innocent man concerning all this charge."

But Captain Bradden never testified to it; and the Judge, finding those snares would not hold, cried, "Take him away, jailer;" and then, when we were taken away, he fined us twenty marks apiece for not putting off our hats; and sentenced us to be kept in prison till we paid it; so he sent us back to the jail.

At night Captain Bradden came to see us, and seven or eight justices with him, who were very civil to us, and told us they believed neither the Judge nor any in the court gave credit to the charges which Major Ceely had brought forward against me in the face of the country. And Captain Bradden said that Major Ceely had an intent to take away my life if he could have got another witness.

"But," said I, "Captain Bradden, why didst not thou witness for me, or against me, seeing Major Ceely produced thee for a witness, that thou saw me strike him? and when I desired thee to speak either for me or against me, according to what thou saw or knew, thou wouldst not speak."

"Why," said he, "when Major Ceely and I came by you, as you were walking in the Castle-Green, he put off his hat to you, and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Fox? Your servant, Sir.' Then you said to him, 'Major Ceely, take heed of hypocrisy, and of a rotten heart: for when came I to be thy master, and thou my servant? Do servants cast their masters into prison?' This was the great blow he meant you gave him."

Then I called to mind that they walked by us, and that he spoke so to me, and I to him; which hypocrisy and rotten-heartedness he manifested openly, when he complained of this to the Judge in open court, and in the face of the country; and would have made them all believe that I struck him outwardly with my hand.

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There came also to see us one Colonel Rouse a justice of the peace, and a great company with him. He was as full of words and talk as ever I heard any man in my life, so that there was no speaking to him. At length I asked him whether he had ever been at school, and knew what belonged to questions and answers; (this I said to stop him).

"At school!" said he, "Yes."

"At school!" said the soldiers; "doth he say so to our colonel, that is a scholar?"

"Then," said I, "if he be so, let him be still and receive answers to what he hath said."

Then I was moved to speak the Word of life to him in God's dreadful power; which came so over him that he could not open his mouth. His face swelled, and was red like a turkey; his lips moved, and he mumbled something; but the people thought he would have fallen down. I stepped up to him, and he said he was never so in his life before: for the Lord's power stopped the evil power in him; so that he was almost choked.

The man was ever after very loving to Friends, and not so full of airy words to us; though he was full of pride; but the Lord's power came over him, and the rest that were with him.

Another time there came an officer of the army, a very malicious, bitter professor whom I had known in London. He was full of his airy talk also, and spoke slightly of the Light of Christ, and against the Truth, and against the Spirit of God being in men, as it was in the apostles' days; till the power of God, that bound the evil in him, had almost choked him as it did Colonel Rouse: for he was so full of evil that he could not speak, but blubbered and stuttered. But from the time that the Lord's power struck him and came over him, he was ever after more loving to us.

* The assizes being over, and we settled in prison upon such a commitment that we were not likely to be soon released, we broke off from giving the jailer seven shillings a week apiece for our horses, and seven shillings a week for ourselves, and sent our horses into the country. Upon which he grew very wicked and devilish, and put us down into Doomsdale, a nasty, stinking place, where they used to put murderers after they were condemned.

The place was so noisome that it was observed few that went in did ever come out again in health. There was no house of office in it; and the excrement of the prisoners that from time to time had been put there had not been carried out (as we were told) for many years. So that it was all like mire, and in some places to the tops of the shoes in water and urine; and he would not let us cleanse it, nor suffer us to have beds or straw to lie on.

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At night some friendly people of the town brought us a candle and a little straw; and we burned a little of our straw to take away the stink. The thieves lay over our heads, and the head jailer in a room by them, over our heads also. It seems the smoke went up into the room where the jailer lay; which put him into such a rage that he took the pots of excrement from the thieves and poured them through a hole upon our heads in Doomsdale, till we were so bespattered that we could not touch ourselves nor one another. And the stink increased upon us; so that what with stink, and what with smoke, we were almost choked and smothered. We had the stink under our feet before, but now we had it on our heads and backs also; and he having quenched our straw with the filth he poured down, had made a great smother in the place. Moreover, he railed at us most hideously, calling us hatchet-faced dogs, and such strange names as we had never heard of. In this manner we were obliged to stand all night, for we could not sit down, the place was so full of filthy excrement.

A great while he kept us after this manner before he would let us cleanse it, or suffer us to have any victuals brought in but what we got through the grate. One time a girl brought us a little meat; and he arrested her for breaking his house, and sued her in the town-court for breaking the prison. A great deal of trouble he put the young woman to; whereby others were so discouraged that we had much ado to get water, drink, or victuals. Near this time we sent for a young woman, Ann Downer, from London, who could write and take things well in short-hand, to buy and dress our meat for us; which she was very willing to do, it being also upon her spirit to come to us in the love of God; and she was very serviceable to us.

The head-jailer, we were informed, had been a thief, and was burnt both in the hand and in the shoulder; his wife, too, had been burnt in the hand. The under-jailer had been burnt both in the hand and in the shoulder: his wife had been burnt in the hand also. Colonel Bennet, a Baptist teacher, having purchased the jail and lands belonging to the castle, had placed this head-jailer there. The prisoners and some wild people would be talking of spirits that haunted Doomsdale, and how many had died in it, thinking perhaps to terrify us therewith. But I told them that if all the spirits and devils in hell were there, I was over them in the power of God, and feared no such thing; for Christ, our Priest, would sanctify the walls of the house to us, He who had bruised the head of the devil. The priest was to cleanse the plague out of the walls of the house under the law, which had been ended by Christ, our Priest, who sanctifies both inwardly and outwardly the walls of the house, the walls of the heart, and all things to his people.

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By this time the general quarter-sessions drew nigh; and the jailer still carrying himself basely and wickedly towards us, we drew up our suffering case, and sent it to the sessions at Bodmin. On the reading thereof, the justices gave order that Doomsdale door should be opened, and that we should have liberty to cleanse it, and to buy our meat in the town. We also sent a copy of our sufferings to the Protector, setting forth how we had been taken and committed by Major Ceely; and abused by Captain Keat as aforesaid, and the rest in order. The Protector sent down an order to Captain Fox, governor of Pendennis Castle, to examine the matter about the soldiers abusing us, and striking me.

There were at that time many of the gentry of the country at the Castle; and Captain Keat's kinsman, that struck me, was sent for before them, and much threatened. They told him that if I should change my principles, I might take the extremity of the law against him, and might recover sound damages of him. Captain Keat also was checked, for suffering the prisoners under his charge to be abused.

This was of great service in the country; for afterwards Friends might speak in any market or steeple-house thereabouts, and none would meddle with them. I understood that Hugh Peters, one of the Protector's chaplains, told him they could not do George Fox a greater service for the spreading of his principles in Cornwall, than to imprison him there.

And indeed my imprisonment there was of the Lord, and for His service in those parts; for after the assizes were over, and it was known that we were likely to continue prisoners, several Friends from most parts of the nation came in to the country to visit us. Those parts of the west were very dark countries at that time but the Lord's light and truth broke forth, shone over all, and many were turned from darkness to light, and from Satan's power unto God. Many were moved to go to the steeple-houses; and several were sent to prison to us; and a great convincement began in the country. For now we had liberty to come out, and to walk in the Castle-Green; and many came to us on First-days, to whom we declared the Word of life.

Great service we had among them, and many were turned to God, up and down the country; but great rage possessed the priests and professors against the Truth and us. One of the envious professors had collected many Scripture sentences to prove that we ought to put off our hats to the people; and he invited the town of Launceston to come into the castle-yard to hear him read them. Amongst other instances that he there brought, one was that Saul bowed to the witch of Endor. When he had done, we got a little liberty to speak; and we showed both him and the people that Saul was gone from God, and had disobeyed God when he went to the witch of Endor: that neither the prophets, nor Christ, nor the apostles ever taught people to bow to a witch.

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Another time, about eleven at night, the jailer, being half drunk, came and told me that he had got a man now to dispute with me: (this was when we had leave to go a little into the town). As soon as he spoke these words I felt there was mischief intended to my body. All that night and the next day I lay down on a grass-plot to slumber, and felt something still about my body: I started up, and struck at it in the power of the Lord, and still it was about my body.

Then I rose and walked into the Castle-Green, and the under-keeper came and told me that there was a maid would speak with me in the prison. I felt a snare in his words, too, therefore I went not into the prison, but to the grate; and looking in, I saw a man that was lately brought to prison for being a conjurer, who had a naked knife in his hand. I spoke to him, and he threatened to cut my chaps; but, being within the jail he could not come at me. This was the jailer's great disputant.

I went soon after into the jailer's house, and found him at breakfast; he had then got his conjurer out with him. I told the jailer his plot was discovered. Then he got up from the table, and cast his napkin away in a rage; and I left them, and went to my chamber; for at this time we were out of Doomsdale.

At the time the jailer had said the dispute should be, I went down and walked in the court (the place appointed) till about the eleventh hour; but nobody came. Then I went up to my chamber again; and after awhile heard one call for me. I stepped to the stairshead, where I saw the jailer's wife upon the stairs, and the conjurer at the bottom of the stairs, holding his hand behind his back, and in a great rage.

I asked him, "Man, what hast thou in thy hand behind thy back? Pluck thy hand before thee," said I; "let's see thy hand, and what thou hast in it."

Then he angrily plucked forth his hand, with a naked knife in it. I showed the jailer's wife their wicked design against me; for this was the man they brought to dispute of the things of God. But the Lord discovered their plot, and prevented their evil design; and they both raged, and the conjurer threatened.

Then I was moved of the Lord to speak sharply to him in the dreadful power of the Lord; and the Lord's power came over him, and bound him down; so that he never after durst appear before me, to speak to me. I saw it was the Lord alone that had preserved me out of their bloody hands; for the devil had a great enmity to me, and stirred up his instruments to seek my hurt. But the Lord prevented them; and my heart was filled with thanksgivings and praises to him.

In Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, Truth began mightily to spread. Many were turned to Christ Jesus and His free teaching: for many Friends that came to visit us were drawn to declare the Truth in those counties. This made the priests and professors rage, and they stirred up the magistrates to ensnare Friends. They set up watches in the streets and highways, on pretence of taking up suspicious persons, under which colour they stopped and took up Friends coming to visit us in prison; which was done that these Friends might not pass up and down in the Lord's service.

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But that by which they thought to have stopped the Truth was the means of spreading it so much the more; for then Friends were frequently moved to speak to one constable and to another officer, and to the justices before whom they were brought; which caused the Truth to spread the more in all their parishes. And when Friends were got among the watches, it would be a fortnight or three weeks before they could get out of them again; for no sooner had one constable taken and carried them before the justices, and these had discharged them, but another would take them up and carry them before other justices: which put the country to a great deal of needless trouble and charges.

As Thomas Rawlinson was coming out of the north to visit us, a constable in Devonshire took him up, and at night took twenty shillings out of his pocket: and after being thus robbed he was cast into Exeter jail. They cast into prison in Devonshire, under pretence of his being a Jesuit, Henry Pollexfen, who had been a justice of the peace for almost forty years. Many Friends were cruelly beaten by them; nay, some clothiers that were but going to mill with their cloth, and others about their outward occasions, they took up and whipped; though men of about eighty or an hundred pounds by the year, and not above four or five miles from their families.

The mayor of Launceston took up all he could, and cast them into prison. He would search substantial, grave women, their petticoats and their head-cloths. A young man coming to see us, I drew up all the gross, inhuman, and unchristian actions of the mayor, gave it him, and bade him seal it up, and go out again the back way; and then come into the town through the gates. He did so, and the watch took him up and carried him before the mayor; who presently searched his pockets and found the letter. Therein he saw all his actions characterized; which shamed him so that from that time he meddled little with the Lord's servants.

While I was in prison here, the Baptists and Fifth-monarchy men prophesied that this year Christ should come, and reign upon earth a thousand years. And they looked upon this reign to be outward: when He was come inwardly in the hearts of His people, to reign and rule; where these professors would not receive Him. So they failed in their prophecy and expectation, and had not the possession of Him. But Christ is come, and doth dwell and reign in the hearts of His people. Thousands, at the door of whose hearts He hath been knocking have opened to Him, and He is come in, and doth sup with them, and they with Him; the heavenly supper with the heavenly and spiritual man. So many of these Baptists and Monarchy-people turned the greatest enemies to the followers of Christ; but He reigns in the hearts of His saints over all their envy.

At the assize diverse justices came to us, and were pretty civil, and reasoned of the things of God soberly; expressing a pity to us. Captain Fox, governor of Pendennis Castle, came and looked me in the face, and said never a word; but went to his company and told them he never saw a simpler man in his life. I called after him, and said, "Stay, man; we will see who is the simpler man." But he went his way. A light, chaffy person.

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FOX'S JOURNAL:

Thomas Lower also came to visit us, and offered us money, which we refused; accepting nevertheless of his love. He asked us many questions concerning our denying the Scriptures to be the Word of God; concerning the sacraments, and such like: to all which he received satisfaction. I spoke particularly to him; and he afterwards said my words were as a flash of lightning, they ran so through him. He said he had never met with such men in his life, for they knew the thoughts of his heart; and were as the wise master-builders of the assemblies that fastened their words like nails. He came to be convinced of the truth, and remains a Friend to this day.

When he came home to his aunt Hambley's, where he then lived, and made report to her concerning us, she, with her sister Grace Billing, hearing the report of Truth, came to visit us in prison, and was convinced also. Great sufferings and spoiling of goods both he and his aunt have undergone for the Truth's sake.

After the assizes, the sheriff, with some soldiers, came to guard to execution a woman that was sentenced to die; and we had much discourse with them. One of them wickedly said, "Christ was as passionate a man as any that lived upon the earth;" for which we rebuked him. Another time we asked the jailer what doings there were at the sessions; and he said, "Small matters; only about thirty for bastardy." We thought it very strange that they who professed themselves Christians should make small matters of such things.

But this jailer was very bad himself; I often admonished him to sobriety; but he abused people that came to visit us. Edward Pyot had a cheese sent him from Bristol by his wife; and the jailer took it from him, and carried it to the mayor, to search it for treasonable letters, as he said; and though they found no treason in the cheese, they kept it from us. This jailer might have been rich - if he had carried himself civilly; but he sought his own ruin, which soon after came upon him.

The next year he was turned out of his place, and for some wickedness cast into the jail himself; and there begged of our Friends. And for some unruliness in his conduct he was, by the succeeding jailer, put into Doomsdale, locked in irons, and beaten, and bidden to remember how he had abused those good men whom he had wickedly, without any cause, cast into that nasty dungeon; and told that now he deservedly should suffer for his wickedness; and the same measure he had meted to others, should be meted out to himself. He became very poor, and died in prison; and his wife and family came to misery.

While I was in prison in Launceston, a Friend went to Oliver Cromwell, and offered himself, body for body, to lie in Doomsdale in my stead; if he would take him, and let me have liberty. Which thing so struck him, that he said to his great men and council, "Which of you would do as much for me if I were in the same condition?" And though he did not accept of the Friend's offer, but said he could not do it, for that it was contrary to law, yet the Truth thereby came mightily over him.

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FOX'S JOURNAL:

A good while after this he sent down Major-General Desborough, pretending to set us at liberty. When he came, he offered us our liberty if we would say we would go home and preach no more; but we could not promise him. Then he urged that we should promise to go home, if the Lord permitted.

After this Major-General Desborough came to the Castle-Green, and played at bowls with the justices and others. Several Friends were moved to go and admonish them not to spend their time so vainly, desiring them to consider, that though they professed themselves to be Christians, yet they gave themselves up to their pleasures, and kept the servants of God meanwhile in prison; and telling them that the Lord would plead with them and visit them for such things. But notwithstanding what was written or said to him, he went away, and left us in prison.

We understood afterwards that he left the business to Colonel Bennet, who had the command of the jail. For some time after Bennet would have set us at liberty if we would have paid his jailer's fees. But we told him we could give the jailer no fees, for we were innocent sufferers; and how could they expect fees of us, who had suffered so long wrongfully? After a while Colonel Bennet coming to town, sent for us to an inn, and insisted again upon fees, which we refused. At last the power of the Lord came so over him, that he freely set us at liberty on the 13th day of the Seventh month, 1656. We had been prisoners nine weeks at the first assize, called the Lent-assize, which was in the spring of the year.

GEORGE FOX

CONTINGENCY

ALTHOUGH VERY MANY OUTCOMES ARE OVERDETERMINED, WE TRUST THAT SOMETIMES WE ACTUALLY MAKE REAL CHOICES.



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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

A WONDERFUL FORTNIGHT²¹

'I look upon Cumberland and Westmorland as the Galilee of Quakerism.'—T. HODGKIN.

'They may have failed in their intellectual formulation, but at least they succeeded in finding a living God, warm and tender and near at hand, the Life of their lives, the Day Star in their hearts; and their travail of Soul, their brave endurance, and their loyal obedience to vision have helped to make our modern world.'—RUFUS M. JONES.

'We ceased from the teachings of all men, and their words and their worships, and their temples and all their baptisms and churches, and we ceased from our own words and professions and practices in religion.... We met together often, and waited upon the Lord in pure silence from our own words, and hearkened to the voice of the Lord and felt His word in our hearts.'—E. BURROUGH.

'John Camm, he was my father according to the flesh, so was he also a spiritual father and instructor of me in the way of Truth and Righteousness ... for his tender care was great for the education of me and the rest of his children and family in the Nurture and Fear of the Lord.'—THOMAS CAMM.

'Death cannot separate us, for in the never-failing love of God there is union for evermore.'—J. CAMM.

21. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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A WONDERFUL FORTNIGHT

I

The annual Fair on Whitsun Wednesday is the gayest time of the whole year at Sedbergh. For a few hours the solid grey town under the green fells gives itself up to gaiety and merriment.

The gentry of the neighbourhood as well as the country folk for miles around come flocking to the annual hiring of farm lads and lasses, which is the main business of the Fair. Thoughts of profit and the chance of making a good bargain fill the heads of the older generation. But the youths and maidens come, eager-eyed, looking for romance. At the Fair they seek to guess what Fate may hold in store for them during the long months of labour that will follow hard on their few hours of jollification.

'All manner of finery was to be had' at the Fair; 'there were morris and rapier dances, wrestling and love-making going on,' and plenty of hard drinking too. 'The Fair at Sedbergh' was the emphatic destination of many a prosperous farmer and labourer on a Whitsun Wednesday morning; but it was 'Sebba Fair' he cursed thickly under his breath as he reeled home at night.

In truth seventeenth-century Sedbergh was a busy place, not only in Fair week, but at other times too, with its stately old church and its grammar school; to say nothing of the fact that, in these days of Oliver's Protectorate, it boasted no less than forty-eight different religious sects among its few hundred inhabitants. Only the sad-eyed Seekers, coming down in little groups from their scattered hamlets, exchanged sorrowful greetings as they met one another amid all the riot and hubbub of the Fair; for they had tried the forty-eight sects in turn for the nourishment their souls needed, and had tried them all in vain.

Until this miraculous Whitsuntide of June 1652, when, suddenly, in a moment, everything was changed.

The little groups of Seekers stood still and looked at one another in astonishment as they came out from the shadow of the narrow street of grey stone houses into the open square in the centre of the town. For there, opposite the market cross and under the spreading boughs of a gigantic yew-tree, they saw a young man standing on a bench, and preaching as they had never heard anyone preach before. Behind him rose the massive square tower, and the long row of clerestory windows that were, then as now, the glory of Sedbergh Church. The tall green grass of the churchyard was already trampled down by the feet of hundreds of spell-bound listeners.

Who was this unexpected Stranger who dared to interrupt even the noisy business of the Fair with the earnestness and insistence of his appeal? He was a young and handsome man, with regular



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features and hair that hung in short curls under his hat-brim, contrary to the Puritan fashion; big-boned in body, and of a commanding presence. The boys of the grammar school, determined to make the most of their holiday, thought it good sport at first to mock at the Stranger's garb. As he stood there, lifted up above them on the rough bench, they could see every detail of the queer leather breeches that he wore underneath his long coat. His girdle with its alchemy buttons showed off grandly too, while the fine linen bands he wore at his neck gleamed out with dazzling whiteness against the dark branches of Sedbergh's majestic old yew-tree.

The preacher's words and tones and his piercing eyes quickly overawed his audience, and made them forget his outlandish appearance. Even the boys could understand what he was saying, for he seemed to be speaking to each one of them, as much as to any of the grown-up people. And what was this he was telling them? With outstretched hand he pointed upwards, insisting that that church, the beautiful building, the pride of Sedbergh, was not a church at all. It was only a steeple-house; they themselves were the true church, their own souls and bodies were the temples chosen by the Spirit of God for His habitation. No wonder the schoolboys, and many older people too, became awed and silent at the bare idea of such a Guest. None of the eight-and-forty sects of Sedbergh town had ever heard doctrine like this before. Possibly there might not have been eight-and-forty of them if they had.

Once during the discourse a Captain got up and interrupted the Stranger: 'Why do you preach out here under the yew-tree? Why do you not go inside the church and preach there?'

'But,' says George Fox, 'I said unto him that I denied their church.'

'Then stood up Francis Howgill, a separate preacher, that had not seen me before, and so he began to dispute with the Captain, but he held his peace. Then said Francis Howgill, "This man speaks with authority, and not as the Scribes."

'And so,' continues George Fox, 'I opened to the people that that ground and house was no holier than another place, and that house was not the Church, but the people which Christ is head of. And so, after a while that I had made a stand among the people, the priests came up to me and I warned them to repent. And one of them said I was mad, and so they turned away. But many people were glad at the hearing of the Truth declared unto them that day, which they received gladly.'

'And there came one Edward Ward, and he said my very eyes pierced through him, and he was convinced of God's everlasting truth and lived and died in it, and many more was convinced there at that time.'

Convinced they were indeed, as they had never been convinced in all their former lives; and now that they had found the teacher they wanted, the hungry, thirsty Seekers were not going to let



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him go again. Almost overturning the booths of the Fair, these solemn, sad-eyed men jostled each other like children in their endeavours to reach their new friend.

There at the back of the crowd solid John Camm, the prosperous 'statesman' farmer of Cammsgill, near Preston Patrick, could be seen waving his staff like a schoolboy to attract the preacher's attention as soon as the sermon stopped. 'Come home, young Sir! Come home with me,' John Camm called out lustily.

But ruddy-cheeked John Audland, the linen-draper of Crosslands, had been quicker than the elderly farmer. He was a happy bridegroom that summer, and bringing his wife with him for the first time to Sedbergh Fair. She—a Seeker like himself—had been known in her maiden days as gentle Anne Newby of Kendal town: yet the ways of the dalesmen and of the country people were in a measure strange to her, seeing all her girlhood had been spent at her aunt's house in London town, where she had received her education. Possibly she had looked forward not without dread to the rough merry-making of the Fair; but she too had kindled at the Stranger's message. Her shyness fled from her as, with her hand locked fast in her husband's, the two pressed forward. The crowd seemed to melt away at sight of their radiant faces, and almost before the sermon was ended the young couple found themselves face to face with the preacher. The same longing was in both their hearts: the same words rose unbidden to their lips: 'Come back with us to Crosslands, Sir! Come back and be the first guest to bless our home.'

George Fox smiled as he met the eager gaze of the young folk, and stretched out a friendly hand. But an old slow man with a long white beard had forestalled even the impetuous rush of the youthful bride and bridegroom.

'Nay; now, good friends,' said Farmer Thomas Blaykling of Drawwell, 'my home is nigh at hand. For the next three days the Stranger is mine. He must stay with me and I will bring him to Firbank Chapel on Sunday. Come ye also thither and hear him again, and bring every seeking man and woman and child in all these dales to hear him too; and thereafter ye shall have him in your turn and entertain him where ye will.'

II

The first three peaceful days after the Fair were spent by the young preacher at Drawwell Farm, knitting up a friendship with its inmates that neither time nor suffering was able thereafter to unravel.

'The house inhabited by the Blayklings may still be seen. Its thick walls, small windows and rooms, with the clear well behind, must be almost in the same condition as in the week we are remembering.'²²

In later days many a 'mighty Meeting' was to be held in the big barn that adjoins the small whitewashed house with its grey

22. Ernest E. Taylor, A GREAT PEOPLE TO BE GATHERED.



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flagged roof. Drawwell is situated about two miles away from Sedbergh, on the sunny slope of a hill overlooking the River Lune, that here forms the boundary between the two counties of Westmorland and Yorkshire.

There, under the shadow of the great fells, George Fox had time for many a quiet talk with his hosts, in the days that followed the Whitsuntide Fair. John Blaykling, the farmer's son, was a man of strong character. He was afterwards to become himself a powerful preacher of the Truth and to suffer for it when persecution came. Moreover, 'he was a great supporter of them that were in low circumstances in the world, often assisting them in difficult cases to the exposing of himself to great hazards of loss.'

He had also an especial care for the feelings of others. On the Sunday after the Fair he was anxious to take his guest to Firbank Chapel, where the Seekers' service was to be held, high up on the hill opposite Drawwell. Yet he seems to have had some misgivings that his guest might be too full of his own powerful message to remember to behave courteously to others, who, although in a humbler way, were still trying to declare the Truth as far as they had a knowledge of it. Fox writes in his Journal: 'And the next First day I came to Firbank Chapel, where Francis Howgill and John Audland were preaching in the morning, and John Blaykling and others came to me and desired me not to reprove them publicly, for they was not parish teachers but pretty sober men, but I would not tell them whether I would or no, though I had little in me to declare publicly against them, but told them they must leave me to the Lord's movings. The chapel was full of people and many could not get in. Francis Howgill (who was preaching) said he thought I looked into the Chapel, but I did not. And he said that I might have killed him with a crab-apple, the Lord's power had so surprised him.

'So they had quickly done with their preaching to the people at that time, and they and the people went to their dinners, but abundance stayed till they came again. And I went to a brook and got me a little water, and so I came and sat me down atop of a rock, (for the word of the Lord came to me that I must go and sit upon the rock in the mountain, even as Christ had done before).

'And in the afternoon the people gathered about me with several separate teachers, where it was judged there was above a thousand people. And all those several separate teachers were convinced of God's everlasting truth that day, amongst whom I declared freely and largely God's everlasting truth and word of life about three hours. And there was many old people went into the chapel and looked out of the windows and thought it a strange thing to see a man to preach on a hill or mountain, and not in their church as they called it. So I was made to open to the people that the steeple-house and the ground whereon it stood was no more holier than that mountain ... but Christ was come



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who ended the temple and the priests and the tithes, and Christ said, "Learn of me," and God said, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him."

'For the Lord had sent me with His everlasting gospel to preach, and His word of life so that they all might come to know Christ their Teacher, their Counsellor, their Shepherd to feed them, and their Bishop to oversee them, and their Prophet to open to them, and to know their bodies to be temples of God and Christ for them to dwell in.... And so, turning the people to the Spirit of God, and from the darkness to the light, that they might believe in it and become children of light.'

III

'Now, it is our turn,' insisted ruddy-faced John Audland, 'George Fox must come home with me. My house at Crosslands will be the most convenient resting-place for him, seeing it lies mid-way between here and Preston Patrick; and to Preston Patrick and the General Meeting of our Seeking People he must certainly come, since it is to be held in three days' time. There are many folk, still seeking, on the other side of the dales, who have not yet heard the good news, but who will rejoice mightily when they find him there. Besides, he has promised my wife that he will be the first guest to come and bless our home.'

'Yes in truth, he shall return with thee,' echoed Audland's friend, John Camm of Cammsgill, 'since Preston Patrick is too far a step for him to-day. He shall lodge with thee and thy good wife Anne, and bless your home. But on Wednesday, betimes, thou must bring him to me at Cammsgill right early in the day—and I will take him as my guest to Preston Patrick and our Seekers' Meeting.'

John Audland readily assented to this proposal. He and his wife would have the wonderful Stranger all to themselves until Wednesday. As the two men wandered back over the hills in a satisfied silence, his mind was full of all the questions he meant to ask. For had not he himself, though only a youth of twenty-two, been one of the appointed preachers at Firbank Chapel? Truly he had done his best there, as at other times, to feed the people; yet in spite of his words they had seemed ever hungry, until the Stranger came among them, breaking the True Bread of Life for all to share.

John Audland was 'a young man of a comely countenance, and very lovely qualities.'²³ Never a thought of jealousy or envy crossed his mind; only he was filled with a longing to know more, to learn, to be fed himself, that he, in his turn, might feed others. Still, being but human, it was with slight irritation that he heard himself hailed with a loud 'halloo!' from behind. Looking round, he beheld a long-legged figure ambling after them along the dusty road, and recognised a certain tactless youth, John Story by name, famous throughout the district for his knack



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of thrusting himself in where he was least wanted. Without so much as a 'by your leave' John Story caught up the other two men and began a lively conversation as they walked along.

Self-invited, he followed them into John Audland's home; where the young bride, Anne, was too well bred to betray her disappointment at this unexpected visitor. Elbowing his way rudely past the master of the house and the invited guest, John Story stalked ahead into the bridal parlour and sat himself down deliberately in the best chair. 'I'm your first guest now, Mistress Anne,' he said with a chuckle. Then lighting his pipe he threw his head back and made himself comfortable—evidently intending to stay the evening. But his chief care and intention was to patronise George Fox. He had been at Firbank also, and he had remembered enough of the sermon there to repeat some of the preacher's words jestingly to his face. He handed his lighted pipe to George Fox, saying, 'Come, will you take a pipe of tobacco?'—and added, mockingly, seeing his hesitation, 'Come, all is ours!'

'But,' says George Fox, 'I looked upon him to be a forward bold lad; and tobacco I did not take. But it came into my mind that the lad might think I had not unity with the creation: for I saw he had a flashy, empty notion of religion. So I took his pipe and put it to my mouth, and gave it to him again to stop him lest his rude tongue should say I had not unity with the creation.'

And soon after this, let us hope, John Story, with his tobacco and his rude tongue, saw fit to take his leave, and remove his unwelcome presence.

IV

Two more days of the 'wonderful fortnight' were passed in the linen-draper's home at Crosslands before, on the Wednesday forenoon, John Audland and his guest descended the dales of Westmorland and climbed the steep, wooded glen that leads to Cammsgill Farm. There, at the door, with hands outstretched in welcome, stood good John Camm and his loving wife Mabel. Peeping behind them curiously at the Stranger was their twelve-year-old son, Tom. At the windows of the farm were to be seen the faces of the men-servants and maid-servants, for great was the curiosity to see the Stranger of whom such great tidings had been told. Among the serving-maids were two sisters, Jane and Dorothy Waugh. Little did the eager girls imagine that the Stranger whom they eyed so keenly was to alter the whole course of their lives by his words that day; that, for both of them, the pleasant, easy, farm life at Cammsgill was over, and that they were hereafter to go forth to preach in their turn, to suffer beatings and cruel imprisonments, and even to cross the seas, in order to publish the same Truth that he had come to proclaim.

Tom Camm also, boy as he was, was never to forget that eventful



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morning. Long years afterwards he remembered every detail of it. 'On the 4th day morning,' he writes, 'John Audland came with George Fox to the house of John Camm at Cammsgill in Preston Patrick, who with his wife and familie gladly received G.F.' And now, while they are 'gladly receiving' their guest and waiting till it is time to go down the steep hill to Preston Patrick, let us look back at the farm-house of Cammsgill where they are sitting, and learn something of its history and that of its owners.

It was to Cammsgill that Farmer John Camm had brought home his bride on a late day of summer, thirteen years before the eventful year 1652 of which these stories tell. A wise, prosperous man was good John Camm, one of the most successful 'statesmen' in all the fertile dales round about. So busy had he been developing his farm, and attending to the numerous flocks and herds, that were ever increasing under his skilful management, that time for love-making seemed to have been left out of his life. But at last, when he was well over forty, he found the one woman he had been unconsciously needing through all his prosperous years to make his life round and complete. It was a mellow day of Indian summer when John and Mabel Camm walked up the winding road to Cammsgill for the first time as man and wife. But the golden sunshine that lay on all the burnished riches of the well-filled farm-yard was dim compared with the inward sunshine that gladdened the farmer's heart.

Farmer John had made a wise choice, and he knew it. In his eyes nothing was good enough for his wife, not even the home where he had been born, and where his ancestors for generations had lived and died; so Cammsgill had been entirely rebuilt before that golden September day when John and Mabel Camm came home to begin their new life together. The re-building had been done in such solid fashion that part of the farm-house still stands, well-proportioned and serviceable, after nearly three centuries have passed to test it, showing that he who builds for love builds truly and well.

Mabel Camm was a proud woman as she stood at the door of her hillside home and watched the autumn sunlight lighting up her husband's face as he walked across his fields in the valley, or strode, almost with the energetic step of a young man, up the crab-apple bordered track to the farm.

Close at his heels followed his collie, looking up into his master's face with adoring affection. Not only every animal on the farm loved the master, the men-servants and maid-servants also would do anything to please him, for was he not ever mindful of their interests as if they had been his own? In those days each labourer had three or four acres of land as of right. This fostered an independent spirit and made their affection a tribute worth the winning.²⁴ Later on that same year, when winter came, earlier than its wont, the fells were knee-deep in snow



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and all the beasts were brought for shelter round the farm to protect them from the snow-drifts and bitter weather on the upland pastures.

Then it was that at nights in the snug farm-house kitchen, after the day's work was done, John Camm and his young wife together carved their initials on the 'brideswain,' a tall oak chest that held the goodly stock of homespun linen and flax brought by Mabel Camm to her new home. John Camm was something of an artist. His was the design of the interlaced initials. All his life he had been a skilful carver with his tools on the winter evenings, and now he took pleasure in showing his bride the right way to use them and how to fashion her strokes aright. Night after night the two heads bent over their task, but to this day it may still be seen at Cammsgill that one of the two artists was less skilful than the other, for Mabel's curves are more angular and without the careless ease of her husband's. What, however, did unskilful fingers matter when the firelight shone upon two happy faces bending over the work close together, aglow with the inner radiance of two thankful hearts?

There were other uses for the brideswain the following summer. The fair white sheets and pillow-cases were moved to an under-shelf. The upper half of the chest was filled to overflowing with tiny garments fashioned by Mabel's own fingers, skilful indeed at this dainty work. No more woodcarving now, but endless rows of stitchery, tiny tucks and delicate dotting, all ready to welcome the little son who arrived before the summer's close, and completed his parents' joy.

Since that day, a dozen years had slipped away. Now young Thomas Camm was leaving childhood, as he had long left babyhood, behind him. He was a big boy, quick, strong for his age, and bidding fair to be as good a farmer as his father some day.

'Cammgill was a favourite house with both men and women servants, for Mistress Camm took care that all had their fill of bread, butter, milk, eggs or bacon, and each their three meals. Of the maid-servants, Jane and Dorothy Waugh especially looked on their master as a father, he was so kind and thoughtful of their needs. Indeed no one could walk up the winding gill without meeting with a warm welcome from the owners of the farm-house, and on winter evenings there was many a large "sitting," by aid of the rushlights, in which the neighbours joined, all hands being busy the while with the knitting of caps and jerseys for the Kendal trade.... He and his wife greatly loved to entertain visitors from a distance, especially those who were like-minded with themselves, also looking for "the coming of the day of the Lord,"²⁵ for all the household at Cammsgill were of the company of the "Seekers" who met every month at the Chapel of Preston Patrick in the valley below.

Now at last it is time for the Meeting.

Thomas Camm's account continues: 'And it having been then a



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common practice among the said seeking and religiously inclined people to raise a General Meeting at Preston Patrick Chapel once a month, upon the fourth day of the week, thither George Fox went, being accompanied with John Audland and John Camm. John Audland would have had George Fox go into the place or pew where usually he and the preacher did sit, but he refused and took a back seat near the door, and John Camm sat down by him, where he sat silent, waiting upon God for about half an hour, in which time of silence Francis Howgill seemed uneasy, and pulled out his Bible and opened it, and stood up several times, sitting down again and closing his book, and dread and fear being on him that he durst not begin to preach. After the said silence and waiting George Fox stood up in the mighty power of God, and in the demonstration thereof was his mouth opened to preach Christ Jesus, the Light of Life, and the way to God, and Saviour of all that believe and obey Him, which was delivered in that power and that authority that most of the auditory, which were several hundreds, were effectually reached to the heart, and convinced of the truth that very day, for it was the day of God's power. A notable day indeed, never to be forgotten by me Thomas Camm.... I, being then present at that Meeting, a school-boy but about twelve years of age, yet, I bless the Lord for His mercy, then religiously inclined, do still remember that blessed and glorious day, in which my soul, by that living testimony then borne in the demonstration of God's power, was effectually opened, reached and convinced, with many more who are seals of that powerful ministry that attended this faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by which we were convinced, and turned from darkness to light and from Satan's power to the power of God. After which Meeting at Preston Chapel, G.F. came to the house of John Camm at Cammsgill. Next day travelled to Kendal where he had a meeting, where many were convinced and received his testimony with joy.'

The 'wonderful fortnight' was drawing to a close. The vision on Pendle Hill, when George Fox beheld a people 'as thick as motes in the sun that should in time be brought home to the Lord,' had already begun to form around it a Society of Friends who were pledged to carry it out.

Remember always, it was not the Society that beheld the vision; it was the vision that created and creates the Society.

The vision is the important thing; for it is still unfulfilled.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'A WONDERFUL FORTNIGHT.'

Historical. Taken from various sources, chiefly George Fox's JOURNAL, vol. i. pp. 40-44, and two unpublished papers by Ernest E. Taylor, describing the lives and homes of the Westmorland Seekers: 'A Great People to be Gathered' and 'Faithful Servants of God.' See also his 'CAMEOS FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE FOX,' Sewel's 'HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS,' and 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' by W.C. Braithwaite.



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THE VICTORY OF AMOR STODDART²⁶

'From the heart of the Puritan sects sprang the religion of the Quakers, in which many a war-worn soldier of the Commonwealth closed his visionary eyes.'—G.M. TREVELYAN.

'To be a man of war means to live no longer than the life of the world, which is perishing; but to be a man of the Holy Spirit, a man born of God, a man that wars not after the flesh, a man of the Kingdom of God, as well as of England—that means to live beyond time and age and men and the world, to be gathered into that life which is Eternal.'—JOHN SALTMARSH, 1647.

'Keep out of all jangling, for all that are in the transgression are out from the law of love; but all that are in the law of love come to the Lamb's power.'—G. FOX.

'He changed his weapons, warfare, and Captain ... when he 'listed himself under the banner of Christ.'—W. PENN, about J. Whitehead.

A prayer for the soldier spirit.

'Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest: to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labour and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will: through Jesus Christ our Lord.'—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

26. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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'Christ disarmed Peter, and in so doing He unbuckled the sword of every soldier.' TERTULLIAN.

A dauntless fighter in his day was Captain Amor Stoddart, seeing he had served in the Parliamentary Army throughout the Civil Wars. In truth, it was no child's play to command a body of men as tough as Oliver's famous Ironsides. Therefore Captain Stoddart had doubtless come through many a bloody struggle, and fought in many a hardly fought contest during those long wars, before the final victory was won.

But now, not a single memory remains of his small individual share in those

*'Old unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.'*

His story has come down to us as a staunch comrade and a valiant fighter, in a different kind of warfare. His victory was won in a struggle in which all the visible weapons were on the other side; when, through long years, he had only the armour of meekness and of love wherewith to oppose hardship and violence and wrong.

Wherefore, of this fight and of this victory, his own name remains as a symbol and a sign. Not in vain was he called at his birth 'Amor,' which, in the Latin tongue signifies 'Love,' as all men know.

The first meeting between Captain Amor Stoddart and him who was to be thereafter his spirit's earthly captain in the new strange warfare that lay before him, happened on this wise.

In the year 1648, when the long Civil Wars were at last nearing their close, George Fox visited Mansfield in Nottinghamshire and held a meeting with the professors (that is to say the Puritans) there. It was in that same year of 1648, when every day the shadow was drawing nearer of the fatal scaffold that should be erected within the Palace at Whitehall the following January. But although that shadow crept daily nearer, men, for the most part, as yet perceived it not. Fox himself was at this time still young, as years are counted, being only twenty-four years of age. Four other summers were yet to pass before that memorable day when he should climb to the summit of old Pendle Hill, and, after seeing there the vision of a 'great people to be gathered,' should begin himself to gather them at Firbank and Swarthmoor and many another place.

George, though still young in years, was already possessed not only of a strange and wonderful presence, but also of a gift to perceive and to draw the souls of other men, and to knit them to his own.

'I went again to Mansfield,' he says in his Journal, 'where was



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a Great Meeting of professors and people, where I was moved to pray; and the Lord's power was so great that the house seemed to be shaken. When I had done, one of the professors said, "It was now as in the days of the Apostles, when the house was shaken where they were."

After Fox had finished praying, with this vehemence that seemed to shake the house, one of the professors began to pray in his turn, but in such a dead and formal way that even the other professors were grieved thereat and rebuked him. Whereupon this praying professor came in all humility to Fox, beseeching him that he would pray again. 'But,' says Fox, 'I could not pray in any man's will.' Still, though he could not make a prayer to order, he agreed to meet with these same professors another day. This second meeting was another 'Great Meeting.' From far and wide the professors and people gathered to see the man who had learnt to pray. But the professors did not truly seem to care to learn the secret. They went on talking and arguing together. They were 'jangling,' as Fox calls it (that is to say, using endless strings of words to talk about sacred things, without really feeling the truth of them in their hearts), jangling all together, when suddenly the door opened and a grave young officer walked in. 'Tis Captain Amor Stoddart, of Noll's Army,' the professors said one to another, as, hardly stopping for a moment at the stranger's entrance, they continued to 'jangle' among themselves. They went on, speaking of the most holy things, talking even about the blood of Christ, without any feeling of solemnity, till Fox could bear it no longer.

'As they were discoursing of it,' he says, 'I saw through the immediate opening of the invisible Spirit, the blood of Christ; and cried out among them saying, "Do you not see the blood of Christ? See it in your hearts, to sprinkle your hearts and consciences from dead works to serve the living God?" For I saw the blood of the New Covenant how it came into the heart. This startled the professors who would have the blood only without them, and not in them. But Captain Stoddart was reached, and said, "Let the youth speak, hear the youth speak," when he saw that they endeavoured to bear me down with many words.'

'Captain Stoddart was reached.' He, the soldier, accustomed to the terrible realities of a battlefield, knew the sight of blood for himself only too well. George Fox's words may seem perhaps mysterious to us now, but they came home to Amor and made him able to see something of the same vision that Fox saw. We may not be able to see that vision ourselves, but at least we can feel the difference between having the Blood of Christ, that is the Life of Christ, within our hearts, and only talking and 'jangling' about it, as the professors were doing. 'Captain Stoddart was reached.' Having been 'reached,' having seen, if only for one moment, something of what the Cross had meant to Christ, and having felt His Life within, Amor became a different man. To take the lives of his fellowmen, to shed their blood for



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whom that Blood had been shed, was henceforth for him impossible. He unbuckled his sword, and resigning his captaincy in Oliver's conquering army, just when victory was at hand after the stern struggle, he followed his despised Quaker teacher into obscurity.

For seven long years we hear nothing more of him. Then he appears again at George Fox's side, no longer Captain Stoddart the Officer, but plain Amor Stoddart, a comrade and helper of the first Publishers of Truth.

In the year 1655, Fox's Journal records: 'On the sixth day I had a large meeting near Colchester²⁷ to which many professors and the Independent teachers came. After I had done speaking and was stepped down from the place on which I stood, one of the Independent teachers began to make a "jangling" [it seems they still went on jangling, even after seven long years!], which Amor Stoddart perceiving said, "Stand up again, George!" for I was going away and did not at the first hear them.'

If Amor Stoddart had unbuckled his sword, evidently he had not lost the power of grappling with difficulties, of swiftly seeing the right thing to do, and of giving his orders with soldier-like precision.

'Stand up again, George!'—a quick, military command, in the fewest possible words. George Fox was more in the habit of commanding other people than of being commanded himself; but he knew his comrade and obeyed without a word.

'I stood up again,' he says, 'when I heard the Independent [the man who had been jangling], and after a while the Lord's power came over him and all his company, who were confounded, and the Lord's truth was over all. A great flock of sheep hath the Lord in that country that feed in His pastures of life.'

Nevertheless, without Amor Stoddart the sheep would have gone away hungry, and would not have been fed at that meeting.

Again we hear of Amor a little later in the same year, still at George Fox's side, but this time not as a passive spectator, nor even merely as a resourceful comrade. He was now himself to be a sufferer for the Truth. He still lives for us through his share in a strange but wonderful scene of George Fox's life. A few months after the meeting at Colchester, the two friends visited Cambridge, and 'there,' says Fox in his Journal, 'the scholars, hearing of me, were up and were exceeding rude. I kept on my horse's back and rode through them in the Lord's power. "Oh," said they, "HE SHINES, HE GLISTERS," but they unhorsed Amor Stoddart before we could get to the inn. When we were in the inn they were so rude in the courts and the streets, so that the miners, colliers, and carters could never be ruder. And the people of the inn asked us 'what we would have for supper' as is the way of inns. "Supper," said I, "were it not that the Lord's power is over them, these rude scholars look as if they would pluck us in pieces and make a supper of us!"'

27. It was on this visit to Colchester that George Fox had his farewell interview with James Parnell, imprisoned in the Castle.



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After this treatment, the two friends might have been expected to keep away from Cambridge in the future; but that was not their way. Where the fight was hottest, there these two faithful soldiers of the Cross were sure to be found. The very next year saw Fox back in Cambridgeshire once more; and again Amor Stoddart was with him, standing by his side and sharing all dangers like a valiant and faithful friend.

'I passed into Cambridgeshire,' the Journal continues, 'and into the fen country, where I had many meetings, and the Lord's truth spread. Robert Craven, who had been Sheriff of Lincoln, was with me [it would be interesting to know more about Robert Craven, and where and how he was "reached"], and Amor Stoddart and Alexander Parker. We went to Crowland, a very rude place; for the townspeople were got together at the inn we went to, and were half drunk, both priest and people. I reprov'd them for their drunkenness and warned them of the day of the Lord that was coming upon all the wicked; exhorting them to leave their wickedness and to turn to the Lord in time. While I was thus speaking to them the priest and the clerk broke out into a rage, and got up the tongs and fire-shovel at us, so that had not the Lord's power preserved us we might have been murdered amongst them. Yet, for all their rudeness and violence, some received the truth then, and have stood in it ever since.'

George Fox was not the only man to find a faithful and staunch supporter in Amor Stoddart. There is another glimpse of him, again standing at a comrade's side in time of danger, but the comrade in this case is not Fox but 'dear William Dewsbury,' one of the best loved of all the early Friends.

Amor Stoddart was Dewsbury's companion that sore day at Bristol when the tidings came from New England overseas, that the first two Quaker Martyrs, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, had been hanged for their faith on Boston Common. Heavy at heart were the Bristol Friends at the news, and not they only, for assembled with them were some New England Friends who had been banished from their families and from their homes, under pain of the same death that the martyrs had suffered.

'We were bowed down unto our God,' Dewsbury writes, 'and prayer was made unto Him when there came a knocking at the door. It came upon my spirit that it was the rude people, and the life of God did mightily arise, and they had no power to come in until we were clear before our God. Then they came in, setting the house about with muskets and lighted matches. So after a season of this they came into the room, where I was and Amor Stoddart with me. I looked upon them when they came into the room, and they cried as fast as they could well speak, "We will be civil! We will be civil!"

'I spoke these words, "See that you be so." They ran forth out of the room and came no more into it, but ran up and down in the house with their weapons in their hands, and the Lord God caused their hearts to fail and they passed away, and not any harm done



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to any of us.'

Eleven years after this pass in almost complete silence, as far as Amor is concerned. Occasionally we hear the bare mention of his name among the London Friends. One short entry in Fox's Journal speaks of him as having 'buried his wife.' Then the veil lifts again and shows one more glimpse of him. It is the last. In 1670, twenty-two years after that first meeting at Mansfield, when Captain Stoddart came into the room, and said, 'Let the youth speak,' George Fox, now a man worn with his sufferings and service, came into another room to bid farewell to his old comrade as he lay a-dying. Fox himself had been brought near to death not long before, but he knew that his work was not yet wholly finished, he was not yet 'fully clear' in his Master's sight.

'Under great sufferings, sorrows, and oppressions I lay several weeks,' he writes in his Journal, 'whereby I was brought so low that few thought I could live. When those about me had given me up to die, I spoke to them to get me a coach to carry me to Gerard Roberts, about twelve miles off, for I found it was my place to go thither. So I went down a pair of stairs to the coach, and when I came to the coach I was like to have fallen down, I was so weak and feeble, but I got up into the coach, and some friends with me. When I came to Gerard's, after I had stayed about three weeks there, it was with me to go to Enfield. Friends were afraid of my removing, but I told them that I might safely go. When I had taken my leave of Gerard and had come to Enfield, I went first to visit Amor Stoddart, who lay very weak and almost speechless. I was moved to tell him "that he had been faithful as a man and faithful to God, and the immortal Seed of Life was his crown." Many more words I was moved to speak to him, though I was then so weak, I could scarcely stand, and within a few days after, Amor died.'

That is all. Very simply he passes out of sight, having heard his comrade's 'well done':--this valiant soldier who renounced his sword.

His name, AMOR, still holds the secret of his power, his silent patience, and of his victory, for

'OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

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'THE VICTORY OF AMOR STODDART.'

See George Fox's *JOURNAL*, i. 185, 190, 261, 431; ii. 167. Sewel's *HISTORY*, i. 29. 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' p. 365.



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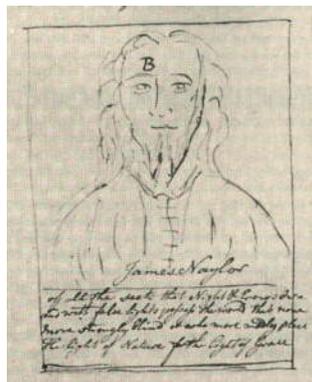
October: John ap-John, a member of the congregation of Morgan Llywd (Lloyd) the mystical Independent minister of Wrexham, had become the leader of the first Welsh [Quaker](#) group. At this point he was prosecuted by Swansea magistrates and put in prison. Converts in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire included two Justices, Walter Jenkins of Pontypool and Peter Price of Presteign.

Friend [James Nayler](#), a close colleague of Friend [George Fox](#)'s, was arrested on a charge of extreme blasphemy at Bristol, England. Thomas Carlyle has described the incident, in which Nayler allowed some adoring female supporters to give him a Triumphal Entry into Bristol as if he were the [Second Coming](#) of Christ in the flesh: "In the month of October, 1655, there was seen a strange sight at Bristol in the West. A procession of eight persons: one a man on horseback, riding single; the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single-rider, at whose bridle splash and walk two women: 'Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!' ... The single-rider is a raw-boned male figure, 'with lank hair reaching below his cheeks'; hat drawn close over his brows; of abstruse 'down look' and large, dangerous jaws, strictly closed; he sings not; sits there covered, and is sung to by the others, bare. Amid pouring deluges and mud knee-deep: 'so that the rain ran in at their necks, and they vented it at their hose and breeches,' a spectacle to the west of England and posterity! Singing as above; answering no questions except in song. At the High Cross, they are laid hold of by the Authorities; turn out to be James Nayler and Company."

Although, as a Puritan entirely hostile toward Quakers and Quakerism, [Major-General William Goffe](#) would insist that Friend James be executed, his intransigent attitude would not prevail. On December 16, 1656, the Parliament would resist the ultimate penalty by a vote of 96 over 82 and, instead of being killed, Friend James would be pilloried for two hours, then whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange in the city, then after two days pilloried for another two hours, then have his tongue bored through with a red-hot iron and be branded in the forehead with the letter B, then in that condition be again flogged through the streets of Bristol, and then be placed in solitary confinement at hard labor during the pleasure of Parliament. Here is Nayler as an early English reader presumed he would have appeared subsequent to the branding:

REGICIDE

TORTURE



Death from his injuries and from exposure would come not long after Friend James's release in September 1659, and according to [JAMES NAYLER'S ANSWER TO THE FANATICK HISTORY AS FAR AS IT RELATES](#)



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TO HIM, just before giving up the ghost he would write the following immortal words: "***There is a spirit which I feel, which delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong; but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations; as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned. It takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth, but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone; being forsaken. I have fellowship therein, with those who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth; who through death obtained this resurrection, and eternal, holy life!***"

Friend [George Fox](#) described the situation in his [JOURNAL](#):

[W]e came to Exeter, where many Friends were in prison; and amongst the rest James Nayler. For a little before we were set at liberty, James had run out into imaginations, and a company with him, who raised a great darkness in the nation. He came to Bristol, and made a disturbance there. From thence he was coming to Launceston to see me; but was stopped by the way, and imprisoned at Exeter; as were several others, one of whom, an honest, tender man, died in prison there. His blood lieth on the heads of his persecutors.

The night that we came to Exeter I spoke with James Nayler: for I saw he was out, and wrong, and so was his company. The next day, being First-day, we went to visit the prisoners, and had a meeting with them in the prison; but James Nayler, and some of them, could not stay the meeting. There came a corporal of horse into the meeting, who was convinced, and remained a very good Friend.

The next day I spoke to James Nayler again; and he slighted what I said, was dark, and much out; yet he would have come and kissed me. But I said that since he had turned against the power of God, I could not receive his show of kindness. The Lord moved me to slight him, and to set the power of God over him. So after I had been warring with the world, there was now a wicked spirit risen amongst Friends to war against. I admonished him and his company.

When he was come to London, his resisting the power of God in me, and the Truth that was declared to him by me, became one of his greatest burdens. But he came to see his out-going, and to condemn it; and after some time he returned to Truth again; as in the printed relation of his repentance, condemnation, and recovery may be more fully seen.



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HISTORY'S NOT MADE OF WOULD. WHEN SOMEONE REVEALS THAT THE OUTCOME OF A GESTURE MADE IN OCTOBER 1655 WOULD LATER RESULT IN A SAVAGE PUNISHMENT, S/HE DISCLOSES THAT WHAT IS BEING CRAFTED IS NOT REALITY BUT PREDESTINARIANISM. THE RULE OF REALITY IS THAT THE FUTURE HASN'T EVER HAPPENED, YET. AT THE POINT OF THE OFFENSE THE EVENTUAL PUNISHMENT IS UNKNOWN BECAUSE OF NOT YET HAVING COME INTO EXISTENCE.



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1656

During this year and the following year, because of the penalties being exacted at American ports, commercial shippers would begin refusing to carry passengers to the New World. [Friend George Fox](#) and his leadership, having volunteers in [London](#) ready to sail, realized that they would need to provide their own ship. Hearing that Friend Robert Fowler was building a boat in Bridlington on the North Sea, they approached him. He had intended this small boat, the *Woodhouse*, for use along the coastline, but was persuaded to make it available to Friends for a deep-sea voyage.

A
Quaker's Sea-Journal
Being a True
RELATION
of a Voyage to
NEW ENGLAND
Performed by Robert Fowler of the Town of
Burlington in Yorkshire in the
Year 1658

London Printed for Francis Cossenet at
the Anchor & Mariner in
Tower-Street Anno 1659



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During this year and the next Friend [George Fox](#) would be planting the seed in Wales, and one of the [Quaker](#) idioms which evidently he created during this period was the idiom “that of God in everyone”: Friend

In the power of life and wisdom, and dread of the Lord God of life, and heaven, and earth, dwell, that in the wisdom of God, over all ye may be preserved, and be a terror to all the adversaries of God, and a dread, answering that of God in them all, spreading the Truth abroad, awakening the witness, confounding deceit, gathering up out of transgression into the life, the covenant of light and peace with God. Let all nations hear the word by sound or writing. Spare no place, spare not tongue nor pen; but be obedient to the Lord God and go through the work (sic) and be valiant for the Truth upon earth; tread and trample all that is contrary under... Keep in the wisdom of God that spreads over all the earth, the wisdom of the creation, that is pure. Live in it; that is the word of the Lord God to you all, do not abuse it; and keep down and low; and take heed of false joys that will change.

Bring all into the worship of God. Plough up the fallow ground... And noe are ploughed up but he who comes to the principle of God in him which he hath transgressed. Then he doth service to God; then the planting and the watering and the increase from God cometh. So the ministers of the Spirit must minister to the spirit that is transgressed and in prison, which hath been in captivity in every one; whereby with the same spirit people must be led out of captivity up to God, the Father of spirits, and do service to him and have unity with him, with the Scriptures and one with another. And this is the word of the Lord God to you all, and a charge to you all in the presence of the living God, be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations, wherever you come; that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them. Then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one; whereby in them ye may be a blessing, and make a witness of God in them to bless you. Then to the Lord God you will be a sweet savour and a blessing.

Spare no deceit. Lay the sword upon it; go over it; keep yourselves clear of the blood of all men, either by word, or writing, or speaking. And keep yourselves clean,...that nothing may rule nor reign but power and life itself, and that in the wisdom of God ye may be preserved in it.

FOX'S JOURNAL:



[George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled “Men In the Fall Are in Wars and Strife”:



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Dear Friends, - My love is to you all in the everlasting seed of God, that never changes nor falls, nor gives itself to that which doth change, which is not of this world, but is over it, and was before the world was; in which is the steadfastness, and stayedness, and life eternal. Which reigns over all the airy spirits, (and that which doth change,) and remains, and is as the winter fruit, and stands when all the untimely figs are gone. Mark, and the seed is not as the corn that grows upon the housetop, that withers; for the leaves that this seed brings forth, never fade nor fall; for the leaves thereof heal the nations which are wounded. The second Adam goes over Adam in the fall, and his quarrelling sons and daughters, who war one with another with their carnal weapons, who remain in their carnal worships, carnal fellowships, carnal teachings. But who are in the noble and royal seed, are all in peace, and in love, and in life, and in unity, and are in the spiritual worship, and spiritual fellowship, and spiritual teaching, being in the seed, Christ, that never fell, nor never will fall, nor never changed nor never will change. In this seed, Christ, is peace and rest, out of all troubles, out of all whimsies, foolish dreams, imaginations, fancies, false visions, false revelations. For the seed, in which the blessing is, is felt, and the life, and the light, and the righteousness, and the truth, that answers the witness of God in all men and women whether they will hear or forbear. And so, all that are in the fall, both men and women, and there remaining in the fall, they never are in rest nor peace, but are in travails, wars, strife, fightings; the lusts being the grounds of all this. And whimsies and imaginations, fancies, false visions, false dreams, arrogancy, pride, ambition, swellings, puffed-upness, that brings shame and covers them with shame; which they possess that are in the fall, our of Christ, the second Adam that never fell, the quickener, who awakens old Adam's children in the fall out of their sleep of sin, and brings them out of his ways up unto himself, the way, Christ that never fell nor changed, and out of and from his teachers, priests, and shepherd, etc., that change and fall, to the priest, shepherd, and prophet, that never fell nor ever changed, nor will ever fall or change, nor leave the flock in the cold weather, nor in the winter, nor storms, nor tempests; nor doth the voice of the wolf frighten him from his flock. For the light, the power, the truth, the righteousness, did it ever leave you in any weather, or in any storms or tempests? And so his sheep know his voice and follow him, who gives them life eternal abundantly; who saith to all that are dead in Adam, "I am come," mark, I am come, "that ye (dead in Adam) might have life." Christ, the second Adam is come, that the dead in the first Adam might have life, and might be quickened, and might be awakened to righteousness, who are asleep in unrighteousness. And so he doth invite all Adams's posterity to come to him, that all through him might believe, and come to light, and come to



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*life, and come up into peace and rest; for in the second Adam ye have peace, ye have rest. So they have no peace nor rest in the old Adam in the fall, but in the second Adam, Christ, that never fell, are the rest, and the peace, and the life. But in Adam in the fall is neither rest, nor peace, nor life; but darkness, and trouble and sorrow, and burdenings, and changings. And this Adam's sons and daughters in the fall do inherit and possess in the world. Therefore all come out of Adam in the fall, and haste to him that never fell, nor ever changed; in whom ye have all both rest, and peace, and life, that was with the Father before the world began. And so, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that never fell, keep your meetings, ye who are gathered in his name; and then ye will see over all the gatherings of old Adam's sons and daughters, that are in the fall and out of his name. But ye being gathered into his name, that never fell, Christ Jesus, feel the seed of God set over all that that makes to suffer; which was before that was, and will stand and remain when that is all gone. So farewell.
G.F.*

His epistle entitled "Live In Peace, All My Dear Babes of God" dates to this year:

*Live in peace, all my dear babes of God, one with another, for patience obtains the crown, and hath the victory. And in pureness live over the deceit, and answer the witness of the Lord God in every one. And keep in the seed and life of the Lord God, that ye may feel the blessing of the Lord God amongst you and upon you. And that which doth let you see your sins, in that stand, and ye will see your saviour, who was before the world was, him by whom the world was made, "glorified with the father before the world began;" he will be your rest and stay. Dear friends, dwell in the seed of God, and know it in you all, that ye may know it to reign, which is the heir of power; and in that live and dwell, and in it keep your meetings. And we must have the patience to bear all manner of evil done or spoken against us for Christ's sake, and rejoice at it.
G.F.*





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April: Two of Friend [George Fox](#)'s "Valiant Sixty," Thomas and Elizabeth Holme, together with Alice Birkett, succeeded in establishing ten or eleven centres of [Quaker](#) meetings around Cardiff and began to extend this progress into Pembrokeshire around Tenby, Pembroke and Haverfordwest.

Being released from our imprisonment, we got horses, rode towards Humphrey Lower's, and met him upon the road. He told us he was much troubled in his mind concerning us, and could not rest at home, but was going to Colonel Bennet to seek our liberty. When we told him we were set at liberty, and were going to his house, he was exceeding glad. To his house we went, and had a fine, precious meeting; many were convinced, and turned by the Spirit of the Lord to the Lord Jesus Christ's teaching.

** Soon after we came to Exeter, where many Friends were in prison; and amongst the rest James Nayler. For a little before we were set at liberty, James had run out into imaginations, and a company with him, who raised a great darkness in the nation. He came to Bristol, and made a disturbance there. [Thomas Carlyle has described the incident, in which Friend James Nayler allowed some persons to give him a Triumphal Entry into Bristol as if he were Christ returning in the flesh, in the following manner: "In the month of October, 1655, there was seen a strange sight at Bristol in the West. A procession of eight persons: one a man on horseback, riding single; the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single-rider, at whose bridle splash and walk two women: 'Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!' ... The single-rider is a raw-boned male figure, 'with lank hair reaching below his cheeks'; hat drawn close over his brows; of abstruse 'down look' and large, dangerous jaws, strictly closed; he sings not; sits there covered, and is sung to by the others, bare. Amid pouring deluges and mud knee-deep: 'so that the rain ran in at their necks, and they vented it at their hose and breeches,' a spectacle to the west of England and posterity! Singing as above; answering no questions except in song. At the High Cross, they are laid hold of by the Authorities; turn out to be James Nayler and Company." On December 16th, 1656, the Parliament missed assigning the death penalty by a vote of 96 over 82. He was sentenced instead to be pilloried for two hours, then to be whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange in the city, then after two days to be pilloried for another two hours, then to have his tongue bored through with a red-hot iron and to be branded in the forehead with the letter B, then in that condition to be again flogged through the streets of Bristol, and then to be placed in solitary confinement at hard labor during the pleasure of Parliament.] From thence he was coming to Launceston to see me; but was stopped by the way, and imprisoned at Exeter; as were several others, one of whom, an honest, tender man, died in prison there. His blood lieth on the heads of his persecutors.*

The night that we came to Exeter I spoke with James Nayler: for I saw he was out, and wrong, and so was his company. The next day, being First-day, we went to visit the prisoners, and had a meeting with them in the prison; but James Nayler, and some of them, could not stay the meeting. There came a corporal of horse into the meeting, who was convinced, and remained a very good Friend.

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The next day I spoke to James Nayler again; and he slighted what I said, was dark, and much out; yet he would have come and kissed me. But I said that since he had turned against the power of God, I could not receive his show of kindness. The Lord moved me to slight him, and to set the power of God over him. So after I had been warring with the world, there was now a wicked spirit risen amongst Friends to war against. I admonished him and his company.

*When he was come to London, his resisting the power of God in me, and the Truth that was declared to him by me, became one of his greatest burdens. But he came to see his out-going, and to condemn it; and after some time he returned to Truth again; as in the printed relation of his repentance, condemnation, and recovery may be more fully seen. [Death from his injuries and from exposure came not long after his release, and according to JAMES NAYLER'S ANSWER TO THE FANATICK HISTORY AS FAR AS IT RELATES TO HIM, just before giving up the ghost he wrote these immortal words: "**There is a spirit which I feel, which delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong; but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations; as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned. It takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth, but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone; being forsaken. I have fellowship therein, with those who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth; who through death obtained this resurrection, and eternal, holy life!**"*

On First-day morning I went to the meeting in Broadmead at Bristol, which was large and quiet. Notice was given of a meeting to be in the afternoon in the orchard.

There was at Bristol a rude Baptist, named Paul Gwin, who had before made great disturbance in our meetings, being encouraged and set on by the mayor, who, it was reported, would sometimes give him his dinner to encourage him. Such multitudes of rude people he gathered after him, that it was thought there had been sometimes ten thousand people at our meeting in the orchard. As I was going into the orchard, the people told me that Paul Gwin was going to the meeting. I bade them never heed, for it was nothing to me who went to it.

When I was come into the orchard, I stood upon the stone that Friends used to stand on when they spoke; and I was moved of the Lord to put off my hat, and to stand a while, and let the people look at me; for some thousands of people were there. While I thus stood silent, this rude Baptist began to find fault with my hair; but I said nothing to him. Then he ran on into words; and at last, "Ye wise men of Bristol," said he, "I marvel at you, that you will stand here, and hear a man speak and affirm that which he cannot make good."

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Then the Lord opened my mouth (for as yet I had not spoken a word), and I asked the people whether they had ever heard me speak, or had ever seen me before; and I bade them take notice what kind of man this was amongst them that should so impudently say that I spoke and affirmed that which I could not make good; and yet neither he nor they had ever heard me or seen me before. Therefore that was a lying, envious, malicious spirit that spoke in him; and it was of the devil, and not of God. I charged him in the dread and power of the Lord to be silent: and the mighty power of God came over him, and all his company.

Then a glorious, peaceable meeting we had, and the Word of life was divided amongst them; and they were turned from darkness to the Light, – to Jesus their Saviour. The Scriptures were largely opened to them; and the traditions, rudiments, ways, and doctrines of men were laid open before the people; and they were turned to the Light of Christ, that with it they might see these things, and see Him to lead them out of them.

I opened also to them the types, figures, and shadows of Christ in the time of the law; and showed them that Christ was come, and had ended the types, shadows, tithes, and oaths, and put down swearing; and had set up yea and nay instead of it, and a free ministry. For He was now come to teach the people Himself, and His heavenly day was springing from on high.

For many hours did I declare the Word of life amongst them in the eternal power of God, that by Him they might come up into the beginning, and be reconciled to Him. And having turned them to the Spirit of God in themselves, that would lead into all Truth, I was moved to pray in the mighty power of God; and the Lord's power came over all. When I had done, this fellow began to babble again; and John Audland was moved to bid him repent, and fear God. So his own people and followers being ashamed of him, he passed away, and never came again to disturb the meeting. The meeting broke up quietly, and the Lord's power and glory shone over all: a blessed day it was, and the Lord had the praise. After a while this Paul Gwin went beyond the seas; and many years after I met him in Barbadoes.

Soon after we rode to London. When we came near Hyde Park we saw a great concourse of people, and, looking towards them, espied the Protector coming in his coach. Whereupon I rode to his coach side. Some of his life-guard would have put me away; but he forbade them. So I rode by his coach side with him, declaring what the Lord gave me to say to him, of his condition, and of the sufferings of Friends in the nation, showing him how contrary this persecution was to the words of Christ and His apostles, and to Christianity.

When we were come to James's Park Gate, I left him; and at parting he desired me to come to his house. The next day one of his wife's maids, whose name was Mary Sanders, came to me at my lodging, and told me that her master came to her, and said he would tell her some good news. When she asked him what it was, he told her, "George Fox is come to town." She replied "That is good news indeed" (for she had received Truth), but she said she could hardly believe him till he told her how I met him, and rode from Hyde Park to James's Park with him.

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After a little time Edward Pyot and I went to Whitehall to see Oliver Cromwell; and when we came before him, Dr. Owen, vice-chancellor of Oxford, was with him. We were moved to speak to him concerning the sufferings of Friends, and laid them before him: and we directed him to the Light of Christ, who had enlightened every man that cometh into the world. He said it was a natural light; but we showed him the contrary; and proved that it was divine and spiritual, proceeding from Christ the spiritual and heavenly man; and that that which was called the life in Christ the Word, was called the Light in us.

The power of the Lord God arose in me, and I was moved in it to bid him lay down his crown at the feet of Jesus. Several times I spoke to him to the same effect. I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table's side by me, saying he would be as high as I was. So he continued speaking against the Light of Christ Jesus; and went his way in a light manner. But the Lord's power came over him so that when he came to his wife and other company, he said, "I never parted so from them before"; for he was judged in himself.

After this I travelled into Yorkshire, and returned out of Holderness, over Humber, visiting Friends; and then returning into Leicestershire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire, among Friends, I had a meeting at Edge-Hill. There came to it Ranters, Baptists, and several sorts of rude people; for I had sent word about three weeks before to have a meeting there, so that hundreds of people were gathered thither, and many Friends came to it from afar. The Lord's everlasting Truth and Word of life reached over all; the rude and unruly spirits were chained down; and many that day were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, by His power and Spirit, and came to sit under His blessed, free teaching, and to be fed with His eternal, heavenly food. All was peaceable; the people passed quietly away, and some of them said it was a mighty, powerful meeting; for the presence of the Lord was felt, and His power and Spirit was amongst them.

Thence I passed to Warwick and to Bagley, having precious meetings; and then into Gloucestershire, and so to [Oxford](#), where the scholars were very rude; but the Lord's power came over them. Great meetings we had as we travelled up and down.

Thus having travelled over most of the nation, I returned to London again, having cleared myself of that which lay upon me from the Lord. For after I was released out of Launceston jail, I was moved of the Lord to travel over the nation, the Truth being now spread in most places, that I might answer, and remove out of the minds of the people, some objections which the envious priests and professors had raised and spread abroad concerning us.

In this year the Lord's Truth was finely planted over the nation, and many thousands were turned to the Lord; insomuch that there were seldom fewer than one thousand in prison in this nation for Truth's testimony; some for tithes, some for going to the steeple-houses, some for contempts (as they called them), some for not swearing, and others for not putting off their hats.



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Having stayed some time in London, and visited the meetings of Friends in and about the city, and cleared myself of what services the Lord had at that time laid upon me there, I left the town and travelled into Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, visiting Friends. I had great meetings, and often met with opposition from Baptists and other jangling professors; but the Lord's power went over them.

We lay one night at Farnham, where we had a little meeting. The people were exceeding rude; but at last the Lord's power came over them. After meeting we went to our inn, and gave notice that any who feared God might come to our inn to us. There came abundance of rude people, the magistrates of the town, and some professors. I declared the Truth to them; and those people that behaved themselves rudely, the magistrates put out of the room.

When they were gone, another rude company of professors came up, and some of the chief of the town. They called for faggots and drink, though we forbade them, and were as rude a people as ever I met. The Lord's power chained them, that they had not power to do us any mischief; but when they went away they left all the faggots and beer, for which they had called, in the room, for us to pay for in the morning. We showed the innkeeper what an unworthy thing it was; but he told us we must pay it; and pay it we did.

Before we left the town I wrote to the magistrates and heads of the town, and to the priest, showing them how he had taught his people, and laying before them their rude and uncivil carriage to strangers that sought their good.

Leaving that place we came to Basingstoke, a very rude town; where they had formerly very much abused Friends. There I had a meeting in the evening, which was quiet; for the Lord's power chained the unruly. At the close of the meeting I was moved to put off my hat and to pray to the Lord to open their understandings; upon which they raised a report that I put off my hat to them and bade them good night, which was never in my heart.

After the meeting, when we came to our inn, I sent for the innkeeper, as I was used to do; and he came into the room to us, and showed himself a very rude man. I admonished him to be sober, and fear the Lord; but he called for faggots and a pint of wine, and drank it off himself; then called for another, and called up half a dozen men into our chamber. Thereupon I bade him go out of the chamber, and told him he should not drink there; for we called him up to speak to him concerning his eternal good.

He was exceeding mad, rude, and drunk. When he continued his rudeness and would not be gone, I told him that the chamber was mine for the time I lodged in it; and called for the key. Then he went away in a rage. In the morning he would not be seen; but I told his wife of his unchristian carriage towards us.

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We then travelled to Exeter; and at the sign of the Seven Stars, an inn at the bridge foot, had a general meeting of Friends out of Cornwall and Devonshire; to which came Humphrey Lower, Thomas Lower, and John Ellis from the Land's End; Henry Pollexfen, and Friends from Plymouth; Elizabeth Trelawny, and diverse other Friends. A blessed heavenly meeting we had, and the Lord's everlasting power came over all, in which I saw and said that the Lord's power had surrounded this nation round about as with a wall and bulwark, and His seed reached from sea to sea. Friends were established in the everlasting Seed of life, Christ Jesus, their Life, Rock, Teacher, and Shepherd.

Next morning Major Blackmore sent soldiers to apprehend me; but I was gone before they came. As I was riding up the street I saw the officers going down; so the Lord crossed them in their design, and Friends passed away peaceably and quietly. The soldiers examined some Friends after I was gone, asking them what they did there; but when they told them that they were in their inn, and had business in the city, they went away without meddling any further with them.

We passed through the countries [the counties of Wales], having meetings, and gathering people in the name of Christ, their heavenly teacher, till we came to Brecknock, where we put up our horses at an inn. There went with me Thomas Holmes and John ap-John, who was moved of the Lord to speak in the streets. I walked out but a little into the fields; and when I returned the town was in an uproar. When I came into the chamber in the inn, it was full of people, and they were speaking in Welsh. I desired them to speak in English, which they did; and much discourse we had. After a while they went away.

Towards night the magistrates gathered in the streets with a multitude of people, and they bade them shout, and gathered up the town; so that, for about two hours together, there was a noise the like of which we had not heard; and the magistrates set them on to shout again when they had given over. We thought it looked like the uproar amongst Diana's craftsmen. This tumult continued till night, and if the Lord's power had not limited them, they would likely have pulled down the house, and torn us to pieces.

At night the woman of the house would have had us go to supper in another room; but we, discerning her plot, refused. Then she would have had half a dozen men come into the room to us, under the pretence of discoursing with us. We told her, "No person shall come into our room this night, neither will we go to them." Then she said we should sup in another room; but we told her we would have no supper if we had it not in our own room. At length, when she saw she could not get us out, she brought up our supper.

So she and they were crossed in their design; for they had an intent to do us mischief, but the Lord prevented them. Next morning I wrote a paper to the town concerning their unchristian carriage, showing the fruits of their priests and magistrates; and as I passed out of town I spoke to the people, and told them they were a shame to Christianity and religion.



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After this we returned to England, and came to Shrewsbury, where we had a great meeting, and visited Friends all over the countries [counties] in their meetings, till we came to William Gandy's, in Cheshire, where we had a meeting of between two and three thousand people, as it was thought; and the everlasting Word of life was held forth, and received that day. A blessed meeting it was, for Friends were settled by the power of God upon Christ Jesus, the Rock and Foundation.

At this time there was a great drought; and after this general meeting was ended, there fell so great a rain that Friends said they thought we could not travel, the waters would be so risen. But I believed the rain had not extended as far as they had come that day to the meeting. Next day, in the afternoon, when we turned back into some parts of Wales again, the roads were dusty, and no rain had fallen there.

When Oliver Cromwell sent forth a proclamation for a fast throughout the nation, for rain, when there was a very great drought, it was observed that as far as Truth had spread in the north, there were pleasant showers and rain enough, while in the south, in many places, the fields were almost spoiled for want of rain. At that time I was moved to write an answer to the Protector's proclamation, wherein I told him that if he had come to own God's Truth, he should have had rain; and that the drought was a sign unto them of their barrenness, and their want of the water of life.

We passed through Montgomeryshire into Wales, and so into Radnorshire, where there was a meeting like a leaguer [like a besieging army], for multitudes. I walked a little aside whilst the people were gathering: and there came to me John ap-John, a Welshman, whom I asked to go to the people; and if he had anything upon him from the Lord to them, he might speak in Welsh, and thereby gather more together. Then came Morgan Watkins to me, who was become loving to Friends, and said, "The people lie like a leaguer, and the gentry of the country are come in." I bade him go up also, and leave me; for I had a great travail upon me for the salvation of the people.

When they were well gathered, I went into the meeting, and stood upon a chair about three hours. I stood a pretty while before I began to speak. After some time I felt the power of the Lord over the whole assembly: and His everlasting life and Truth shone over all. The Scriptures were opened to them, and the objections they had in their minds answered. They were directed to the Light of Christ, the heavenly man; that by it they might see their sins, and Christ Jesus to be their Saviour, their Redeemer, their Mediator; and come to feed upon Him, the bread of life from heaven.

Many were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to His free teaching that day; and all were bowed down under the power of God; so that though the multitude was so great that many sat on horseback to hear, there was no opposition. A priest sat with his wife on horseback, heard attentively, and made no objection.

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The people parted peaceably, with great satisfaction; many of them saying they had never heard such a sermon before, nor the Scriptures so opened. For the new covenant was opened, and the old, and the nature and terms of each; and the parables were explained. The state of the Church in the apostles' days was set forth, and the apostasy since was laid open; the free teaching of Christ and the apostles was set atop of all the hireling teachers; and the Lord had the praise of all, for many were turned to Him that day.

I went thence to Leominster, where was a great meeting in a close, many hundreds of people being gathered together. There were about six congregational preachers and priests amongst the people; and Thomas Taylor, who had been a priest, but was now become a minister of Christ Jesus, was with me. I stood up and declared about three hours; and none of the priests were able to open their mouths in opposition; the Lord's power and Truth so reached and bound them.

At length one priest went off about a bow-shot from me, drew several of the people after him, and began to preach to them. So I kept our meeting, and he kept his. After awhile Thomas Taylor was moved to go and speak to him, upon which he gave over: and he, with the people he had drawn off, came to us again; and the Lord's power went over all.

From this place I travelled on in Wales, having several meetings, till I came to Tenby, where, as I rode up the street, a justice of the peace came out to me, asked me to alight, and desired that I would stay at his house, which I did. On First-day the mayor, with his wife, and several others of the chief people of the town, came in about the tenth hour, and stayed all the time of the meeting. A glorious meeting it was.

John ap-John being then with me, left the meeting, and went to the steeple-house; and the governor cast him into prison. On Second-day morning the governor sent one of his officers to the justice's to fetch me; which grieved the mayor and the justice; for they were both with me in the justice's house when the officer came. The mayor and the justice went to the governor before me; and awhile after I went with the officer. When I came in I said, "Peace be unto this house," and before the governor could examine me I asked him why he cast my friend into prison. He said, "For standing with his hat on in the church."

I said, "Had not the priest two caps on his head, a black one and a white one? Cut off the brims of the hat, and then my friend would have but one: and the brims of the hat were but to defend him from weather."

"These are frivolous things," said the governor.

"Why, then," said I, "dost thou cast my friend into prison for such frivolous things?"

He asked me whether I owned election and reprobation. "Yes," said I, "and thou art in the reprobation."

At that he was in a rage and said he would send me to prison till I proved it. I told him I would prove that quickly if he would confess Truth. I asked him whether wrath, fury, rage and persecution were not marks of reprobation; for he that was born of the flesh persecuted him that was born of the Spirit; but Christ and His disciples never persecuted nor imprisoned any.

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He fairly confessed that he had too much wrath, haste and passion in him. I told him that Esau was up in him, the first birth; not Jacob, the second birth. The Lord's power so reached the man and came over him that he confessed to Truth; and the other justice came and shook me kindly by the hand.

As I was passing away I was moved to speak to the governor again; and he invited me to dinner with him, and set my friend at liberty. I went back to the other justice's house; and after some time the mayor and his wife, and the justice and his wife, and diverse other Friends of the town, went about half a mile out of town with us, to the water-side, when we went away; and there, when we parted from them, I was moved of the Lord to kneel down with them, and pray to the Lord to preserve them. So, after I had recommended them to the Lord Jesus Christ, their Saviour and free Teacher, we passed away in the Lord's power; and He had the glory.

We travelled to Pembrokeshire, and in Pembroke had some service for the Lord. Thence we passed to Haverford West, where we had a great meeting, and all was quiet. The Lord's power came over all, and many were settled in the new covenant, Christ Jesus, and built upon Him, their Rock and Foundation; and they stand a precious meeting to this day. Next day, being their fair-day, we passed through it, and sounded the day of the Lord, and His everlasting Truth, amongst them.

After this we passed into another county, and at noon came into a great market-town, and went into several inns before we could get any meat for our horses. At last we came to one where we got some. Then John ap-John being with me, went and spoke through the town, declaring the Truth to the people; and when he came to me again, he said he thought all the town were as people asleep. After awhile he was moved to go and declare Truth in the streets again; then the town was all in an uproar, and they cast him into prison.

Presently after several of the chief people of the town came, with others, to the inn where I was, and said, "They have cast your man into prison."

"For what?" said I.

"He preached in our streets," said they.

Then I asked them, "What did he say? Had he reproved some of the drunkards and swearers, and warned them to repent, and leave off their evil doings, and turn to the Lord?" I asked them who cast him into prison. They said, the high-sheriff and justices, and the mayor. I asked their names, and whether they understood themselves; and whether that was their conduct to travellers that passed through their town, and strangers that admonished and exhorted them to fear the Lord, and reproved sin in their gates.

These went back, and told the officers what I had said; and after awhile they brought down John ap-John, guarded with halberts, in order to put him out of the town. Being at the inn door, I bade the officers take their hands off him. They said that the mayor and justices had commanded them to put him out of town. I told them I would talk with their mayor and justices concerning their uncivil and unchristian carriage towards him.



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

So I spoke to John to go look after the horses, and get them ready, and charged the officers not to touch him. After I had declared the Truth to them, and showed them the fruits of their priests, and their incivility and unchristian carriage, they left us. They were a kind of Independents; a very wicked town, and false. We bade the innkeeper give our horses a peck of oats; and no sooner had we turned our backs than the oats were stolen from our horses.

After we had refreshed ourselves a little, and were ready, we took horse, and rode up to the inn, where the mayor, sheriff, and justices were. I called to speak with them, and asked them why they had imprisoned John ap-John, and kept him in prison two or three hours. But they would not answer me a word; they only looked out at the windows upon me. So I showed them how unchristian was their carriage to strangers and travellers, and how it manifested the fruits of their teachers; and I declared the truth unto them, and warned them of the day of the Lord, that was coming upon all evil-doers; and the Lord's power came over them, that they looked ashamed; but not a word could I get from them in answer.

So when I had warned them to repent, and turn to the Lord, we passed away. At night we came to a little inn, very poor, but very cheap; for our own provision and that for our two horses cost but eight pence; but the horses would not eat their oats. We declared the Truth to the people of the place, and sounded the day of the Lord through the countries [counties].

Passing thence we came to a great town, and went to an inn. Edward Edwards went into the market, and declared the Truth amongst the people; and they followed him to the inn, and filled the yard, and were exceedingly rude. Yet good service we had for the Lord amongst them; for the life of Christianity and the power of it tormented their chaffy spirits, and came over them, so that some were reached and convinced; and the Lord's power came over all. The magistrates were bound; they had no power to meddle with us.

After this we came to another great town on a market-day; and John ap-John declared the everlasting Truth through the streets, and proclaimed the day of the Lord amongst them. In the evening many people gathered about the inn; and some of them, being drunk, would fain have had us come into the street again. But seeing their design, I told them that if there were any that feared God and desired to hear the Truth, they might come into our inn; or else we might have a meeting with them next morning.

Some service for the Lord we had amongst them, both over night and in the morning; and though the people were slow to receive the Truth, yet the seed was sown; and thereabouts the Lord hath a people gathered to Himself.

In that inn, also, I but turned my back to the man that was giving oats to my horse, and, looking round again, I observed he was filling his pockets with the provender. A wicked, thievish people, to rob the poor, dumb creature of his food. I would rather they had robbed me.



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Thence we went to Beaumaris, a town wherein John ap-John had formerly been a preacher. After we had put up our horses at an inn, John went and spoke through the street; and there being a garrison in the town, they took him and put him into prison. The innkeeper's wife came and told me that the governor and magistrates were sending for me, to commit me to prison also. I told her that they had done more than they could answer already; and had acted contrary to Christianity in imprisoning him for reproving sin in their streets and gates, and for declaring the Truth. Soon after came other friendly people, and told me that if I went into the street, the governor and magistrates would imprison me also; therefore they desired me to keep within the inn.

Upon this I was moved to go and walk up and down in the streets. And I told the people what an uncivil, unchristian thing they had done in casting my friend into prison. And they being high professors, I asked them if this was the entertainment they had for strangers; if they would willingly be so served themselves; and whether they, who looked upon the Scriptures to be their rule, had any example in the Scriptures from Christ or His apostles for what they had done. So after awhile they set John ap-John at liberty.

Next day, being market-day, we were to cross a great water [from Anglesey across Beaumaris Bay to the mainland]; and not far from the place where we were to take boat, many of the market-people drew to us. Amongst these we had good service for the Lord, declaring the Word of Life and everlasting Truth unto them, proclaiming amongst them the day of the Lord, which was coming upon all wickedness; and directing them to the Light of Christ, with which He, the heavenly man, had enlightened them, by which they might see all their sins, and all their false ways, religions, worships and teachers; and by the same Light might see Christ Jesus, who was come to save them, and lead them to God

After the Truth had been declared to them in the power of God, and Christ the free teacher set over all the hireling teachers, I made John ap-John get his horse into the boat, which was then ready. But there being a company of wild "gentlemen," as they were called, gotten into it (whom we found very rude, and far from gentleness), they, with others kept his horse out of the boat. I rode to the boat's side, and spoke to them, showing them what an unmanly and unchristian carriage it was; and told them that they showed an unworthy spirit, below Christianity or humanity.

As I spoke, I leaped my horse into the boat amongst them, thinking John's horse would follow when he had seen mine go in before him. But the water being pretty deep, John could not get his horse into the boat. Therefore I leaped out again on horseback into the water, and stayed with John on that side till the boat returned.

There we tarried, from the eleventh hour of the forenoon to the second in the afternoon, before the boat came to fetch us; and then had forty-two miles to ride that evening; and by the time we had paid for our passage, we had but one groat left between us in money.

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We rode about sixteen miles, and then got a little hay for our horses. Setting forward again, we came in the night to a little ale-house, where we thought to have stayed and baited. But, finding we could have neither oats nor hay there, we travelled all night; and about the fifth hour in the morning got to a place within six miles of Wrexham, where that day we met with many Friends, and had a glorious meeting. The Lord's everlasting power and Truth was over all; and a meeting is continued there to this day. Next day we passed thence into Flintshire, sounding the day of the Lord through the towns; and came into Wrexham at night. Here many of Floyd's people came to us; but very rude, wild, and airy they were, and little sense of truth they had; yet some were convinced in that town. Next morning one called a lady sent for me, who kept a preacher in her house. I went, but found both her and her preacher very light and airy; too light to receive the weighty things of God. In her lightness she came and asked me if she should cut my hair; but I was moved to reprove her, and bade her cut down the corruptions in herself with the sword of the Spirit of God. So after I had admonished her to be more grave and sober, we passed away; and afterwards, in her frothy mind, she made her boast that she came behind me and cut off the curl of my hair; but she spoke falsely.

From Wrexham we came to Chester; and it being the fair time, we stayed a while, and visited Friends. For I had travelled through every county in Wales, preaching the everlasting gospel of Christ; and a brave people there is now, who have received it, and sit under Christ's teaching. But before I left Wales I wrote to the magistrates of Beaumaris concerning the imprisoning of John ap-John; letting them see their conditions, and the fruits of their Christianity, and of their teachers. Afterwards I met with some of them near London; but, oh, how ashamed they were of their action! Soon we came to Manchester, and the sessions being there that day many rude people were come out of the country. In the meeting they threw at me coals, clods, stones, and water; yet the Lord's power bore me up over them that they could not strike me down. At last, when they saw they could not prevail by throwing water, stones, and dirt at me, they went and informed the justices in the sessions, who thereupon sent officers to fetch me before them.

The officers came in while I was declaring the Word of life to the people, plucked me down, and haled me into their court. When I came there all the court was in a disorder and a noise. I asked, "Where are the magistrates that they do not keep the people civil?" Some of the justices said that they were magistrates. I asked them why, then, they did not appease the people, and keep them sober, for one cried, "I'll swear," and another cried, "I'll swear."

I declared to the justices how we were abused in our meeting by the rude people, who threw stones, clods, dirt, and water; and how I was haled out of the meeting and brought thither, contrary to the instrument of government, which said that none should be molested in their meetings that professed God, and owned the Lord Jesus Christ; which I did. The Truth so came over them that when one of the rude followers cried, "I'll swear," one of the justices checked him, saying "What will you swear? hold your tongue."



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At last they bade the constable take me to my lodging, and there secure me till they sent for me again to-morrow morning. So the constable took me to my lodging.

As we went the people were exceedingly rude; but I let them see the fruits of their teachers, how they shamed Christianity, and dishonored the name of Jesus which they professed.

At night we went to see a justice in the town who was pretty moderate, and I had a great deal of discourse with him. Next morning we sent to the constable to know if he had anything more to say to us. He sent us word that he had nothing to say to us; we might go whither we would.

The Lord hath since raised up a people to stand for His name and Truth in that town over those chaffy professors.

We passed from Manchester, having many precious meetings in several places, till we came to Preston. Between Preston and Lancaster I had a general meeting, from which I went to Lancaster. There at our inn I met with Colonel West, who was very glad to see me, and meeting with Judge Fell he told him that I was mightily grown in the Truth; when, indeed, he was come nearer to the Truth, and so could better discern it.

We came from Lancaster to Robert Widders's. On the First-day after I had a general meeting of Friends of Westmoreland and Lancashire near Sandside, when the Lord's everlasting power was over all. In this meeting the Word of eternal life was declared, and Friends were settled upon the foundation Christ Jesus, under His free teaching; and many were convinced, and turned to the Lord.

Next day I came over the Sands to Swarthmore, where Friends were glad to see me. I stayed there two First-days, visiting Friends in their meetings thereabouts. They rejoiced with me in the goodness of the Lord, who by His eternal power had carried me through and over many difficulties and dangers in His service; to Him be the praise for ever!

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October: War with Spain (until 1659).

A letter from [George Fox](#) in Launceston Jail:

*To Friends in the Ministry,
Friends,
Dwell in the power of life and wisdom, and dread of the Lord of life,
and of heaven and earth, that you may be preserved in the wisdom of God
over all, and be a terror and a dread to all the adversaries of God,
answering that of God in them all, spreading the truth abroad, awakening
the witness, confounding the deceit, gathering up out of transgression
into the life, into the covenant of light and peace with God. Let all
nations heard the sound by word or by writing. Spare no place, spare no
tongue, nor pen; but be obedient to the Lord God. Go through the work,
and be valiant for the truth upon earth; tread and trample down all that
is contrary. You have the power, do not abuse it. You have the strength,
presence, and wisdom of the Lord. Eye it, that with it you may all be
ordered to the glory of the Lord God. Keep in the dominion, keep in the
power over deceit. tread over deceit in that which lets you see to the
world's end and to the utmost parts of the earth, Reign and rule with
Christ, whose scepter and throne in now set up, whose dominion is over
all the ends of the earth. His dominion is an everlasting dominion,
his throne an everlasting throne, his kingdom an everlasting kingdom,
his power above all powers. Therefore this is the word of the Lord God
to you all: Keep in the wisdom of God, which spreads over all the earth
and is pure from above, this wisdom of the creation, which is not
destructive. For now shall salvation go out of Zion to judge the Mount
of Esau, Now shall the Law go forth from Jerusalem to answer
the principle of God in all, to hew down all inventors and inventions.
For all the princes of the earth are but as air to the power of the Lord
God, which you are in, and have tasted of. Therefore live in it and do
not abuse it. That is the word of the Lord God to you all. Keep down the
low and take heed of false joys that will change.
Bring all into the worship of God: plow up the fallow ground, thresh and
get out the corn, that all people may come to the Beginning, to Christ,
who was before the world was made, For the chaff has come upon the wheat
by transgression. He who treads out the chaff is out of transgression
and fathoms transgression. He sees the difference between the precious
and the vile and can pick out the wheat from the tares and gather it
into the garner, Thus he brings the immortal soul to God, from whom
it came, No one worships God but he who comes to the principle of God,
which he had transgressed; no one is plowed up but he who comes to the
principle of God in him, that he has transgressed. Then he does service
to God, then the planting and the watering take place, and the increase
comes from God. So the ministers of the spirit must minister
to the spirit that has been in captivity in every one, so that with
the spirit of Christ people may be led out of captivity up to God,
the Father of Spirits, and do service to him, and have unity with him,
with the Scriptures, and with one another. This is the word of Lord God
to you all, and a charge to you all in the presence of the living God:*



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Be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations, wherever you go, so that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them. Then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one. thereby you can be a blessing in them and make the witness of God in them bless you. Then you will be a sweet savor and a blessing to the Lord God.

Spare no deceit; lay the sword upon it; go over it. Keep yourselves clear of the blood of all men, either by word or writing or speaking. Keep yourselves clean, so that you can abide in your throne, and everyone have his lot, and abide in that lot in the Ancient of Days. And so the blessing of the Lord be with you and keep you over all idolatrous worships and worshippers. Let them know the living God. for teachings, churches, and worships that have been set up by man's earthly understanding, knowledge, and will must be thrown down with the power of the Lord God. For all this must be thrown down with that power that gave forth Scripture. Whoever is in that power reigns over it all. This is the word of the Lord God to you all: God is worshipped in that which declares his will and brings the ground and pillar of truth to the Church in God. For now the mighty day of the Lord has appeared, and the arrows of the Almighty, which shall stick in the hearts of the wicked, have gone forth. Now will I arise, says the Lord God Almighty, to trample and thunder down deceit, which has long reigned and stained the earth. Now will I have my glory out of every one. The Lord God Almighty who is over all in his strength and power keep you to his glory, that you may come to answer that of God in everyone one in the world. Proclaim the mighty day of fire and sword, when the Lord will be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Keep in the life and power of the Lord God so that the inhabitants of the earth may tremble before you, that the Lord God's power and majesty may be admired among the hypocrites and heathen, and that in his wisdom, dread, life terror, and dominion you may be preserved to his glory, and that nothing may rule or reign but power and life itself, and that you may be preserved in the wisdom of God. This is the word of the Lord God to you all: The call is to come out of transgression now. The spirit bids, come! The call is away from all false worships and Gods and from all inventions and dead words to serve the living God now. the call is to repentance and to the amendment of life, whereby righteousness may be brought forth to go throughout the earth. Therefore you who are chosen and faithful, who are with the Lamb, go about your work faithfully, and in the strength and power of the Lord. Be obedient to the power, for that will save you out of the hands of unreasonable men and preserve you over the world to himself, Hereby you can live in the kingdom that stand in power and has no end, where there is glory and life.

George Fox

Launceston Jail



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1657

Friends [John Perrot](#) and [John Luffe \(Love\)](#) traveled on the [Italian](#) peninsula to convert [Catholics](#) and Jews to [Quakerism](#). Eventually they would seek an audience with Pope Alexander VII at the Vatican in [Rome](#) and be imprisoned.

In this year [Friend George Fox](#) is said to have written in reproach to an aged and failing [Oliver Cromwell](#): “O Oliver, hadst thou been faithful and thundered down the deceit, the Hollander had been thy subject and tributary, Germany had given up to have done thy will, and the Spaniard had quivered like a dry leaf wanting the virtue of God, the King of France should have bowed his neck under thee, the Pope should have withered as in winter, the Turk in all of his fatness should have smoked, thou shouldst not have stood trifling about small things, but minded the work of the Lord as He began with thee at first.”



Some Quakers have taken this to mean that Friend George was rebuking Cromwell for not having had English soldiers adorn their armor with the big red cross of the Crusader, and gone off on a 5th Crusade against Islam, and have offered this as a limitation on the early understanding of [the Quaker Peace Testimony](#): that the testimony was at this early point entirely compatible with the use of war as an instrument of the monarch. My own contention would be, however, that when Friend George wrote “O Oliver, hadst thou been faithful and thundered down the deceit,” he was writing a phrase that is to us at the very least indefinite, or ambiguous. Precisely what would it be for a person to be faithful as Friend George proposed? Being faithful does not, of course, intrinsically, involve armies and shedding the blood of others, for one can on occasion be faithful even when one has no army at one’s disposal and even when one is refusing to shed the blood of others. Exactly what is it for a person to thunder down deceit as Friend George proposed? Thundering down deceit does not, of course, intrinsically, involve the use of cannon and gunpowder, for one can on occasion thunder down deceit, even if one is out of gunpowder and all one’s cannon have become Quaker cannon, fallen entirely silent. So if one is going to insist that when Friend George told the Lord Protector that “the Turk in all of his fatness should have smoked” what he meant was that that Cromwell should have sent the English army off on a 5th Crusade to kill so many of them that the ones still alive would fear the Lord Protector and do his will,²⁸ one is going to have to admit also that by the same token, “the Hollander had been thy subject and tributary” would have meant that Cromwell should have killed so many Hollanders that the ones still alive would fear him and do his will, and one is going to have to admit also that by the same token, “Germany had given up to have done thy will” would have meant that Cromwell should have killed so many Germans that the ones still alive would fear him and do his will, and one is going to have to admit also that by the same token, “the Spaniard had

28. Note that Friend Mary Fisher’s missionary voyage to the court of the Great Turk was at this point an entirely unknown and unimagined, because future, event.



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quivered like a dry leaf wanting the virtue of God” would have meant that Cromwell should have killed so many Spaniards that the ones still alive would fear him and do his will, and one is going to have to admit also that by the same token, “the King of France should have bowed his neck under thee” would have meant that Cromwell should have killed so many Frenchmen that the ones still alive would fear him and do his will, and one is going to have to admit also that by the same token, “the Pope should have withered as in winter” would have meant that Cromwell should have killed so many Roman Catholics that the ones still alive would fear him and do his will. What a spasm of 17th-Century conquest and bloodshed and terror this Quaker of today seems to suppose Friend George to have been imagining! But this is preposterous. Friend George certainly was not suggesting to Lord Protector Cromwell that he should have played Alexander the Great and conquered the known world. Had he meant that he would have said that. Where might any Quaker scholar have acquired such a conceit? And why would a Quaker now be furthering such a conceit?

Please notice once and for all that the phrase “O Oliver, hadst thou been faithful and thundered down the deceit” is consistent also with an attitude that if Lord Protector Cromwell had studied to make himself a man of the spirit of God rather than a man of violence, he would have had a greater and more lasting influence upon his fellows, rather than experiencing, as he was, in his declining years, that for all the blood he had caused to be shed his life had produced no lasting benefit.



Early in the year (1656, Old Style): [Mary Dyer](#) and Ann Burden arrived in [Boston](#) by ship from England, Mary as a former Bostonian relocated to [Rhode Island](#) who was returning after a trip to England (begun in 1650), and Ann as a Boston widow who was returning home to settle her dead husband’s estate. However, it was learned that while in England the two women had been converted to Quakerism.²⁹ Unexpectedly, instead of a warm homecoming, they were carted off to jail. This would be the year in which:

“Christopher Holder and John Copeland, Quakers, were whipped through town with knotted cords, with all the strength the hangman could command. The prisoners were gagged with a stick in the mouth, to prevent their outcries.”

What had happened with Friend Christopher Holder was that he had caused a disruption by attempting to speak

29. In the quite numerous Dyer family, only [Mary Dyer](#) and her son William, Jr. (Will) would ever be converts to Quakerism.



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in church in Salem after the Sunday sermon (it was during this year, incidentally, that [Quaker](#) meetings for worship were beginning locally). A guard there had brought him to the floor and stuffed his glove and handkerchief into Holder's mouth. When a member of the Puritan congregation, [Samuel Shattuck](#), got the glove and handkerchief out of Holder's mouth, and resuscitated him, Shattuck was taken to the [Boston](#) lockup and had to pay a 20-shilling fine to get released. (Shattuck would become a Quaker and be exiled.) Holder was given 30 lashes and then had to spend the next three days and nights in jail without any food or bedding. All told, he and two other Quaker ministers would be held in this jail for the next three and a half months.

During this year Friend [George Fox](#) would be sending out a number of epistles, including one entitled "To Friends, To Dwell in that which Keeps Peace":

 *Number CXXXVI, Volume VII, page 132. Dear Friends, - Dwell in that which keeps your peace, and comprehends the deceit, and answers that of God in everyone. And let Friends keep their meetings, and never hearken to tales, nor things without; but keep their peace, and know the life and power, union and fellowship, which stands in God, in and with which ye may stand over the world in the one power, life, and wisdom, and therein be kept to the glory of the Lord God. So, in that which is pure, the Lord God Almighty preserve you!
G.F.*



His epistle entitled "To The Prisoners" dates to this year:

 *Number CXXXVIII, Volume VII, page 133. Friends, - Ye that are the prisoners of the Lord Jesus Christ in outward bonds, who witness him by whom the world was made, who is the King of saints, and who are his, and come under his dominion and government, ye are not your own; but purchased with his blood, which washes and makes you clean, and justifies, whose bodies are his temple. Though he suffers you to be imprisoned, yet in his power your bodies are kept, and your spirits also; ye standing witnesses for your master, for your king, for your prophet, for your covenant of light, for your wisdom of God, (him by whom all things were made,) for the word and power, by which all things were made and upheld, against the powers of darkness, who are out of the light, out of the truth, who cannot bind, stop, nor limit the unlimited power, which is over it, and comprehends it. They who are born of the world, and in the power which upholds all things, over that, (and the power of the evil one,) have victory, and sing over the false prophet. For the devil was the deceiver, who abode not in the truth; and there is the false prophet, who speaks of his own, and not from the Lord; and there is the beast, that makes the war against the lamb and his saints, who witness the testimony of Jesus, and the word of God. Therefore mind the word of God, ye children of the*



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light, who are in the light, that comes from the word; mind the word of the Lord, which is a hammer, and as a fire, and sharper than a two-edged sword. And ye who are the Lord's, are not your own; but they who are in their own time, see not the time which is in the Father's hand; their time is always, and they do their own works, and not the works of God, which the son of God did.
G.F.

Friend [George](#)'s epistle entitled "Know The Praying in the Spirit" also dates to this year:



Friends, - Know the praying in the spirit, and with the understanding; then ye will come to know the sighs and groans than cannot be uttered. For such as have not the spirit that gave forth the scriptures to guide them, are as the Pharisees were, in the long prayers, and in the wrath, and in the doubting, and do not lift up holy hands. This makes a difference between praying in the spirit, and the Pharisees' long prayers, that devoured widows' houses. And none owns the light as it is Jesus, but he that owns the light that Christ lighteth him withal. And none owns the truth, but who owns the light that cometh from Christ, the truth. And none cometh to the Father, but such who owns the light that cometh from Christ, which leads to him. Nor none owns the son, except he owns the light that cometh from him. For all dwelling in the light that comes from Jesus, it leads out of wars, leads out of strife, leads out of the occasion of wars, and leads out of the earth up to God, out of earthly-mindedness to heavenly-mindedness, and bringeth your minds to heaven.
G.F.

His epistle entitled "Dwell in Unity and Love in the Power of God." also dates to this year:



GF, To Friends, to live in love and unity together, in the power of God. Friends all every where, in the life and power of God live and dwell, and spread the truth abroad. Quench not the spirit, but live in love and unity one with another; that with the wisdom of God ye may all be ordered to God's glory. And live all in patience one with another, and in the truth, that ye may feel and see to the beginning, before the world and its foundation was, in the faith which gives the victory; that nothing may reign but the life and power amongst you. And live all as the family of God in love, in life, in truth, in power, having your house established atop of all the mountains and



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*hills; that ye may answer that of God in every man, and the word of the Lord ye may witness to go forth among you and be among you. So in this the Lord God Almighty preserve you and keep you. And in the son of God's power live, for all power in heaven and earth is given him; who is to subdue all the powers of darkness, and to make the kingdoms of the world his kingdom. And none go beyond the measure of the Spirit of God, nor quench it; for where it is quenched it cannot try things. So if any have any thing upon them to speak, in the life of God stand up and speak it, if it be but two or three words, and sit down again; and keep in the life, that ye may answer that of God in every man upon the earth. To you this is the word of the Lord God.
G.F.*

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

His epistle entitled "To Friends Beyond the Sea, That Have Blacks and Indian Slaves" also dates to this year. He did not implore slave-holding Quakers to free their captives, but merely to treat them well. The slaves of Quakers should be allowed to hear the Gospel, so they would know of the equality of all men in the eyes of God. Later, he would find it necessary to salve the fear, among the planter class of the New World islands, that with such appeals the Quakers had been creating a dangerous situation:

Dear Friends, - I was moved to write these things to you in all those plantations. God, that made the world, and all things therein, giveth life and breath to all, and they all have their life and moving, and their being in him, he is the God of the spirits of the flesh, and is no respecter of persons; but "whosoever feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him." And he hath made all nations of one blood to dwell upon the face of the earth, and his eyes are over all the works of his hands, and seeth every thing that is done under the whole of heaven; and "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." And he causeth the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust, and also he causeth the sun to shine upon the just and the unjust; and he commands to "love all men," for Christ loved all, so that he "died for sinners." And this is God's love for the world, in giving his son into the world; that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish." And he doth "enlighten every man that cometh into the world," that they might believe in the son. And the gospel is preached to every creature under heaven; which is the power that giveth liberty and freedom, and is glad tidings to every captivated creature under the whole heavens. And the word of God is in the heart and mouth, to obey and do it, and not for them to ascend or descend for it; and this is the word of faith which was and is preached. For Christ is given for a covenant to the people, and a light to the Gentiles, and to enlighten them, who is the glory of Israel, and God's "salvation to the ends of the earth." And so ye are to



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have the mind of Christ, and to be merciful, as you heavenly Father is merciful.
G.F.

Friend [George](#)'s epistle entitled "Concerning the Light" also dates to this year:



Friends, - Ye that be turned to the light in it wait, in it meet together, that with it your hearts may be joined together up to Christ, the head, from whence the light doth come; with which ye may see all the world and all the gatherings that are out of the light, which are in the vanities of their minds, and in the rebelliousness of their hearts, and stubbornness of it from the light. But ye believing in the light and receiving it, he receive and come into the covenant with God, and peace with God; and into that which gives the knowledge of his glory and of his image, And this belief giveth the victory over the world, and brings unto God, and into his likeness, and separates you from the world, and its likeness, and image, and its fashion, which or out of the light; and its knowledge, and its wisdom, and its honour, and its fear, and its love, and its rejoicing, which are out of the light in the flesh, and it the iniquity, where the soul is in death. But in the light rejoicing and walking, ye receive the love of God shed abroad into your hearts, which love rejoiceth in the truth, (mark,) in that which the devil abode not in. With that ye know and will know the increase of God, and know God and his law put in your minds, and in your hearts written, where the fear is placed, where the secrets of the Lord are revealed, and the light, which is the truth, comes to be walked in. Here is a joy in the Lord where no flesh glories, In this waiting, (in the light,) the world where there is not end it gives you to see and the power of the world which is to come, ye will come to see and be partakers of. Which power ye receiving (who are in the light,) it brings you to become the sons of God and to be heirs of the world where there is no end, and of the everlasting inheritance which fadeth not away, and the riches which are durable, where no their can come, nor nothing to rust or canker; for that is out of the light that doth thieve, rust, or canker, ad in the transgression. Therefore, ye saints in the light of the most high God, whose name is dreadful amongst you, and his power made manifest in measure, and his glory appearing, walk worthy of the high calling! Keep your dominion, keep you place of rest in the power and strength of the Almighty, and meet together in the love, unity, and peace, and know one another in this love that changes not; which being received, ye walk in that which condemns that which is changeable. This love rejoiceth in the truth, and hath dominion over him that abode not in the truth, but rejoiceth in that which the devil abode



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not in. And here the spirit is received in which God is worshipped, that Father of spirits, He that believeth here believes in the Lord, and shall never be confounded, for he believes in that which doth confound and condemn those who are out of the light, and gone from the word of God in the heart, and from the power of God, and from the light of the glorious gospel, which is the power of God. The God of the world hath blinded their eyes that abide not in the truth, they are gone from the light which is the truth; and all that are blinded by the god of the world, these are out of the light and out of the truth. Therefore ye being in the light, and to it turned, (the light of the glorious gospel,) the image of God is seen, and the glorious gospel received, Therefore walk in the light as the children of the light, and know the wisdom that is of her children justified; that ye may answer the light in every one (that comes into the world) that hateth it. And keep you habitations, that ye may every one feel you spring in the light which comes from the Lord, and feel your nourishment and refreshment; which waters the plants and causeth them to grow up in the Lord, from whom the pure, living springs come. And here is the water which is the witness in the earth, which doth wash, and here come the spirit to be known, the witness that doth baptize. and the witness the blood, which doth cleanse, which agrees with the witness in heaven. So, he that believe hath the witness in himself. (Mark and take notice.) And so, ye being in the light, every one in particular feed upon the bread of life which comes from above, which nourisheth up to eternal life; wherein as every one grows up, here every one gives glory to the Father, and to the son, and knows the light which is the way, the truth, and the life. Every one of you that are turned to it, ye are in the one way, truth, light, and life, feeding upon the one bread which comes from above; which whosoever doth eat of lives for ever, and shall never die. Let this be read among all Friends everywhere, in this nation and elsewhere, that to the light are turned and in it are kept, that in the unity they may all be kept. And in it God Almighty preserve and keep you, that ye may feel his promises, which are to the seed; and know the seed to which the blessing is, and know the flesh of Christ, that ye may be flesh of his flesh. And friends, live at peace among yourselves, waiting upon the Lord; and the Lord God of life and peace be with you. Let no Friends be discouraged; but walk in the truth and the love of it, and to it bend. G.F.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading 'George Fox' in a cursive script.



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During this year, also, Friends William Brend and John Copeland were on their way from [Scituate](#) in Massachusetts to [Rhode Island](#), on a missionary journey, when intercepted by officials of the Plymouth Colony who demanded that they pledge to be out of the colony within 48 hours. Well, it was one thing for these [Quakers](#) to be on their way directly out of the colony, and quite another for government types to come around and make such a demand — the two missionaries instantly scrupled against obedience and would need to be hauled before a judge. The judge would classify their attitude problem, accurately it would seem, as “contemptuous perverseness.” (And, we may add to the historical record as an inference, the response of these Quakers to that judge would likely have been something on the order of “Hey, dude, deal with it!”)

During this year, also, the [Quakers](#) were establishing a meeting house at [Aquidneck Island](#) in Rhode Island, and [William Dyer](#) came up to Boston and obtained his wife’s release upon condition that he not allow [Friend Mary Dyer](#) to speak with anyone until they were beyond the frontiers of the Bay Colony. Friend Ann was not allowed to settle her estate, and eventually the captain of the vessel was forced to take her back to England — at his own expense.

At about this period, many married [Quakers](#) were beginning to take vows of celibacy, and refrain from sexual intercourse with their spouses. This would go on for like two, three years. There is a suggestion that Friend [Mary Dyer](#), although her husband was not and never would be a Quaker, joined in this movement for some time prior to her execution.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

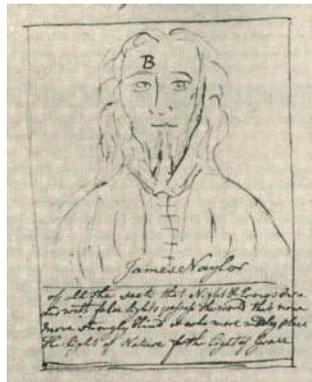


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June/July: [Friend George Fox](#)'s aim, during this period, in addition to spreading the Truth, was to deal personally with the damage to the infant movement in South Wales caused by the controversies which had been started by [Friend James Nayler](#), a close colleague of Fox's who had been arrested on a charge of extreme blasphemy at Bristol, England in October 1655 after having accepted the adoration of female supporters as the [Second Coming](#) of Jesus Christ.



(He had been tried by Parliament,³⁰ narrowly escaping the death penalty that had been recommended for him by [Major-General William Goffe](#), and tortured, and would be imprisoned until September 1659.)



REGICIDE

30. The proceedings of the House of Commons against [James Nayler](#) for blasphemy have been reported in HOWELL'S STATE TRIALS, Volume V, pages 801 ff (Howell, Thomas Bayley, ed. COBBETT'S COMPLETE COLLECTION OF STATE TRIALS AND PROCEEDINGS FOR HIGH TREASON AND OTHER CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. London 1809-1826, in 53 volumes).



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June/July: Friend [George Fox](#) visited every county in Wales, accompanied by [Friend](#) John ap-John of Wrexham and Edward Edwards of Denbighshire and, for some of the time, Thomas Holme and Richard Hubberthorne.

After I had tarried two First-days at Swarthmore, and had visited Friends in their meetings thereabouts, I passed into Westmoreland, in the same work, till I came to John Audland's, where there was a general meeting.

The night before I had had a vision of a desperate creature that was coming to destroy me, but I got victory over it. And next day in meeting-time came one Otway, with some rude fellows. He rode round about the meeting with his sword or rapier, and would fain have got in through the Friends to me; but the meeting being great, the Friends stood close, so that he could not easily come at me. When he had ridden about several times raging, and found he could not get in, being limited by the Lord's power, he went away.

It was a glorious meeting, ended peaceably, and the Lord's everlasting power came over all. This wild man went home, became distracted, and not long after died. I sent a paper to John Blakelin to read to him, while he lay ill, showing him his wickedness, and he acknowledged something of it.

I had for some time felt drawings on my spirit to go into Scotland, and had sent to Colonel William Osburn of Scotland, desiring him to meet me; and he, with some others, came out of Scotland to this meeting. After it was over (which, he said, was the most glorious meeting that ever he saw in his life), I passed with him and his company into Scotland, having with me Robert Widders, a thundering man against hypocrisy, deceit, and the rottenness of the priests.

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From Wales, Friend [George](#) went into Scotland, and one of the towns in which he would successfully preach in the [Quaker](#) way was the ancestral home of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s mother's family, and John Muir's family, on the east coast of Scotland where the Firth of Forth verges into the North Sea, the town of [Dunbar](#):

DUNBAR FAMILY



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The first night we came into Scotland we lodged at an inn. The innkeeper told us an earl lived about a quarter of a mile off, who had a desire to see me; and had left word at the inn that if ever I came into Scotland, he should be told of it. The innkeeper told us there were three drawbridges to the earl's house; and that it would be nine o'clock before the third bridge was drawn.

Finding we had time in the evening, we walked to his house. He received us very lovingly, and said he would have gone with us on our journey, but that he was before engaged to go to a funeral. After we had spent some time with him, we parted very friendly, and returned to our inn. Next morning we travelled on, and passing through Dumfries, came to Douglas, where we met with some Friends. Thence we passed to the Heads, where we had a blessed meeting in the name of Jesus, and felt Him in the midst.

Leaving Heads, we went to Badcow, and had a meeting there, to which abundance of people came, and many were convinced. Amongst them was one called a lady. From thence we passed towards the Highlands to William Osburn's, where we gathered up the sufferings of Friends, and the principles of the Scotch priests, which may be seen in a book called "The Scotch Priests' Principles."

Afterwards we returned to Heads, Badcow, and Garshore, where the said lady, Margaret Hambleton, was convinced; who afterwards went to warn Oliver Cromwell and Charles Fleetwood of the day of the Lord that was coming upon them.

On First-day we had a great meeting, and several professors came to it. Now, the priests had frightened the people with the doctrine of election and reprobation, telling them that God had ordained the greatest part of men and women for hell; and that, let them pray, or preach, or sing, or do what they would, it was all to no purpose, if they were ordained for hell. Also that God had a certain number elected for heaven, let them do what they would; as David was an adulterer, and Paul a persecutor, yet still they were elected vessels for heaven. So the priests said the fault was not at all in the creature, less or more, but that God had ordained it so.

I was led to open to the people the falseness and folly of their priests' doctrines, and showed how they, the priests, had abused those Scriptures they quoted. Now all that believe in the Light of Christ, as He commands, are in the election, and sit under the teaching of the grace of God, which brings their salvation. But such as turn this grace into wantonness, are in the reprobation; and such as hate the Light, are in the condemnation. So I exhorted all the people to believe in the Light, as Christ commands, and to own the grace of God, their free teacher; and it would assuredly bring them their salvation; for it is sufficient. Many Scriptures were opened concerning reprobation, and the eyes of the people were opened; and a spring of life rose up among them.



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** These things soon came to the priest's ears; for the people that sat under their dark teachings began to see light, and to come into the covenant of light. The noise was spread over Scotland, amongst the priests, that I was come thither; and a great cry went up among them that all would be spoiled; for, they said, I had spoiled all the honest men and women in England already; so, according to their own account, the worst were left to them.*

Upon this they gathered great assemblies of priests together, and drew up a number of curses to be read in their several steeple-houses, that all the people might say "Amen" to them. Some few of these I will here set down; the rest may be read in the book before mentioned, of "The Scotch Priests' Principles."

*The first was, "Cursed is he that saith,
Every man hath a light within him sufficient
to lead him to salvation; and let all the people say,
Amen."*

*The second, "Cursed is he that saith,
Faith is without sin; and let all the people say,
Amen."*

*The third, "Cursed is he that denieth the Sabbath-day;
and let all the people say,
Amen."*

In this last they make the people curse themselves; for on the Sabbath-day (which is the seventh day of the week, which the Jews kept by the command of God to them) they kept markets and fairs, and so brought the curse upon their own heads.

Now were the priests in such a rage that they posted to Edinburgh to Oliver Cromwell's Council there, with petitions against me. The noise was that "all was gone"; for several Friends were come out of England and spread over Scotland, sounding the day of the Lord, preaching the everlasting gospel of salvation, and turning people to Christ Jesus, who died for them, that they might receive His free teaching.

After I had gathered the principles of the Scotch priests, and the sufferings of Friends, and had seen the Friends in that part of Scotland settled by the Lord's power, upon Christ their foundation, I went to Edinburgh, and in the way came to Linlithgow, where lodging at an inn, the innkeeper's wife, who was blind, received the Word of life, and came under the teaching of Christ Jesus, her Saviour.

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At night there came in abundance of soldiers and some officers, with whom we had much discourse; and some were rude. One of the officers said he would obey the Turk's or Pilate's command, if they should command him to guard Christ to crucify Him. So far was he from all tenderness, or sense of the Spirit of Christ, that he would rather crucify the just than suffer for or with them; whereas many officers and magistrates have lost their places before they would turn against the Lord and His Just One.

When I had stayed a while at Edinburgh, I went to Leith, where many officers of the army came in with their wives, and many were convinced. Among these Edward Billings's wife was one. She brought a great deal of coral in her hand, and threw it on the table before me, to see whether I would speak against it or not. I took no notice of it, but declared the Truth to her, and she was reached. There came in many Baptists, who were very rude; but the Lord's power came over them, so that they went away confounded.

Then there came in another sort, and one of them said he would dispute with me; and for argument's sake would deny there was a God. I told him he might be one of those fools that said in his heart, "There is no God," but he would know Him in the day of His judgment. So he went his way.

** A precious time we had afterwards with several people of account; and the Lord's power came over all. William Osburn was with me. Colonel Lidcot's wife, and William Welch's wife, and several of the officers themselves, were convinced. Edward Billings and his wife at that time lived apart; and she being reached by Truth, and become loving to Friends, we sent for her husband, who came. The Lord's power reached unto them both, and they joined in it, and agreed to live together in love and unity as man and wife.*

After this we returned to Edinburgh where many thousands were gathered together, with abundance of priests among them, about burning a witch, and I was moved to declare the day of the Lord amongst them. When I had done, I went thence to our meeting, whither came many rude people and Baptists.

The Baptists began to vaunt with their logic and syllogisms; but I was moved in the Lord's power to thresh their chaffy, light minds. I showed the people that, after that fallacious way of discoursing, they might make white seem black, and black seem white; as, that because a cock had two legs, and each of them had two legs, therefore they were all cocks. Thus they might turn anything into lightness and vanity; but it was not the way of Christ, or His apostles, to teach, speak, or reason after that manner.

Hereupon those Baptists went their way; and after they were gone we had a blessed meeting in the Lord's power, which was over all.

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I mentioned before that many of the Scotch priests, being greatly disturbed at the spreading of Truth, and the loss of their hearers thereby, were gone to Edinburgh to petition the Council against me. When I came from the meeting to the inn where I lodged, an officer belonging to the Council brought me the following order:

*Thursday, the 8th of October, 1657, at his Highness' Council in Scotland:
Ordered, That George Fox do appear before the Council on Tuesday, the 13th of October next, in the forenoon.
— E. DOWNING, Clerk of the Council*

When he had delivered me the order, he asked me whether I would appear or not. I did not tell him; but asked him if he had not forged the order. He said "No"; that it was a real order from the Council, and he was sent as their messenger with it.

When the time came I appeared, and was taken into a great room, where many persons came and looked at me. After awhile the doorkeeper took me into the council-chamber; and as I was going he took off my hat. I asked him why he did so, and who was there that I might not go in with my hat on. I told him I had been before the Protector with my hat on. But he hung up my hat and took me in before them.

When I had stood awhile, and they said nothing to me, I was moved of the Lord to say, "Peace be amongst you. Wait in the fear of God, that ye may receive His wisdom from above, by which all things were made and created; that by it ye may all be ordered, and may order all things under your hands to God's glory."

They asked me what was the occasion of my coming into that nation. I told them I came to visit the Seed of God, which had long lain in bondage under corruption, so that all in the nation who professed the Scriptures, the words of Christ, of the prophets and apostles, might come to the Light, Spirit and power, which they were in who gave them forth. I told them that in and by the Spirit they might understand the Scriptures, and know Christ and God aright, and might have fellowship with them, and one with another. They asked me whether I had any outward business there. I said, "Nay." Then they asked me how long I intended to stay in that country. I told them I should say little to that; my time was not to be long; yet in my freedom in the Lord I stood, in the will of Him that sent me.

Then they bade me withdraw, and the doorkeeper took me by the hand and led me forth. In a little time they sent for me again, and told me that I must depart the nation of Scotland by that day sevensnight. I asked them, "Why? What have I done? What is my transgression that you pass such a sentence upon me to depart out of the nation?" They told me they would not dispute with me. I desired them to hear what I had to say to them. They said they would not hear me. I told them, "Pharaoh heard Moses and Aaron, yet he was an heathen; and Herod heard John the Baptist; and you should not be worse than these." But they cried, "Withdraw, withdraw."

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Thereupon the doorkeeper took me again by the hand and led me out. I returned to my inn, and continued still in Edinburgh; visiting Friends there and thereabouts, and strengthening them in the Lord. After a little time I wrote a letter to the Council to lay before them their unchristian dealings in banishing me, an innocent man, that sought their salvation and eternal good. After I had spent some time among Friends at Edinburgh and thereabouts, I passed thence to Heads again, where Friends had been in great sufferings. For the Presbyterian priests had excommunicated them, and given charge that none should buy or sell or eat or drink with them. So they could neither sell their commodities nor buy what they wanted; which made it go very hard with some of them; for if they had bought bread or other victuals of any of their neighbors, the priests threatened them so with curses that they would run and fetch it from them again. But Colonel Ashfield, being a justice of the peace in that country, put a stop to the priests' proceedings. This Colonel Ashfield was afterwards convinced himself, had a meeting settled at his house, declared the Truth, and lived and died in it.

After I had visited Friends at and about Heads, and encouraged them in the Lord, I went to Glasgow, where a meeting was appointed; but not one of the town came to it. As I went into the city, the guard at the gates took me before the governor, who was a moderate man. A great deal of discourse I had with him. He was too light to receive the Truth; yet he set me at liberty; so I passed to the meeting.

Seeing none of the town's people came to the meeting, we declared Truth through the town; then passed away, visited Friends' meetings thereabouts, and returned towards Badcow. Several Friends declared Truth in the steeple-houses and the Lord's power was with them.

Once as I was going with William Osburn to his house there lay a company of rude fellows by the wayside, hid under the hedges and in bushes. Seeing them, I asked him what they were. "Oh," said he "they are thieves." Robert Widders, being moved to go and speak to a priest, was left behind, intending to come after. So I said to William Osburn, "I will stay here in this valley, and do thou go and look after Robert Widders"; but he was unwilling to go, being afraid to leave me there alone, because of those fellows, till I told him I feared them not.

Then I called to them, asking them what they lay lurking there for, and I bade them come to me; but they were loath to come. I charged them to come up to me, or else it might be worse with them; then they came trembling, for the dread of the Lord had struck them. I admonished them to be honest, and directed them to the Light of Christ in their hearts that by it they might see what an evil it was to follow after theft and robbery; and the power of the Lord came over them.

I stayed there till William Osburn and Robert Widders came up, then we passed on together. But it is likely that, if we two had gone away before, they would have robbed Robert Widders when he had come after alone, there being three or four of them.

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We went to William Osburn's house, where we had a good opportunity to declare the Truth to several people that came in. Then we went among the Highlanders, who were so devilish they were like to have spoiled us and our horses; for they ran at us with pitchforks. But through the Lord's goodness we escaped them, being preserved by His power.

** Thence we passed to Stirling, where the soldiers took us up, and had us to the main guard. After a few words with the officers, the Lord's power coming over them, we were set at liberty; but no meeting could we get amongst them in the town, they were so closed up in darkness. Next morning there came a man with a horse that was to run a race, and most of the townspeople and officers went to see it. As they came back from the race, I had a brave opportunity to declare the day of the Lord and His Word of life amongst them. Some confessed to it, and some opposed; but the Lord's truth and power came over them all.*

Leaving Stirling, we came to Burntisland, where I had two meetings at one Captain Pool's house; one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. Whilst they went to dine I walked to the seaside, not having freedom to eat with them. Both he and his wife were convinced, and became good Friends afterward; and several officers of the army came in and received the Truth. We passed thence through several other places, till we came to Johnstons, where were several Baptists that were very bitter, and came in a rage to dispute with us. Vain janglers and disputers indeed they were. When they could not prevail by disputing they went and informed the governor against us; and next morning he raised a whole company of foot, and banished me and Alexander Parker, also James Lancaster and Robert Widders, out of the town.

As they guarded us through the town, James Lancaster was moved to sing with a melodious sound in the power of God; and I was moved to proclaim the day of the Lord, and preach the everlasting gospel to the people. For the people generally came forth, so that the streets were filled with them, and the soldiers were so ashamed that they said they would rather have gone to Jamaica than guarded us so.

But we were put into a boat with our horses, carried over the water, and there left. The Baptists who were the cause of our being thus put out of this town, were themselves, not long after, turned out of the army; and he that was then governor was discarded also when the king came in.

Being thus thrust out of Johnstons, we went to another market-town, where Edward Billings and many soldiers were quartered. We went to an inn, and desired to have a meeting in the town, that we might preach the everlasting gospel amongst them. The officers and soldiers said we should have it in the town-hall; but the Scotch magistrates in spite appointed a meeting there that day for the business of the town.

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When the officers of the soldiery understood this, and perceived that it was done in malice, they would have had us go into the town-hall nevertheless. But we told them, "No; by no means; for then the magistrates might inform the governor against us and say, 'They took the town-hall from us by force, when we were to do our town-business therein.'" We told them we would go to the market-place. They said it was market-day. We replied, "It is so much the better; for we would have all people to hear the Truth and know our principles."

Alexander Parker went and stood upon the market-cross, with a Bible in his hand, and declared the Truth amongst the soldiers and market-people; but the Scots, being a dark, carnal people, gave little heed, and hardly took notice what was said. After awhile I was moved of the Lord to stand up at the cross, and to declare with a loud voice the everlasting Truth, and the day of the Lord that was coming upon all sin and wickedness. Thereupon the people came running out of the town-hall and gathered so together that at last we had a large meeting; for they only sat in the court for a colour to hinder us from having the hall to meet in.

When the people were come away the magistrates followed them. Some walked by, but some stayed and heard; and the Lord's power came over all and kept all quiet. The people were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for them, and had enlightened them, that with His Light they might see their evil deeds, be saved from their sins by Him, and might come to know Him to be their teacher. But if they would not receive Christ, and own Him, it was told them that this Light which came from Him would be their condemnation.

We travelled from this town to Leith, warning and exhorting people, as we went, to turn to the Lord. At Leith the innkeeper told me that the Council had granted warrants to apprehend me, because I was not gone out of the nation after the seven days were expired that they had ordered me to depart in. Several friendly people also came and told me the same; to whom I said, "Why do ye tell me of their warrants against me? If there were a cart-load of them I would not heed them, for the Lord's power is over them all."

I went from Leith to Edinburgh again, where they said the warrants from the Council were out against me. I went to the inn where I had lodged before, and no man offered to meddle with me. After I had visited Friends in the city, I desired those that travelled with me to get ready their horses in the morning, and we rode out of town together. There were with me at that time Thomas Rawlinson, Alexander Parker, and Robert Widders.

When we were out of town they asked me whither I would go. I told them it was upon me from the Lord to go back again to Johnstons (the town out of which we had been lately thrust), to set the power of God and His Truth over them also. Alexander Parker said he would go along with me; and I wished the other two to stay at a town about three miles from Edinburgh till we returned.

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Then Alexander and I got over the water, about three miles across, and rode through the country; but in the afternoon, his horse being weak and not able to hold up with mine, I rode on ahead and got into Johnstons just as they were drawing up the bridges, the officers and soldiers never questioning me. I rode up the street to Captain Davenport's house, from which we had been banished. There were many officers with him; and when I came amongst them they lifted up their hands, wondering that I should come again. But I told them the Lord God had sent me amongst them again; so they went their way.

The Baptists sent me a letter, by way of challenge, to discourse with me next day. I sent them word that I would meet them at such a house, about half a mile out of the town, at such an hour. For I considered that if I should stay in town to discourse with them they might, under pretence of discoursing with me, raise men to put me out of the town again, as they had done before.

At the time appointed I went to the place, Captain Davenport and his son accompanying me. There I stayed some hours, but not one of them came. While I stayed there waiting for them, I saw Alexander Parker coming. Not being able to reach the town, he had lain out the night before; and I was exceedingly glad that we were met again.

This Captain Davenport was then loving to Friends; and afterwards, coming more into obedience to Truth, he was turned out of his place for not putting off his hat, and for saying Thou and Thee to them.

When we had waited beyond reasonable ground to expect any of them coming, we departed; and Alexander Parker being moved to go again to the town, where we had the meeting at the market-cross, I passed alone to Lieutenant Foster's quarters, where I found several officers that were convinced. Thence I went up to the town, where I had left the other two Friends, and we went back to Edinburgh together.

When we were come to the city, I bade Robert Widders follow me; and in the dread and power of the Lord we came up to the two first sentries. The Lord's power came so over them that we passed by them without any examination. Then we rode up the street to the market-place and by the main-guard, out at the gate by the third sentry, and so clear out into the suburbs; and there we came to an inn and put up our horses, it being Seventh-day. I saw and felt that we had ridden as it were against the cannon's mouth or the sword's point; but the Lord's power and immediate hand carried us over the heads of them all.

Next day I went to the meeting in the city, Friends having had notice that I would attend it. There came many officers and soldiers to it, and a glorious meeting it was; the everlasting power of God was set over the nation, and His Son reigned in His glorious power. All was quiet, and no man offered to meddle with me.

When the meeting was ended, and I had visited Friends, I came out of the city to my inn again. The next day, being Second-day, we set forward towards the borders of England.

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As we travelled along the country I espied a steeple-house, and it struck at my life. I asked what steeple-house it was, and was told that it was Dunbar. When I came thither, and had put up at an inn, I walked to the steeple-house, having a Friend or two with me.

When we came to the steeple-house yard, one of the chief men of the town was walking there. I asked one of the Friends that was with me to go to him and tell him that about the ninth hour next morning there would be a meeting there of the people of God called Quakers; of which we desired he would give notice to the people of the town. He sent me word that they were to have a lecture there by the ninth hour; but that we might have our meeting there by the eighth hour, if we would. We concluded to do so, and desired him to give notice of it.

Accordingly, in the morning both poor and rich came; and there being a captain of horse quartered in the town, he and his troopers came also, so that we had a large concourse; and a glorious meeting it was, the Lord's power being over all. After some time the priest came, and went into the steeple-house; but we being in the yard, most of the people stayed with us. Friends were so full and their voices so high in the power of God, that the priest could do little in the house, but quickly came out again, stood awhile, and then went his way.

I opened to the people where they might find Christ Jesus, and turned them to the Light with which He had enlightened them, that in the Light they might see Christ who died for them, turn to Him, and know him to be their Saviour and Teacher. I let them see that the teachers they had hitherto followed were hirelings, who made the gospel chargeable; showed them the wrong ways they had walked in the night of apostasy; directed them to Christ, the new and living way to God, and manifested unto them how they had lost the religion and worship which Christ set up in spirit and truth, and had hitherto been in the religions and worships of men's making and setting up.

After I had turned the people to the Spirit of God which led the holy men of God to give forth the Scriptures, and showed them that they must also come to receive and be led by the same Spirit in themselves (a measure of which was given unto every one of them) if ever they would come to know God and Christ and the Scriptures aright, perceiving the other Friends to be full of power and the Word of the Lord, I stepped down, giving way for them to declare what they had from the Lord to the people.

Towards the latter end of the meeting some professors began to jangle, whereupon I stood up again, and answered their questions, so that they seemed to be satisfied, and our meeting ended in the Lord's power quiet and peaceable.

This was the last meeting I had in Scotland; the Truth and the power of God was set over that nation and many, by the power and Spirit of God, were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, their Saviour and Teacher, whose blood was shed for them; and there is since a great increase and great there will be in Scotland. For when first I set my horse's feet upon Scottish ground I felt the Seed of God to sparkle about me, like innumerable sparks of fire.



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Not but that there is abundance of the thick, cloddy earth of hypocrisy and falseness above, and a briery, brambly nature, which is to be burnt up with God's Word, and ploughed up with His spiritual plough, before God's Seed brings forth heavenly and spiritual fruit to His glory. But the husbandman is to wait in patience.

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June 11, Thursday (Old Style): The *Woodhouse* left for [Boston](#) harbor with Robert Fowler as captain. Warned by experienced seamen against attempting to cross the ocean in such a dinky boat, some of the crew had backed out. Even Fowler had had second thoughts, but Friend [George Fox](#) had encouraged him to go for it. Six of the passengers, William Brend, 41; John Copeland, 29; Sarah Gibbons, 22; Christopher Holder, 26; Dorothy Waugh, 21; and Mary Wetherhead, 27, had crossed the Atlantic the previous summer on the *Speedwell*. First-time members of this mission, not yet banned in Boston, were: Robert Hodgson (in his 30s); Mary Clark (middle-aged); Richard Doudney; Humphrey Norton; and William Robinson (“young”). Almost miraculously, they would make it — they would reach New Amsterdam, after 8 weeks at sea, during the first week of August. Almost at once, using [Rhode Island](#) as their base, they would proceed to spread the [Quaker](#) message through the American colonies.

A
Quaker's Sea-Journal
Being a True
RELATION
of a Voyage to
NEW ENGLAND
Performed by Robert Fowler of the Town of
Burlington in Yorkshire in the
Year 1658

*London Printed for Francis Coffenet at
the Anchor & Mariner in
Tower-Street Anno 1659*

**NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE JKUNE 11TH, 1657 AT ALL ONE
MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW,
IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).**



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THE MARVELLOUS VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP 'WOODHOUSE'³¹

'In the 17th Century England was peculiarly rich, if not in great mystics, at any rate in mystically minded men. Mysticism, it seems, was in the air; broke out under many disguises and affected many forms of life.'—E. UNDERHILL, 'Mysticism.'

'He who says "Yes," responds, obeys, co-operates, and allows this resident seed of God, or Christ Light, to have full sway in him, becomes transformed thereby and recreated into likeness to Christ by whom the inner seed was planted, and of whose nature it is.'—RUFUS M. JONES.

'Through winds and tides, one compass guides.'—A.H. CLOUGH.

'Have mercy upon me, O God, for Thine ocean is so great, and my little bark is so small.'—Breton Fisherman's Prayer.

'Be faithful and still, till the winds cease and the storm be over.' ... 'Friends' fellowship must be in the Spirit, and all Friends must know one another in the Spirit and power of God.'—G. FOX.

'Christopher Holder and I are going ... in obedience to the will of our God, whose will is our joy.'—JOHN COPELAND. 1657.

'The log of the little "Woodhouse" has become a sacred classic.'—WILLIAM LITTLEBOY, Swarthmoor Lecture, 1917.

31. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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Master Robert Fowler of Burlington was a well-known figure in all the fishing towns and villages along the Yorkshire coast in the year of grace 1657. A man of substance was he, a master mariner, well skilled in his craft; building his own ships and sailing them withal, and never to be turned back from an adventurous voyage. Many fine vessels he had, sailing over the broad waters, taking the Yorkshire cargoes of wool and hides to distant lands, and bringing back foreign goods in exchange, to be sold again at a profit on his return to old England's shores. Thus up and down the Yorkshire coast men spoke and thought highly of Master Robert Fowler's judgment in all matters pertaining to the sea. On land, too, he seemed prudent and skilful, though some folks looked at him askance of late years, since he had joined himself to that strange and perverse people known as the Quakers.

Yet, in spite of what his neighbours considered his new-fangled religion, Master Robert Fowler was prospering in all his worldly affairs. Even now on the sunny day when our story opens, he was hard at work putting the last touches to a new boat of graceful proportions and gallant curves, that bade fair to be a yet more notable seafarer than any of her distant sisters.

Why then did Master Robert Fowler pause more than once in his work to heave a deep sigh, and throw down his tools almost pettishly? Why did he suddenly put his fingers in his ears as if to shut out an unwelcome sound, resuming his work thereafter with double speed? No one was speaking to him. The mid-day air was very still. The haze that often broods over the north-east coast veiled the horizon. Sea and sky melted into one another till it was impossible to say where earth ended and heaven began. An unwonted silence reigned even on Burlington Quay. No sound was to be heard save for the tap, tap, tap of Master Robert Fowler's hammer.

Again he dropped his tools. Again he looked up to the sky, as if he were listening to an unseen voice.

Someone was truly speaking to him, though no faintest sound vibrated on the air. His inward ear heard clearly these words—

'THOU HAST HER NOT FOR NOTHING.'

His eyes travelled proudly over the nearly completed vessel. Every one of her swelling curves he knew by heart; had learned to know and love through long months of toil. How still she lay, the beauty, still as a bird, poising on the sea. Ah! but the day was coming when she would spread her wings and skim over the ocean, buoyant and dainty as one of the terns, those sea-swallows that with their sharp white wings even now were hovering round her. Built for use she was too, not merely to



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take the eye. Although small of size more bales of goods could be stowed away under her shapely decks than in many another larger clumsier vessel. Who should know this better than Robert, her maker, who had planned it all?

For what had he planned her?

Was it for the voyage to the Eastern Mediterranean that had been the desire of his heart for many years? How well he knew it, that voyage he had never made! Down the Channel he would go, past Ushant and safely across the Bay. Then, when Finisterre had dropped to leeward, it would be but a few days' sail along the pleasant coasts of Portugal till Gibraltar was reached. And then, heigh ho! for a fair voyage in the summer season, week after week over a calm blue sea to the land-locked harbour where flat-roofed, white-walled houses, stately palm-trees, rosy domes and minarets, mirrored in the still water, gazed down at their own reflections.

Was the Woodhouse for this?

He had planned her for this dream voyage.

Why then came that other Voice in his heart directly he began to build: 'FASHION THEE A SHIP FOR THE SERVICE OF TRUTH!' And now that she was nearly completed, why did the Voice grow daily more insistent, giving ever clearer directions?

What a bird she was! His own bird of the sea, his beautiful Woodhouse! So thought Master Robert Fowler. But then again came the insistent Voice within, speaking yet more clearly and distinctly than ever before: 'THOU HAST HER NOT FOR NOTHING.'

The vision of his sea-swallow, her white wings gleaming in the sun as she dropped anchor in that still harbour; the vision of the white and rose-coloured city stretched like an encircling arm around the turquoise waters, these dreams faded relentlessly from his sight. Instead he saw the Woodhouse beating up wearily against a bleak and rugged shore on which grey waves were breaking. Angry, white teeth those giant breakers showed; teeth that would grind a dainty boat to pieces with no more compunction than a dog who snaps at a fly. Must he take her there? A vision of that inhospitable shore was constantly with him as he worked. 'New England was presented before him.' Day after day he drove the thought from him. Night after night it returned.

'Thou hast her not for nothing. She is needed for the service of Truth.' Master Robert Fowler grew lean and wan with inward struggle, but yield his will he could not, yet disobey the Voice he did not dare. When his wife and children asked what ailed him he answered not, or gave a surly reply. Truth to tell, he avoided their company all he could,—and yet a look was in his eyes when they did not notice as if he had never before felt them half so dear. At length the long-expected day arrived when the completed vessel sailed graciously out to sea. But there was no gaiety on board, as there had been when her sister ships had departed. No cargo had she. No farewells were said. Master Robert Fowler stole aboard when all beside were sleeping. The Woodhouse



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slipped from the grey harbour into the grey sea, noiselessly as a bird. None of the crew knew what ailed the master, nor why his door was locked for long hours thereafter, until the Yorkshire coast first drew dim, and then faded from the horizon. He would not even tell them whither the vessel was bound. 'Keep a straight course; come back at four bells, and then I will direct you,' was all his answer, when the mate knocked at his door for orders. But within the cabin a man was wrestling with himself upon his knees; till at last in agony he cried: 'E'en take the boat, Lord, an so Thou wilt, for I have no power to give her Thee. Yet truly she is Thine.'

At that same hour in London an anxious little company was gathered in a house at the back side of Thomas Apostles Church, over the door of which swung the well-known sign of the Fleur-de-luce.

The master of the house, Friend Gerard Roberts, a merchant of Watling Street, sat at the top of the table in a small upper room. The anxiety on his countenance was reflected in the faces round his board. Seven men and four women were there, all soberly clad as befitted ministering Friends. They were not eating or drinking, but solemnly seeking for guidance.

'Can no ship then be found to carry us to the other side? For truly the Lord's word is as a fire and hammer in me, though in the outward appearance there is no likelihood of getting passage,' one Friend was saying.

'Ships in plenty there are bound for New England, but ne'er a one that is willing to carry even one Quaker, let alone eleven,' Friend Roberts answered. 'The colonists' new laws are strict, and their punishments are savage. I know, Friends, ye are all ready, aye and willing, to suffer in the service of Truth. It is not merely the threatened cropping of the ears of every Quaker who sets foot ashore that is the difficulty. It is the one hundred pounds fine for every Quaker landed, not levied on the Friends themselves, mind you—that were simple—but on the owner of the boat in which they shall have voyaged. This it is that hinders your departure. It were not fair to ask a man to run such risk. It is not fair. Yet already I have asked many in vain. Way doth not open. We must needs leave it, and see if the concern abides.'

Clear as a bell rose the silvery tones of a young woman Friend, one who had been formerly a serving-maid at Cammsgill Farm: 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Shall not He who setteth a bound to the sea that it shall not pass over, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing—shall not He be trusted to find a ship for His servants who trust in Him, to enable them to perform His will?' As the clear bell-like tones died away the little company, impelled by a united instinct, sank into a silence in which time passed unnoticed. Suddenly, at the same moment, a weight seemed to be removed from the hearts of all. They clasped hands and



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separated. And at that very moment, although they knew it not, far away on the broad seas, a man, wrestling on his knees in the cabin of his vessel, was saying with bitter tears, 'E'en take, Lord, an so Thou wilt, though I have no power to give her to Thee. Yet truly she is Thine.' When four bells were sounded on the good ship Woodhouse, and a knock came to the door of the cabin as the mate asked for directions, it was in a steady voice that Master Robert Fowler replied from within, 'Mark a straight course for London; and after-whithersoever the Lord may direct.' Blithely and gaily henceforward the Woodhouse skimmed her way to the mouth of the Thames and dropped anchor at the port of London. But as yet Master Robert Fowler knew nothing of the anxious group of Friends waiting to be taken to New England on the service of Truth (five of them having already been deported thence for the offence of being Quakers, yet anxious to return and take six others with them). Neither did these Friends know anything of Master Robert Fowler, nor of his good ship Woodhouse.

Yet, though unknown to each other, he and they alike were well known to One Heart, were guided by One Hand, were listening to the directions of One Voice. Therefore, though it may seem a strange chance, it was not wonderful really that within a few hours of the arrival of the Woodhouse in the Thames Master Robert Fowler and Friend Gerard Roberts met each other face to face in London City. Nor was it strange that the ship's captain should be moved to tell the merchant of the exercise of his spirit about his ship. In truth all Friends who visited London in those days were wont to unburden themselves of their perplexities to the master of that hospitable house over whose doorway swung the sign of the Fleur-de-luce. Lightly he told it-almost as a jest-the folly of the notion that a vessel of such small tonnage could be needed to face the terrors of the terrible Atlantic. Surely a prudent merchant like Friend Roberts would tell him to pay no heed to visions and inner voices, and such like idle notions? But Gerard Roberts did not scoff. He listened silently. A look almost of awe stole over his face. The first words he uttered were, 'It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes.' And at these words Master Robert Fowler's heart sank down, down like lead.

Long afterwards, describing the scene, he says: 'Also when (the vessel) was finished and freighted, and made to sea, contrary to my will, was brought to London, where, speaking touching this matter to Gerard Roberts and others, they confirmed the matter in behalf of the Lord, that it must be so.'

'It must be so.' This is the secret of Guidance from that day to this. The Inner Voice alone is not always enough for action; the outer need or claim of service alone is not necessarily a call. But when the Inner Voice and the outer need come together, then truly the will of the Lord is plain, and 'It must be so.' Master Robert Fowler was not yet willing or ready to sacrifice



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his own wishes. A decisive victory is not to be won in one battle, however severe, but only throughout the stress of a long campaign. The struggle in his cabin, when he allowed the ship's head to be turned towards London, must needs be fought out again. The unreasonableness of such a voyage in such a vessel, the risk, the thought of the dangers and misery it would bring, took possession of his mind once more, as he himself confesses: 'Yet entering into reasoning and letting in temptation and hardships, and the loss of my life, wife, and children, with the enjoyment of all earthly things, it brought me as low as the grave, and laid me as one dead to the things of God.'

'Let the sacrifice be made, if it must be made,' he said to himself, 'but it is too much to expect any man to make it willingly.' For days he went about, in his own words, 'as one dead.'

The eagerness of the Friends to depart, their plans for the voyage, their happy cares, only loaded his spirit the more. It was a dark, sad, miserable time; and a dark, sad, miserable man was the owner of the Woodhouse.

Till on a certain day, the Friends coming as usual to visit his ship brought another with them, a Stranger; taller, stronger, sturdier than them all; a man with a long drooping nose and piercing eyes—yes, and leather breeches! It was, it could be no other than George Fox!

What did he say to Robert Fowler? What words did he use? Did he argue or command? That was unnecessary. The mere presence of the strong faithful servant of the Lord drew out a like faithfulness in the other more timid soul.

Robert Fowler's narrative continues:

'But by His instrument, George Fox, was I refreshed and raised up again, which before was much contrary to myself that I could have as willingly have died as gone; but by the strength of God I was now made willing to do His will; yea even the customs and fashions of the customs house could not stop me.'

'Made willing to do His will.' There is the secret of this 'wonderful voyage.' For it was absurdly dangerous to think of sailing across the Atlantic in such a vessel as the Woodhouse: or it would have been, had it been a mere human plan. But if the all-powerful, almighty Will of God really commanded them to go, then it was no longer dangerous but the only safe thing they could do.

'Our trembling hands held in Thy strong and loving grasp, what shall even the weakest of us fear?'

Perhaps Master Robert expected when once he was ready to obey cheerfully, that all his difficulties would vanish. Instead, fresh difficulties arose; and the next difficulty was truly a great one. The press-gang came by, and took Robert Fowler's servants off by force to help to man the British fleet that was being fitted out to fight in the Baltic; took them, whether they would or no, as Richard Sellar was to be captured in the same



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way, seven years later.

So now the long voyage to America must be undertaken not only in too small a boat, but with too few sailors to work her. Besides Robert Fowler, only two men and three boys were left on board to sail the ship on this long, difficult voyage.

Presently the Friends began to come on board; and if the captain's heart sank anew as he saw the long string of passengers making for his tiny boat—who shall wonder or blame him? It was a very solemn procession of weighty Friends.

In front came the five, who had been in America before, and who were going back to face persecution, knowing what it meant. Their names were: first that 'ancient and venerable man' William Brend; then young Christopher Holder of Winterbourne in Gloucestershire, a well-educated man of good estate; John Copeland of Holderness in Yorkshire; Mary Weatherhead of Bristol; and Dorothy³² Waugh, the serving-maid of Preston Patrick, who had been 'convinced and called to the ministry' as she went about her daily work in the family of Friend John Camm, at Cammsgill.

After them followed the other five who had not crossed the Atlantic before, but who were no less eager to face unknown difficulties and dangers. Their names were: William Robinson the London merchant; Robert Hodgson; Humphrey Norton (remember Humphrey Norton, he will be heard of again); Richard Doudney, 'an innocent man who served the Lord in sincerity'; and Mary Clark, the wife of John Clark, a London Friend, who, like most of the others, had already undergone much suffering for her faith. On board the Woodhouse they all came, stepping on deck one after the other solemnly and sedately, while the anxious captain watched them and wondered how many more were to come, and where they were all to be lodged. Once they were on board, however, things changed and felt quite different. It was as if an Unseen Passenger had come with them.

This is Robert Fowler's own account: 'Upon the 1st day of Fourth Month called June received I the Lord's servants aboard, Who came with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm with them; so that with courage we set sail and came to the Downs the second day, where our dearly beloved William Dewsbury with Michael Thompson came aboard, and in them we were much refreshed; and, recommending us to the grace of God, we launched forth.'

After this his narrative has a different ring: Master Fowler was no longer going about his ship with eyes cast down and hanging head and a heart full of fear. He had straightened his back and was a stalwart mariner again. Perhaps this was partly owing to the great pleasure that came to him before they actually set sail, when, as he tells, William Dewsbury came on board to visit the travellers. 'Dear William Dewsbury' was the one Friend of all others Robert Fowler must have wished to see once more before leaving England, for it was William Dewsbury's preaching that

32. She sometimes spelled her name Dorithy, which is not the way to spell Dorothy now, but spelling was much less fixed in those days.



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had 'convinced' Robert Fowler and made him become a Friend a few years before. It was William Dewsbury's teaching about the blessedness of following the inner Voice, the inner guidance, that had led him to offer himself and the Woodhouse for the service of Truth.

Perhaps he said, half in joke, half in earnest, 'O William Dewsbury! O William Dewsbury! thou hast much to answer for! If I had never met thee I should never have undertaken this voyage in my little boat!' If he said this, I think a very tender, thankful light came into William Dewsbury's face, as he answered, 'Let us give thanks then together, brother, that the message did reach thee through me; since without this voyage thou could'st not fully have known the power and the wonder of the Lord.'

Quakers do not have priests to baptize them, or bishops to confirm or ordain them, as Church people do. Yet God's actual presence in the heart is often revealed first through the message of one of His messengers. Therefore there is a special bond of tender fellowship and friendship between those who are truly fathers and children in God, even in a Society where all are friends. In this relation William Dewsbury stood to Robert Fowler.

Reason and fear raised their heads once again, even after William Dewsbury's visit. Robert Fowler thought of going to the Admiral in the Downs to complain of the loss of his servants, and to ask that a convoy might be sent with them. But he did not go, because, as he says, 'From which thing I was withholden by that Hand which was my Helper.'

The south wind began to blow, and they were obliged to put in at Portsmouth, and there there were plenty of men waiting to be engaged, but when they heard that this tiny vessel was actually venturing to cross the Atlantic, not one would sail in her, and this happened again at South Yarmouth, where they put in a few days later.

At Portsmouth, however, the Friends were not idle. They went ashore and held a meeting, or, as Robert Fowler puts it, 'They went forth and gathered sticks and kindled a fire, and left it burning.' Not real sticks for a real fire, of course, but a fire of love and service in people's hearts, that would help to keep the cold world warm in after days.

This was their last task in England. A few hours later they had quitted her shores. The coast-line that followed them faithfully at first, dropped behind gradually, growing fainter and paler, then resting like a thought upon the sea, till it finally disappeared. Only a vast expanse of heaving waters surrounded the travellers.

At first it seemed as if their courage was not to be too severely tested. 'Three pretty large ships which were for the Newfoundland' appeared, and bore the Woodhouse company for some fifty leagues. In their vicinity the smaller vessel might have



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made the voyage, perilous at best, with a certain amount of confidence. But the Dutch warships were known to be not far distant, and in order to escape them the three 'pretty large ships made off to the northward, and left us without hope or help as to the outward.'

The manner of the departure of the ships was on this wise. Early in the morning it was shown to Humphrey Norton—who seems to have been especially sensitive to messages from the invisible world—'that those were nigh unto us who sought our lives.' He called Robert Fowler, and gave him this warning, and added, 'Thus saith the Lord, ye shall be carried away as in a mist.' 'Presently,' says Robert Fowler, 'we espied a great ship making up to us, and the three great ships were much afraid, and tacked about with what speed they could; in the very interim the Lord fulfilled His promise, and struck our enemies in the face with a contrary wind, wonderfully to our refreshment. Then upon our parting from these three ships we were brought to ask counsel of the Lord, and the word was from Him, "Cut through and steer your straight course and mind nothing but Me."'

'Cut through and steer your straight course, and mind nothing but Me!' Alone upon the broad Atlantic in this cockle-shell of a boat! Only a cockle-shell truly, yet it held a bit of heaven within it—the heaven of obedience. Every day the little company of Friends met in that ship's hold together, and 'He Himself met with us and manifested himself largely unto us,' words that have been proved true by many another company of the Master's servants afloat upon the broad waters from that day to this. There they sat on the wooden benches, with spray breaking over them, the faithful men and women who were daring all for the Truth. Only three times in the whole voyage was the weather so bad that storms prevented their assembling together. Much of the actual navigation of the vessel seems to have been left to the strange passengers to determine. The Captain's narrative continues: 'Thus it was all the voyage with the faithful, who were carried far above storms and tempests, that when the ship went either to the right hand or to the left, their hands joined all as one, and did direct her way; so that we have seen and said, "We see the Lord leading our vessel even as it were a man leading a horse by the head; we regarding neither latitude nor longitude, but kept to our line, which was and is our Leader, Guide, and Rule."'

Besides the guidance vouchsafed to the Friends as a group, some of them had special intimations given to them.

'The sea was my figure,' says Robert Fowler, 'for if anything got up within, the sea without rose up against me, and then the floods clapped their hands, of which in time I took notice and told Humphrey Norton.'³³

In this account Humphrey Norton always seems to hear voices directing their course, while Robert Fowler generally 'sees

33. The meaning seems to be that whenever fear or misgiving came to Fowler's heart, the sea also became stormy; while his spirit remained trustful, the sea was likewise calm.



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figures'—sights that teach him what to do. Guidance may come in different ways to different people, but it does come surely to those who seek for it.

The inward Voice spoke to Robert Fowler also when they were in mid Atlantic after they had been at sea some two weeks:

'We saw another great ship making up to us which did appear far off to be a frigate, and made her sign for us to come to them, which was to me a great cross, we being to windward of them; and it was said "GO SPEAK TO HIM, THE CROSS IS SURE; DID I EVER FAIL THEE THEREIN?" And unto others there appeared no danger in it, so that we did, and it proved a tradesman of London, by whom we writ back.'

The hardest test of their faith came some three weeks later, when after five weeks at sea they had still accomplished only 300 leagues, scarcely a third part of their voyage, and their destination still seemed hopelessly distant. The strong faith of Humphrey Norton carried them all over this trial. 'He (Humphrey Norton) falling into communion with God, told me that he had received a comfortable answer, and also that about such a day we should land in America, which was even so fulfilled. Upon the last day of the fifth month (July) 1657, we made land.' This land turned out to be the very part to which the Friends had most desired to come. The pilot³⁴ had expected to reach quite a different point, but the invisible guidance of his strange passengers was clear and unwavering. 'Our drawing had been all the passage to keep to the southward, until the evening before we made land, and then the word was, "There is a lion in the way"; unto which we gave obedience, and said, "Let them steer northwards until the day following."' ³⁵

That must have been an anxious day on board the Woodhouse. Think of the two different clues that were being followed within that one small boat: the Friends with their clasped hands, seeking and finding guidance; up on deck the pilot, with his nautical knowledge, scoffing very likely at any other method of progress than the reckoning to which he was accustomed. As the slow hours passed, and no land appeared to break the changeless circle of the sea, the Friends felt a 'drawing' to meet together long before their usual time. 'And it was said that we may look abroad in the evening; and as we sat waiting upon the Lord, we discovered the land, and our mouths were opened in prayer and thanksgiving.'

The words are simple as any words could be. But in spite of the 260 years that separate that day from this, its gladness is still fresh. All voyagers know the thrill caused by the first sight of land, even in these days of steamships, when all arrangements can be made and carried out with almost clock-like precision. But in the old time of sailing ships, when a contrary wind or a sudden calm might upset the reckoning for days together, and

34. As the navigating officer of the ship was then called.

35. It is not quite easy at this distance of time to understand why 'a lion in the way' should mean 'go north,' unless it was because the 'drawing' had been strongly south hitherto, and now that path was blocked.



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when there was the added danger that food or water might give out, to see the longed-for land in sight at last must have been even more of an event.

To all the Friends on board the Woodhouse this first sight of America meant a yet deeper blessedness. It was the outer assurance that the invisible guidance they were following was reliable. The Friends rejoiced and were wholly at rest and thankful. But the pilot, instead of being, as might have been expected, convinced at last that there was a wisdom wiser than his own, still resisted. Where some people see life with a thread of guidance running through it unmistakably, others are always to be found who will say these things are nothing but chance and what is called 'coincidence.'

Such an one was the pilot of the Woodhouse. As the land drew nearer, a creek was seen to open out in it. The Friends were sure that their vessel was meant to enter there, but again the pilot resisted. By this time the Friends had learned to expect objections from him, and had learned, too, that it was best not to argue with him, but to leave him to find out for himself that their guidance was right. So they told him to do as he chose, that 'both sides were safe, but going that way would be more trouble to him.' When morning dawned 'he saw, after he had laid by all the night, the thing fulfilled.'

Into the creek, therefore, in the bright morning sunlight the Woodhouse came gaily sailing; not knowing where she was, nor whither the creek would lead. 'Now to lay before you the largeness of the wisdom, will, and power of God, this creek led us in between the Dutch Plantation and Long Island:'—the very place that some of the Friends had felt that they ought to visit, but which it would have been most difficult to reach had they landed in any other spot. Thus 'the Lord God that moved them brought them to the place appointed, and led us into our way according to the word which came unto Christopher Holder: "You are in the road to Rhode Island." In that creek came a shallop to guide us, taking us to be strangers, we making our way with our boat, and they spoke English, and informed us, and guided us along. The power of the Lord fell much upon us, and an irresistible word came unto us, that the seed in America shall be as the sand of the sea; it was published in the ears of the brethren, which caused tears to break forth with fulness of joy; so that presently for these places some prepared themselves, who were Robert Hodgson, Richard Doudney, Sarah Gibbons, Mary Weatherhead, and Dorothy Waugh, who the next day were put safely ashore into the Dutch plantation, called New Amsterdam.'

'New Amsterdam, on an unnamed creek in the Dutch Plantation,' sounds an unfamiliar place to modern ears. Yet when that same Dutch Plantation changed hands and became English territory its new masters altered the name of its chief town. New Amsterdam was re-christened in honour of the king's brother, James, Duke of York, and became known as New York, the largest city of the



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future United States of America.

As to the unnamed 'creek' into which the Woodhouse was led, that was probably the estuary of the mighty river Hudson. 'Here,' continues Robert Fowler, 'we came, and it being the First Day of the week several came aboard to us and we began our work. I was caused to go to the Governor, and Robert Hodgson with me—he (the Governor) was moderate both in words and actions.'

This moderation on the Governor's part must have been no small comfort to the new arrivals. Also the laws of the New Netherland Colonies, where they had unexpectedly landed, were much more tolerant than those of New England, whither they were bound. Even yet the perils of the gallant Woodhouse were not over. The remaining Friends had now to be taken on to hospitable Rhode Island, the home of religious liberty, from whence they could pursue their mission to the persecuting Colonists on the mainland.

A few days before their arrival at New Amsterdam, the two Roberts (Robert Hodgson and Robert Fowler) had both had a vision in which they had seen the Woodhouse in great danger. The day following their interview with the Governor, when they were once more on the sea, 'it was fulfilled, there being a passage between the two lands which is called by the name of Hell-Gate; we lay very conveniently for a pilot, and into that place we came, and into it were forced, and over it were carried, which I never heard of any before that were; there were rocks many on both sides of us, so that I believe one yard's length would have endangered both vessel and goods.'

Here for the last time the little group of Friends gathered to give thanks for their safe arrival after their most wonderful voyage. If any of them were tempted to think they owed any of their protection and guidance to their own merits and faithfulness, a last vision that came to Robert Fowler must have chased this thought out of their minds once for all.

'There was a shoal of fish,' he says, 'which pursued our vessel and followed her strangely, and along close by our rudder.' The master mariner's eye had evidently been following the movements of the fish throughout the day, as he asked himself: 'What are those fish? I never saw fish act in that way before. Why do they follow the vessel so steadily?' Then, in the time of silent waiting upon God, light streamed upon this puzzle in his mind.

'In our meeting it was shewn to me, these fish are to thee a figure. "Thus doth the prayers of the churches proceed to the Lord for thee and the rest."' That was the explanation of the wonderful voyage. The Woodhouse and her little company had not been solitary and unprotected, even when the three 'pretty great ships' drew off for fear of the Dutch men of war and left them alone.

The prayers of their friends in England were following them across the vast Atlantic, though unseen by human eyes, even as those hosts of shining fish, which surrounded the vessel as she



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drove her prow through the clear water, would be unseen to a spectator above its surface. George Fox was praying for the travellers. William Dewsbury was sure to be praying for them. Friend Gerard Roberts would be also much in prayer, since the responsibility of the voyage was largely on his shoulders. Besides these, there were the husbands, wives, and little children of some of the Friends, the brothers and sisters of others, all longing for them to arrive safely and do their Master's work. Now here came the fish to assure Robert Fowler that the faith he believed was true. Real as the things we can see or touch or feel seem to us to be, the unseen things are more real still. Ever after, to those who had crossed the Atlantic in the good ship Woodhouse, the assurance of God's clear guidance and the answered prayers of His people must have been the most real of all.

Robert Fowler's story of the marvellous voyage ends with these words: 'Surely in our meeting did the thing run through me as oil and bid me much rejoice.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

‘THE MARVELLOUS VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP “WOODHOUSE.”’

Taken from Robert Fowler's own account: 'A TRUE RELATION OF THE VOYAGE UNDERTAKEN BY ME ROBERT FOWLER WITH MY SMALL VESSEL CALLED THE "WOODHOUSE" BUT PERFORMED BY THE LORD LIKE AS HE DID NOAH'S ARK, WHEREIN HE SHUT UP A FEW RIGHTEOUS PERSONS AND LANDED THEM SAFE, EVEN AT THE HILL ARARAT,' published in the 'HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA.'

The scenes on Bridlington Quay and in London are not strictly historical, but may be inferred from the above account.



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July 31, Friday (Old Style): The 11 [Quaker](#) missionaries of the *Woodhouse* disembarked in the New World, and were joined there by three more Friends from Barbados. Within the next two years 12 of these 14 missionaries would make their way overland into [Boston](#).

A
Quaker's Sea-Journal
Being a True
RELATION
of a Voyage to
NEW ENGLAND
Performed by Robert Fowler of the Town of
Burlington in Yorkshire in the
Year 1658

London Printed for Francis Coffenet at
the Anchor & Mariner in
Tower-Street Anno 1659



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SILVER SLIPPERS:

OR A QUAKERESS AMONG THE TURKS³⁶

'If romance, like laughter, is the child of sudden glory, the figure of Mary Fisher is the most romantic in the early Quaker annals.'—MABEL BRAILSFORD.

'Truly Mary Fisher is a precious heart, and hath been very serviceable here.'—HENRY FELL to Margt. Fell. (Barbadoes, 1656.)

'My dear Father ... Let me not be forgotten of thee, but let thy prayers be for me that I may continue faithful to the end. If any of your Friends be free to come over, they may be serviceable; here are many convinced, and many desire to know the way, so I rest.'—MARY FISHER to George Fox. (Barbadoes, 1655.)

'This English maiden would not be at rest before she went in purpose to the great Emperor of the Turks, and informed him concerning the errors of his religion and the truth of hers.'—GERARD CROESE.

'Henceforth, my daughter, do manfully and without hesitation those things which by the ordering of providence will be put into thy hands; for being now armed with the fortitude of the faith, thou wilt happily overcome all thy adversaries.'—CATHERINE OF SIENA.

36. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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I

The Grand Turk had removed his Court from Constantinople. His beautiful capital city by the Golden Horn was in disgrace, on account of the growing disaffection of its populace and the frequent mutinies of its garrison. For the wars of Sultan Mahomet against the Republic of Venice were increasingly unpopular in his capital, whose treasuries were being drained to furnish constant relays of fresh troops for further campaigns. Therefore, before its citizens became even more bankrupt in their allegiance than they already were in their purses, the ancient Grand Vizier advised his young master to withdraw, for a while, the radiance of his imperial countenance from the now sullen city beside the Golden Horn. Thus it came about that in the late autumn of 1657, Sultan Mahomet, accompanied by his aged minister, suddenly departed with his whole Court, and took up his residence close outside the still loyal city of Adrianople. His state entry into that town was of surpassing splendour, since both the Sultan and his Minister were desirous to impress the citizens, in order to persuade them to open their purse-strings and reveal their hidden hoards. Moreover, they were ever more wishful to dazzle and overawe the Venetian Ambassador, Ballerino, who was still kept by them, unrighteously, a prisoner in the said town.

A full hour or more was the long cavalcade in passing over the narrow stone bridge that spans the turbid Maritza outside the walls of Adrianople. In at the great gate, and down the one, long, meandering street of the city, the imperial procession wound, moving steadily and easily along, since, an hour or two previously, hundreds of slaves had filled up the cavernous holes in the roadway with innumerable barrel loads of sawdust, in honour of the Sultan's arrival. Surrounded by multitudes of welcoming citizens, the procession wound its way at length out on the far side of the city. There, amid a semicircle of low hills, clothed with chestnut woods, the imperial encampment of hundreds and thousands of silken tents shone glistening in the sun.³⁷

In one of the most splendid apartments of the Sultan's own most magnificent pavilion, the two chief personages who presided over this marvellous silken city might have been seen, deep in conversation, one sultry evening in June 1658, a few months after the Court had taken up its residence outside the walls of



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Adrianople. They formed a strange contrast: the boy Sultan and his aged Grand Vizier, Kuprülü the Albanian. Sultan Mahomet, the 'Grand Seignior' of the whole Turkish Empire, was no strong, powerful man, but a mere stripling who had been scarred and branded for life, some say even deformed, by an attack made upon him in earliest infancy by his own unnatural father, the Sultan Ibrahim. This cruel maniac (whose only excuse was that he was not in possession of more than half his wits at the time) had been seized with a fit of ungovernable rage against the ladies of his harem, and in his fury had done his best to slay his own son and heir. Happily he had not succeeded in doing more than maim the child, and, before long, imprisonment and the bow-string put an end to his dangerous career. But though the boy Sultan had escaped with his life, and had now reached the age of sixteen years, he never attained to an imposing presence. He has been described as 'a monster of a man, deformed in body and mind, stupid, logger-headed, cruel, fierce as to his visage,' though this would seem to be an exaggeration, since another account speaks of him as 'young and active, addicted wholly to the delight of hunting and to follow the chase of fearful and flying beasts.' In order to have more leisure for these sports he was wont to depute all the business of government to his Grand Vizier, the aged Albanian chieftain Kuprülü, who now, bending low before his young master, so that the hairs of his white beard almost swept the ground, was having one of his farewell audiences before departing for the battlefield. Kuprülü, though over eighty years of age, was about to face danger for the sake of the boy ruler, who lounged luxuriously on his cushions, glittering with jewels, scented and effeminate, with sidelong, cunning glances and cruel lips. Yet even Sultan Mahomet, touched by his aged Minister's devotion, had been fired with unwonted generosity: 'Ask what you will and you shall have it, even unto the half of my kingdom,' he was exclaiming with true Oriental fervour.

The Grand Vizier again swept the ground with his long white beard, protesting that he was but a humble dead dog in his master's sight, and that one beam from the imperial eyes was a far more precious reward than the gold and jewels of the whole universe. Nevertheless, the Sultan detected a shade of hesitation in spite of the magniloquence of this refusal. There was something the Grand Vizier wished to ask. He must be yet further encouraged.

37. A certain Englishman, Paul Rycout by name, has left a description of this encampment as he saw it on his visit a short time afterwards. 'The tents were raised on a small hill, and about 2000 in number, ranged at that time without order, only the Grand Signior's seemed to be in the midst to overtop all the rest, well worthy observation, costing (as was reported) 180,000 dollars, richly embroidered in the inside with gold. Within the walls of this tent (as I may so call them) were all sorts of offices belonging to the Seraglio, apartments for the pages, chiosks or summer-houses for pleasure, and though I could not get admittance to view the innermost rooms and chambers, yet by the outward and more common places of resort I could make a guess at the richness of the rest, being sumptuous beyond comparison of any in use among Christian princes. On the right hereof was pitched the Grand Vizier's tent, exceeding rich and lofty, and had I not seen that of the Sultan before it, I should have judged it the best that mine eyes had seen. The ostentation and richness of this empire being evidenced in nothing more than the richness of their pavilions, sumptuous beyond the fixed palaces of princes, erected with marble and mortar.'



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'Thou hast a boon at heart; I read it in thy countenance,' the Sultan continued, 'ask and fear not. Be it my fairest province for thy revenues, my fleetest Arab for thy stable, my whitest Circassian beauty for thine own, thou canst demand it at this moment without fear.' So saying, as if to prove his words, he waved away with one hand the Court Executioner who stood ever at his side when he gave audience, ready to avenge the smallest slip in etiquette.

The Grand Vizier looked on the ground, still hesitating and troubled, 'The Joy of the flourishing tree and the Lord of all Magnificence is my Lord,' he answered slowly, 'the gift I crave is unworthy of his bountiful goodness. How shall one small speck of dust be noticed in the full blaze of the noonday sun? Yet, in truth, I have promised this mere speck of dust, this white stranger woman, by the mouth of my interpreter, that I would mention to my lord's sublimity her desire to bask in the sunshine of his rays and—'

'A white, stranger woman,' interrupted the Sultan eagerly, 'desiring to see me? Nay, then, the boon is of thy giving, not of mine. Tell me more! Yet it matters not. Were she beauteous as the crescent at even, or ill-favoured as a bird of prey, she shall yet be welcome for thy sake, O faithful Servant, be she a slave or a queen. Tell me only her name and whence she comes.' Again the Grand Vizier made obeisance. 'Neither foul nor fair, neither young nor old, neither slave nor queen,' he replied. 'She is in truth a marvel, like to none other these eyes have seen in all their fourscore years and more. Tender as the dewdrop is her glance; yet cold as snow is her behaviour. Weak as water in her outward seeming; yet firm and strong as ice is she in strength of inward purpose.'

'Of what nation is this Wonder?' enquired the Sultan. 'She can scarcely be a follower of the Prophet, on whom be peace, since thou appearest to have gazed upon her unveiled countenance?'

'Nay, herein is the greatest marvel,' returned the Minister, 'it is an Englishwoman, come hither in unheard fashion over untrodden ways, with a tale to tickle the ears. She tells my interpreter (who alone, as yet, hath spoken with her) that her home is in the cold grey isle of Britain. That there she dwelt many years in lowly estate, being indeed but a serving-maid in a town called Yorkshire; or so my interpreter understands. She saith that there she heard the voice of Allah Himself, calling her to be His Minister and Messenger, heard and straightway obeyed. Sayeth, moreover, that she hath already travelled in His service beyond the utmost western sea, even to the new land discovered by that same Cristoforo of Genoa, whose fellow citizens are at this hour dwelling in our city yonder. Sayeth that in that far western land she hath been beaten and imprisoned. Yet, nevertheless, she was forbidden to rest at home until she had carried her message "as far to the East as to the West," or some such words. That having thus already visited the



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land where sleeps the setting sun of western skies, she craveth now an audience with the splendid morning Sun, the light of the whole East; even the Grand Seignior, who is as the Shade of God Himself.'

'For what purpose doth she desire an audience?' enquired the Sultan moodily.

'Being a mere woman and therefore without skill, she can use only simple words,' answered the Grand Vizier. "'Tell the Sultan I have something to declare unto him from the Most High God," such is her message; but who heedeth what a woman saith? "Never give ear to the counsels and advices of woman" is the chiefest word inscribed upon the heart of a wise king, as I have counselled ever. Yet, this once, seeing that this maiden is wholly unlike all other women, it might be well to let her bask in the rays of glory rather than turn her unsatisfied away—.' The Vizier paused expectantly. The Sultan remained looking down, toying with the pearl and turquoise sheath of the dagger stuck in his girdle. 'A strange tale,' he said at last, 'it interests me not, although I feel an unknown Power that forces me to listen to thy words. Her name?' he suddenly demanded, lifting his eyes once more to his Minister's face.

'She gives it not,' returned the other, 'speaketh of herself as but a Messenger, repeating ever, "Not I, but His Word." Yet my interpreter, having caused enquiries to be made, findeth that those with whom she lodgeth in the city do speak of her as Maree. Also, some peasants who found her wandering on the mountains when the moon was full, and brought her hither, speak of her by the name of Miriam. Marvelling at the whiteness of her skin, they deem she is a witch or Moon Maiden come hither by enchantment. Yet must she on no account be hurt or disregarded, they say, since she is wholly guileless of evil spells, and under the special protection of Issa Ben Miriam, seeing that she beareth his mother's name.'

The Sultan was growing impatient. 'A fit tale for ignorant peasants,' he declared. 'Me it doth not deceive. This is but another English vagabond sent hither by that old jackal Sir Thomas Bendish, their Ambassador at Constantinople, to dog my footsteps even here, and report my doings to him. I will not see her, were she ten times a witch, since she is of his nation and surely comes at his behest.'

'Let my lord slay his servant with his own hands rather than with his distrust,' returned the Grand Vizier. 'Had she come from Sir Thomas Bendish, or by his orders, straightway to him she should have returned. She hath never even seen him, nor so much as set eyes on our sacred city beside the Golden Horn. Had she gazed even from a distance upon the most holy Mosque of the Sacred Wisdom at Constantinople, she had surely been less utterly astonished at the sight of even our noble Sultan Selim in this city.' So saying, the Grand Vizier turned to the entrance of the pavilion, and gazed towards the town of Adrianople lying



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in the plain beneath, beyond the poplar-bordered stream of the Maritza. High above all other buildings rose the great Mosque of Sultan Selim, with its majestic dome surrounded by slender sky-piercing minarets. Its 999 windows shone glorious in the rays of the setting sun:—Sultan Selim, the glory of Adrianople, the ruin of the architect who schemed its wondrous beauty; since he, poor wretch, was executed on the completion of the marvel, for this crime only, that he had placed 999 windows within its walls, and had missed, though but by one, the miracle of a full thousand.

The Vizier continued: 'The woman declares she hath come hither on foot, alone and unattended. Her tale is that she came by the sea from the Isles of Britain with several companions (filled all of them with the same desire to behold the face of the Sublime Magnificence) so far as Smyrna; where, declaring their wish unto the English Consul there, he, like a wise-hearted man, advised her and her companions "by all means to forbear."

'They not heeding and still urgently beseeching him to bring them further on their journey, the Consul dissembled and used guile. Therefore, the while he pretended all friendliness and promised to help forward their enterprise, he in truth set them instead on board a ship bound for Venice and no wise for Constantinople, hoping thereby to thwart their purpose, and to force them to return to their native land. Some of the company, discovering this after the ship had set sail, though lamenting, did resign themselves to their fate. Only this maid, strong in soul, would not be turned from her purpose, but declared constantly that Allah, who had commanded her to come, would surely bring her there where He would have her, even to the presence of the Grand Seignior himself. And lo! even as she spoke, a violent storm arose, the ship was driven out of her course and cast upon the Island of Zante with its rugged peaks; and there, speaking to the ship-master, she persuaded him to put her ashore on the opposite coast of the mainland, even at the place known as the Black Mountain; and thence she hath made her way hither on foot, alone, and hath met with nothing but lovingkindness from young and old, so she saith, as the Messenger of the Great King.'

The Sultan's interest was aroused at last: 'Afoot—from the Black Mountain!—incredible! A woman, and alone! It is a journey of many hundreds of miles, and through wild, mountainous country. What proof hast thou that she speaketh truly?'

'My interpreter hath questioned her closely as to her travels. His home is in that region, and he is convinced that she has indeed seen the places she describes. Also, she carries ever in her breast a small sprig of fadeless sea-lavender that groweth only on the Black Mountain slopes, and sayeth that the sea captain plucked it as he set her ashore, telling her that it was even as her courage, seeing that it would never fade.'

But the Sultan's patience was exhausted: 'I must see this woman



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and judge for myself, not merely hear of her from aged lips,' he exclaimed. 'Witch or woman-moonbeam or maiden-she shall declare herself in my presence. Only, since she doth dare to call herself the messenger of the Most High God, let her be accorded the honours of an Ambassador, that all men may know that the Sultan duly regardeth the message of Allah.'

II

On a divan of silken cushions in the guest chamber of a house in the city of Adrianople, a woman lay, still and straight. Midnight was long past. Outside, the hot wind could be heard every now and then, listlessly flapping the carved wooden lattice-work shutters of an overhanging balcony built out on timber props over the river Maritza, whose turbid waters surged beneath with steady plash. Inside, the striped silken curtains were closely drawn. The atmosphere was stuffy and airless, filled with languorous aromatic spices.

Mary Fisher could not sleep: she lay motionless as the slow hours passed; gazing into the darkness with wide, unseeing eyes, while she thought of all that the coming day would bring. The end of her incredible journey was at hand. The Grand Vizier's word was pledged. The Grand Turk himself would grant her an audience before the hour of noon, to receive her Message from the Great King.

Her Message. Through all the difficulties and dangers of her journey, that Message had sustained her. As she had tramped over steep mountain ranges, or won a perilous footing in the water-courses of dry hillside torrents, more like staircases than roads, thoughts and words had often rushed unbidden to her mind and even to her lips. No difficulties could daunt her with that Message still undelivered. Many an evening as she lay down beneath the gnarled trees of an olive grove, or cooled her aching feet in the waters of some clear stream, far beyond any bodily refreshment the intense peace of the Message she was sent to deliver had quieted the heart of the weary messenger. Only now that her goal was almost reached, all power of speech or thought seemed to be taken from her. But, though a candle may burn low, may even for a time be extinguished, it still carries securely within it the possibility of flame. Even so the Messenger of the Great King lay, hour after hour, in the hot night silence; not sleeping, yet smiling: physically exhausted, yet spiritually unafraid.

The heat within the chamber became at length unbearably oppressive to one accustomed, as Mary Fisher had been for weeks past, to sleeping under the open sky. Stretching up a thin white arm through the scented darkness, she managed to unfasten the silken cords and buttons of the curtain above her, and to let in a rush of warm night air. It was still too early for the reviving breeze to spring up that would herald the approach of dawn: too early for even the earliest of the orange hawks, that



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haunted the city in the daytime, to be awake. Cuddled close in cosy nests under the wide eaves, their slumbers were disturbed for a moment as Mary, half sitting up, shook the pierced lattice-work of the shutters that formed the sides of her apartment. Peering through the interstices of fragrant wood, she caught sight of a wan crescent moon, just appearing behind a group of chestnut-trees on the opposite hill above the river.

The crescent moon! Her guide over sea and land! Had she not come half round the world to proclaim to the followers of that same Crescent, a people truly sitting in gross darkness, the message of the One true Light?

However long the midnight hours, dawn surely must be nigh at hand. Before long, that waning Crescent must set and disappear, and the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings. There lay the slumbering flame of her wondrous Message. The right words wherewith to kindle that flame in the hearts of others would surely be given when the right hour came, however unworthy the Messenger.

'As far as the East is from the West,' the weary woman thought to herself, while the scenes of her wondrous journey across two hemispheres rushed back unbidden to her mind—'even so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'

At that moment, the eagerly awaited breeze of dawn passed over her hot temples, soothing her like a friend. Refreshed and strengthened, she lay down once more, still and straight; her smooth hair braided round her head; her hands crossed calmly on her breast; in a repose as quiet and austere, even upon those yielding Oriental cushions, as when she lay upon her hard, narrow pallet bed at home.

Before the first apricot flush of dawn crept up the eastern sky, Mary Fisher had sunk into a tranquil sleep.

III

It was broad daylight, though still early, when she awoke. Outside, the garden behind the house was now a rippling sea of rose and scarlet poppies, above which the orange hawks swooped or dived like copper anchors, in the crisp morning air. Within doors, a slave girl stood beside the divan in the guest chamber, clapping her hands gently together to cause the white stranger to awake. But the chamber seemed full of moonlight, although it was broad day. Had the waning crescent retraced her footsteps, or left behind some of her chill beams? Mary Fisher rubbed her eyes. She must surely be dreaming still! Then, waking fully, she saw that the moon-like radiance came from a heap of silvery gauze draperies, reflected in the emerald green tiles of the floor and in the tall narrow mirrors that separated the lattice-work shutters.

A flowing robe of silver tissue was spread out over an ottoman in the centre of the floor. The slave girl at her side was holding up a long veil of shimmering silver, drawing it through



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her henna-stained finger-tips, with low, gurgling cries of delight; then, stretching out her arms wide, she spread the veil easily to their fullest extent. A moment later, drawing a tiny ring from her finger, she had pressed the veil as easily through the small golden circlet, so fine were the silken folds. Then with significant gestures she explained that all these treasures were for the stranger to wear instead of her own apparel. With scornful glances from her dark almond-shaped eyes she pointed disdainfully to Mary Fisher's own simple garments, which, at her entrance, she had tossed contemptuously into a heap on the floor.

The plain, grey, Quakeress's dress did indeed look simpler than ever amid all the shining Oriental splendour. Worn too it was, and travel-stained in places, though newly washed, carefully mended and all ready for use.

Mary Fisher had been a woman for many years before she became a Quakeress. Nay more, she was a woman still. It is possible that, for about the space of half a minute, she may have looked almost regretfully at the silver tissue draperies and the gauze veil. Half a minute. Not longer! For her, a Messenger of the Great King, to clothe herself in garments worn by Turkish women, unbelievers, followers of the False Prophet, was impossible, not to be contemplated for an instant. With the gentleness of complete decision she dismissed the slave girl, who departed reluctantly towards the women's apartments. In spite of the froth of shining, billowy folds with which her arms were full, she turned round as she parted the striped, silken hangings of the doorway and drew her dusky orange finger-tips in a significant gesture across her slender brown throat. It was obvious that the slave girl considered this refusal a very serious breach of etiquette indeed!

Left alone, Mary Fisher clothed herself, proudly and yet humbly, in her own simple garments. Her body bore even yet the marks where cruel scourgings in her youth had furrowed deep scars from head to waist. Years ago thus had English Christians received her, when she and her companion had been whipped until the blood ran down their backs beneath the market cross at Cambridge. The two young girls were the first of any of the Friends to be thus publicly scourged. 'This is but the beginning of the sufferings of the people of God,' Mary had exclaimed prophetically, as the first stroke of the lash fell on her shoulders, while the assembled multitudes listened in amazement as the two suffering women went on to pray for mercy on their persecutors.

While here, in Adrianople, under the Crescent, the Infidel Turk, to whom she had come in the power of the very same Message for which she had suffered in Christian countries, was receiving her with kindness and respect, offering to clothe her body in sumptuous apparel, instead of with bloody scars....

Mary Fisher sighed with irrepressible pain at the thought. Looking down, the marks left by the stocks were also plainly



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visible under the sunburn round her ankles, as she stood, bare-footed, on the crimson rug. She gladly covered up those tell-tale tokens under her white stockings. But where were her shoes? They seemed to have disappeared. Although the few strips of worn leather that she had put off the night before had been scarcely worthy of the name of shoes, their disappearance might be a grave difficulty. Had they been taken away in order to force her to appear bare-footed before the Sultan?

Ah!—here the slave girl was reappearing. Kneeling down, with a triumphant smile she forced the Englishwoman's small, delicate feet—hardened, it is true, by many hundreds of miles of rough travelling, but shapely still—into a little pair of embroidered silver slippers. Turkish slippers! glistening with silver thread and crystal beads, turned up at the pointed toes, and finished by two silver tufted tassels, that peeped out incongruously from under the straight folds of the simple grey frock.

This time Mary Fisher yielded submissively and made not the slightest resistance. It did not matter to her in the least how her feet were shod, so long as they were shod in some way, and she was saved from having to pay a mark of homage to the Infidel. As she sat with folded hands on the divan, awaiting the summons of the Grand Vizier, her deep eyes showed that her thoughts were far, far away from any Silver Slippers.

IV

'Mahomet, sone of the Emperour, sone of God, thrice heavenly and thrice known as the renowned Emperour of the Turks, King of Greece, Macedonia and Moldavia, King of Samaria and Hungary, King of Greater and Lesser Egypt, King of all the inhabitants of the Earth and the Earthly Paradise, Guardian of the Sepulchre of thy God, Lord of the Tree of Life, Lord of all the Emperours of the World from the East even to the West, Grand Persecutor of the Christians and of all the wicked, the Joy of the flourishing Tree' ... and so forth and so on.

The owner of all these high-sounding titles was hunched up on his cushions in the State Pavilion. 'On State occasions, among which it is evident that he included this Quaker audience, he delighted to deck his unpleasing person in a vest of cloth of gold, lined with sable of the richest contrasting blackness. Around him were ranged the servants of the Seraglio—the highest rank of lacqueys standing nearest the royal person, the "Paicks" in their embroidered coats and caps of beaten gold, and the "Solacks," adorned with feathers, and armed with bows and arrows. Behind them were grouped great numbers of eunuchs and the Court pages, carrying lances. These wore the peculiar coiffure permitted only to those of the royal chamber, and above their tresses hung long caps embroidered with gold.

'Mary Fisher was ushered into this brilliant scene with all the honours usually accorded to an Ambassador: the Sultan's dragomans accompanied her and stood waiting to interpret at the



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interview. She was at this time about thirty-five years of age, "a maid ... whose intellectual faculties were greatly adorned by the gravity of her deportment." ... She must have stood in her simple grey frock, amidst that riot of gold and scarlet, like a lily in a garden of tulips, her quiet face shining in that cruel and lustful place with the joy of a task accomplished, and the sense of the presence of God.'³⁸

Thus she stood, at the goal of her journey at last, in the presence of the Grand Turk, she the Messenger of the Great King. There was the Grand Turk, resplendent in his sable and cloth of gold. Opposite to him stood the gentle Quakeress, in her plain garment of grey Yorkshire frieze with its spotless deep collar and close-fitting cap of snowy lawn. Only the Message was wanting now.

At first no Message came.

The Sultan, thinking that the woman before him was naturally alarmed by such unwonted magnificence, spoke to her graciously. 'He asked by his interpreters (whereof there were three with him) whether it was true what had been told him that she had something to say to him from the Lord God. She answered, "Yea." Then he bade her speak on: and she not being forward, weightily pondering what she might say. "Should he dismiss his attendants and let her speak with him in the presence of fewer listeners?' the Grand Turk asked her kindly.' Again came an uncourtly monosyllabic 'No,' followed by another baffling silence.

The executioner, a hook-nosed Kurd with eyes like a bird of prey, stationed, as always, at the Sultan's right hand, began to look at the slight woman in grey with a professional interest. He felt the edge of his blade with a skilful thumb and fore-finger, and turned keen eyes from the slender throat of the Quakeress, rising above the folds of snowy lawn, to the aged neck of the Grand Vizier half hidden by his long white beard. There might be a double failure in etiquette to avenge, should the Sultan's pleasure change and this unprecedented interview prove a failure! The executioner smacked his cruel lips with pleasure at the thought, looking, in his azalea-coloured garment, like an orange hawk himself, all ready to pounce on his victims.

Still Silence reigned:—a keen silence more piercing than the sharpest Damascene blade. It was piercing its way into one heart already. Not into the heart of the aged Grand Vizier. The Grand Vizier was frankly bored, and was, moreover, beginning to be strangely uneasy at his protégée's unaccountable behaviour. He turned to his interpreter with an enquiring frown. The interpreter looked yet more uncomfortable—even terrified. Approaching his master, he began to whisper profound apologies into his ear, how that he ought to have warned him that this might happen; the woman had in truth confessed that she could not tell when the Message would be sent, nor could she give it a moment before it came: 'Sayeth indeed that her Teacher in this



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strange faith hath been known to keep an assembly of over 1000 people waiting for a matter of three hours, in order to "famish them from words," not daring to open his lips without command.' 'Thou shouldest indeed have mentioned this before! Allah grant that this maiden keepeth us not here so long,' retorted the Grand Vizier, with a scowl of natural impatience, seeing that he was to set forth on his journey to the battle-field that very day, and that moments were growing precious, even in the timeless East. Then, turning to the Sultan, he in his turn began to pour out profuse explanations and apologies. The uncouth, misshapen figure on the central divan, however, paid scant heed to his Minister. Right into the fierce, cruel, passionate heart of Sultan Mahomet that strange silence was piercing: piercing as no words could have done, through the crust formed by years of self-seeking and sin, piercing, until it found, until it quickened, 'That of God within.'

What happened next must be told in the historian Sewel's own words, since he doubtless heard the tale from the only person who could tell it, Mary Fisher herself.

'The Grand Turk then bade her speak the word of the Lord to them and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could hear it. He also charged her to speak the word she had to say from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would. Then she spoke what was upon her mind.' She never says what it was. The Message, once delivered, could never be repeated.

'The Turks hearkened to her with much attention and gravity until she had done; and then, the Sultan asking her whether she had anything more to say? she asked him whether he understood what she had said? He answered, "Yes, every word," and further said that what she had spoken was truth. Then he desired her to stay in that country, saying that they could not but respect such an one, as should take so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord God. He also proffered her a guard to bring her into Constantinople, whither she intended. But she, not accepting this offer, he told her it was dangerous travelling, especially for such an one as she: and wondered that she had passed safe so far as she had, saying also that it was in respect for her, and kindness, that he proffered it, and that he would not for anything she should come to the least hurt in his dominions. She having no more to say, the Turks asked her what she thought of their prophet Mahomet? She answered warily that she knew him not, but Christ the true prophet, the Son of God, who was the Light of the World, and enlightened every man coming into the world, Him she knew. And concerning Mahomet, she said that they might judge of him to be true or false according to the words and prophecies he spoke; saying further, "If the word of a prophet shall come to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord hath sent that prophet: but if it come not to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord never sent



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him." The Turks confessed this to be true, and Mary, having performed her message, departed from the camp to Constantinople without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff....'

V

Thus Mary returned safe to England, where, if not romance, at any rate solid happiness awaited her in the shape of a certain William Bayly. He, a Quaker preacher and master mariner, having been himself a great traveller and having endured repeated imprisonments in distant countries, could appreciate the courage and success of her unprecedented journey. At any rate, as the historian quaintly tells us, he 'thought her worthy to make him a second wife.'

A few months after her return to England, but while she was still unmarried, Mary Fisher wrote the following account of her travels to some of the friends in whose company she had suffered imprisonment in former days before her great journey.

'My dear love salutes you all in one, you have been often in my remembrance since I departed from you, and being now returned into England and many trials, such as I was never tried with before, yet have borne my testimony for the Lord before the King unto whom I was sent, and he was very noble unto me, and so were all they that were about him: he and all that were about him received the word of truth without contradiction. They do dread the name of God, many of them, and eyes His messengers. There is a royal seed amongst them which in time God will raise. They are more near truth than many Nations, there is a love begot in me towards them which is endless, but this is my hope concerning them, that He who hath raised me to love them more than many others will also raise His seed in them unto which my love is. Nevertheless, though they be called Turks, the seed of them is near unto God, and their kindness hath in some measure been shewn towards His servants. After the word of the Lord was declared unto them, they would willingly have me to stay in the country, and when they could not prevail with me, they proffered me a man and a horse to go five days' journey that was to Constantinople, but I refused and came safe from them. The English are more bad, most of them, yet hath a good word gone through them, and some have received it, but they are few: so I rest with my dear love to you all—Your dear sister, MARY FISHER.'

VI

Forty years later, in 1697, an aged woman was yet alive at Charlestown in America, who was still remembered as the heroine of the famous journey so many years before. Although twice widowed since then, and now with children and grandchildren around her, she was spoken of to the end by her maiden name. A shipwrecked visitor from the other side of the Atlantic



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describes her in his letters home as 'one whose name you have heard of, Mary Fisher, she that spoke to the Grand Turk.'
In the dwelling of that ancient widow, however old she grew, however many other relics she kept—remembrances of her two husbands, of children and grandchildren—between the pages of her well-worn Bible was there not always one pressed sprig of the fadeless sea-lavender that grows on the rocky shores of the Black Mountain? And, somewhere or other, in the drawer of an inlaid cabinet or work-table there must have been also one precious packet, carefully tied up with ribbon and silver paper, in which some favourite grandchild, allowed for a treat to open it, would find, to her indescribable delight, a little tasselled pair of Turkish

SILVER SLIPPERS.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's *JOURNAL*, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'SILVER SLIPPERS.'

Mainly historical. See Sewel's *HISTORY*, i. 294, 473; ii. 343. See also '*HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS*,' by G. Croese, for some additional particulars. The best account of Mary Fisher and her adventurous journey is given in '*QUAKER WOMEN*,' by Mabel R. Brailsford, Chapters v. and vi., entitled 'Mary Fisher' and 'An Ambassador to the Grand Turk.' I am indebted to Miss Brailsford for permission to draw freely from her most interesting narrative, and also to quote from her extracts from Paul Rycaut's *HISTORY*. The only historical foundation for the 'Silver Slippers' is the statement by one historian that before Mary Fisher's interview with the Sultan she was allowed twenty-four hours to rest and to 'arrange her dress.' H.M. Wallis has kindly supplied me with some local colouring and information about Adrianople.



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1658

During this year and the next Friend [George Fox](#) was experiencing “great events” in [London](#):

We came into Bedfordshire, where we had large gatherings in the name of Jesus. After some time we came to John Crook's, where a general yearly meeting for the whole nation was appointed to be held. This meeting lasted three days, and many Friends from most parts of the nation came to it; so that the inns and towns round thereabouts were filled, for many thousands of people were at it. And although there was some disturbance by some rude people that had run out from Truth, yet the Lord's power came over all, and a glorious meeting it was. The everlasting gospel was preached, and many received it, which gospel brought life and immortality to light in them, and shined over all.

Now these things were upon me to open unto all, that they might mind and see what it is they sit down in.

First, They that sit down in Adam in the fall, sit down in misery, in death, in darkness and corruption.

Secondly, They that sit down in the types, figures, and shadows, and under the first priesthood, law, and covenant, sit down in that which must have an end, and which made nothing perfect.

Thirdly, They that sit down in the apostasy that hath got up since the Apostles' days, sit down in spiritual Sodom and Egypt; and are drinking of the whore's cup, under the beast's and dragon's power.

Fourthly, They that sit down in the state in which Adam was before he fell, sit down in that which may be fallen from; for he fell from that state, though it was perfect.

Fifthly, They that sit down in the prophets, sit down in that which must be fulfilled; and they that sit down in the fellowship of water, bread, and wine, these being temporal things, they sit down in that which is short of Christ, and of His baptism.

Sixthly, To sit down in a profession of all the Scriptures, from Genesis to the Revelations, and not be in the power and Spirit which those were in that gave them forth;—that was to be turned away from by them that came into the power and Spirit which those were in that gave forth the Scriptures.

Seventhly, They that sit down in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, sit down in Him that never fell, nor ever changed.

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After this meeting was over, and most of the Friends gone away, as I was walking in John Crook's garden, there came a party of horse, with a constable, to seize me. I heard them ask, "Who is in the house?" Somebody made answer that I was there. They said that I was the man they looked for; and went forthwith into the house, where they had many words with John Crook and some few Friends that were with him. But the Lord's power so confounded them that they came not into the garden to look for me; but went their way in a rage.

When I came into the house, Friends were very glad to see that I had escaped them. Next day I passed thence; and, after I had visited Friends in several places, came to London, the Lord's power accompanying me, and bearing me up in His service.

** During the time I was at London I had many services laid upon me, for it was a time of much suffering. I was moved to write to Oliver Cromwell, and lay before him the sufferings of Friends both in this nation and in Ireland. There was also a talk about this time of making Cromwell king; whereupon I was moved to go to him and warn him against accepting it; and of diverse dangers which, if he did not avoid them, would, I told him, bring shame and ruin upon himself and his posterity. He seemed to take well what I said to him, and thanked me; yet afterwards I was moved to write to him more fully concerning that matter.*

About this time the Lady Claypole (so called) was sick, and much troubled in mind, and could receive no comfort from any that came to her. When I heard of this I was moved to write to her.

[Here is part of the letter he sent this daughter of Cromwell who would soon die: "Keep in the fear of the Lord God; that is the Word of the Lord unto thee. For all these things happen to thee for thy good, and for the good of those concerned for thee, to make you know yourselves and your own weakness, that ye may know the Lord's strength and power, and may trust in Him. Let the time past be sufficient to every one, who in anything hath been lifted up in transgression out of the power of the Lord; for He can bring down and abase the mighty, and lay them in the dust of the earth. Therefore, all keep low in His fear, that thereby ye may receive the secrets of God and His wisdom, may know the shadow of the Almighty, and sit under it in all tempests, storms, and heats. For God is a God at hand, and the Most High rules in the children of men. This is the word of the Lord God unto you all; what the Light doth make manifest and discover, as temptations, distractions, confusions, do not look at these temptations, confusions, corruptions, but at the Light which discovers them and makes them manifest; and with the same Light you may feel over them, to receive power to stand against them. The same Light which lets you see sin and transgression, will let you see the covenant of God, which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it, and brings into covenant with God. For looking down at sin, corruption, and distraction, ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the Light, which discovers them, ye will see over them.



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That will give victory, and ye will find grace and strength; there is the first step to peace. That will bring salvation; by it ye may see to the beginning, and the 'Glory that was with the Father before the world began'; and come to know the Seed of God, which is the heir of the promise of God, and of the world which hath no end; and which bruises the head of the serpent, who stops people from coming to God. That ye may feel the power of an endless life, the power of God which is immortal, which brings the immortal soul up to the immortal God, in whom it doth rejoice. So in the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty strengthen thee. G.F." This note follows the letter: "When the foregoing paper was read to Lady Claypole, she said, it stayed her mind for the present. Afterwards many Friends got copies of it, both in England and Ireland, and read it to people that were troubled in mind; and it was made useful for the settling of the minds of several."]

About this time came forth a declaration from Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, for a collection towards the relief of diverse Protestant churches, driven out of Poland; and of twenty Protestant families, driven out of the confines of Bohemia. And there having been a like declaration published some time before, to invite the nation to a day of solemn fasting and humiliation, in order to a contribution being made for the suffering Protestants of the valleys of Lucerne, Angrona, etc. [the Huguenots], who were persecuted by the Duke of Savoy, I was moved to write to the Protector and chief magistrates on this occasion, both to show them the nature of a true fast (such as God requires and accepts), and to make them sensible of their injustice and self-condemnation in blaming the Papists for persecuting the Protestants abroad, while they themselves, calling themselves Protestants, were at the same time persecuting their Protestant neighbours and friends at home.

Diverse times, both in the time of the Long Parliament and of the Protector (so called) and of the Committee of Safety, when they proclaimed fasts, I was moved to write to them, and tell them their fasts were like unto Jezebel's; for commonly, when they proclaimed fasts, there was some mischief contrived against us. I knew their fasts were for strife and debate, to smite with the fist of wickedness; as the New England professors soon after did; who, before they put our Friends to death, proclaimed a fast also.

Now it was a time of great suffering; and many Friends being in prisons, many other Friends were moved to go to the Parliament, to offer themselves up to lie in the same prisons where their friends lay, that those in prison might go forth, and not perish in the stinking jails. This we did in love to God and our brethren, that they might not die in prison; and in love to those that cast them in, that they might not bring innocent blood upon their own heads, which we knew would cry to the Lord, and bring His wrath, vengeance, and plagues upon them.

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But little favour could we find from those professing Parliaments; instead thereof, they would rage, and sometimes threaten Friends that attended them, to whip and send them home. Then commonly soon after the Lord would turn them out, and send them home; who had not an heart to do good in the day of their power. But they went not off without being forewarned; for I was moved to write to them, in their several turns, as I did to the Long Parliament, unto whom I declared, before they were broken up, "that thick darkness was coming over them all, even a day of darkness that should be felt."

** And because the Parliament that now sat [Oliver Cromwell's 2nd Parliament] was made up mostly of high professors, who, pretending to be more religious than others, were indeed greater persecutors of those that were truly religious, I was moved to send them the following lines, as a reproof of their hypocrisy:*

O friends, do not cloak and cover yourselves; there is a God that knoweth your hearts, and that will uncover you. He seeth your way. "Wo be unto him that covereth, but not with my Spirit, saith the Lord." Do ye act contrary to the law, and then put it from you! Mercy and true judgment ye neglect. Look, what was spoken against such. My Saviour spoke against such; "I was sick, and ye visited me not; I was hungry, and ye fed me not; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; I was in prison, and ye visited me not." But they said, "When saw we thee in prison, and did not come to thee?" "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these little ones, ye did it not unto me." Friends, ye imprison them that are in the life and power of Truth, and yet profess to be the ministers of Christ; but if Christ had sent you, ye would bring out of prison, out of bondage, and receive strangers. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you.

G.F.

After this, as I was going out of town, having two Friends with me, when we were little more than a mile out of the city, there met us two troopers belonging to Colonel Hacker's regiment, who took me, and the Friends that were with me, and brought us back to the Mews, and there kept us prisoners. But the Lord's power was so over them that they did not take us before any officer; but shortly after set us at liberty again.

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** The same day, taking boat, I went to Kingston, and thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding in Hampton Court Park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft [or apparition] of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man.*

After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and next day went to Hampton Court, to speak further with him. But when I came he was sick, and Harvey [groom of the bedchamber], who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.

From Kingston I went to Isaac Penington's, in Buckinghamshire, where I had appointed a meeting, and the Lord's Truth and power were preciously manifested amongst us. After I had visited Friends in those parts, I returned to London, and soon after went into Essex, where I had not been long before I heard that the Protector was dead, and his son Richard made Protector in his room. Thereupon I came up to London again.

Before this time the church faith (so called) was given forth, which was said to have been made at the Savoy in eleven days' time. [This "Church-faith (so-called)" was DECLARATION OF THE FAITH AND ORDER OWNED AND PRACTICED IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN ENGLAND: AGREED UPON AND CONSENTED UNTO BY THEIR ELDERS AND MESSENGERS IN THEIR MEETING AT THE SAVOY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1658. Fox's reply was: SOMETHING IN ANSWER TO THAT BOOK CALLED, THE CHURCH-FAITH: SET FORTH BY INDEPENDANTS (sic) AND OTHERS; AGREED UPON BY DIVINE MESSENGERS AT THE SAVOY IN LONDON.] I got a copy before it was published, and wrote an answer to it; and when their book of church faith was sold in the streets, my answer to it was sold also. This angered some of the Parliament men, so that one of them told me, "We must have you to Smithfield." I told him, "I am above your fires, and fear them not." And, reasoning with him, I wished him to consider, had all people been without a faith these sixteen hundred years, that now the priests must make them one? Did not the apostle say that Jesus was the author and finisher of their faith? And since Christ Jesus was the author of the Apostles' faith, of the Church's faith in primitive times, and of the martyrs' faith, should not all people look unto Him to be the author and finisher of their faith, and not to the priests? Much work we had about the priest-made faith. There was great persecution in many places, both by imprisoning, and by breaking up of meetings. At a meeting about seven miles from London, the rude people usually came out of several parishes round about, to abuse Friends, and often beat and bruised them exceedingly. One day they abused about eighty Friends that went to that meeting out of London, tearing their coats and cloaks from off their backs, and throwing them into ditches and ponds; and when they had besmeared them with dirt, they said they looked like witches.

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

The next First-day I was moved of the Lord to go to that meeting, though I was then very weak. When I came there I bade Friends bring a table, and set it in the close, where they used to meet, to stand upon. According to their wonted course, the rude people came; and I, having a Bible in my hand, showed them theirs and their teachers' fruits; and the people became ashamed, and were quiet.

But it was a time of great sufferings; for, besides imprisonments, through which many died, our meetings were greatly disturbed. They have thrown rotten eggs and wild-fire into our meetings, and brought in drums beating, and kettles to make noises with, that the Truth might not be heard; and, among these, the priests were as rude as any, as may be seen in the book of the fighting priests, wherein a list is given of some priests that had actually beaten and abused Friends.

Many Friends were brought prisoners to London [in Autumn 1659], to be tried before the Committee; where Henry Vane, being chairman, would not suffer Friends to come in, except they would put off their hats. But at last the Lord's power came over him, so that, through the mediation of others, they were admitted. Many of us having been imprisoned upon contempts (as they called them) for not putting off our hats, it was not a likely thing that Friends, who had suffered so long for it from others, should put off their hats to him. But the Lord's power came over all, and wrought so that several were set at liberty by them.

I wrote to Oliver several times, and let him know that while he was persecuting God's people, they whom he accounted his enemies were preparing to come upon him. When some forward spirits that came amongst us would have bought Somerset-House, that we might have meetings in it, I forbade them to do so: for I then foresaw the King's coming in again. Besides, there came a woman to me in the Strand, who had a prophecy concerning King Charles's coming in, three years before he came: and she told me she must go to him to declare it. I advised her to wait upon the Lord, and keep it to herself; for if it should be known that she went on such a message, they would look upon it to be treason – but she said she must go, and tell him that he should be brought into England again. I saw her prophecy was true, and that a great stroke must come upon them in power; for they that had then got possession were so exceeding high, and such great persecution was acted by them, who called themselves saints, that they would take from Friends their copyhold lands, because they could not swear in their courts.

Sometimes when we laid these sufferings before Oliver Cromwell, he would not believe it. Therefore Thomas Aldam and Anthony Pearson were moved to go through all the jails in England, and to get copies of Friends' commitments under the jailer's hands, that they might lay the weight of their sufferings upon Oliver Cromwell. And when he would not give order for the releasing of them, Thomas Aldam was moved to take his cap from off his head, and to rend it in pieces before him, and to say unto him, "So shall thy government be rent from thee and thy house."

Another Friend also, a woman, was moved to go to the Parliament (that was envious against Friends) with a pitcher in her hand, which she broke into pieces before them, and told them that so should they be broken to pieces: which came to pass shortly after.



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In my great suffering and travail of spirit for the nation, being grievously burdened with their hypocrisy, treachery, and falsehood, I saw God would bring that over them which they had been above; and that all must be brought down to that which convinced them, before they could get over that bad spirit within and without: for it is the pure, invisible Spirit, that doth and only can work down all deceit in people.

Now was there a great pother made about the image or effigy of Oliver Cromwell lying in state; men standing and sounding with trumpets over his image, after he was dead. At this my spirit was greatly grieved, and the Lord, I found, was highly offended.

About this time great stirs were in the nation, the minds of people being unsettled. Much plotting and contriving there was by the several factions, to carry on their several interests. And a great care being upon me, lest any young or ignorant people, that might sometimes come amongst us, should be drawn into that snare, I was moved to give forth an epistle as a warning unto all such.

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RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Handwritten signature of George Fox in cursive script.



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

UNDER THE YEW-TREES³⁹

'George Fox was a born leader of souls. The flame of religious ardour which burned in him, and the intense conviction and spiritual power with which he spoke, would in any age have made him great. He was born in a generation of revolutions and upheavals, both political and spiritual. Confusion and unrest, war and reformations, give to great spirits a power which, when life is calmer, they might not attain. Fox drew to himself a multitude of noble souls, attracted to him by that which they shared with him, the sense of spiritual realities, and the consciousness of the guiding Spirit. The age of George Fox thirsted for spiritual reality. He had found it. Men on all sides were ready to find it as he had. The dales of Yorkshire, and the hills of lakeland, not less than the towns of the Midlands, had men in them ready to rejoice in the touch of the spiritual, ready to respond to the movement of the Spirit. See him then arriving at some farm-yard in the hills, or may be at a country squire's hall....'—CYRIL HEPHER, 'Fellowship of Silence.'

'The house was no doubt full of music, as were indeed many others, in that most musical of English centuries.'—J. BAILEY, 'Milton.'

Motto on Seal of a letter to M. Fell:

1660
'GOD ABOVE
KEEP US IN HIS LIGHT
AND LOVE.'

39. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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UNDER THE YEW-TREES

Six gay girls sat together, laughing and talking, under the shadow of the ancient yew-trees that guard the eastern corner of Swarthmoor Hall. The interlaced boughs of the gloomy old trees made a cool canopy of shadow above the merry maidens. It was a breathless day of late June, 1652, at the very end of the 'wonderful fortnight.'

There they were, Judge Fell's six fair daughters: Margaret, Bridget, Isabel, Sarah, Mary and little Susanna, who was but three years old, on that hot summer afternoon.

'Tis a pity that there are only six of us,' Sarah was saying with mock melancholy. 'Now, suppose my brother George instead of being a boy had been a girl, then there would have been seven. The Seven Sisters of Swarthmoor Hall! In truth it has a gallant sound like unto a play. Seven Young Sisters and Seven Ancient Yew Trees! Each of us might have a yew-tree then for her very own.' So saying, Sarah leant back against the huge gnarled trunk behind her, her golden curls rippling like sunshine over the wrinkled wood, while her blue eyes peered into the dark-green depths overhead.

'Moreover, in that case,' continued Isabel, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice, 'and supposing the Seventh Sister, who doth not exist, were to have seven more daughters in her turn,—then it might be expected that the Seventh Daughter of that Seventh Daughter would have keener than mortal hearing, and sharper than mortal sight. She would be able to hear the grass growing, and know when the fairies were making their rings, and be able to catch the Brownies at their tasks, so the country people say. Heigh ho! I wish she were here! Or I would that I myself were the Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter, or still better the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, for they have real true second sight, and can look in magic crystals and foresee things to come.'

'Now it is my turn,' chimed in Bridget, 'I am the eldest but one, and it is time I talked a little. Then when the Seventh Daughter of the Seventh Daughter walks hand in hand with the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son (neither of whom, allow me to remind you in passing, ever have existed, or, it is to be hoped, ever will exist in a well-connected family like ours), when they walk hand in hand under the shade of the Seven Ancient Yew-trees which, we all know, have guarded Swarthmoor for centuries ... the Seven Ancient Trees will be sure to overhear them whispering honeyed nothings to each other. Then the oldest and wisest of all the Trees (by the bye, it is that one behind you, Isabel!) will say, "Dearly beloved Children, although the words you say are incredibly foolish, yet to me they sound almost wise compared with the still more incredibly foolish conversation



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carried on beneath my old boughs in the Year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and fifty-two by your ever venerable Great Aunt Isabel and your still more venerable Great Aunt Sarah!"

'O Bridget,' came in aggrieved tones from the two younger girls as they flung themselves upon her and put laughing hands over her mouth, 'that is too bad, that is unkind.'

The eldest sister, Margaret, looked up from the low bench where she was sitting with Mary and Susanna, the two youngest children beside her. Seeing the struggling heap of muslin and ribbons on the grass she resolutely turned the talk into less personal channels. 'I do not at all agree with Sarah,' she said calmly, 'besides it is much too hot to argue. For my part, I think Six Sisters are fully enough for any household. If I had more than five younger ones to look after, I don't know what I should do. Even for the yew-trees it is better. There is one now for each of us to sit under, and one to spare for my mother when at last she comes home. I wonder what makes her so late? When will she be here?'

A ripple of expectation stirred the maidens. Moved by the same impulse, they all looked out under the dark yew branches and over the sunlit orchard, beyond which lay the high road leading up the hill from Ulverston. Nothing as yet was to be seen and no faintest rumble of approaching wheels reached any of the listeners.

Everywhere the hot air quivered in the sunshine. Even the stately Elizabethan Hall with its high stone chimneys and mullioned bay windows looked drowsy and half asleep. A pale wisp of smoke was ascending listlessly in a straight line above the gabled roofs high up into the far still air. Scarcely a sound came from the outbuildings that lay beyond the Hall. Even the pigeons on the roof were too hot to coo. In the herb garden beneath, the flowers drooped in the scorching light. Glare everywhere. Only under the yew-trees was there to be found a pool of grateful shadow. And even that pool had a sunshine of its own radiating from the group of merry maidens, with their bright faces and gay voices raised in perpetual talk, or laughter, or song. For a little while they seemed to be busy practising a madrigal. Then the irrepressible chatter burst out afresh. Cool and fragrant all the maidens looked, in their dresses of clear sprigged muslin, each tied at waist, wrists, and throat with ribbons of a different colour: lilac, lavender, primrose, cherry, emerald, and blue. The garden roses might droop in the hot garden outside, but the roses on the girls' cheeks, instead of fading, flushed and deepened with growing excitement. They all seemed full of suppressed eagerness, evidently waiting for something much desired to happen.

At length tall Bridget, exclaiming, 'It must be time now!' sprang to her feet, and, stooping under the clinging boughs of the yew-tree temple, drew herself up to her full height outside its shade. Her gaze roamed over the long grass of the orchard



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and down the broad path, to the high stone arch of the entrance gate through which she could just catch sight of a glimpse of dusty road.

'Nothing yet!' she reported, 'not even a sign of the black horses' ears or heads above the hedge and not a sound upon the road.'

Margaret raised her head to listen. She inherited her mother's placid, Madonna-like beauty, and was at this time the fairest of the whole sisterhood. Sarah, who was hereafter to be considered not only the wit but also the beauty of the family, was at this time a child of ten, and not yet grown into her full inheritance of comeliness. In after years it was said of Sarah that she was 'not only beautiful and lovely to a high degree, but was wonderfully happy in ingeny and memory.' But even at her loveliest it was never said of her, as it was of Margaret, that she was 'glorious, comely, and beautiful in that which never fades away,' 'lovely in the truth, an example of holiness and wisdom.'

This comely Margaret, seeing and hearing nothing of what she sought, bent her fair face down once more to the little sisters seated on each side of her. To beguile the waiting time she was making for them a chain of the daisies they had gathered as they flitted about, like gay white butterflies, over the grass. Mary was eight years old, and therefore able to pick daisies with discretion; but the stalks of the flowers gathered by little Susanna were all sadly too short and the flowers themselves suffered in her tight hot hand. At this moment Isabel ran to join Bridget and, standing on tiptoe beside her, tried hard to see as much as her taller sister.

'Nothing yet,' she reported, 'not a sign of the black horses nor even the top of the coach.' Sarah, not to be outdone, swung herself up, with a laugh, on to one of the lower boughs of the oldest yew-tree, and standing on it thrust her golden head through the thick canopy overhead. She peered out in her turn looking across the orchard and over the hedge to the road, then, bending down with a laughing face to Margaret and the little ones, 'I'm tallest now,' she exclaimed, 'and I shall be the first to spy the coach when it reaches the top of the hill!'

But agile Isabel, ever ready to follow a sister's lead, had already left Bridget's side and swung herself up, past Sarah, on to a yet higher bough.

'Methinks not, Mistress Sarah,' she called over her head, slowly and demurely, 'for now I can see yet farther, and there are the horses' ears and heads; yea and the chariot also, and now, at last! our mother's face!'

But the group below had not waited for her tidings. They had heard the rumble of the wheels and the horses' feet on the road. With cries of joy, off they all sped down the path and across the orchard; to see who should be first at the gate to welcome their mother. Only Margaret stayed behind on her bench among the



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scattered daisies, with a slightly pensive expression on her lovely face.

'All of them flying to greet her!' Margaret thought to herself. 'See, Bridget has caught up even Susanna in her arms, that she shall not be left too far behind; while I, the eldest, whom my mother doth ever call her right hand, am forced to stay here. But my mother knows that my knee prevents me. She will not forget her Margaret. Already she sees me, and is beckoning the others to come this way.'

In truth Mistress Fell had already alighted and was now passing swiftly under the high stone arch of the gateway. Never did she come through that gate without a flash of remembrance of the first time she entered there, leaning on her husband's arm, a bride of seventeen summers, younger than her own fair Margaret now. She entered, this time, leaning on the arm of tall Bridget, walking as if she were a trifle weary, yet stooping to pick up little Susanna and to cover her with kisses as she moved up the path surrounded by her cloud of girls.

'Not the house, maids,' she cried, 'the yew-trees first! I see my Margaret waiting there. Your news, how marvellous soever, must wait until I have greeted my right-hand daughter and learned how she fares.'

'How art thou, dear Heart?' she enquired, as she stooped down and kissed her eldest daughter, and sat down beside her. 'Hath thy knee pained thee a little less this afternoon?'

'Much less,' answered Margaret gaily, 'in fact I had almost forgotten it, and was about to rise and welcome you with the rest, when a sudden ache reminded me that I must not run yet awhile.'

Mistress Fell shook her head. 'I fear that I shall have to take thee to London and to Wapping for the waters some day. I cannot have my bird unable to fly like the rest of the brood, and obliged to wait behind with a clipped wing.'

'Young Margrett,' as she was called, to distinguish her from her mother, laughed aloud. 'Nay now, sweet mother, 'tis nothing,' she replied. 'Let us think of more cheerful things. In truth we have much to tell you, for we have had an afternoon of visitors and many happenings in thy absence.'

'Visitors?' A slight furrow showed itself in the elder Margaret's smooth forehead. 'Well, that is not strange, since the door of Swarthmoor stands ever open to welcome guests, as all the country knows. Still I would that I had been at home, or thy father. Who were the visitors, daughter?'

It was Bridget who answered.

'My father hath often said that there has been scarce a day without a visitor at Swarthmoor since he first brought you here as its mistress,' she began primly, 'but in all these years, mother, I doubt you have never set eyes on such an one as our guest of to-day. Priest Lampitt said the same.'

'Priest Lampitt? Hath he been here? And I not at home. Truly,

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it grieves me, children, to have missed our good neighbour. Did he then bring a stranger with him?'

'No, No, No,' a chorus of dissent broke from the girls, all now seated round their mother on the grass, each eager to be the first to tell the tale, yet at a loss for words. Bridget, as usual, stepped into the gap. She explained that 'the Priest had been amazed to find the Stranger here. They had had much discourse. Till at last, Priest Lampitt, waxing hot and fiery ere he departed, strode down the flagged path slashing all the flowers with his cane and never seemed to know what he was doing, though you know, mother, that he loves our garden.'

A shade of real annoyance crossed Mistress Fell's face. 'The good Priest angered in my house,' she said, with real concern in her voice, 'and I not there, but only a pack of giddy maids, who had not wit enough between them to keep a discourteous stranger in his place and prevent his being rude to an old friend! Nay, now, maidens, speak not all together. Ye are too young and do but babble. Let Bridget continue, or my Margaret. Either of them I can trust.' But 'young Margrett' was bending her head still lower, seemingly over her daisy chain.

'Truly, mother,' she said in a low voice close to her mother's ear, 'there are no words for him. He is so-different; I knew not that earth held a man like him. And he will be coming back shortly to the house-maybe he is already awaiting you!'

Mistress Fell looked up now in undisguised alarm. Who was this nameless Stranger who had invaded her house during her absence, and had apparently stolen the heart of her discreet and dignified Margaret, in one interview, by the mere sight of his charms? Young, handsome, quarrelsome; who could he be? What had brought him to Swarthmoor to destroy its peace?

She turned to capable Bridget for information. Bridget, never at a loss, understood her mother's fears, or some of them, and immediately answered reassuringly, 'Be not disquieted, sweet mother. Nothing really untoward has happened. It is true the Stranger disputed hotly with Lampitt, but it was the Priest's blame as much as the Stranger's at first, though afterwards, when Lampitt held out his hand and wished to be friendly, the Stranger turned from him and shook him off. Yet, though his actions were harsh there was gentleness in his face and bearing. He is a man of goodly presence, this Stranger, but quite, quite old, thirty or thereabouts by my guessing.'

The elder Margaret smiled. Bridget continued hastily: 'Or may be more. Any way he seemed older from his gravity, and from his outlandish dress. Under his coat could be seen a leather doublet and breeches, and on his head he wore a large, soft, white hat.' At these words the concern in Mistress Fell's face disappeared in a moment. A quick look of welcome sprang into her eyes.

'A man in a white hat!' she exclaimed. 'Perhaps, then, his coming forbodes good to us after all. It was only the other night that, as I lay a-dreaming, I saw a man in a large white hat coming



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towards me. I had been seeking for guidance on my knees, for often I fear we are not wholly in the right way, with all our seeking and religious exercises. In answer to my prayer there came towards me, in my dream, a man, and I knew that he was to be the messenger of God to me and to all my household. Tell me more, maidens, of this Stranger, how he came and whence, and why he left and when he will return.'

This time it was 'young Margrett' who answered. Seeing the sympathy in her Mother's eyes, she found her voice at last, and rejoined quickly:

'He resembleth a Priest somewhat, yet not altogether. He speaketh with more authority than anyone I ever heard. Grave he is too. Grave as my father when he is executing justice. Yet, for all his gravity, as Bridget says, he is wondrous gentle. None of us were affrighted at him, and the little maids ran to him as they do to my father. Moreover, he showed them a curious seal he carried in his pocket with letters intertwined among roses, a "G" I saw, and an "F." Afterwards he took them on his knees and blessed them and they were wholly at ease. Priest Lampitt, who had been watching through a window, his countenance strangely altered by his rage, now took his departure. Seeing him go, the Stranger put down the children gently, setting Susanna with both her feet squarely on the polished floor, as I have seen a shepherd set down a lamb, as if afear'd that it might slip. Then he turned in sorrow and spoke a few words to his companion. This was the man who brought him hither, one of the Seekers from Wensleydale or thereabouts, I should judge from his language; but truly none of us paid much heed to him. The two of them left the Hall together, and passed down through the herb-garden, and over the stream. Once I noticed the Stranger turn and gaze back at the house, searching each window, as if looking for something he found not there. Also he smiled at sight of the yew-trees, with a greeting as if they were old friends. Bridget declares that she heard the Stranger, our Stranger, say that he would return hither shortly, when he had set his companion a short distance on his homeward way. But that is now more than two hours ago, and as yet he hath not reappeared.'

'Well then, maids,' replied Mistress Fell briskly, 'let us not linger here. It is high time we went back to the house to welcome our guest, on his return.' So saying, she rose to her feet, and aiding 'young Margrett' with one hand, she drew aside with the other the thick screen of the branches. A ray of sunshine fell upon Margaret Fell, standing there, in the velvety gloom of the old yew-trees, with her six young daughters round her. Sunshine was in her heart too, as she looked down fondly at them for a moment.

Then, lifting up her eyes, she recognised the unknown man she had seen in her dream. In the full blaze of sunlight, coming straight up the flagged path towards her was a Stranger, wearing a white hat. And thus did Mistress Margaret Fell behold for the first time GEORGE FOX.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

'UNDER THE YEW-TREES.'

Expanded from George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 47, 48, 52. The conversation among the girls is of course imaginary, but many details are taken from 'Margaret Fox of Swarthmoor Hall,' by Helen G. Crosfield, a most helpful book that has been constantly used in all these stories about Swarthmoor.



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Jan 20 Second session of the Second Protectorate Parliament began.

Feb 4 Cromwell dissolved the Second Protectorate Parliament.

Mar 18 Anglo-French alliance renewed.

Jun 4 Battle of the Dunes: the Anglo-French army under Marshal Turenne defeated a Spanish force attempting to raise the siege of Dunkirk.

Jun 14 Dunkirk occupied by French and English troops.



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September 3, Friday (Old Style): [Oliver Cromwell](#) died of [malaria](#) because he had refused to use the only known treatment (quinine from cinchona).

PLANTS

He had rejected this treatment simply because the cure had been introduced by Jesuits. Amsterdam “was lighted up as for a great deliverance and children ran along the canals, shouting for joy that the Devil was dead.” By 1681 cinchona would be universally accepted as antimalarial. The great commoner’s shrouded corpse would be interred with great fanfare at the east end of Henry VII’s chapel in [Westminster Abbey](#) (only to be dug up at the Restoration and ritually hanged and decapitated at Tyburn, and then thrown into an anonymous pit that is now somewhere beneath the Marble Arch).



[John Dryden](#) would author “Heroic Stanzas” on the death of Cromwell.

His son [Richard Cromwell](#) was accepted as his successor by the Council of Officers and the Army and became Lord Protector. [John Evelyn](#)’s diary entry for this day was in part as follows:

John Evelyn’s Diary

Died that archrebell Oliver Cromwell, cal’d Protector.

Friend [George Fox](#) also commented in his [JOURNAL](#), of the events surrounding the death:

Now was there a great pother made about the image or effigy of Oliver Cromwell lying in state; men standing and sounding with trumpets over his image, after he was dead. At this my spirit was greatly grieved, and the Lord, I found, was highly offended.



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Major-General William Goffe, whom some had been considering as a possible successor to Oliver Cromwell, instead witnessed the Protector's appointment of his son Richard as his successor. He would support the son during his brief tenure of power and would advise him to use military force to resist Fleetwood and Desborough.

REGICIDE

Sep 4 Richard Cromwell proclaimed Oliver's successor in London and throughout England.

Sep 9-10 Richard proclaimed in Edinburgh and Dublin.

Oct 18 Charles Fleetwood appointed lieutenant-general of the Army, but Richard insisted upon retaining the position and full power of commander-in-chief.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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1659

Friend [George Fox](#) sent off an Epistle advising [Friends](#) to pay their taxes to rulers who are to keep the peace, for the advantage of Truth, in order to safeguard their liberty. Friend George's epistle was entitled "All Friends Everywhere, Who are Dead to Carnal Weapons":

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

All Friends everywhere, who are dead to all carnal weapons, and have beaten them to pieces, stand in that which takes away the occasion of wars, in the power which saves men's lives, and destroys none, nor would have others. And as for the rulers, that are to keep peace, for peace's sake, and the advantage of truth, give them their tribute. But to bear and carry carnal weapons to fight with, the men of peace, (which live in that which takes away the occasion of wars,) they cannot act in such things under the several powers; but have paid tribute. Which they may do still for peace sake, and not hold back the earth, but go over it; and in so doing, Friends may better claim their liberty.

G.F.



George Fox



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'BEWITCHED!'⁴⁰

'When ye do judge of matters, or when ye do judge of words, or when ye do judge of persons, all these are distinct things. A wise man will not give both his ears to one party but reserve one for the other party, and will hear both, and then judge.'—G. FOX.

'And after I came to one Captain Sands, which he and his wife if they could have had the world and truth they would have received it. But they was hypocrites and he a very light chaffy man, and the way was too strait for him.'—G. FOX.

'James the First was crazed beyond his English subjects with the witch mania of Scotland and the Continent. No sooner had his first parliament enacted new death laws than the judges and the magistrates, the constable and the mob began to hunt up the oldest and ugliest spinster who lived with her geese on the common, or tottered about the village street. Many pleaded guilty, and described the covenants they had formed with black dogs and "goblins called Tibb"; others were beaten or terrified into fictitious confessions, or perished, denying their guilt to the last. The black business culminated during the Civil Wars when scores of women were put to death.'—G.M. TREVELYAN.

40. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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'BEWITCHED!'

Saint Swithin's feast was passed. It was a sultry, thundery afternoon of mid July, when three horsemen were to be seen carefully picking their way across the wide wet estuary of the River Leven that goes by the name of 'the Sands.' The foremost rider was evidently the most important person of the three. He was an oldish man with a careworn face, and deepset eyes occasionally lighted by a smile, as he urged his weary horse across the sand. This was no less a person than Judge Fell himself, the master of Swarthmoor Hall, attended by his clerk and his groom, and returning to his home after a lengthy absence on circuit. A man of wide learning, of sound knowledge of affairs, and gifted with an excellent judgment was Thomas Fell. He was as popular now, in the autumn of his days among his country neighbours, as he had been in former times in Parliament, and among the Puritan leaders. Thrice had he represented his native county in the House of Commons, and had been a trusted friend of Oliver Cromwell himself. It was only latterly, men said, since Oliver showed a disposition to grasp more and ever more power for himself that the good Judge, unable to prevent that of which he disapproved, had retired from the intricate problems and difficulties of the Capital. He now filled the office of Judge on the Welsh Circuit and later on that of Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. But whether he dwelt in the country or in London town it was all one. Wherever he came, men thought highly of him.⁴¹ The good thirsted for his approval. The bad trembled to meet his eye. Yet, it was noted, that even when he was obliged to sentence some poor wretch, he seemed to commiserate him, and he ever sought to throw the weight of his influence on the side of mercy, although no man could be sterner at times, especially when he dealt with a case of treachery or cold-blooded cruelty.

The lines of his countenance were rugged, yet underneath there was always an expression of goodwill, and a kindly light in his eyes that seemed to come from some still quiet fount of happiness within. It was said of the Judge, and truly, that he had the happiest home, the fairest and wisest wife, and the goodliest young family, of any man in the county. That had been a joyful day, indeed, for him, twenty years before, when he brought the golden-haired Margaret Askew, the heiress of Marsh Grange, as his bride to the old grey Hall of Swarthmoor. Sixteen full years younger than her husband was she, yet a wondrous wise-hearted woman, and his companion in all things.

Now that a son and six fair daughters filled the old Hall with music and gay laughter all day long, the Judge might well be no less proud of his 'great family' than even of having been Oliver

41. 'Being beloved,' the historian says, 'for his justice, wisdom, moderation, and mercy.'



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Cromwell's friend.

He was ever loath to leave that cherished home for his long absences on the Chester and North Welsh Circuit, and ever joyful when the day came that he might return thither. Even the heavy sand that clogged his horse's feet could hardly make him check his pace. The sands of Morecambe Bay are perilous at times, especially to strangers, for the tide flows in with such swiftness that even a galloping horse may not escape it. But the Judge and his companions knew the dangers well enough to avoid them. Their trained eyes instinctively marked the slight depressions in the sand and the line of brogs, or half-hidden trees, that guide travellers across by what is really the safest route, although it may seem to take unnecessary loops and curves.⁴² At a little distance lay the lonely Chapel Island, surrounded by the sea even at low tide, where in olden days lived a community of monks, who tolled a bell to guide pilgrims across the shifting sands, or said masses for the souls of those who perished.

As his horse picked its way carefully, the Judge raised his eyes often towards the high plateau on the horizon to which he was steadily drawing nearer with every tedious step. Beloved Swarthmoor! The house itself was hidden, but he could plainly discern the belt of trees in which it stood. He thought of each of the inmates of that hidden home. George, his only son, how straight and tall he was growing, how gallant a rider, and how skilful a sportsman even now, though hasty in temper and over apt to take offence. His gay maidens, were they at this moment singing over some new madrigal prepared to greet him on his return? In an hour or two he should see them all running down the garden path to welcome him, from stately 'young Margrett' to little toddling Susanna. His wife, his own Margaret, well he knew where she would be! watching for him from the lattice of their chamber, where she was ever the first to catch sight of him on his return, as she had been the last to bid him farewell on his departure.

At this point the good Judge's meditations were suddenly interrupted by his groom, who, spurring his horse on a level with his Master's, pointed respectfully, with upraised whip, towards several moving specks that were hastening across the estuary.

The softest bit of sand was over now, the travellers were reaching firmer ground, where it was possible to go at a quicker pace. Setting spurs to his horse the Judge hastened forward, his face flushing with an anxiety he took no pains to conceal.

In those days, when posts were rare and letters difficult to get or to send, an absence of many weeks always meant the possibility of finding bad news at home on the return from a journey.

'Heaven send they bring me no ill tidings!' Judge Fell said to

42. 'The sands are left uncovered at low water to a great extent; and travellers between Lancaster and Furness had formerly to cross from Hest Bank to Ulverston by the route brogged out by the guides; the brogs being branches of trees stuck in the sand to mark where the treacherous way was safest; a dreary distance of about 14 miles.'—Richardson, FURNESS, i. 14.



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himself as he cantered anxiously forward. Before long, it was possible to make out that the moving specks were a little company of horsemen galloping towards them over the sands. A few minutes later the Judge was surrounded by a group of breathless riders and panting horses, with bits and bridles flecked with foam. The Judge's fears increased as he recognised all his most important neighbours. Their excited faces also struck him with dread. 'You bring me bad news?' he had called out, as soon as the cavalcade came within earshot. At the answering shout, 'Aye, the worst,' his heart had sunk like lead. And now here he was actually in their midst, and not one of them could speak. 'Out with it, friends,' he commanded, 'let me know the worst. To whom hath evil happened? To my wife? My son? My daughters?' But even he was hardly prepared for the answer, low-breathed and muttering like a roll of thunder: 'To all.'

'To all!' cried the agonised father. 'Impossible! They cannot all be dead!' Again came the ominous rejoinder, 'Worse, far worse,' and then, in a shout from half-a-dozen throats at once, 'Far, far worse. They are all bewitched!' Bewitched! that was indeed a word of ill-omen in those days, a word at which no man, be his position ever so exalted, could afford to smile. Ever since the days of the first Parliament of the first Stuart king, the penalties for the sin of witchcraft had been made increasingly severe. Although the country was now settling down into an uneasy peace, after the turmoil of the Civil Wars, still its witch hunts were even yet too recent a memory for a devoted husband and father to hear the fatal accusation breathed against his family without dismay. Not all a woman's youth and beauty might always save her, if the hunt were keen. The Judge's lips were tightly pressed together, but his unmoved countenance showed little of his inward alarm as he gazed on the faces round him. His courteous neighbours, who had ridden in such haste with the 'ill news' that 'travels fast,' which of them all should enlighten him? His neighbour Captain Sands? a jovial good-humoured man truly;—no, not he, he could not enter into a husband and father's deep anxiety, seeing that he was ever of a mocking disposition inwardly for all that he looked sober and scared enough now. His brother Justice, John Sawrey? Instinctively Judge Fell recoiled from the thought. Sawrey's countenance might be sober enough in good sooth, seeing he was a leader among professing Puritans, but somehow Judge Fell had always mistrusted the pompous little man. Even bad news would be worsened if he had to hear it from those lips. Therefore it was with considerable relief that the good Judge caught sight of a well-known figure riding up more slowly than the others, and now hovering on the outskirts of the group. 'The very man! My honoured neighbour Priest Lampitt! You, the Priest of Ulverston, will surely tell me what has befallen the members of my household, who are likewise members of your flock?' But the Priest's face was even gloomier than that of the other



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gentlemen. In the fewest possible words, but with stinging emphasis, he told the Judge that the news was indeed too true; his wife and young family, yea, and even the household servants had, one and all, been bewitched.

At this the Judge thought his wisest course was to laugh. 'Nay, nay, good friends,' he said, 'that is too much! I know my wife. I trust her good sense utterly. Still it is possible for even the wisest of women to lose her judgment at times. But as for my trusty steward Thomas Salthouse, the steadiest man I have ever had in my employ, if even old Nick himself has managed to bewitch him, he must be a cleverer devil than I thought.'

Then drawing himself up proudly he added, 'So now, Gentlemen, I will thank you to submit to me your evidence for these incredible and baseless allegations.' Priest Lampitt hastened to explain. He spoke with due respect of Mistress Fell, his 'honoured neighbour,' as he called her. 'Tis her well-known kindness of heart that hath led her astray. She hath warmed a snake in her bosom, a wandering Quaker Preacher, who hath beguiled and corrupted both herself and her household.'

'A wandering, Ranting Quaker entertained in my house, during my absence!' Judge Fell had an even temper, but the rising flush on his forehead betokened the effort with which he kept his anger under control. 'I thank ye, gentles, for your news. My wife and I have ever right gladly given food and lodging to all true servants of the Lord, but I will not have any Quakers or Ranters creeping into my house during my absence and nesting there, to set abroad such tales as ye have hastened to spread before me this day. Even the wisest woman is but a woman still, and the sooner I reach home the better.' So saying he raised his hat, and set spurs to his horse. But little Mr. Justice Sawrey, edging out of the group officiously, set spurs to his own horse and trotted after him. Laying a restraining hand on his fellow Justice's bridle, 'One moment more!' he entreated. 'Tis best you should know all ere you return. Not only at Swarthmoor, at Ulverston church also, hath this pestilential fellow caused a disturbance. It was on the Saturday that he arrived at Swarthmoor Hall, and violently brawled with our good Friend Lampitt during Mistress Fell's absence from home.'

A shade of relief crossed the Judge's face, 'My wife absent! I might have sworn to it. The maidens are too young to have sober judgment.' 'Nay, but listen,' continued Sawrey, 'the day after he came to the Hall was not only the Sabbath but also a day of public humiliation. Our good Priest Lampitt, seeing Mistress Fell surrounded by her family in the pew at church, trusted, as did we all, that she had sent the fellow packing speedily about his business. Alack! no such thing, he was but prowling outside. No sooner did the congregation sing a hymn than in he came, and boldly standing on a form, asked leave to speak. Our worthy Priest, the soul of courtesy, consented. Then, oh! the tedious discourse that fell on our ears, how that the hymn we had sung



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was entirely unsuited to our condition, with much talk of Moses and of John, and I know not what besides, ending up in no less a place than the Paradise of God! Naturally, none of us, gentles, paid much attention. I crossed my legs and tried to sleep until the wearisome business should be ended. When, to my dismay, I was aroused by our honoured neighbour Mistress Fell standing upright on the seat of her pew, shrieking with a loud voice: "We are all thieves, we are all thieves!" This was after the Ranter had finished. While he was yet speaking, she continued to gaze on him, so says my wife, as if she were drinking in every word. But afterwards, having loosed this exclamation about thieves (and she a Justice's wife, forsooth!) she sat down in her pew once more and began to weep bitterly.'

'Yes,' interrupted Lampitt, who had also come alongside by this time, 'and he continued to pour forth foul speeches, how that God was come to teach His people by His own spirit, and to bring them off from all their old ways and religions and churches and worships, for that they were all out of the life and spirit, that they was in that gave them forth.... And so on, until our good friend here,' indicating Sawrey, 'being a Justice of the Peace, called out to the churchwardens, "Take him away, take the fellow away." Whereat Mistress Fell must needs rise up again and say to the officers, "Why may he not speak as well as any other? Let him alone!" And I, willing to humour her—'

'Yes, more fool you,' interrupted Sawrey rudely, 'you must needs echo her, and cry, "Let him alone!" else had I safely and securely clapped him into the stocks.'

Judge Fell, who had listened with obviously growing impatience, now broke away from his vociferous companions. Crying once more, 'I thank you, Sirs, for your well-meant courtesy, but now I pray you to excuse me and allow me to hasten to my home,' he broke away from the restraining hands laid upon his bridle and galloped over the sands. His attendants, who had been waiting at a little distance just out of earshot, eagerly joined him, and the three figures gradually grew smaller and then disappeared into the distance.

The other group of riders departed on their different ways homewards, well satisfied with their day's work. Not without a parting shot from fat Captain Sands as they separated. Raising his whip he said mockingly as he pointed at the Judge's figure riding away in urgent haste: 'Let us hope he may not find the Fox too Foxy when he expels him from his earth!'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

'BEWITCHED!'

Historical. See Sewel's HISTORY, i. 106. George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 51. 'TESTIMONY OF MARGARET FOX' (Ellwood Edition of above, p. xliv). 'MARGARET FOX OF SWARTHMOOR HALL,' p. 15. Also 'ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS,' by G.M. Trevelyan (for [Witchcraft](#)).



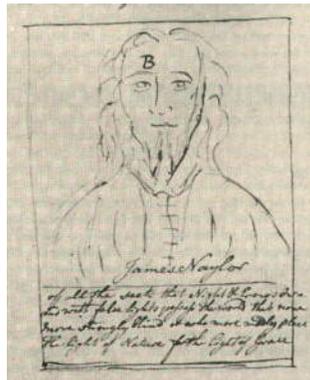
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September: [Friend James Nayler](#), a close colleague of Friend [George Fox](#)'s who had been arrested several years before on a charge of extreme blasphemy at Bristol, England, having been pilloried and having been [flogged](#) and having had his tongue bored through with a red-hot iron and having been branded in the forehead with the letter B, and having done three years at hard labor in solitary confinement in Bridewell prison, was at this point released as part of a general amnesty. In the next year death would come quickly, from injuries and exposure, but according to JAMES NAYLER'S ANSWER TO THE FANATICK HISTORY AS FAR AS IT RELATES TO HIM, just before giving up the ghost he penned the following immortal words: *"There is a spirit which I feel, which delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong; but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations; as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned. It takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth, but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone; being forsaken. I have fellowship therein, with those who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth; who through death obtained this resurrection, and eternal, holy life!"*

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THE SADDEST STORY OF ALL⁴³

'Take heed of forward minds, and of running out before your guide, for that leads out into looseness; and such plead for liberty, and run out in their wills and bring dishonour to the Lord.'...

'And take heed if under a pretence of Liberty you do not ... set up that both in yourselves and on others that will be hard to get down again.'—G. FOX.

'The Truth in this city spreads and flourisheth; many large meetings we have, and great ones of the world come to them, and are much tendered. James is fitted for this great place, and a great love is begotten towards him'—A. Parker to M. Fell, 1655 (from London, before Nayler's fall).

'His forebearing in due time to testify against the folly of those his followers (who magnified him) was his great weakness and loss of judgment, and brought the greatest suffering upon him, Poor Man! Though when he was delivered out of the snare, he did condemn all their wild and mad actions towards him and judged himself also. Howbeit our adversaries and persecutors unjustly took occasion thereupon, to triumph and insult, and to reproach and roar against Quakers, though as a People (they were) wholly unconcerned and clear from those offences.'—G. Whitehead.

'And so His will is my peace.'—JAMES NAYLER.

43. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Various reprintings.



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THE SADDEST STORY OF ALL BUT IT HAS A HAPPY END

Children—come close. Let us hold hands and gather round the fire. This story must be told in the twilight, while the room is all dark except for the dim glow of the coals. Then, if a few tears do run down our cheeks—no one will see them. And presently the lamp will come in, the darkness will vanish, and the story will end happily—as most stories do if we could only carry them on far enough. What makes the sadness to us, often, is that we only see such a little bit of the way.

This is the story of a man who made terrible mistakes, and suffered a terrible punishment. But, through his sufferings, and perhaps even through the great mistakes he made, he learned some lessons that he might never have learned in any other way. His name was James Nayler. He was born in 1616, and was the son of a well-to-do farmer in Yorkshire. He was 'educated in good English,' and learned to write and speak well. His early life seems to have been uneventful. At the age of 22 he married, and settled near Wakefield with his young wife, Anne. After a few years of happy married life, the long dispute between King Charles and his Parliament finally broke out into Civil War. The old peaceful life of the countryside was at an end. Everywhere men were called upon to take sides and to arm. James Nayler was one of the first to answer that call. He enlisted in the Parliamentary Army under Lord Fairfax, and spent the next nine or ten years as a soldier. Under General Lambert he rose to be quartermaster, and the prospect of attaining still higher military rank was before him when his health broke down and he was obliged to return home.

A little later he made a friend. One eventful Sunday in 1652 'the Man in Leather Breeches' visited Wakefield, and came to the 'Steeple-house' where Nayler had been accustomed to worship with his family. Directly the sermon was finished, all the people in the church pointed at the Stranger, and called him to come up to the priest. Fox rose, as his custom was, and began to 'declare the word of life.' He went on to say that he thought the priest who had been preaching had been deceiving his hearers in some parts of his sermon. Naturally the priest who had spoken did not like this, and although some of the congregation agreed with Fox, and felt that 'they could have listened to him for ever,' most of the people hated the Stranger for his words. They rushed at Fox, punching and beating him; then, crying, 'Let us have him in the stocks!' they thrust him out of the door of the church. Once in the cool fresh air, however, the crowd became less



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violent. Their mood changed. Instead of hustling their unresisting visitor through the town and clapping him into the stocks, they loosed their hold of him and suffered him to go quietly away.

As he departed, George Fox came upon another group of people assembled at a little distance. These were the men and women who had listened to him gladly in church, who now wished to hear more of the new truths he had been declaring. Among them was James Nayler, a man older than Fox, who had been convinced by him a year earlier. This second visit, however, clinched Nayler's allegiance to his new friend. Possibly, having been a soldier himself, he began by admiring Fox's courage. Here was a man who refused to strike a single blow in self-defence. He was apparently quite ready to let the angry mob do what they would, and yet in the end he managed to quell their rage by the force of his own spiritual power. The Journal simply says that a great many people were convinced that day of the truth of the Quaker preaching, and that 'they were directed to the Lord's teaching in themselves.'

Hereupon the priest of the church became very angry. He spread abroad many untrue stories about Fox, saying that he 'carried bottles with him, and made people drink of them and so made them follow him and become Quakers.'

At Wakefield, also, in those days, as well as farther North, 'enchantment' was the first and simplest explanation of anything unusual. This same priest also said that Fox rode upon a great black horse, and was seen riding upon it in one county at a certain time, and was also seen on the same horse and at the very same time in another county sixty miles away.

'With these lies,' says Fox, 'he fed his people, to make them think evil of the truth which I had declared amongst them. But by those lies he preached many of his hearers away from him, for I was travelling on foot and had no horse; which the people generally knew.'

James Nayler at any rate decided to become one of Fox's followers, and let the priest do his worst. It may have been at his house that George Fox lodged that night, thankful for its shelter, having slept under a hedge the night before. When Fox left, Nayler did not go with him, but remained quietly at home. Having been a farmer's son before he became a soldier, he quietly returned to his farming when he left the army. One day in early spring, a few months after Fox's visit, as James Nayler was driving the plough and thinking of the things of God, he heard a Voice calling to him through the silence, telling him to leave his home and his relations, for God would be with him. At first James Nayler rejoiced exceedingly because he had heard the Voice of God, but when he considered how much he would have to give up if he left home, he tried to put the command aside. Nothing that he undertook prospered with him after this; he fell ill and nearly died, till at last he was made willing to surrender his



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own will utterly and go out, ready to do God's will, day by day and hour by hour, as it should be revealed to him. 'And so he continued, not knowing one day what he was to do the next; and the promise of God that He would be with him, he found made good to him every day.' These are his own words. His inward guidance led him into the west of England, and there he found George Fox. After this Nayler and Fox were often together. Sometimes Nayler would take a long journey to see Fox when he was staying with his dear friends at Swarthmoor. Sometimes they wrote beautiful letters to each other. Here is one from Nayler to Fox that might have been written to us to-day:

'Dear hearts, you make your own troubles by being unwilling and disobedient to that which would lead you safe. There is no way but to go hand in hand with Him in all things, running after Him without fear or considering, leaving the whole work only to Him. If He seem to smile, follow Him in fear and love, and if He seem to frown, follow Him and fall into His will, and you shall see He is yours still,—for He will prove His own.'



'THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE'

Nayler's adventurous journey with Fox to Walney Island must have drawn their friendship closer than ever. In spite of hardships these were happy days as they went about the country together on God's errands. But these days came to an end.



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You see, Nayler had not found his faith after a long struggle as George Fox had done. Perhaps he had accepted it a little too easily, and too confidently, in his own strength. He was a splendid, brilliant preacher, and he loved arguing for his new belief in public. Once, in Derbyshire, in an argument with some ministers, he got so much the best of it that the crowd was delighted and cried out, 'A Nailer, a Nailer hath confuted them all.'

Another time, when he was attending a meeting at a Friend's house, he says that 'hundreds of vain people continued all the while throwing great stones in at the window, but we were kept in great peace within.' It would be rather difficult to sit quite still and 'think meeting thoughts' with large stones flying through the windows, would it not?

Once, when I was at a service on board ship, a few years ago, a tremendous wave broke through the port-hole and splashed the kneeling men and women on that side of the saloon. They were so startled that nearly all of them jumped, and one called out quite loudly, 'Oh, what's that?' But the clergyman went on quietly reading the service, and very soon everything became still and quiet again.

James Nayler also continued to give his message of stillness and calm, and the gathered people, listening to him intently, forgot to think about the stones. He must have had a great deal of that strange quality that we call magnetism. Just as a magnet attracts bits of iron to it, so some people have the power of attracting others to listen to them and love them. Fox was the most powerful magnet of all the Quaker preachers. He attracted people in thousands all over the country. But Nayler seems to have had a great deal of magnetism too, though it was of a different kind. For one thing he was handsomer to look at than Fox. He is described as 'of ruddy complexion and medium height, with long, low hanging brown hair, oval face, and nose that rose a little in the middle: he wore a small band close to his collar, but no band strings, and a hat that hung over his brows.'

But it would have been happier for him if he had not been so good-looking, as you will see presently. He must have had much charm of manner, too. A court lady, Abigail, Lady Darcy, invited him to her house to preach, and there, beside all the people who had assembled to hear him, many other much grander listeners were also present although unseen, 'lords, ladies, officers, and ministers.'

These great people, not wishing it to be known that they came to listen to the Quaker preacher, were hidden away behind a ceiling. Nayler himself must have known of their presence, since he mentions it in a letter, though he does not explain how a ceiling could be a hiding-place. He spoke to them afterwards of the Voice that had called him as he was ploughing in the fields at home. These fine lords and ladies could not understand what he meant. 'A Voice, a Voice?' they asked him, 'but did you really



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hear it?' 'Aye, verily, I did hear it,' he replied in such solemn tones that they wondered more than ever what he meant; and perhaps they began to listen too for the Inner Voice.

The discovery that he, a humble Quaker preacher, could attract all this attention did James Nayler harm. Instead of remembering only the thankfulness and joy of being entrusted with his Master's message, he allowed small, lower feelings to creep into his heart: 'What a good messenger I am! Don't I preach well? Far grander people throng to hear me than to any other Quaker minister's sermons!'

Another temptation came to him through his good looks. He was evidently getting to think altogether too much about himself. It was James Nayler this and James Nayler that, far too much about James Nayler. Also, some of his friends were foolish, and did not help him. The interesting thing about James Nayler is that his chief temptations always came to him through his good qualities. If he had been a little duller, or a little uglier, or a little stupider, if he had even made fewer friends, he might have walked safely all his life. As it was, instead of listening only to the Voice of God, he allowed himself to listen to one of the most dangerous suggestions of the Tempter. Nayler began to think that he might imitate Jesus Christ not only in inner ways, not only by trying to be meek and loving and gentle and self-sacrificing, as He was to all the people around Him. That is the way we may all try to be like Him. Nayler also tried to imitate Him in outer ways. He found a portrait of the Saviour and noticed how He was supposed to have worn His hair and beard; and then he arranged his own hair and beard in the same way. He even attempted to work miracles like those in the Gospel story. He tried to fast as Christ had done, 'He ate no bread but one little bit for a whole month, and there was about a fortnight ... he took no manner of food, but some days a pint of white wine, and some days a gill mingled with water.' This was when he was imprisoned in Exeter Gaol with many other Quakers. One woman among them fainted and became unconscious, and she believed she had been brought back to life by Nayler's laying his hand on her head and saying, 'Dorcas, arise.'

Some of his friends and the other women in the prison were foolish and silly. Instead of helping Nayler to serve God in lowliness and humility, they flattered his vanity, and encouraged him to become yet more vain and presumptuous. They even knelt before him in the prison, bowing and singing, 'Holy, holy, holy.' Some one wrote him a wicked letter saying, 'Thy name shall be no more James Nayler, but Jesus!'

Nayler confessed afterwards that 'a fear struck him' when he received that letter. He put it in his pocket, meaning that no one should see it. But though Nayler did not himself encourage his friends in their wicked folly, still he did not check them as he should have done. He thought that he was meant to be a 'sign of Christ' for the world. He was weak in health at the



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time, and had suffered much from imprisonment and long fasting; so it can be said in excuse that his mind may have been clouded, and that perhaps he did not altogether understand what was being done.

The real sadness of this story is that we cannot excuse him altogether. Some of the blame for the silly and foolish and wicked things that were done around him does, and must, belong to him too. He ought to have known and to have forbidden it all from the beginning. George Fox and the other steady Friends of course did not approve of these wild doings of James Nayler and his friends. George Fox came to see James Nayler in prison at Exeter, and reproved him for his errors. James Nayler was proud and would not listen to rebukes, though he offered to kiss George Fox at parting. But Fox, who was 'stiff as a tree and pure as a bell,' would not kiss any man, however much he loved him, who persisted in such wrong notions. The two friends parted very sorrowfully, and with a sad heart Fox returned to the inn on Exeter Bridge. Not all the 'Seven Stars' on its signboard could shine through this cloud.

After this, things grew worse. Nayler persisted in his idea that he was meant, in his own life, and in his own body, to imitate Jesus Christ outwardly, and the women persisted in their wild acting round him. When Nayler and his admirers came to Bristol, in October 1656, they arranged a sort of play scene, to make it like the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. One man, bareheaded, led Nayler's horse, and the women spread scarves and handkerchiefs in the way before him, as they had no palms. They even shouted 'Hosanna!' and other songs and hymns that they had no business to sing except in the worship of God.

They meant it to be all very brilliant and triumphant. But it was really a miserable sort of affair, for the rain came down heavily, and the roads were muddy and dirty, which made the whole company wet and draggled. Still it was not the rain that mattered,—what mattered most was that none of them can have had the sunshine of peace in their hearts, for they must have known that they were doing wrong.

Anyhow the magistrates of the city of Bristol had no manner of doubt about that. As soon as the foolish, dishevelled, excited company reached the city they were all clapped into gaol, which was perhaps the best place to sober their excited spirits. The officers of the law were thoroughly well pleased. They had said from the first that George Fox was a most dangerous man, and that the Quakers were a misguided people to follow him. Now the folly and wickedness of Nayler and his company gave them just the excuse they were wanting to prove that they had been right all along.

James Nayler was taken to London, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to savage punishments. He was examined at length by a Committee of Parliament. Just before his sentence was pronounced he said that he 'did not know his offence,' which looks as if



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his mind really had been clouded over when some of the things he was accused of were done. But this was not allowed to be any excuse. 'You shall know your offence by your punishment' was the only answer he received. The members of Oliver Cromwell's second Parliament who dealt with Nayler's case were not likely to be lenient to any man, who, like Nayler, had done wrong and allowed himself to be led astray. His Commonwealth judges showed him no mercy indeed. When Nayler heard his terrible sentence, he listened calmly, and said, 'God has given me a body: God will, I hope, give me a spirit to endure it. I pray God He may not lay it to your charge.' This shows that he had learned really to share his Master's Spirit, which is the only true way of imitating Him.

The punishments were cruel and vindictive. They lasted through many weeks. Half way through, many 'persons of note' signed a petition to ask that he might be allowed to miss the rest of the penalties, owing to his enfeebled condition. In spite of this, the whole barbarous sentence was carried out. James Nayler bore it unflinchingly. I am only going to tell you one or two of the cruel things that were done to him—and those not the worst. He was sentenced to have the letter 'B' burned on his forehead with a hot iron. 'B' stands for 'Blasphemer,' and it was to show everybody who saw him, wherever he came, that he had been found guilty of saying wicked things about God. The worst part of this punishment must have been knowing in his heart that the accusation was, more or less, true.

There he stood before the Old Exchange in London, on a bitter December day, in the presence of thousands of spectators. He bore not only the branding with a red-hot iron on the forehead until smoke arose from the burning flesh, but also other worse tortures with 'a wonderful patience.' The crowd, who always assembled on such occasions, were touched by his demeanour. Instead of jeering and mocking, as they were accustomed to do to criminals, all these thousands of people lifted their hats in token of respect, and remained standing bareheaded as they watched him in his agony. It is said that 'he shrunk a little when the iron came upon his forehead,' yet on being unbound he embraced his executioner. One faithful friend, Robert Rich, who had done his utmost to save Nayler from this terrible punishment, stood with him on the pillory and held his hand all through the burning, and afterwards licked the wounds with his tongue to allay the pain. 'I am the dog that licked Lazarus' sores,' Robert Rich used to say, alluding to that terrible day. Long years after, when he was an old man with a long white beard, he used to walk up and down in Meeting in a long velvet gown, still repeating the story of his friend's sufferings and of his patience.

After this punishment Nayler was sent down to Bristol to undergo the rest of his sentence there. He was made to enter the city again in deepest humiliation, no longer with excited followers



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shouting 'Hosanna!' before him, but seated on a horse facing to the tail, with the big 'B' burned on his forehead for all men to see—and then he was publicly whipped.

Yet in spite of all the pain and shame he must have been happier in one way during that sorrowful return to Bristol than at his former entrance to the city, for he must have had more true peace in his heart.

Now, at last, comes the happy end of this sad story. There is no need to sit over the fire in the darkness any longer. We can dry our eyes and light the lamps—for it is not sorrowful really. James Nayler's mistakes and sufferings had not been wasted. They had made him more really like his Master, and his worst troubles were now over.

He still lay in prison for two years more, but he was allowed ink and paper, and he wrote many beautiful letters acknowledging that he had done wrong, confessing his sin, and praising God even for the sufferings which had shown him his error. He says in one place, 'the provocation of that time of temptation was exceeding great against the pure love of God; yet He left me not; for after I had given myself under that power, and darkness was above, my adversary so prevailed, that all things were turned and so perverted against my right seeing, hearing, or understanding; only a secret hope and faith I had in my God whom I had served, that He would bring me through it, and to the end of it, and that I should again see the day of my redemption from under it all; and this quieted my soul in my greatest tribulation.'

And again, 'Dear brethren—My heart is broken this day for the offence that I have occasioned to God's truth and people....

'And concerning you, the tender plants of my Father, who have suffered through me, or with me, in what the Lord hath suffered to be done with me, in this time of great trial and temptation; the Almighty God of love, Who hath numbered every sigh, and put every tear in His bottle, reward it a thousandfold into your bosoms, in the day of your need, when you shall come to be tried and tempted; and in the meantime fulfil your joy with His love, which you seek after. The Lord knows, it was never in my heart to cause you to mourn, whose suffering is my greatest sorrow that ever yet came upon me, for you are innocent herein.' After this, at last he was set free. The first thing he did was to try to return home to his wife and children. It is said that 'he was a man of great self-denial, and very jealous of himself ever after his fall and recovery. At last, departing from the city of London, about the latter end of October 1660, towards the north, intending to go home to his wife and children at Wakefield in Yorkshire, he was seen by a Friend of Hertford (sitting by the wayside in a very awful, weighty frame of mind), who invited him to his house, but he refused, signifying his mind to pass forward, and so went on foot as far as Huntingdon, and was observed by a Friend as he passed through the town, in such an



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awful frame, as if he had been redeemed from the earth, and a stranger on it, seeking a better country and inheritance. But going some miles beyond Huntingdon, he was taken ill (being as 'tis said) robbed by the way, and left bound: whether he received any personal injury is not certainly known, but being found in a field by a countryman toward evening, was had, or went to a Friend's house at Holm, not far from King's Ripton, where Thomas Parnell, a doctor of physic, dwelt, who came to visit him; and being asked, if any Friends at London should be sent for to come and see him; he said, "Nay," expressing his care and love to them. Being shifted, he said, "You have refreshed my body, the Lord refresh your souls"; and not long after departed this life in peace with the Lord, about the ninth month, 1660, and the forty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Thomas Parnell's burying-ground at King's Ripton aforesaid.'

'I don't call that a happy ending. I call it a very sad ending indeed! What could be worse? To sit all alone by the roadside, and then perhaps to be robbed and bound, or if not that, at any rate to be taken ill and carried to a stranger's house to die. That is only a sorrowful ending to a most sorrowful life.'

Is this what anyone is thinking?

Ah, but listen! That is not the real end. It is said that 'about two hours before his death he spoke in the presence of several witnesses' these words:

'There is a spirit which I feel, that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end: its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations: as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other: if it be betrayed it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God: its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind: in God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life: it is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression: it can never rejoice but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered: I found it alone, being forsaken; I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens, and desolate places in the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal holy life.'

That is why this story has a happy ending. A made-up story might have left James Nayler at home with his wife and children. But, after all he had suffered, he may have been too tired to bear much joy on earth. Besides, how could he have borne for those dear ones to see the condemning 'B' burned on his forehead? and the other scars and signs of his terrible punishments, how could they have borne to see them?



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Was it not better that the end came as it did by the roadside near Huntingdon?

Only remember always, that what we call the end is itself only the beginning.

Think how thankful James Nayler must have been to lay down the tired, scarred body in which he had sinned and suffered, while his spirit, strengthened, purified, and cleansed by all he had endured, was set free to serve in the larger, fuller life beyond. James Nayler's difficult school-days were over at last on this little earth, where we are set to learn our lessons. Like the other prodigal son he had gone to receive his own welcome from the Father's heart in the Father's Home.

Why have I told you this story—the saddest story of all? A parable will explain it best. Imagine that ever since the beginning of Time there has been a great big looking-glass with the sun shining down upon it. Then imagine that that looking-glass has been broken up into innumerable fragments, and that one bit is given to each human soul, when it is born on earth, to keep and to hold at the right angle, so that it can still reflect the sun's beams. That is something like the truth that George Fox discovered for himself and preached all over England. He called it the doctrine of 'The Inner Light.' To all the hungry, thirsting, sinful, ignorant men and women in England he gave the same message: 'There is that of God within you, that can reflect Him. You can hear His Voice speaking in your hearts'; or, to continue the parable, 'If you hold your own little bit of looking-glass in the sunlight it will, it must, reflect the Sun.'

James Nayler listened to this message, accepted it, and rejoiced in it. He did truly turn to the Light. But he forgot one thing that must never be forgotten. He looked too much at his own tiny bit of looking-glass and too little at the Sun. In this way the mirror of his soul grew soiled and stained and dim. It could no longer reflect the Light faithfully. Then, it had to be cleansed by suffering. But all this time, and always, the Sun of God's unchanging love was steadily shining, waiting for him to turn to it again. Let us too look up towards that Sun of Love. Let us open our hearts wide to receive its light. Then we shall find that we have not only a mirror in our hearts but also something alive and growing; what George Fox would call the 'Seed.' Sometimes he calls it the 'Seed,' and sometimes the 'Light,' because it is too wonderful for any picture or parable to express it wholly. But we each have 'that of God within' that can reflect and respond to Him, if we will only let it. Let us try then to open our hearts wide, wide, to receive, and not to think of ourselves. If we do this, sooner or later we shall learn to live and grow in the sunshine of God's love, as easily and naturally as the daisies do, when they spread their white and golden hearts wide open in the earthly sunshine on a summer's day.

James Nayler did learn that lesson at last, and therefore even this, 'the saddest story of all,' really and truly has a happy end.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

‘THE SADDEST STORY OF ALL.’

Historical. See Sewel's HISTORY, i. 80, 255-293, 382-397, 408, 438. Also 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' Chapter xi. 'Nayler's Fall.' Also James Nayler's collected BOOKS AND PAPERS, published in 1716.



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1660

Friend Edward Burroughs used his influence at the royal court to seek suspension of the Massachusetts Bay Colony's order of banishment upon Friend [Samuel Shattuck](#) and a number of other Quakers currently resident in [London](#). The colony's representatives at court argued that they had found [Quakerism](#) to be disruptive.

During this decade of the 1660s, [George Keith](#), a Scotsman from a Presbyterian family already known for unpublishable pamphlets, would be joining with the [Quakers](#) (although many Quakers would come to greatly lament such an affiliation).

Jon Butler has commented on this period, in his *AWASH IN A SEA OF FAITH: CHRISTIANIZING THE AMERICAN PEOPLE* (Cambridge MA: Harvard UP, 1990, pages 17-18), that "Farther west [of London] and to the north religious indifference (some said paganism) reigned until, in the 1660s and 1670s, residents suddenly took to [Quakerism](#)." [George Fox](#) was riding the crest of some sort of phenomenal wave of public sentiment. Why did this occur? Was it a special clergyman with special charisma, or might it have been peculiar local conditions? –Emergent urbanization? –Population changes?

"As with the vagaries surrounding seasonality, definitive answers remain elusive."



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Despite his long residence at the Launceston jail in Cornwall in 1656, Friend [George Fox](#) travelled extensively through



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the eastern and southern counties of England and revisited Cornwall.

George Fox



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I entered Bristol on the Seventh day of the week. The day before, the soldiers came with their muskets into the meeting, and were exceedingly rude, beating and striking Friends with them, and drove them out of the orchard in a great rage, threatening what they would do if Friends came there again. For the mayor and the commander of the soldiers had, it seems, combined together to make a disturbance amongst Friends.

When Friends told me what a rage there was in the town, how they were threatened by the mayor and soldiers, and how unruly the soldiers had been the day before, I sent for several Friends, as George Bishop, Thomas Gouldney, Thomas Speed, and Edward Pyot, and desired them to go to the mayor and aldermen, and request them, seeing he and they had broken up our meetings, to let Friends have the town-hall to meet in. For the use of it Friends would give them twenty pounds a year, to be distributed amongst the poor and when the mayor and aldermen had business to do in it, Friends would not meet in it, but only on First-days.

These Friends were astonished at this, and said the mayor and aldermen would think that they were mad. I said, Nay; for this would be a considerable benefit to the poor. And it was upon me from the Lord to bid them go. At last they consented, and went, though in the cross to their own wills.

When they had laid the thing before the mayor, he said, "For my part I could consent to it, but I am but one"; and he told Friends of another great hall they might have; but that they did not accept, it being inconvenient.

So Friends came away, leaving the mayor in a very loving frame towards them; for they felt the Lord's power had come over him. When they came back, I spoke to them to go also to the colonel that commanded the soldiers, and lay before him the rude conduct of his soldiers, how they came armed amongst innocent people, who were waiting upon and worshipping the Lord; but they were backward to go to him.

Next morning, being First-day, we went to the meeting in the orchard, where the soldiers had lately been so rude. After I had declared the Truth some time in the meeting, there came in many rude soldiers and people, some with drawn swords. The innkeepers had made some of them drunk; and one had bound himself with an oath to cut down and kill the man that spoke. He came pressing in, through all the crowd of people, to within two yards of me, and stopped at those four Friends before mentioned (who should have gone to the colonel as I would have had them), and began jangling with them. Suddenly I saw his sword was put up and gone: for the Lord's power came over all, and chained him with the rest. We had a blessed meeting, and the Lord's everlasting power and presence were felt amongst us.

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On the day following, the four Friends went and spoke with the colonel, and he sent for the soldiers, and cut and slashed some of them before the Friends' faces. When I heard of this I blamed the Friends for letting him do so, and also that they did not go on the Seventh-day, as I would have had them, which might have prevented this cutting of the soldiers, and the trouble they gave at our meeting. But thus the Lord's power came over all those persecuting, bloody minds, and the meeting there was held in peace for a good while after without disturbance.

I had then also a general meeting at Edward Pyot's, near Bristol, at which it was judged were several thousands of people [this would of course have had to be in a field or orchard, or on some hill]: for besides Friends from many parts thereabouts, some of the Baptists and Independents, with their teachers, came to it, and many of the sober people of Bristol; insomuch that the people who stayed behind said the city looked naked, so many were gone out of it to this meeting. It was very quiet, and many glorious truths were opened to the people. As we had much work with priests and professors who pleaded for imperfection, I was opened to declare and manifest to them that Adam and Eve were perfect before they fell, and all that God made He saw was good, and He blessed it; but the imperfection came in by the fall, through man's and woman's hearkening to the devil who was out of Truth. And though the law made nothing perfect, yet it made way for the bringing in of the better hope, which hope is Christ, who destroys the devil and his works, which made man and woman imperfect.

Christ saith to His disciples, "Be ye perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect": and He, who Himself was perfect, comes to make man and woman perfect again, and brings them again to the state in which God made them. So He is the maker-up of the breach, and the peace betwixt God and man.

That this might the better be understood by the lowest capacities, I used a comparison of two old people who had their house broken down by an enemy, so that they, with all their children, were liable to all storms and tempests. And there came to them some that pretended to be workmen, and offered to build up their house again, if they would give them so much a year; but when they had got the money they left the house as they found it.

After this manner came a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, each with his several pretence to build up the old house, and each got the people's money, and then cried that they could not rear up the house, the breach could not be made up; for there is no perfection here. They tell the old people that the house can never be perfectly built up again in this life, though they have taken the people's money for doing it.

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So all the sect-masters in Christendom (so called) have pretended to build up Adam's and Eve's fallen house; and when they have got the people's money, they tell them the work cannot be perfectly done here; so their house lies as it did. But I told the people Christ was come to do it freely, who by one offering hath perfected for ever all them that are sanctified, and renews them up into the image of God, which man and woman were in before they fell, and makes man's and woman's house as perfect again as God made them at the first; and this Christ, the heavenly Man, doth freely. Therefore all are to look unto Him, and all that have received Him are to walk in Him, the Life, the Substance, the First, and the Last, the Rock of Ages, the Foundation of many Generations.

About this time the soldiers under General Monk's command were rude and troublesome at Friends' meetings in many places, whereof complaint being made to him he gave forth the following order, which somewhat restrained them:

St. James's, the 9th of March, 1659.

I do require all officers and soldiers to forbear to disturb the peaceable meetings of the Quakers, they doing nothing prejudicial to the Parliament or Commonwealth of England. George Monk.

We passed thence to Tewkesbury and so to Worcester, visiting Friends in their meetings as we went. And in all my time I never saw such drunkenness as in the towns, for they had been choosing Parliament men. At Worcester the Lord's Truth was set over all, people were finely settled therein, and Friends praised the Lord; nay, I saw the very earth rejoiced.

Yet great fears and troubles were in many people, and a looking for the King's coming in, and all things being altered. They would ask me what I thought of times and things. I told them the Lord's power was over all, and His light shone over all; that fear would take hold only on the hypocrites, such as had not been faithful to God, and on our persecutors. In my travail and sufferings at Reading, when people were at a stand, and could not tell what might come in, and who might rule, I told them the Lord's power was over all (for I had travelled through in it), and His day shined, whosoever should come in; and whether the King came in or not, all would be well to them that loved the Lord, and were faithful to Him. Therefore I bade all Friends fear none but the Lord, and keep in His power. From Worcester I visited Friends in their meetings, till I came to Badgley, and thence I went to Drayton, in Leicestershire, to visit my relations. While there, one Burton, a justice, hearing I had a good horse, sent a warrant to search for me and my horse; but I was gone before they came; and so he missed of his wicked end.

I passed on to Twy-Cross, Swannington, and Derby, where I visited Friends, and found amongst them my old jailer, who had formerly kept me in the house of correction there, now convinced of the Truth which I then suffered under him for.

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Passing into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, I came to Synderhill-Green, visiting Friends through all those parts in their meetings, and so on to Balby in Yorkshire, where our Yearly Meeting at that time was held in a great orchard of John Killam's, where it was supposed some thousands of people and Friends were gathered together.

In the morning I heard that a troop of horse was sent from York to break up our meeting, and that the militia, newly raised, was to join them. I went into the meeting, and stood up on a great stool, and after I had spoken some time two trumpeters came up, sounding their trumpets near me, and the captain of the troop cried, "Divide to the right and left, and make way." Then they rode up to me.

I was declaring the everlasting Truth and Word of life in the mighty power of the Lord. The captain bade me come down, for he was come to disperse our meeting. After some time I told him they all knew we were a peaceable people, and used to have such great meetings; but if he apprehended that we met in a hostile way, I desired him to make search among us, and if he found either sword or pistol about any there, let such suffer.

** He told me he must see us dispersed, for he came all night on purpose to disperse us. I asked him what honour it would be to him to ride with swords and pistols amongst so many unarmed men and women as there were. If he would be still and quiet our meeting probably might not continue above two or three hours; and when it was done, as we came peaceably together, so we should part; for he might perceive the meeting was so large, that all the country thereabouts could not entertain them, but that they intended to depart towards their homes at night.*

He said he could not stay to see the meeting ended, but must disperse them before he went. I desired him, then, if he himself could not stay, that he would let a dozen of his soldiers stay, and see the order and peaceableness of our meeting. He said he would permit us an hour's time, and left half a dozen soldiers with us. Then he went away with his troop, and Friends of the house gave the soldiers that stayed, and their horses, some meat.

When the captain was gone the soldiers that were left told us we might stay till night if we would. But we stayed but about three hours after, and had a glorious, powerful meeting; for the presence of the living God was manifest amongst us, and the Seed, Christ, was set over all. Friends were built upon Him, the foundation, and settled under His glorious, heavenly teaching.

After the meeting Friends passed away in peace, greatly refreshed with the presence of the Lord, and filled with joy and gladness that the Lord's power had given them such dominion. Many of the militia-soldiers stayed also, much vexed that the captain and troopers had not broken up our meeting; and cursed the captain and his troopers. It was reported that they intended evil against us that day; but the troopers, instead of assisting them, were rather assistant to us, in not joining them as they expected, but preventing them from doing the mischief they designed.

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This captain was a desperate man; for it was he that said to me in Scotland that he would obey his superior's commands; if it were to crucify Christ he would do it, or would execute the great Turk's commands against the Christians if he were under him. So that it was an eminent power of the Lord which chained both him and his troopers, and those envious militia-soldiers also, who went away, not having power to hurt any of us, nor to break up our meeting.

Next day we had an heavenly meeting at Warmsworth of Friends in the ministry, with several others; and then Friends parted. As they passed through the country several were taken up; for on the day on which our first meeting was held, Lambert was routed, and it made great confusion in the country; but Friends were not kept long in prison at that time. As I went to this meeting there came to me several at Skegby, in Nottinghamshire, who were going to be soldiers under Lambert, and would have bought my horse of me. Because I would not sell him, they were in a great rage against me, using many threatening words: but I told them that God would confound and scatter them; and within two or three days after they were scattered indeed.

From Warmsworth I passed, in the Lord's power, to Barton Abbey, where I had a great meeting; thence to Thomas Taylor's; and so on to Skipton, where was a general meeting of men Friends out of many counties concerning the affairs of the Church.

A Friend went naked [to the waist] through the town, declaring Truth, and was much beaten. Some other Friends also came to me all bloody. As I walked in the street, a desperate fellow had an intent to do me mischief; but he was prevented, and our meeting was quiet.

To this meeting came many Friends out of most parts of the nation; for it was about business relating to the Church both in this nation and beyond the seas. Several years before, when I was in the north, I was moved to recommend to Friends the setting up of this meeting for that service; for many Friends had suffered in diverse parts of the nation, their goods were taken from them contrary to law, and they understood not how to help themselves, or where to seek redress. But after this meeting was set up, several Friends who had been magistrates, and others that understood something of the law, came thither, and were able to inform Friends, and to assist them in gathering up the sufferings, that they might be laid before the justices, judges, or Parliament.

This meeting had stood several years, and diverse justices and captains had come to break it up, but when they understood the business Friends met about, and saw their books and accounts of collections for relief of the poor, how we took care one county to help another, and to help our Friends beyond the seas, and provide for our poor, that none of them should be chargeable to their parishes, etc., the justices and officers confessed we did their work and passed away peaceably and lovingly, commending Friends' practice.

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Sometimes there would come two hundred of the poor of other people, and wait there till the meeting was done (for all the country knew we met about the poor), and after the meeting Friends would send to the bakers for bread, and give every one of these poor people a loaf, how many soever there were of them; for we were taught to "do good unto all; though especially to the household of faith."

After this meeting I visited Friends in their meetings till I came to Lancaster; whence I went to Robert Widders's, and so on to Arnside, where I had a general meeting for all the Friends in Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. It was quiet and peaceable, and the living presence of the Lord was amongst us. I went back with Robert Widders; and Friends all passed away, fresh in the life and power of Christ, in which they had dominion, being settled upon Him, the heavenly Rock and Foundation. I went next day to Swarthmore, Francis Howgill and Thomas Curtis being with me. I had not been long there before Henry Porter, a justice, sent a warrant by the chief constable and three petty constables to apprehend me. I had a sense of this beforehand; and being in the parlor with Richard Richardson and Margaret Fell, her servants came and told her there were some come to search the house for arms; and they went up into the chambers under that pretence.

It came upon me to go out to them; and as I was going by some of them I spoke to them; whereupon they asked me my name. I readily told them my name; and then they laid hold on me, saying that I was the man they looked for, and led me away to Ulverstone.

They kept me all night at the constable's house, and set a guard of fifteen or sixteen men to watch me; some of whom sat in the chimney, for fear I should go up it; such dark imaginations possessed them. They were very rude and uncivil, and would neither suffer me to speak to Friends, nor suffer them to bring me necessaries; but with violence thrust them out, and kept a strong guard upon me. Very wicked and rude they were, and a great noise they made about me. One of the constables, whose name was Ashburnham, said he did not think a thousand men could have taken me. Another of the constables, whose name was Mount, a very wicked man, said he would have served Judge Fell himself so, if he had been alive, and he had had a warrant for him.

Next morning, about six, I was putting on my boots and spurs to go with them before some justice; but they pulled off my spurs, took my knife out of my pocket, and hurried me away through the town, with a party of horse and abundance of people, not suffering me to stay till my own horse came down.

When I was gone about a quarter of a mile with them, some Friends, with Margaret Fell and her children, came towards me; and then a great party of horse gathered about me in a mad rage and fury, crying out, "Will they rescue him? Will they rescue him?" Thereupon I said unto them, "Here is my hair; here is my back; here are my cheeks; strike on!" With these words their heat was a little assuaged.

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Then they brought a little horse, and two of them took up one of my legs and put my foot in the stirrup, and two or three lifting over my other leg, set me upon it behind the saddle, and so led the horse by the halter; but I had nothing to hold by. When they were come some distance out of the town they beat the little horse, and made him kick and gallop. Thereupon I slipped off him. I told them they should not abuse the creature. They were much enraged at my getting off, and took me by the legs and feet, and set me upon the same horse, behind the saddle again; and so led it about two miles till they came to a great water called the Carter-Ford.

By this time my own horse was come to us, and the water being deep, and their little horse scarcely able to carry me through, they let me get upon my own, through the persuasion of some of their own company, leading him through the water. One wicked fellow kneeled down, and, lifting up his hands, blessed God that I was taken.

When I was come over the Sands, I told them that I heard I had liberty to choose what justice I would go before; but Mount and the other constables cried, "No, you shall not." Then they led me to Lancaster, about fourteen miles, and a great triumph they thought to have had; but as they led me I was moved to sing praises to the Lord, in His power triumphing over all.

When I was come to Lancaster, the spirits of the people being mightily up, I stood and looked earnestly upon them, and they cried, "Look at his eyes!" After a while I spoke to them, and they were pretty sober. Then came a young man who took me to his house, and after a little time the officers took me to the house of Major Porter, the justice who had sent the warrant against me, and who had several others with him.

When I came in, I said, "Peace be amongst you." Porter asked me why I came into the country at that troublesome time [with the uproar of Charles II coming to the throne, everyone was suspicious of everyone else]. I told him, "To visit my brethren." "But," said he, "you have great meetings up and down." I told him that though we had, our meetings were known throughout the nation to be peaceable, and we were a peaceable people.

He said that we saw the devil in people's faces. I told him that if I saw a drunkard, or a swearer, or a peevish heady man, I could not say I saw the Spirit of God in him. And I asked him if he could see the Spirit of God. He said we cried against their ministers. I told him that while we were as Saul, sitting under the priests, and running up and down with their packets of letters, we were never called pestilent fellows nor makers of sects; but when we were come to exercise our consciences towards God and man, we were called pestilent fellows, as Paul was.

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He said we could express ourselves well enough, and he would not dispute with me; but he would restrain me. I desired to know for what, and by whose order he had sent his warrant for me; and I complained to him of the abuse of the constables and other officers after they had taken me, and in their bringing me thither. He would not take notice of that, but told me he had an order, but would not let me see it; for he would not reveal the King's secrets; and besides, "A prisoner," he said, "is not to see for what he is committed." I told him that was not reason; for how, then, should he make his defense? I said I ought to have a copy of it. But he said there was a judge once that fined one for letting a prisoner have a copy of his mittimus; "and," said he, "I have an old clerk, though I am a young justice."

Then he called to his clerk, saying, "Is it not ready yet? Bring it"; meaning the mittimus. But it not being ready, he told me I was a disturber of the nation. I told him I had been a blessing to the nation, in and through the Lord's power and Truth; and that the Spirit of God in all consciences would answer it. Then he charged me as an enemy to the King, that I endeavoured to raise a new war, and imbrue the nation in blood again. I told him I had never learned the postures of war, but was clear and innocent as a child concerning those things; and therefore was bold.

Then came the clerk with the mittimus, and the jailer was sent for and commanded to take me, put me into the Dark-house, and let none come at me, but to keep me there close prisoner till I should be delivered by the King or Parliament. Then the justice asked the constables where my horse was. "For I hear," said he, "he hath a good horse; have ye brought his horse?" I told him where my horse was, but he did not meddle with him.

As they had me to the jail the constable gave me my knife again, and then asked me to give it to him. I told him, Nay; he had not been so civil to me. So they put me into the jail, and the under-jailer, one Hardy, a very wicked man, was exceeding rude and cruel, and many times would not let me have meat brought in but as I could get it under the door. Many came to look at me, some in a rage, and very uncivil and rude.

** Being now a close prisoner in the common jail at Lancaster, I desired Thomas Cummins and Thomas Green to go to the jailer, and desire of him a copy of my mittimus, that I might know what I stood committed for. They went and the jailer answered that he could not give a copy of it, for another had been fined for so doing; but he gave them liberty to read it over. To the best of their remembrance the matters therein charged against me were that I was a person generally suspected to be a common disturber of the peace of the nation, an enemy to the King, and a chief upholder of the Quakers' sect; and that, together with others of my fanatic opinion, I had of late endeavoured to raise insurrections in these parts of the country, and to embroil the whole kingdom in blood. Wherefore the jailer was commanded to keep me in safe custody until I should be released by order of the King and Parliament.*

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When I had thus got the heads of the charge contained in the mittimus, I wrote a plain answer in vindication of my innocency in each particular; as follows:

I am a prisoner at Lancaster, committed by Justice Porter. A copy of the mittimus I cannot get, but such expressions I am told are in it as are very untrue; as that I am generally suspected to be a common disturber of the nation's peace, an enemy to the King, and that I, with others, endeavour to raise insurrections to embroil the nation in blood; all of which is utterly false, and I do, in every part thereof, deny it.

For I am not a person generally suspected to be a disturber of the nation's peace, nor have I given any cause for such suspicion; for through the nation I have been tried for these things formerly.

In the days of Oliver I was taken up on pretence of raising arms against him, which was also false; for I meddled not with raising arms at all. Yet I was then carried up a prisoner to London, and brought before him; when I cleared myself, and denied the drawing of a carnal weapon against him, or any man upon the earth; for my weapons are spiritual, which take away the occasion of war, and lead into peace. Upon my declaring this to Oliver, I was set at liberty by him.

After this I was taken and sent to prison by Major Ceely in Cornwall, who, when I was brought before the judge, informed against me that I took him aside, and told him that I could raise forty thousand men in an hour's time, to involve the nation in blood, and bring in King Charles. This also was utterly false, and a lie of his own inventing as was then proved upon him for I never spoke any such word to him.

I never was found in any plot; I never took any engagement or oath; nor have I ever learned war-postures. As those were false charges against me then, so are these now which come from Major Porter, who is lately appointed to be justice, but formerly wanted power to exercise his cruelty against us; which is but the wickedness of the old enemy.

The peace of the nation I am not a disturber of, nor ever was; but I seek the peace of it, and of all men, and stand for all nations' peace, and all men's peace upon the earth, and wish all knew my innocency in these things.

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And whereas Major Porter saith I am an enemy to the King, this is false; for my love is to him and to all men, even though they be enemies to God, to themselves, and to me. And I can say it is of the Lord that the King is come in, to bring down many unrighteously set up; of which I had a sight three years before he came in. It is much Major Porter should say I am an enemy to the King; for I have no reason so to be, he having done nothing against me.

But I have been often imprisoned and persecuted these eleven or twelve years by those that have been both against the King and his father, even the party by whom Porter was made a major and for whom he bore arms; but not by them that were for the King. I was never an enemy to the King, nor to any man's person upon the earth. I am in the love that fulfils the law, which thinks no evil, but loves even enemies; and would have the King saved, and come to the knowledge of the Truth, and be brought into the fear of the Lord, to receive His wisdom from above, by which all things were made and created; that with that wisdom he may order all things to the glory of God.

Whereas he calleth me "A chief upholder of the Quakers' sect," I answer: The Quakers are not a sect, but are in the power of God, which was before sects were, and witness the election before the world began, and are come to live in the life in which the prophets and apostles lived, who gave forth the Scriptures; therefore are we hated by envious, wrathful, wicked, persecuting men. But God is the upholder of us all by His mighty power, and preserves us from the wrath of the wicked that would swallow us up.

And whereas he saith that I, together with others of my fanatic opinion, as he calls it, have of late endeavoured to raise insurrections, and to embroil the whole kingdom in blood, I answer, This is altogether false. To these things I am as a child; I know nothing of them. The postures of war I never learned; my weapons are spiritual and not carnal, for with carnal weapons I do not fight. I am a follower of Him who said, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and though these lies and slanders are raised upon me, I deny drawing any carnal weapon against the King or Parliament, or any man upon the earth. For I am come to the end of the Law, but am in that which saves men's lives. A witness I am against all murderers, plotters, and all such as would imbrue the nation in blood; for it is not in my heart to have any man's life destroyed.

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And as for the word fanatic, which signifies furious, foolish, mad, etc., he might have considered himself before he had used that word, and have learned the humility which goes before honour. We are not furious, foolish, or mad; but through patience and meekness have borne lies, slanders and persecutions many years, and have undergone great sufferings. The spiritual man, that wrestles not with flesh and blood, and the Spirit that reproves sin in the gate, which is the Spirit of Truth, wisdom, and sound judgment, is not mad, foolish, furious, which fanatic signifies; but all are of a mad, furious, foolish spirit that in their furiousness, foolishness and rage wrestle with flesh and blood, with carnal weapons. This is not the Spirit of God, but of error, that persecutes in a mad, blind zeal, like Nebuchadnezzar and Saul.

Inasmuch as I am ordered to be kept prisoner till I be delivered by order from the King or Parliament, therefore I have written these things to be laid before you, the King and Parliament, that ye may consider of them before ye act anything therein; that ye may weigh, in the wisdom of God, the intent and end of men's spirits, lest ye act the thing that will bring the hand of the Lord upon you and against you, as many who have been in authority have done before you, whom God hath overthrown. In Him we trust whom we fear and cry unto day and night, who hath heard us, doth hear us, and will hear us, and avenge our cause. Much innocent blood hath been shed. Many have been persecuted to death by such as were in authority before you, whom God hath vomited out because they turned against the just. Therefore consider your standing now that ye have the day, and receive this as a warning of love to you. From an innocent sufferer in bonds, and close prisoner in Lancaster Castle, called

George Fox.

After this Margaret Fell determined to go to London, to speak with the King about my being taken, and to show him the manner of it, and the unjust dealing and evil usage I had received. When Justice Porter heard of this, he vapoured that he would go and meet her in the gap. But when he came before the King, having been a zealous man for the Parliament against the King, several of the courtiers spoke to him concerning his plundering their houses; so that he quickly had enough of the court, and soon returned into the country.

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Meanwhile the jailer seemed very fearful, and said he was afraid Major Porter would hang him because he had not put me in the dark-house. But when the jailer waited on him after his return from London, he was very blank and down, and asked how I did, pretending he would find a way to set me at liberty. But having overshot himself in his mittimus by ordering me "to be kept a prisoner till I should be delivered by the King or Parliament," he had put it out of his power to release me if he would.

He was the more down also upon reading a letter which I sent him; for when he was in the height of his rage and threats against me, and thought to ingratiate himself into the King's favour by imprisoning me, I was moved to write to him and put him in mind how fierce he had been against the King and his party, though now he would be thought zealous for the King. Among other things in my letter I called to his remembrance that when he held Lancaster Castle for the Parliament against the King, he was so rough and fierce against those that favoured the King that he said he would leave them neither dog nor cat, if they did not bring him provision to the Castle. I asked him also whose great buck's horns were those that were in his house; and whence he had both them and the wainscot with which he ceiled his house; had he them not from Hornby Castle?

About this time Ann Curtis, of Reading, came to see me; and understanding how I stood committed, it was upon her also to go to the King about it. Her father, who had been sheriff of Bristol, was hanged near his own door for endeavouring to bring the King in; upon which consideration she had some hopes the King might hear her on my behalf. Accordingly, when she returned to London, she and Margaret Fell went to the King together; who, when he understood whose daughter she was, received her kindly. Her request to him being to send for me up, and hear the cause himself, he promised her he would; and he commanded his secretary to send an order for bringing me up.

But when they came to the secretary for the order he said it was not in his power; he must go according to law; and I must be brought up by a writ of habeas corpus before the judges. So he wrote to the Judge of the King's Bench, signifying that it was the King's pleasure I should be sent up by a writ of habeas corpus. Accordingly a writ was sent and delivered to the sheriff; but because it was directed to the chancellor of Lancaster the sheriff put it off to him; on the other hand, the chancellor would not make the warrant upon it, but said the sheriff must do that.

At length both chancellor and sheriff were got together; but being both enemies to Truth, they sought occasion for delay, and found an error in the writ, which was that, being directed to the chancellor, it said, "George Fox in prison under **your** custody," whereas the prison I was in was not in the chancellor's custody, but the sheriff's; so the word **your** should have been **his**. Upon this they returned the writ to London again, only to have that one word altered.

When it was altered and brought down again, the sheriff refused to carry me up unless I would seal a writing to him and become bound to pay for the sealing and the charge of carrying me up: which I denied, telling them I would not seal anything.

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I was moved also to write to the King to exhort him to exercise mercy and forgiveness towards his enemies and to warn him to restrain the profaneness and looseness that was risen up in the nation upon his return.

** * * * **

TO THE KING.

KING CHARLES:

*Thou camest not into this nation by sword,
nor by victory of war, but by the power of the Lord.
Now, if thou dost not live in this power, thou wilt
not prosper.*

*If the Lord hath showed thee mercy and forgiven thee,
and thou dost not show mercy and forgive, God will
not hear thy prayers, nor them that pray for thee.
If thou dost not stop persecution and persecutors,
and take away all laws that hold up persecution about
religion; if thou persist in them, and uphold
persecution, that will make thee as blind as those
that have gone before thee: for persecution hath
always blinded those that have gone into it. Such God
by his power overthrows, doeth His valiant acts upon,
and bringeth salvation to His oppressed ones.*

*If thou bear the sword in vain, and let drunkenness,
oaths, plays, May-games, as setting up of May-poles,
with the image of the crown atop of them, with such
like abominations and vanities, be encouraged or go
unpunished, the nation will quickly turn like Sodom
and Gomorrah, and be as bad as those men of the old
world, who grieved the Lord till He overthrew them.
So He will overthrow you if these things be not
suppressed.*

*Hardly ever before has there been so much wickedness
at liberty as there is at this day, as though there
were no terror nor sword of magistracy. Such
looseness doth not grace a government, nor please
them that do well. Our prayers are for them that are
in authority, that under them we may live a godly
life in peace, and that we may not be brought into
ungodliness by them. Hear and consider, and do good
in thy time, whilst thou hast power; be merciful and
forgive; that is the way to overcome and obtain the
kingdom of Christ.*

G.F.

It was long before the sheriff would yield to remove me to London unless I would seal a bond to him, and bear the charges; which I still refused to do. Then they consulted how to convey me up, and first concluded to send up a party of horse with me. I told them, "If I were such a man as you have represented me to be, you would have need to send a troop or two of horse to guard me."



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When they considered what a charge it would be to them to send up a party of horse with me, they altered their purpose, and concluded to send me up guarded only by the jailer and some bailiffs. But upon farther consideration they found that this also would be a great charge to them, and therefore they sent for me to the jailer's house, and told me that if I would put in bail that I would be in London on such a day of the term, I should have leave to go up with some of my own friends.

I told them I would neither put in bail, nor give one piece of silver to the jailer; for I was an innocent man, - that they had imprisoned me wrongfully, and laid a false charge upon me. Nevertheless, I said, if they would let me go up with one or two of my friends to bear me company, I might go up and be in London on such a day, if the Lord should permit; and if they desired it, I or any of my friends that went with me would carry up their charge against myself.

When they saw they could do no otherwise with me, the sheriff consented that I should come up with some of my friends, without any other engagement than my word, to appear before the judges at London such a day of the term, if the Lord should permit.

Thereupon I was let out of prison, and went to Swarthmore, where I stayed two or three days; and thence went to Lancaster, and so to Preston, having meetings amongst Friends till I came into Cheshire, to William Gandy's, where was a large meeting without doors, the house not being sufficient to contain it. That day the Lord's everlasting Seed, which is the heir of the promise, was set over all, and Friends were turned to it.

Thence I came into Staffordshire and Warwickshire, to Anthony Bickliff's, and at Nuneaton, at a priest's widow's house, we had a blessed meeting, wherein the everlasting Word of life was powerfully declared, and many were settled in it. Then, travelling on, visiting Friends' meetings, in about three weeks' time from my coming out of prison I reached London, Richard Hubberthorn and Robert Withers 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 hanged, drawn and quartered.

We went next morning to Judge Mallet's chamber. He was putting on his red gown to sit in judgment upon some more of the King's judges. He was then very peevish and froward, and said I might come another time.

We went again to his chamber when there was with him Judge Foster, 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 that I was the man whom that charge was against, but I was as innocent of any such thing as a new-born child, and had brought it up myself; and some of my friends came up with me, without any guard.

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As yet they had not minded my hat, but now seeing it on, they said, "What, do you stand with your hat on!" I told them I did not so in any contempt of them. Then they commanded it to be taken off; and when they called for the marshal of the King's Bench, they said to him, "You must take this man and secure him; but let him have a chamber, and not be put amongst the prisoners."

"My lord," said the marshal, "I have no chamber to put him into; my house is so full I cannot tell where to provide a room for him but amongst the prisoners."

"Nay," said the judge, "you must not put him amongst the prisoners." But when the marshal still answered that he had no other place wherein to put me, Judge Foster said to me, "Will you appear to-morrow about ten o'clock at the King's Bench bar in Westminster-Hall?"

I said, "Yes, if the Lord gives me strength."

Then said Judge Foster to the other judge, "If he says Yes, and promises it, you may take his word;" so I was dismissed.

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, say, "Peace be among you." The power of the Lord spread 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. But when they came to that part which said that I and my friends were embroiling the nation in blood, and raising a new war, and that I was an enemy to the King, etc., they lifted up their hands.

Then, stretching out my arms, I said, "I am the man whom that charge is against; but I am as innocent as a child concerning the charge, and have never learned any war-postures. And," said I, "do ye think that, if I and my friends had been such men as the charge declares, I would have brought it up myself against myself? Or that I should have been suffered to come up with only one or two of my friends with me? Had I been such a man as this charge sets forth, I had need to be guarded with a troop or two of horse. But the sheriff and magistrates of Lancashire thought fit to let me and my friends come up with it ourselves, nearly two hundred miles, without any guard at all; which, ye may be sure, they would not have done, had they looked upon me to be such a man."

Then the Judge asked me whether it should be filed, or what I would do with it. I answered, "Ye are judges, and able, I hope, to judge in this matter; therefore, do with it what ye will; for I am the man these charges are against, and here ye see I have brought them up myself. Do ye what ye will with them; I leave it to you."

Then, Judge Twisden beginning to speak some angry words, I appealed to Judge Foster and Judge Mallet, who had heard me over-night. Thereupon they 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."

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Thereupon they sent the sheriff's return, which he had made to the writ of habeas corpus, containing the matter charged against me in the mittimus, to the King, that he might see for what I was committed. The return of the sheriff of Lancaster was as follows:

By virtue of His Majesty's writ, to me directed, and hereunto annexed, I certify that before the receipt of the said writ George Fox, in the said writ mentioned, was committed to His Majesty's jail at the Castle of Lancaster, in my custody, by a warrant from Henry Porter, Esq., one of His Majesty's justices of peace within the county palatine aforesaid, bearing date the fifth of June now last past; for that he, the said George Fox, was generally suspected to be a common disturber of the peace of this nation, an enemy of our sovereign lord the King, and a chief upholder of the Quakers' sect; and that he, together with others of his fanatic opinion, have of late endeavoured to make insurrections in these parts of the country, and to embroil the whole kingdom in blood. And this is the cause of his taking and detaining. Nevertheless, the body of the said George Fox I have ready before Thomas Mallet, knight, one of His Majesty's justices, assigned to hold pleas before His Majesty, at his chamber in Sergeants' Inn, in Fleet Street, to do and receive those things which his Majesty's said justice shall determine concerning him in this behalf, as by the aforesaid writ is required.

George Chetham, Esq., Sheriff.

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:

It is his Majesty's pleasure that you give order for releasing, and setting at full liberty the person of George Fox, late a prisoner in Lancaster jail, and commanded hither by an habeas corpus. And this signification of his Majesty's pleasure shall be your sufficient warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the 24th of October, 1660.

Edward Nicholas.

*For Sir Thomas Mallet, knight,
one of the justices of the King's Bench.*

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When this order was delivered to Judge Mallet, he forthwith sent his warrant to the marshal of the King's Bench for my release; which warrant was thus worded:

By virtue of a warrant which this morning I have received from the Right Honorable Sir Edward Nicholas, knight, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries, for the releasing and setting at liberty of George Fox, late a prisoner in Lancaster jail, and thence brought hither by habeas corpus, and yesterday committed unto your custody; I do hereby require you accordingly to release and set the said prisoner George Fox at liberty: for which this shall be your warrant and discharge. Given under my hand the 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord God 1660.

THOMAS MALLET.

*To Sir John Lenthal, knight,
marshal of the King's Bench,
or his deputy.*

Thus, after I had been a prisoner somewhat 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, and Porter, who committed me, not daring to appear to make good the charge he had falsely suggested against me. But, after it was known I was discharged, a company of envious, wicked spirits were troubled, and terror took hold of Justice Porter; for he was afraid I would take the advantage of the law against him for my wrong imprisonment, and thereby undo him, his wife and children. And indeed I was pressed by some in authority to make him and the rest examples; but I said I should leave them to the Lord; if the Lord forgave them I should not trouble myself with them.

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THE JUDGE'S RETURN⁴⁴

'The Cross being minded it makes a separation from all other lovers, and brings to God.'—G. FOX.

'Give up to be crossed; that is the way to please the Lord and to follow Him in His own will and way, whose way is the best.'—M. FELL.

'Now here was a time of waiting, here is a time of receiving, here is a time of speaking; the Holy Ghost fell upon them, that they spoke the wonderful things of God.'—G. FOX.

'Mind and consider well the spirit of Christ in you, that's he that's lowly in you, that's just and lowly in you: mind this Spirit in you, and then whither will you run, and forsake the Lord of Life? Will you leave Christ the fountain which should spring in you and hunt for yourselves? Should you not abide within, and drink of that which springs freely, and feed on that which is pure, meek and lowly in spirit, that so you might grow spiritual men into the same Spirit, to be as He is, the sheep of His Pasture? For as is your pasture, so are you filled.... And you shall say no more, I am weak and can do nothing, but all things through him who gives you strength.'—JAMES NAYLER.

44. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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THE JUDGE'S RETURN

Not one of the six maidens ever remembered a home-coming overclouded as was Judge Fell's on that thundery afternoon of late July. Sadder, darker days lay before them in the years to follow, but none more filled with unacknowledged dread. Was this sad, stern-looking man, who dismounted wearily from his horse at the high arched gate, really their indulgent father? He scarcely noticed or spoke to them, as he tramped heavily towards the house. 'He did not even raise an eye towards the window where my mother sits, as she hath ever sat, to welcome him,' young Margrett noticed. The thunder rumbled ominously overhead. The first big drops fell from the gloomy clouds that had been gathering for hours; while upstairs, in her panelled chamber, a big tear splashed on the delicate cambric needlework that lay between the elder Margaret's fingers, before she laid it aside and descended the shallow, oaken stairs to greet her husband. Margaret Fell looked older and sadder than on the afternoon under the yew-trees, only three weeks before. There was a new shade of care on her smooth forehead: yet there was a soft radiance about her that was also new. Even her voice had gentler tones. She looked as if she had reached a haven, like a stately ship that, after long tossing in the waves, now feels itself safely anchored and at rest.

Happily she has left an account of the Judge's return in her own words, words as fresh and vivid as if they had been written but yesterday, instead of more than two hundred and fifty years ago. We will take up her narrative at the point in Ulverston church at which Judge Fell broke away from Mr. Justice Sawrey when he was telling him the same tale from his point of view, on the glistening sands of the estuary of the Leven.

'And there was one John Sawrey,' writes Mistress Fell, 'a Justice of Peace and professor, that bid the church warden take him [George Fox] away, and he laid hands on him several times, and took them off again, and let him alone; and then after awhile he gave over and he [G.F.] came to our house again that night. He spoke in the family amongst the servants, and they were all generally convinced; as William Caton, Thomas Salthouse, Mary Askew, Anne Clayton, and several other servants. And I was struck into such a sadness, I knew not what to do, my husband being from home. I saw it was the truth, and I could not deny it; and I did as the Apostle saith, "I received truth in the love of it;" and it was opened to me so clear, that I had never a tittle in my heart against it; but I desired the Lord that I might be kept in it, and then I desired no greater portion.'

'He went on to Dalton, Aldingham, Dendron and Ramside chapels and steeple-houses, and several places up and down, and the people followed him mightily; and abundance were convinced and



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saw that that which he spoke was the truth, but the priests were in a rage. And about two weeks after James Nayler and Richard Farnsworth followed him and enquired him out, till they came to Swarthmoor, and there stayed awhile with me at our house, and did me much good; for I was under great heaviness and judgment. But the power of the Lord entered upon me within about two weeks that he came, and about three weeks end my husband came home; and many were in a mighty rage, and a deal of the captains and great ones of the country went to meet my then husband as he was coming home, and informed him "that a great disaster was befallen amongst his family, and that they were witches; and that they had taken us away out of our religion; and that he must either set them away, or all the country would be undone."

'So my husband came home, greatly offended; and any may think what a condition I was like to be in, that either I must displease my husband or offend God; for he was very much troubled with us all in the house and family, they had so prepossessed him against us. But James Nayler and Richard Farnsworth were both then at our house, and I desired them both to come and speak to him, and so they did very moderately and wisely; but he was at first displeased with them until they told him "they came in love and goodwill to his house." And after that he had heard them speak awhile, he was better satisfied, and they offered as if they would go away; but I desired them to stay and not go away yet, for George Fox will come this evening. And I would have had my husband to have heard them all, and satisfied himself further about them, because they [i.e. the neighbours] had so prepossessed him against them of such dangerous fearful things in his first coming home. And then he was pretty moderate and quiet, and his dinner being ready he went to it, and I went in, and sate me down by him. And whilst I was sitting, the power of the Lord seized upon me, and he was struck with amazement, and knew not what to think; but was quiet and still. And the children were all quiet and still, and grown sober, and could not play on their musick that they were learning; and all these things made him quiet and still.'

'At night George Fox came: and after supper my husband was sitting in the parlour, and I asked him, "if George Fox might come in?" And he said, "Yes." So George came in without any compliment, and walked into the room, and began to speak presently; and the family, and James Nayler, and Richard Farnsworth came all in; and he spoke very excellently as ever I heard him, and opened Christ's and the apostles' practices, which they were in, in their day. And he opened the night of apostacy since the apostles' days, and laid open the priests and their practices in the apostacy that if all England had been there, I thought they could not have denied the truth of these things. And so my husband came to see clearly the truth of what he spoke, and was very quiet that night, said no more and went to bed. The next morning came Lampitt, priest of Ulverston, and



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got my husband in the garden, and spoke much to him there, but my husband had seen so much the night before, that the priest got little entrance upon him.... After awhile the priest went away; this was on the sixth day of the week, about the fifth month (July) 1652. And at our house divers Friends were speaking to one another, how there were several convinced hereaways and we could not tell where to get a meeting: my husband being also present, he overheard and said of his own accord, "You may meet here, if you will:" and that was the first meeting that we had that he offered of his own accord. And then notice was given that day and the next to Friends, and there was a good large meeting the first day, which was the first meeting that was at Swarthmoor, and so continued there a meeting from 1652 till 1690 [when the present Meeting-house, given by George Fox, was built]. And my husband went that day to the steeple-house, and none with him but his clerk and his groom that rid with him; and the priest and the people were all fearfully troubled; but praised be the Lord, they never got their wills upon us to this day.'

George Fox in his Journal also records his first eventful interview with Judge Fell as follows:

'I found that the priests and professors and Justice Sawrey had much incensed Judge Fell against the truth with their lies; but when I came to speak with him I answered all his objections, and so thoroughly satisfied him by the scriptures that he was convinced in his judgment. He asked me "if I was that George Fox whom Justice Robinson spoke so much in commendation of among many of the parliament men?" I told him I had been with Justice Robinson and Justice Hotham, in Yorkshire, who were very civil and loving to me. After we had discoursed a pretty while together, Judge Fell himself was satisfied also, and came to see, by the openings of the spirit of God in his heart, over all the priests and teachers of the world, and did not go to hear them for some years before he died. He sometimes wished I was awhile with Judge Bradshaw to discourse with him.'

This was Judge Bradshaw the regicide, and, coming as it did from such a friend of Cromwell's as Judge Fell, the remark was probably a high compliment.

The following year, 1653, George Fox came again to Swarthmoor, where he says he had 'great openings from the Lord, not only of divine and spiritual matters, but also of outward things relating to the civil government. Being one day in Swarthmoor Hall when Judge Fell and Justice Benson were talking of the news in the newsbook, and of the Parliament then sitting, (called the long Parliament) I was moved to tell them, "before that day two weeks the Parliament should be broken up, and the speaker plucked out of his chair"; and that day two weeks Justice Benson told Judge Fell that now he saw that George was a true prophet, for Oliver had broken up the parliament.' Although Judge Fell never actually joined Friends he was their constant protector



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and helper, and, in the words of Fox, 'A wall to the believers.' If he did not himself attend the meetings in the great Hall at Swarthmoor, he was wont to leave the door open as he sat in his Justice's chair in his little oak-panelled study close at hand, and thus hear all that was said, himself unseen. How entirely his wife had regained his confidence, and how entirely Lampitt and Sawrey had failed to poison his mind against her or her new teacher, is shown by the following letter written about this time, when the Judge was away on one of his frequent absences. It is the only letter to Judge Fell from his wife that has been preserved, but it is ample assurance that no shadow had dimmed the unclouded love of this devoted husband and wife.

'Dear Husband,' Margaret writes, 'My dear love and tender desires to the Lord run forth for thee. I have received a letter this day from you, and am very glad that the Lord carried you on your journey so prosperously.... Dear Heart, mind the Lord above all, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning, and who will overturn all powers that stand before Him.... We sent to my dear brother James Nayler and he is kept very close and cannot be suffered to have any fire. He is not free to eat of the jailor's meat, so they eat very little but bread and water. He writ to us that they are plotting again to get more false witnesses to swear against him things that he never spoke. I sent him 2 lb., but he took but 5 [shillings?]. They are mighty violent in Westmorland and all parts everywhere towards us. They bid 5 lb. to any man that will take George anywhere that they can find him within Westmorland.... The children are all in health, praised be the Lord. George is not with us now, but he remembered his dear love to thee....

'Thy dutiful wife till death,

MARGARET FELL.'

'Swarthmoor, Feb. 18, 1653.'

But whether Margaret Fell ever entirely forgave Justice Sawrey for the part he had played in trying to alienate her husband from her, is, to say the least, doubtful. Anyhow, later on she wrote of him as 'a catterpillar which shall be swept out of the way.' And 'swept out of the way' he eventually was, some years later, when it is recorded that 'he was drowned in a puddle upon the road coming from York.' But he was to have time and opportunity to do much harm to Friends, and especially to George Fox, before that happened, as the next two stories will show.



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January 26, Thursday (1659, Old Style): Francis Gawler of Cardiff had written to [George Fox](#) that Lieutenant General Charles Fleetwood had offered to name his brother John Gawler, who was a justice, a Lieutenant-Colonel in a regiment of militia-foot that was being raised. Friend John Gawler did not wish to be involved in this if there was any objection from the [Quakers](#). His colonel was loving to Friends and very desirous to have them in his regiment, but this was felt at this point by Fox to be “contrary to our principles,” for, Fox pointed out to his correspondent, “our weapons are spiritual and not carnal.” (Fox also advised his correspondent that this was not an appropriate season for tax protests.)



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June 22, Friday (Old Style): Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) delivered the petition **A DECLARATION AND AN INFORMATION** FROM US THE PEOPLE OF GOD CALLED **QUAKERS**, TO THE PRESENT GOVERNORS, THE **KING** AND BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN into the hand of Charles Stuart as Charles II, the newly arrived King over England:

A

DECLARATION

AND AN

INFORMATION

From us the People of God called

QUAKERS,

To the present Governors, the

King

and Both Houses of

Parliament,

And all whom it may Concern.

This was Delivered into the Kings hand, the 22. day
of the Fourth Moneth by

M. F

London,

Printed for Thomas Simmons *and Robert Wilson*, 1660.



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WE who are the People of God called Quakers, who are hated and despised, and every where spoken against, as people not fit to live, as they were that went before us, [1 CORINTHIANS 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13] who were of the same spirit, power, & Life and were as we are, in that they were accounted as the off-scouring of all things, by that Spirit and Nature that is of the world, and so the Scripture is fulfilled, [GALATIANS 4] *he that is born of the flesh persecuteth him that is born of the Spirit*; We have been a suffering people, under every Power & Change, and under every profession of Religion that hath been, & born the outward power in the Nation these 12 years, since we were a People, and being that throw the old Enemy which hath continually appeared against us, not only in the profane people of the Nation, but also in the highest profession of sorts and sects of Religion, we have suffered under, and been persecuted by them all; Even some persecuted & prisoned till death; others their bodies bruised till death, stigmatized, bored thorow the tongue, gagged in the mouth, stockt, and whipt thorow Towns & Cities, our goods spoiled, our bodies two or three years imprisoned, with much more that might be said, which is well known to the Actors thereof; and this done not for the wronging of any man, nor for the breach of any just Law of the Nation, nor for evil doing, nor desiring any evil, or wishing any hurt to any man, but for Conscience sake towards God, because we could not bow to their worship, and because we could not maintain a Ministry, which Ministry we could not joyn with nor own; So we look upon it to be unjust to maintain them, we receive nothing from, nor cannot trust our Souls under their Teaching, who Teach for hire, and Divine for money, which the Prophets of the Lord cryed wo against; And *Christ* said a hireling was a Thief and a Robber, [JOHN 10. 12, 13] *and would fly because he was an hireling*; And they are maintained by Tithes, contrary to *Christ* and the Apostles Doctrine, [HEBREWS 7. 12] who said *the Priesthood was changed that took Tithes, and the Law also that gave them*, and who witnessed CHRIST JESUS to be the Everlasting Offering once for all, who saith, such an High Priest hath become us which is holy, harmlesse, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher then the Heavens, who in the dayes of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong cryes and Tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard



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in that he feared, though he was a Son yet learned he obedience, by the things which he suffered, [HEBREWS 7, 8, 9] and being made perfect became the Author of Eternal Salvation unto all them that obey him. And for obedience to him and his commands do we suffer who hath said *swear not at all*, [MATTHEW 34, 35; JAMES 5. 1; JAMES 2. 1] And he said *Call no man Master upon earth, for ye have one Master in Heaven*; and who hath said *How can you believe that seek Honour one of another, and not the Honour that comes from God onely*, and who hath said, *let your Yea be Yea, and your Nay, Nay, for whatsoever is more then this cometh of evil*; And because we cannot respect persons, which is contrary to the Apostles Doctrine and practise, who hath said, [ACTS 24; MATTHEW 22] *of a Truth God is no respecter of Persons, but in every Notion he that feareth God, and worketh Righteousnesse is accepted of him*; And the Apostle James exhorted his Brethren not to have the Faith of our Lord *Jesus Christ* with respect of persons, for if you respect persons you commit sin, and are convinced of the Law as Transgressors, and contrary to this Faith and Doctrine we are made Transgressors by the Powers of the Earth, because we cannot respect persons, and commit sin, and be made Transgressors of the Law of God: And this hath been the onely ground and cause of our sufferings, because we obeyed the Command of *Christ*, the Author of our Eternal salvation, and observed the Apostles Doctrine and practise, and not for any other cause or end have our sufferings been, but for Conscience sake, because we cannot bow to mens wills and worships contrary to the Command of *Christ Jesus* our Everlasting Priest, King and Prophet, whom we serve with our spirits, and worship in that, which the World calls Heresie. [ACTS 14]

And now because that several of you, who are most concerned in this Government are not acquainted with our principles and practices, neither have known our Innocency and sufferings, and the Old Enemy by whom we have suffered, at this time being ready to incense and instigate, and infuse secretly into the minds of them, who are strangers to us, against whom we have not transgressed, neither do we desire to give any just occasion of offence to these present Governors, who yet have not done us much wrong, in making any Law against us, that we know of; And we do believe would not, if ye did rightly understand our Innocency and Integrity, nakedness and singleness in our carriage towards all men upon the face of the earth, and if ye would but examine and search out our carriage and behaviour towards all mens persons, Souls and Estates, if these things were searched out and Examined thorow



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the Nations, and that no prejudice were let into your minds from others words, which proceed from secret envy malice and hatred, & not from any just ground they have against us, but as it is from a contrary spirit and mind, as it was in the Jews against *Christ*, and in all others against the Apostles, so it is the same now against us, but this we commit to the Lord who will plead our cause, and clear our Innocency, who hath said *vengeance is Mine, and I will repay it*; And now that they know we cannot swear, nor take an Oath for Conscience sake, but have suffered because we could not take them; Now do the Magistrates of several Countyes of the Nation, through the suggestion of the Priests envy, which is inveterate against us, Tender us an Oath, which they call the Oath of Allegiance, with several other Engagements, what their own wils can invent, on purpose to ensnare us, that upon the denial thereof they may cast us into prison, & have already cast several of us into prison at their own pleasure.

We do therefore declare to take of all Jealousies, Fears and Suspicions of our Truth and Fidelity to the King, and these present Governours, that our intentions & Endeavours are and shall be Good, True, Honest and Peaceable towards them, and that we do Love, Own, and Honour the King and these present Governours, so far as they do rule for *God* and his Truth, and do not impose any thing upon Peoples Consciences, but let the Gospel have its free passage through the consciences of men, which we do not know that they have (by any Law) as yet imposed; And if they grant liberty of Conscience towards *God* and towards Man, then we know that *God* will blesse them: For want of which hath been the overthrow of all that went before them: We do not desire any liberty that may justly offend any ones Conscience, but the Liberty we do desire is, that we may keep our Consciences clear and void of offence towards *God* and towards men, and that we may enjoy our civil Rights and Liberties of Subjects, as freeborn English men. And this we do in the presence of the Lord declare, not in flattering Titles, but in reality and truth of our hearts, and shall manifest the same; Now that we may be clear in the presence of the living *God*, and of all just and moderate men, that they may not have their hands in Blood and Persecution, as those have had that are gone before, and that they may not be ignorant of us, and of our principles and practice, & so receive information against us from others envy, which may be contrary to our very principles, and the truth as it is in *Jesus*; Therefore that we may be free from the blood of all men, [HEBREWS 7, 8, 9] & that



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they may not have a hand in Persecuting and Oppressing the Innocent, whose cause *God* hath pleaded and will plead. We do therefore inform the Governors of this Nation high and low; That we are a People that desire the good of all People and their peace, and desire that all may be saved and come to the knowledge of the Truth [1 TIMOTHY 2. 4; ACTS 13. 47; REVELATIONS 21. 24; 2 CORINTHIANS 4. 6] the Way and the Life, which is *Christ Jesus*, the Everlasting Covenant, which is given for a Light to the Gentiles, and to be the Salvation to the ends of the Earth, and all the Nations that are saved must walk in this Light of the Glorious Gospel, which hath shined in our hearts, and given us the light of the Knowledge of the Glory of *God* in the Face of *Jesus Christ*. And to this Light we direct Peoples minds, that every one in particular may have a Teacher and Testimony according to the Righteousnesse of Faith which speaketh on this wise; *The word is very nigh in the heart and in the mouth.* [ROMANS 10. 8] And if every one would come to this, there would be a feeling of Gods Justice and Righteousnesse, and our intents to be just Innocent and Righteous, who hath said, *I will come neer to Judgement, and be a swift witness against the Sorcerer and Adulterer, and false swearer.* [MAL. 3. 5]

Now if every one would turn to this witness in their own Consciences, this would keep from oppressing and persecuting of others without cause, for *God* is coming to teach his People himself, by his own Light and Spirit, who hath said, *it is written in your law, you shall be all taught of God,* [JOHN 6. 45] which many of us now do witness; for which cause are we persecuted, the children of the Lord are taught of the Lord, and are established in Righteousnesse, and are far from Oppression. [ISAIAH 54:13, 14]

The Testimony that we have born, hath been chiefly against the Priests, Teachers and Professors of these Nations, that are out of the Life & power; for when it pleased the Lord to reveal his Son in us, we saw them to be absolute deceivers of the People and betrayers of their souls, for they lead them wholly from that of *God* in them to the letter of the Scripture without them, and to their own Inventions and Immaginations and meanings which they speak, who are not taught of *God* themselves For, for all their high profession, there is scarce one of them that dares say they have the infallible Spirit of *God*, the same as the Apostles had, that gave forth the Scripture; The Apostle saith that which may be known of *God* is manifested in them, for *God* shews it unto them. No People can retain *God* in their knowledge and worship him as *God*, but first



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they must come to that of *God* in them; But these Teachers deny this Doctrine, and have manifested themselves several wayes to all sober minded People, to be men not fearing *God*, and are not true to their Principles; for who have minded them, and seen their Carriage and Behaviour in all these Changes that have been these 8. years (which have been many; as may be further manifest,) for there have been Changes of Governments, of Parliaments, and Protectors several in these Eight years, and all these have been warned not to uphold these Priests contrary to Peoples Consciences, but that every one might have their Liberty, that they that would have them might maintain them, and they that could not receive their Doctrine, might not be forced to maintain them; but this would not satisfie their Covetous Practice, but they went on in the way of Cruelty, Persecuting and Oppressing the Innocent, and casting into Prison, and took trebble Dammages, and spoiled their Goods, and made Havock of poor Peoples Encrease and Fruits of their Labours; neither would the Magistrates hear, but suffered them to go on in their Persecution, and upheld them by a Law to the oppressing of the Innocent, until the Lord by his mighty Power overturned them, and broke them one after another; and those Priests turned to every Power, and every Government, as it turned; and made Petitions, and Addresses, and Acknowledgements to every Change of Government, and Conformed to every Power, and shewed much Love and Zeal to every present Power for their own ends, though many of them were Instruments to throw others out; Yet through their Deceit and Subilties have kept themselves in, in all these Times, and Changes.

Now let any honest hearted People judge, whether these be sound Principled men, that can turn, conform and, transform to every Change according to the Times? Whether these be fit men to Teach People? But their Fruits are manifest, and *God* doth discover them more and more, that they cannot proceed much longer; Their Folly is so much made manifest, they have used their utmost endeavors to cause Persecution to continue upon us: But, the Lord hath seen it, and we commit all to him, & can freely say, *The Lord forgive them for what they have done to us*, [ACTS 7. 60] But for the bearing our Testimony against them for the deceiving and betraying of poor ignorant People that are blind, and led by them that are blind into the ditch, [MATTHEW 15 14] We cannot but in pittty and love to Peoples Souls bear our Testimony against them, Therefore have our Sufferings been because we desire the good of all



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People, and the Salvation of their Souls; and this is all we desire, and Suffer for, that all might come to the knowledge of the Lord, who said, *They should all know him, from the least to the greatest.* [HEBREWS 8. 11]

We are a People that follow after those things that make for Peace, Love and Unity, it is our desire that others feet may walk in the same, and do deny and beare our Testimony against all Strife, and Wars, and Contentions that come from the Lusts that warr in the members, that warr against the Soul, which we wait for and watch for in all People, and love and desire the good of all; for no other cause but love to the Souls of all People, have our sufferings been, and therefore have we been numbered amongst the Transgressers, and been accounted as sheep for the slaughter, as our Lord and Master was, who is the Captain of our Salvation who is gone before us, who though he was a Son, yet learned he Obedience, by the things that he suffered, who said *my Kingdom is not of this World,* [JOHN 18. 36] *if my Kingdom were of this world, then would my Servants fight, but my Kingdom is not from hence;* This is he that comes to save mens lives, and not to destroy them, [LUKE 9. 56] and this is he that is our Lord & Master, whose Testimony we must seal with our blood, if it be required of us; And our Weapons are not Carnal but Spiritual, [2 CORINTHIANS 10. 4] who have given our Backs, our Cheeks, and our Hair to all professions, out of the Life and Power to be smitten, who have done it to purpose, which the Lord hath overturned, who were often warned by us, under whom we have undergon cruel sufferings. And now You are come up into the Throne to be tried, we cannot but warn you in your day to do justly, and to love Mercy [MICA. 6. 8] whereby the violence of the wicked might be stopt, which is for your own good, and prosperity. Andso we desire and also expect to have the liberty of our Consciences and just Rights, and outward Liberties as other people of the Nation, which we have promise of from the word of a King, that we may not be made a prey upon by the prophane envious People and Priests which we have born our Testimony against their corruptions, who thirst not onely after our Estates & Liberties, but our blood also, who have already begun to search our Houses and to apprehend our Members, & cast them into Prison, there to be kept without bail or main prize, under pretence as if we were Thieves Murderers or Traytors, who are Enemies to no mans Person upon the Earth, which they cannot lay to our charge, whereby they endeavour to take away our lives. Treason, Treachery, and false Dealing we do utterly deny, false dealing, surmizing, or



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plotting against any Creature upon the Face of the Earth, and speak the truth in plainnesse and singleness of heart, and all our desire is your good, and Peace, and Love, and Unity, and this many thousands will seal with their blood, who are ready not onely to believe, but to suffer, but only that the blood of the Innocent may not come upon your selves through false informations.

Given forth the 5th of the
4th Month, 1660. Margret Fell.

WE in the Unity of the Spirit, and Members of Christ, do Subscribe, and Witnessse to the Truth of this, and in the behalf of those in the same Unity, George Fox.

Richard Hubberthorne,

Samuel Fisher,

Joseph Fuce,

Gobert Sikes,

Amos Stodert,

William Caton,

Gerrard Roberts,

John Stubbs,

Thomas Coveny,

Thomas Harte,

James Strut,

Ellis Hookes.

And now I am here to Answer what can be Objected against us on the behalf of many Thousands, who are Baptized with one Spirit into one Body, to bear my Testimony, and to be offered up for the Service of the Faith, and to give an Account of the Hope, that is in me, to every one that Asketh according to the Scripture, who was moved of the Lord to leave my House and Family, and to come Two Hundred Miles to lay these Things before you; Who to the Will of the Lord is Committed. *M.F.*
The End.

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August: [Friend Alexander](#) wrote to Friend [George Fox](#), “better had it been if all had been kept still and Quiet in those times, for because of ye forwardnesse, and want of wisdome in some is one great cause of our present sufferings.”



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1661

The Clarendon Code: the “Cavalier” Parliament of King [Charles II](#) enacted a series of repressive laws against the English Nonconformists. (Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the globe, the English were acquiring Bombay.) During this year and the following one, Friend [George Fox](#) would be experiencing many labors,



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dangers, and sufferings:

I stayed at Pall-Mall, intending to be at the meeting there; but on Seventh-day night a company of troopers came and knocked at the door. The servant let 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 pistol. I told him, "You know I do not carry pistols, why, therefore, ask such a question of me, whom you know 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."

"Oh," 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. I asked him why he drew his sword at an unarmed man, at which his fellows, being ashamed, bade him put up his sword.

These foot soldiers took me away to Whitehall before the troopers came for me.

As I was going out several Friends were coming in to the meeting. I commended their boldness and cheerfulness, and encouraged them to persevere therein.

When I was brought to Whitehall, the soldiers and people were exceedingly rude, yet I declared Truth to them. But some great persons came by, who were very full of envy. "Why," said they, "do ye let him preach? Put him into a place where he may not stir."

So into such a place they put me, and the soldiers watched over me. I told them that, though they could confine my body and shut that up, yet they could not stop the Word of life. Some came and asked me what I was. I told them, "A preacher of righteousness."

After I had been kept there two or three hours, Esquire Marsh spoke to Lord Gerrard, and he came and bade them set me at liberty. The marshal, when I was discharged, demanded fees. I told him I could not give him any, neither was it our practice; and I asked him how he could demand fees of me, who was innocent.

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Then I went through the guards, the Lord's power being over them; and, after I had declared Truth to the soldiers, I went up the streets with two Irish colonels that came from Whitehall to an inn where many Friends were at that time prisoners under a guard. I desired these colonels to speak to the guard to let me go in to visit my friends that were prisoners there; but they would not. Then I stepped up to the sentry, and desired him to let me go up; and he did so.

While I was there the soldiers went again to Pall-Mall to search for me; but not finding me they turned towards the inn, and bade all come out that were not prisoners; so they went out. But I asked the soldiers that were within whether I might not stay there a while with my friends. They said, "Yes." I stayed, and so escaped their hands again. Towards night I went to Pall-Mall, to see how it was with the Friends there; and, after I had stayed a while, I went up into the city.

Great rifling of houses there was at this time to search for people. I went to a private Friend's house, and Richard Hubberthorn was with me. There we drew up a declaration against plots and fightings, to be presented to the King and Council; but when finished, and sent to print, it was taken in the press.

On this insurrection of the Fifth-monarchy men, great havoc was made both in city and country, so that it was dangerous for sober people to stir abroad for several weeks after. Men or women could hardly go up and down the streets to buy provisions for their families without being abused. In the country they dragged men and women out of their houses, and some sick men out of their beds by the legs. Nay, one man in a fever, the soldiers dragged out of bed to prison, and when he was brought there he died. His name was Thomas Pachyn.

Margaret Fell went to the King and told him what sad work there was in the city and nation, and showed him we were an innocent, peaceable people, and that we must keep our meetings as heretofore, whatever we suffered; but that it concerned him to see that peace was kept, that no innocent blood might be shed.

The prisons were now everywhere filled with Friends and others, in the city and country, and the posts were so laid for the searching of letters that none could pass unsearched. We heard of several thousands of our Friends that were cast into prison in several parts of the nation, and Margaret Fell carried an account of them to the King and Council. The next week we had an account of several thousands more that were cast into prison, and she went and laid them also before the King and Council. They wondered how we could have such intelligence, seeing they had given such strict charge for the intercepting of all letters; but the Lord did so order it that we had an account notwithstanding all their stoppings.

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Soon after the King gave forth a proclamation that no soldiers should search any house without a constable. But the jails were still full, many thousands of Friends being in prison; which mischief was occasioned by the wicked rising of the Fifth-monarchy men. But when those that were taken came to be executed, they did us the justice to clear us openly from having any hand in or knowledge of their plot.

After that, the King being continually importuned thereunto, issued a declaration that Friends should be set at liberty without paying fees. But great labour, travail, and pains were taken before this was obtained; for Thomas Moore and Margaret Fell went often to the King about it.

* Much blood was shed this year, many of the old King's judges being hung, drawn and quartered. Amongst them that so suffered, Colonel Hacker was one. He had sent me prisoner from Leicester to London in Oliver's time, of which an account is given before. A sad day it was, and a repaying of blood with blood. For in the time of Oliver Cromwell, when several men were put to death by him, being hung, drawn and quartered for pretended treasons, I felt from the Lord God that their blood would be required; and I said as much then to several.

And now, upon the King's return, several that had been against him were put to death, as the others that were for him had been before by Oliver. This was sad work, destroying people; contrary to the nature of Christians, who have the nature of lambs and sheep. But there was a secret hand in bringing this day upon that hypocritical generation of professors, who, being got into power, grew proud, haughty, and cruel beyond others, and persecuted the people of God without pity.

When Friends were under cruel persecutions and sufferings in the Commonwealth's time, I was moved of the Lord to write to Friends to draw up accounts of their sufferings, and lay them before the justices at their sessions; and if they would not do justice, then to lay them before the judges at the assize; and if they would not do justice, then to lay them before the Parliament, the Protector and his Council, that they might all see what was done under their government; and if they would not do justice, then to lay it before the Lord, who would hear the cries of the oppressed, and of the widows and fatherless whom they had made so.

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For that for which we suffered, and for which our goods were spoiled, was our obedience to the Lord in His Power and His Spirit. He was able to help and to succour, and we had no helper in the earth but Him. And He heard the cries of His people, and brought an overflowing scourge over the heads of all our persecutors, which brought a dread and a fear amongst and on them all. So that those who had nicknamed us (who are the children of Light) and in scorn called us Quakers, the Lord made to quake; and many of them would have been glad to hide themselves amongst us; and some of them, through the distress that came upon them, did at length come to confess to the Truth.

Many ways were these professors warned, by word, by writing, and by signs; but they would believe none till it was too late. William Sympson was moved of the Lord to go at several times for three years naked and barefooted before them, as a sign to them, in markets, courts, towns, cities, to priests' houses, and to great men's houses, telling them, "So shall ye be stripped naked as I am stripped naked!" And sometimes he was moved to put on hair-sackcloth, and to besmear his face, and to tell them, "So will the Lord God besmear all your religion as I am besmeared."

Great sufferings did that poor man undergo, sore whippings with horse-whips and coach-whips on his bare body, grievous stoning and imprisonments, in three years' time, before the King came in, that they might have taken warning; but they would not, and rewarded his love with cruel usage. Only the mayor of Cambridge did nobly to him, for he put his gown about him and took him into his house.

Another Friend, Robert Huntingdon, was moved of the Lord to go into Carlisle steeple-house with a white sheet about him, amongst the great Presbyterians and Independents there, to show them that the surplice was coming up again; and he put an halter about his neck to show them that an halter was coming upon them; which was fulfilled upon some of our persecutors not long after.

Another, Richard Sale, living near Westchester, being constable of the place where he lived, had sent to him with a pass a Friend whom those wicked professors had taken up for a vagabond, because he travelled up and down in the work of the ministry. This constable, being convinced by the Friend thus brought to him, gave him his pass and liberty, and was afterwards himself cast into prison.

After this, on a lecture-day, Richard Sale was moved to go to the steeple-house in the time of their worship, and to carry those persecuting priests and people a lantern and candle, as a figure of their darkness. But they cruelly abused him, and like dark professors as they were put him into their prison called Little Ease [this was a hole hewed in a rock with a door fitted over the hole, generally seven inches deep but at the shoulders eight inches and at the chest nine and a half inches, seventeen inches wide and a yard and a half high but with a device to lessen this height for purposes of torture], and so squeezed his body therein that not long after he died.

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Although those Friends that had been imprisoned on the rising of the Fifth-monarchy men were set at liberty, meetings were much disturbed, and great sufferings Friends underwent. For besides what was done by officers and soldiers, many wild fellows and rude people often came in.

One time when I was at Pall-Mall there came an ambassador with a company of Irishmen and rude fellows. The meeting was over before they came, and I was gone into a chamber, where I heard one of them say that he would kill all the Quakers. I went down to him, and was moved in the power of the Lord to speak to him. I told him, "The law said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth'; but thou threateneth to kill all the Quakers, though they have done thee no hurt. But," said I, "here is gospel for thee: here is my hair, here is my cheek, and here is my shoulder," turning it to him. This so overcame him that he and his companions stood as men amazed, and said that if that was our principle, and if we were as we said, they never saw the like in their lives. I told them that what I was in words, I also was in my life. Then the ambassador who stood without, came in; for he said that this Irish colonel was a desperate man that he durst not come in with him for fear he should do us some mischief. But Truth came over the Irish colonel, and he carried himself lovingly towards us; as also did the ambassador; for the Lord's power was over them all.

At Mile-End Friends were kept out of their meeting-place by soldiers, but they stood nobly in the Truth, valiant for the Lord's name; and at last the Truth gave them dominion.

** About this time we had an account that John Love, a Friend that was moved to go and bear testimony against the idolatry of the Papists, was dead in prison at Rome; it was suspected he was privately put to death. Also before this time we received account from New England that the government there had made a law to banish the Quakers out of their colonies, upon pain of death in case they returned; that several of our Friends, having been so banished and returning, were thereupon taken and actually hanged, and that diverse more were in prison, in danger of the like sentence being executed upon them. When those were put to death I was in prison at Lancaster, and had a perfect sense of their sufferings as though it had been myself, and as though the halter had been put about my own neck, though we had not at that time heard of it.*

As soon as we heard of it, Edward Burrough went to the King and told him that there was a vein of innocent blood opened in his dominions which, if it were not stopped, would overrun all. To this the King replied, "But I will stop that vein." Edward Burrough said, "Then do it speedily for we know not how many may soon be put to death." The King answered, "As speedily as ye will. Call," (said he to some present) "the secretary, and I will do it presently."

The secretary being called, a mandamus was forthwith granted. A day or two after, Edward Burrough going again to the King to desire the matter might be expedited, the King said he had no occasion at present to send a ship thither, but if we would send one we might do it as soon as we would. Edward then asked the King if it would please him to grant his deputation to one called a Quaker to carry the mandamus to New England. He said, "Yes, to whom ye will."

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Whereupon Edward Burrough named Samuel Shattuck, who, being an inhabitant of New England, was banished by their law, to be hanged if he came again; and to him the deputation was granted. Then he sent for Ralph Goldsmith, an honest Friend, who was master of a good ship, and agreed with him for three hundred pounds (goods or no goods) to sail in ten days. He forthwith prepared to set sail, and with a prosperous gale, in about six weeks' time, arrived before the town of Boston in New England, upon a First-day morning.

With him went many passengers, both of New and Old England, Friends, whom the Lord moved to go to bear their testimony against those bloody persecutors, who had exceeded all the world in that age in their bloody persecutions.

The townsmen at Boston, seeing a ship come into the bay with English colours, soon came on board and asked for the captain. Ralph Goldsmith told them he was the commander. They asked him if he had any letters. He said, "Yes." They asked if he would deliver them. He said, "No; not to-day."

So they went ashore and reported that there was a ship full of Quakers, and that Samuel Shattuck, who they knew was by their law to be put to death if he came again after banishment, was among them, but they knew not his errand nor his authority. [Friend [Mary Dyer](#), Friend [William Ledra](#), Friend [Marmaduke Stevenson](#), and Friend [William Robinson](#) had already been executed.]

So all were kept close that day, and none of the ship's company suffered to go on shore. Next morning Samuel Shattuck, the King's deputy, and Ralph Goldsmith, went on shore, and, sending back to the ship the men that landed them, they two went through the town to Governor John Endicott's door, and knocked. He sent out a man to know their business. They sent him word that their business was from the King of England, and that they would deliver their message to no one but the Governor himself.

Thereupon they were admitted, and the Governor came to them; and having received the deputation and the mandamus, he put off his hat and looked upon them. Then, going out, he bade the Friends follow him. He went to the deputy-governor, and after a short consultation came out to the Friends, and said, "We shall obey his majesty's commands."

After this the master gave liberty to the passengers to come on shore, and presently the noise of the business flew about the town; and the Friends of the town and the passengers of the ship met together to offer up their praises and thanksgivings to God, who had so wonderfully delivered them from the teeth of the devourer.

While they were thus met, in came a poor Friend, who, being sentenced by their bloody law to die, had lain some time in irons expecting execution. This added to their joy, and caused them to lift up their hearts in high praise to God, who is worthy for ever to have the praise, the glory, and the honour; for He only is able to deliver, to save, and support all that sincerely put their trust in Him.

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Here follows a copy of the mandamus.

CHARLES R.

Trusty and well-beloved, We greet you well. Having been informed that several of our subjects amongst you, called Quakers, have been and are imprisoned by you, whereof some have been executed, and others (as hath been represented unto us) are in danger to undergo the like, we have thought fit to signify our pleasure in that behalf for the future; and do hereby require that if there be any of those people called Quakers amongst you, now already condemned to suffer death or other corporal punishment, or that are imprisoned and obnoxious to the like condemnation, you are to forbear to proceed any further therein; but that you forthwith send the said persons (whether condemned or imprisoned) over into this our kingdom of England, together with the respective crimes or offenses laid to their charge, to the end that such course may be taken with them here as shall be agreeable to our laws and their demerits. And for so doing, these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given at our court at Whitehall the ninth day of September, 1661, in the 13th year of our reign. Subscribed: To our trusty and well-beloved John Endicott, Esquire, and to all and every other the Governor or governors of our plantations of New England, and of all the colonies thereunto belonging, that now are or hereafter shall be, and to all and every the ministers and officers of our plantations and colonies whatsoever within the continent of New England.

By his majesty's command, WILLIAM MORRIS.

Some time after this several New England magistrates came over, with one of their priests. We had several discourses with them concerning their murdering our Friends, the servants of the Lord; but they were ashamed to stand to their bloody actions.

On one of these occasions I asked Simon Broadstreet, one of the New England magistrates, whether he had not had a hand in putting to death those four servants of God, whom they hung only for being Quakers, as they had nicknamed them. He confessed that he had. I then asked him and the rest of his associates that were present whether they would acknowledge themselves to be subject to the laws of England; and if they did, by what laws they had put our Friends to death. They said they were subject to the laws of England, and had put our Friends to death by the same law that the Jesuits were put to death in England.

I asked them then whether they believed those Friends of ours whom they had put to death were Jesuits or jesuitically affected. They said, "Nay." "Then," said I, "ye have murdered them, if ye have put them to death by the law by which Jesuits are put to death here in England, and yet confess they were no Jesuits. By this it plainly appears ye have put them to death in your own wills, without any law."

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Then Simon Broadstreet, finding himself and his company ensnared by their own words, asked if we came to catch them. I told them they had caught themselves and might justly be questioned for their lives; and if the father of William Robinson, one of them that were put to death, were in town, it was probable he would question them, and bring their lives into jeopardy.

Here they began to excuse themselves, saying, "There is no persecution now amongst us." But next morning we had letters from New England telling us that our Friends were persecuted there afresh. We went again and showed them our letters, which put them both to silence and to shame; and in great fear they seemed to be lest some one should call them to account and prosecute them for their lives. Especially was Simon Broadstreet fearful; for he had before so many witnesses confessed that he had a hand in putting our Friends to death, that he could not get off from it; though he afterwards through fear shuffled, and would have unsaid it again. After this, he and the rest soon returned to New England again.

I went also to Governor Winthrop, and discoursed with him on these matters. He assured me that he had no hand in putting our Friends to death, or in any way persecuting them; but was one of them that protested against it.

About this time I lost a very good book, being taken in the printer's hands; it was a useful teaching work, containing the signification and explanation of names, parables, types, and figures in the Scriptures. They who took it were so affected with it, that they were loth to destroy it; but thinking to make a great advantage of it, they would have let us have it again, if we would have given them a great sum of money for it; which we were not free to do.

Before this, while I was prisoner in Lancaster Castle, the book called the "Battledore" was published, which was written to show that in all languages Thou and Thee is the proper and usual form of speech to a single person; and You to more than one. This was set forth in examples or instances taken from the Scriptures, and books of teaching, in about thirty languages. J. Stubbs and Benjamin Furly took great pains in compiling it, which I set them upon; and some things I added to it.

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Here is the title page of this "Battledore" which Fox was describing:

A BATTLE-DOOR FOR TEACHERS & PROFESSORS TO LEARN SINGULAR AND PLURAL; YOU TO MANY, AND THOU TO ONE: SINGULAR ONE, THOU; PLURAL MANY, YOU, WHEREIN IS SHEWED FORTH BY GRAMMAR, OR SCRIPTURE EXAMPLES, HOW SEVERAL NATIONS AND PEOPLE HAVE MADE A DISTINCTION BETWEEN SINGULAR AND PLURAL, AND FIRST. IN THE FORMER PART OF THIS BOOK, CALLED THE ENGLISH BATTLE-DOOR, MAY BE SEEN HOW SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE SPOKEN SINGULAR AND PLURAL, AS THE APHARSATHKITES THE TARPELITES, THE APHARSITES, THE ARCHEVITES, THE BABYLONIANS, THE SUSANCHITES, THE DEHAVITES, THE ELAMITES, THE TEMANITES, THE NAOMITES, THE SHUITES, THE BUZITES, THE MOABITES, THE HEVITES, THE EDMITES, THE PHILISTINES, THE AMALEKITES, THE SODOMITES, THE HITTITES, THE MIDIANITES, &C. ALSO, IN THIS BOOK IS SET FORTH EXAMPLES OF THE SINGULAR AND PLURAL ABOUT THOU, AND YOU IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES DIVIDED INTO DISTINCT BATTLE-DOORS, OR FORMS, OR EXAMPLES; ENGLISH, LATINE, ITALIAN, GREEK, HEBREW, CALDEC, SYRIACK, ARABICK, PERSIACK, ETHIOPICK, SAMARITAN, COPTICK OR



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EGYPTICK, ARMENIAN, SAXON, WELCH, MENCE, CORNISH, FRENCH, SPANISH, PORTUGAL, HIGH-DUTCH, LOW DUTCH, DANISH, BOHEMIAN, SLAVONIAN, AND HOW EMPERORS AND OTHERS HAVE USED THE SINGULAR WORD TO ONE; AND HOW THE WORD YOU (TO ONE) CAME FIRST FROM THE POPE. LIKewise SOME EXAMPLES, IN THE POLONIAN, LITHVANIAn, IRISH AND EAST-INDIAN, TOGETHER WITH THE SINGULAR AND PLURAL WORDS THOU AND YOU, IN SWEDISH, TURKISH, MUSCOVIAN AND CURLANDIAN TONGUES, — IN THE LATTER PART OF THIS BOOK ARE CONTAINED SEVERAL BAD UNSAVOURY WORDS GATHERED FIRST FOR CERTAIN SCHOOL BOOKS, WHICH HAVE BEEN TAUGHT BOYES IN ENGLAND, WHICH IS A ROD AND A WHIP TO THE SCHOOL MASTERS IN ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE WHO TEACH SUCH BOOKS. GEO. FOX, JNO. STUBBS, BENJAMIN FURLEY. London: Printed for Robt. Wilson, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the Black-Spread-Eagle and Wind-Mil in Martins le Grand 1660.]



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When it was finished, copies were presented to the King and his Council, to the Bishops of Canterbury and London, and to the two universities one each; and many purchased them. The King said it was the proper language of all nations; and the Bishop of Canterbury, being asked what he thought of it, was at a stand, and could not tell what to say to it. For it did so inform and convince people, that few afterwards were so rugged toward us for saving Thou and Thee to a single person, for which before they were exceedingly fierce against us.

Thou and Thee was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour, who, though they would say it to God and Christ, could not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, "What! you ill-bred clown, do you Thou me?" as though Christian breeding consisted in saying You to one; which is contrary to all their grammars and teaching books, by which they instructed their youth.

About this time many Papists and Jesuits began to fawn upon Friends, and talked up and down where they came, that of all the sects the Quakers were the best and most self-denying people; and they said it was great pity that they did not return to the Holy Mother Church. Thus they made a buzz among the people, and said they would willingly discourse with Friends. But Friends were loth to meddle with them, because they were Jesuits, looking upon it to be both dangerous and scandalous.

But when I understood it, I said to Friends, "Let us discourse with them, be they what they will." So a time being appointed at Gerrard Roberts's, there came two of them like courtiers. They asked our names, which we told them; but we did not ask their names, for we understood they were called Papists, and they knew we were called Quakers.

I asked them the same question that I had formerly asked a Jesuit, namely, whether the Church of Rome was not degenerated from the Church in the primitive times, from the Spirit, power, and practice that they were in in the Apostles' times? He to whom I put this question, being subtle, said he would not answer it. I asked him why. But he would show no reason. His companion said he would answer me; and said that they were not degenerated from the Church in the primitive times. I asked the other whether he was of the same mind. He said, "Yes."

** Then I replied that, for the better understanding one of another, and that there might be no mistake, I would repeat my question over again after this manner: "Is the Church of Rome now in the same purity, practice, power, and Spirit that the Church in the Apostles' time was in?" When they saw we would be exact with them, they flew off and denied that, saying it was presumption in any to say they had the same power and Spirit which the Apostles had.*

I told them it was presumption in them to meddle with the words of Christ and His Apostles, and make people believe they succeeded the Apostles, yet be forced to confess they were not in the same power and Spirit that the Apostles were in. "This," said I, "is a spirit of presumption, and rebuked by the Apostles' spirit."

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I showed them how different their fruits and practices were from the fruits and practices of the Apostles.

Then got up one of them, and said, "Ye are a company of dreamers." "Nay," said I, "ye are the filthy dreamers, who dream ye are the Apostles' successors, and yet confess ye have not the same power and Spirit which the Apostles were in. And are not they defilers of the flesh who say it is presumption for any to say they have the same power and Spirit which the Apostles had? Now," said I, "if ye have not the same power and Spirit which the Apostles had, then it is manifest that ye are led by another power and spirit than that by which the Apostles and Church in the primitive times were led."

Then I began to tell them how that evil spirit by which they were led had led them to pray by beads and to images, and to set up nunneries, friaries, and monasteries, and to put people to death for religion; which practices I showed them were below the law, and far short of the gospel, in which is liberty.

They were soon weary of this discourse, and went their way, and gave a charge, as we heard, to the Papists, that they should not dispute with us, nor read any of our books.

** So we were rid of them; but we had reasonings with all the other sects, Presbyterians, Independents, Seekers, Baptists, Episcopal men, Socinians, Brownists, Lutherans, Calvinists, Arminians, Fifth-monarchy men, Familists, Muggletonians, and Ranters; none of which would affirm that they had the same power and Spirit that the Apostles had and were in; so in that power and Spirit the Lord gave us dominion over them all.*

As for the Fifth-monarchy men I was moved to give forth a paper, to manifest their error to them; for they looked for Christ's personal coming in an outward form and manner, and fixed the time to the year 1666; at which time some of them prepared themselves when it thundered and rained, thinking Christ was then come to set up His kingdom, and they imagined they were to kill the whore without them.

But I told them that the whore was alive in them, and was not burned with God's fire, nor judged in them with the same power and Spirit the Apostles were in; and that their looking for Christ's coming outwardly to set up His kingdom was like the Pharisees' "Lo here," and "Lo there." But Christ was come, and had set up His kingdom above sixteen hundred years ago, according to Nebuchadnezzar's dream and Daniel's prophecy, and He had dashed to pieces the four monarchies, the great image, with its head of gold, breast and arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and its feet part of iron part of clay; and they were all blown away with God's wind, as the chaff in the summer threshing-floor.

And I told them that when Christ was on earth, He said His kingdom was not of this world; if it had been, His servants would have fought; but it was not, therefore His servants did not fight. Therefore all the Fifth-monarchy men that are fighters with carnal weapons are none of Christ's servants, but the beast's and the whore's. Christ said, "All power in heaven and in earth is given to me"; so then His kingdom was set up above sixteen hundred years ago, and He reigns. "And we see Jesus Christ reign," said the Apostle, "and He shall reign till all things be put under His feet"; though all things are not yet put under His feet, nor subdued.



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This year several Friends were moved to go beyond the seas, to publish Truth in foreign countries. John Stubbs, and Henry Fell, and Richard Costrop were moved to go towards China and Prester John's country [Abyssinia]; but no masters of ships would carry them. With much ado they got a warrant from the King; but the East India Company found ways to avoid it, and the masters of their ships would not carry them.

Then they went into Holland, hoping to get passage there, but none could they get there either. Then John Stubbs and Henry Fell took shipping for Alexandria, in Egypt, intending to go thence by the caravans. Meanwhile Daniel Baker, being moved to go to Smyrna, drew Richard Costrop, contrary to his own freedom, to go along with him; and in the passage, Richard falling sick, Daniel Baker left him so in the ship, where he died; but that hard-hearted man afterwards lost his own condition.

John Stubbs and Henry Fell reached Alexandria; but they had not been long there before the English consul banished them; yet before they came away, they dispersed many books and papers for opening the principles and way of Truth to the Turks and Grecians. They gave the book called, "The Pope's Strength Broken," to an old friar, for him to give or send to the Pope. When the friar had perused it he placed his hand on his breast and confessed, "What is written therein is truth; but," said he, "if I should confess it openly, they would burn me."

John Stubbs and Henry Fell, not being suffered to go further, returned to England, and came to London again. John had a vision that the English and Dutch, who had joined together not to carry them, would fall out one with the other; and so it came to pass.

Among the exercises and troubles that Friends had from without, one was concerning Friends' marriages, which sometimes were called in question. In this year there happened to be a cause tried at the assize at Nottingham concerning a Friend's marriage.

The case was thus: Some years before two Friends were joined together in marriage amongst Friends, and lived together as man and wife about two years. Then the man died, leaving his wife with child, and leaving an estate in lands of copyhold. When the woman was delivered, the jury presented the child heir to its father's lands, and accordingly the child was admitted; afterwards another Friend married the widow. After that a person near of kin to her former husband brought his action against the Friend who had last married her, endeavoring to dispossess them, and deprive the child of the inheritance, and to possess himself thereof as next heir to the woman's first husband. To effect this he endeavoured to prove the child illegitimate, alleging that the marriage was not according to law.

In opening the cause the plaintiff's counsel used unseemly words concerning Friends, saying that "they went together like brute beasts," with other ill expressions. After the counsel on both sides had pleaded the Judge (viz., Judge Archer) took the matter in hand, and opened it to them, telling them, "There was a marriage in paradise when Adam took Eve and Eve took Adam, and it was the consent of the parties that made a marriage." And for the Quakers, he said, he did not know their opinions; but he did not believe they went together as brute beasts, as had been said of them, but as Christians; and therefore he did believe the marriage was lawful, and the child lawful heir.



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The better to satisfy the jury he brought them a case to this purpose: "A man that was weak of body and kept his bed, had a desire in that condition to marry, and did declare before witnesses that he did take such a woman to be his wife, and the woman declared that she took that man to be her husband. This marriage was afterwards called in question, and all the bishops did conclude it to be a lawful marriage."

Hereupon the jury gave in their verdict for the Friend's child against the man that would have deprived it of its inheritance.

Now, there being very many [not less than 4,500] Friends in prison in the nation, Richard Hubberthorn and I drew up a paper concerning them, and got it delivered to the King, that he might understand how we were dealt with by his officers. It was directed thus:

FOR THE KING:

FRIEND, Who art the chief ruler of these dominions, here is a list of some of the sufferings of the people of God, in scorn called Quakers, that have suffered under the changeable powers before thee, by whom there have been imprisoned, and under whom there have suffered for good conscience' sake, and for bearing testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, three thousand one hundred and seventy-three persons; and there lie yet in prison, in the name of the Commonwealth, seventy-three persons that we know of. And there died in prison in the time of the Commonwealth, and of Oliver and Richard the Protectors, through cruel and hard imprisonments, upon nasty straw and in dungeons, thirty-two persons. There have been also imprisoned in thy name, since thy arrival, by such as thought to ingratiate themselves thereby with thee, three thousand sixty and eight persons. Besides this our meetings are daily broken up by men with clubs and arms, though we meet peaceably, according to the practice of God's people in the primitive times, and our Friends are thrown into waters, and trodden upon, till the very blood gushes out of them; the number of which abuses can hardly be uttered.

Now this we would have of thee, to set them at liberty that lie in prison in the names of the Commonwealth, and of the two Protectors, and them that lie in thy own name, for speaking the truth, and for good conscience' sake, who have not lifted up a hand against thee or any man; and that the meetings of our Friends, who meet peaceably together in the fear of God, to worship Him, may not be broken up by rude people with their clubs, swords, and staves. One of the greatest things that we have suffered for formerly was, because we could not swear to the Protectors and all the changeable governments; and now we are imprisoned because we cannot take the oath of allegiance. Now, if our yea be not yea, and nay, nay, to thee, and to all men upon the earth, let us suffer as much for breaking that, as others do for breaking an oath.



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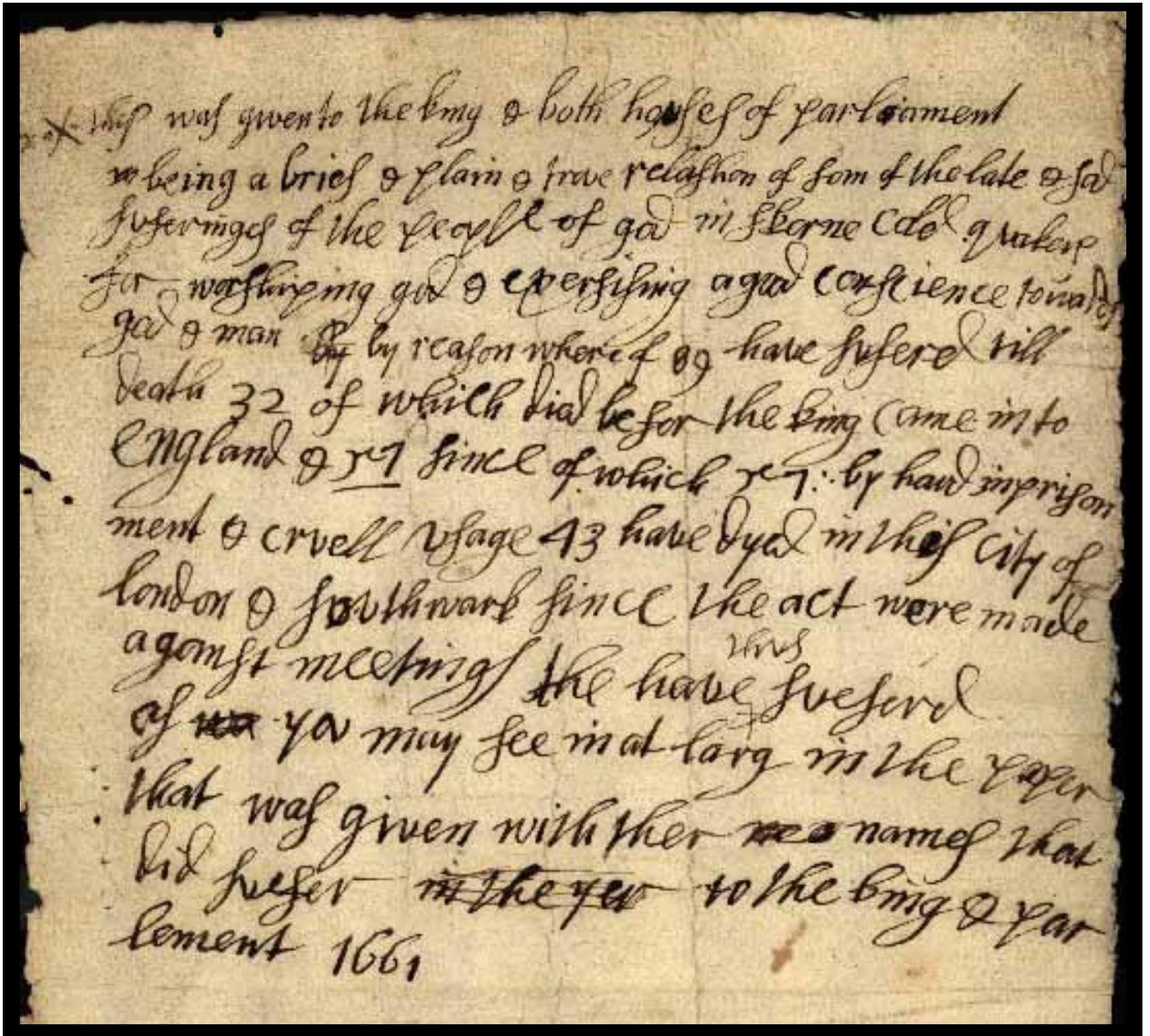
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We have suffered these many years, both in lives and estates, under these changeable governments, because we cannot swear, but obey Christ's doctrine, who commands we should not 'swear at all,' and this we seal with our lives and estates, with our yea and nay, according to the doctrine of Christ. Hearken to these things, and so consider them in the wisdom of thy God that by it such actions may be stopped; thou that hast the government, and mayst do it. We desire all that are in prison may be set at liberty, and that for the time to come they may not be imprisoned for conscience' and for the Truth's sake. If thou question the innocency of their sufferings, let them and their accusers be brought before thee, and we shall produce a more particular and full account of their sufferings, if required.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

George Fox

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* This was given to the King & both houses of Parliament
in being a brief & plain & true relation of some of the late & sad
sufferings of the people of God in the late & sad
for worshipping God & exercising a good conscience towards
God & man. By reason whereof 89 have suffered till
death 32 of which died before the King came into
England & 57 since of which 27 by hard imprison-
ment & cruel usage 43 have dyed in the City of
London & Southward since the act were made
against meetings the have ^{thus} suffered
of ~~the~~ you may see in at large in the year
that was given with their ~~the~~ names that
did suffer ~~in the year~~ to the King & Par-
liament 1661

Friend [George](#)'s epistle entitled "In The Stillness and Silence of the Power of the Almighty Dwell" dates to early in this year:

Dear Friends, - In the stillness and silence of the power of the Almighty dwell, which never varies, alters, nor changes, but





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preserveth over and out of, and above all the changeable worships, religions, ministers, churches, teachings, principalities, and powers, with the power of God, which keepeth over all this, to the kingdom of Christ, that is everlasting, in which there is no changing, who is King of kings, and Lord of lords. All power in heaven and earth is given unto him, of whose light, life, power, and wisdom, grace, and riches have ye received, which comes from him, that doth not change. So in that live, that doth not change, the unchangeable life, the unchangeable mind, the unchangeable spirit and wisdom, and the unchangeable worship and church, of which Christ is the unchangeable head, who remains the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; in that ye will feel the blessing and presence of the Lord God of life amongst you, as ye all abide in the unchangeable kingdom, dominion, power, and life, who are heirs of it according to your measures, who have received the light, and received the life and grace, and the power of a kingdom and a word that hath no end. So wait all in it, that ye may be possessors and inheritors of the kingdom, and of the life and power which hath no end, and of the promises, that are yea and amen; and let nothing, that is of the world, alter you, but keep ye in that which keepeth you in the everlasting kingdom of God. The 3d month, 1661.
G.F.

His epistle entitled "Trust Not in Man" also dates to this year:



Friends, - Trust not in man, nor in the arm of flesh, neither put confidence in them, but in the Lord. Judge yourselves, and keep down the boaster, and that which would be high; under judgment keep that down, but the power of God in yourselves, lest the Lord God bring upon you something without you to bring you down, who do not keep that down in yourselves. And therefore keep all that down with the power of the Lord God in yourselves; and then ye will have domino over it all, in the power of the Lord God. And live all in the power of God, which was before the fall, in which ye will have fellowship over all the fellowships in the fall, and above all outward things that have an end; which fellowship seeth over all that which is in the strife. For in the power of God your fellowship there hath no end, which was before the fall and strife was, in which is peace; which fellowship will remain when all that which is in the fall is gone, and in which is the perfect unity, which keeps over all such spirits which run into outward things; from which arise quarrels, and strife, and imperfections. And therefore keep in the power of the Lord God, that is everlasting, in which is the fellowship that hath no end; in that live and dwell. And feel the seed of God over all that which makes to suffer, and it will remain when that is gone, in that ye will feel life over death, and light over darkness. And so in that the Lord God Almighty preserve you, and keep you in the dominion! This day I came into the isle of Ely, where I hear nothing, but things are peaceable, and Friend's minds kept over all the bustlings in the world, and



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take little notice thereof; but mind the power of God, which was before the fall was; in which fall are bustlings. And so to the Lord God be faithful.

G.F.



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'STRIKE AGAIN!'⁴⁵

'Ulverston consisted of thatched one storied houses, many old shops, gabled buildings standing out towards the street on pillars beneath which neighbours sheltered and gossipped. On market days these projections were filled with goods to tempt gentry and yeomanry to open their purse-strings.'—From *'Home Life in North Lonsdale.'*

'By the year 1654 "the man with the leather breeches" as he was called, had become a celebrity throughout England, with scattered converts and adherents everywhere, but voted a pest and a terror by the public authorities, the regular steeple-house clergy, whether Presbyterian or Independent, and the appointed preachers of all the old sects.'—D. MASSON.

'For in those days the high and proud professors and persecutors were generally bitterly set against the people called Quakers, when Presbytery and Independency swarmed and floated in possession, and with their long Lectures against us cried out, "These are the Antichrists come in the last times"'—G. WHITEHEAD.

'For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea, a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man.'—W. PENN of George Fox.

45. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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'STRIKE AGAIN!'

'Love, Wisdom, and Patience will overcome all that is not of God.'—G. FOX.

By the side of even a low mountain the tallest tower looks small. The fells that shelter the old market town of Ulverston from northerly winds are not lofty compared with the range of giants that lies behind them in the distance, Coniston Old Man, Sca Fell, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and their brethren. But the fells are high enough to make the tall old Church tower of Ulverston look small and toy-like as it rises under their shadow above the thatched roofs of the old town.

Swarthmoor Hall stands on a level plateau on the other side of Ulverston; and it was from Swarthmoor Hall, through a wooded glen by the side of the stream, that George Fox came down to Ulverston Church, one 'Lecture Day' at the end of September 1652.

On a 'Lecture Day' a sermon lasting for several hours was delivered by an appointed teacher; and when that was finished, anyone who had listened to it was free to rise and deliver a message in his turn if he wished to do so. In those days, as there were no clocks or watches in churches, the length of the sermon was measured by turning an hour-glass, until all the sand had run out, a certain number of times. Children, and perhaps grown-up people too, must often have watched the sand with longing eyes when a sermon of several hours' length was in process. On this particular day, Priest Lampitt was the appointed preacher. Lampitt had never forgiven Fox for having persuaded so many of his hearers, and especially the important ladies of Swarthmoor, to forsake their Parish Church, and assemble for their own service at home. His feelings may be imagined, therefore, when, his own sermon ended, he saw George Fox get up and begin to preach in his turn.

George Fox says, 'On a Lecture Day I was moved to go to Ulverston steeple-house, where there was an abundance of professors and priests,⁴⁶ and people. And I went up near to Lampitt who was blustering on in his preaching, and the Lord opened my mouth to speak.'

Now among the 'abundance of people' who were present in the Church was that same Mr. Justice Sawrey, 'the Catterpillar,' of whom the last two stories tell. As soon as George Fox opened his mouth and began to preach, up bustled the Justice to him, with a patronising air, and said, 'Now, my good fellow, you may have my permission to speak in this Church, so long as you speak according to the Scriptures.'

46. Remember always that by 'priest' George Fox only means a man of any form of religion who was paid for preaching. Lampitt was probably an Independent. 'Professors,' as we have already seen, are the people usually called 'Puritans, who 'professed' or made a great show of being very religious.'



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Like lightning, George Fox turned round on the high step where he was standing near to Priest Lampitt, and saw at his elbow the little pompous Justice, his face flushed, full of fussiness about his own dignity and anxious to arrange everything according to his own ideas.

George Fox, who felt he had a message from God to deliver, had no intention of being interrupted by any man in this way.

'I stranged at him,' says Fox, 'for speaking so to me!'

'Stranged' is an unfamiliar word, no longer used in modern English. It sounds as if it meant something very fierce, and calls up a picture of George Fox glaring at his antagonist or trying to shout him down. In reality it only means that Fox was astonished at his strange behaviour.

'I stranged at him and told him that I would speak according to the Scriptures, and bring the Scriptures to prove what I had to say, for I had something to say to Lampitt and to them.' 'You shall do nothing of the kind,' said Mr. Justice Sawrey, contradicting his own words of the moment before, that Fox might speak so long as he spoke according to the Scriptures.

Fox paid no attention to this injunction, but went on calmly with his sermon. At first the congregation listened quietly. But Fox had made a new enemy and a powerful one. The little Justice would not be ignored in this way. He whispered to one and another in the congregation, 'Don't listen to this fellow. Why should he air his notions in our fine Church? Beat him! Stop his mouth! Duck him in the pond! Teach him that the men of Ulverston are sensible fellows, and not to be led astray by a ranting Quaker!' These suggestions had their effect. Possibly the congregation agreed with the speaker. Possibly also, they knew that the little Justice, though short of stature, was of long memory and an ill man to offend. Moreover, a magistrate's favour is a useful thing to have at all times. Perhaps if they hunted Mr. Justice Sawrey's quarry for him in the daytime, he would be more likely to turn a blind eye the next moonlight night that they were minded to go out snaring other game, with fur and feathers, in the Justice's own park! Anyhow, faces began to grow threatening as the Quaker's discourse proceeded. Presently loud voices were raised. Still the calm tones flowed on unheeding. At length, clenched fists were raised; and, at the sight, the smile on the Justice's face visibly broadened. Nodding his head emphatically, he seemed to be saying, 'On, men, on!' till at length, like sparks fanned by a bellows, the congregation's ill-humour suddenly burst into a flame of rage. When at length rough hands fell upon the Quaker's shoulders and set all his alchemy buttons a-jingling, Mr. Justice Sawrey leaned against the back of his high wooden pew, crossed his legs complacently, and laughed long and loud at the joke. The crowd took this as a sign that they might do as they chose. They fell upon Fox, knocked him down, and finally trampled upon him, under the Justice's own eyes. The uproar became so great that the quieter members of the



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congregation were terrified, 'and the people fell over their seats for fear.'

At length the Justice bethought himself that such behaviour as this in a church was quite illegal, since a man had been sentenced, before now, to lose his hand as a punishment for even striking his neighbour within consecrated walls. He began to feel uneasily that even the excellent sport of Quaker-baiting might be carried too far inside the Church. He came forward, therefore, and without difficulty rescued George Fox from the hands of his tormentors. But he had not finished with the Quaker yet. Leading him outside the Church, he there formally handed him over to the constables, saying, 'Take the fellow. Thrash him soundly and turn him out of the town,' adding, perhaps, under his breath, 'and teach him to behave with greater respect hereafter to a Justice of the Peace!'

George Fox describes in his own words what happened next. 'They led me,' says the Journal, 'about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold of my collar, and some by the arms and shoulders, and shook and dragged me, and some got hedge-stakes and holme bushes and other staffs. And many friendly people that was come to the market, and had come into the steeple-house to hear me, many of them they knocked down and broke their heads also, and the blood ran down several people so as I never saw the like in my life, as I looked at them when they were dragging me along. And Judge Fell's son, running after me to see what they would do to me, they threw him into a ditch of water and cried, "Knock the teeth out of his head!"'

Once well away from the town, apparently, the constables were content to let their prisoner go, knowing that they might trust their fellow-townsmen to finish the job with right good will. The mob yelled with joy to find their prey in their hands at last. With one accord they fell upon Fox, and endeavoured to pull him down, much as, at the huntsman's signal, a pack of hounds sets upon his four-footed namesake with a bushy tail. The constables and officers, too, continued to assist. Giving him some final blows with willow-rods they thrust Fox 'amid the rude multitude, and they then fell upon me as aforesaid with their stakes and clubs and beat me on the head and arms and shoulders, until at last,' their victim says, 'they mazed me, and I fell down upon the wet common.'

The crowd had won! George Fox was down at last! He lay, bruised and fainting, on the wet moss of the common on the far side of the town. Yes, there he lay for a few moments, stunned, bruised, bleeding, beaten nigh to death. Only for a few moments, no longer. Very soon his consciousness returned. Finding himself helpless on the watery common with the savage mob glowering over him, he says, 'I lay a little still without attempting to rise. Then suddenly the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the eternal power of God, and stretched out my arms among them all



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and said with a loud voice: "Strike again! Here are my arms, my head, my cheeks!"

Whatever would he do next? What sort of a man was this? The rough fellows in the circle around him insensibly drew back a little, and looked in each other's faces with surprise, as they tried to read the riddle of this disconcerting behaviour. The Quaker would not show fight! He was actually giving them leave to set upon him and beat him again! All in a minute, what had hitherto seemed like rare sport began to be rather poor fun.

'There's no sense in thrashing a man who doesn't strike back! Better leave the fellow alone!' some of the more decent-minded whispered to each other in undertones, and then slunk away ashamed. Only one man, a mason, well known as the bully of the town, knew no shame.

'Strike again, sayest thou, Quaker?' he thundered. 'Hast had none but soft blows hitherto? Faith then, I will strike in good earnest this time.' So saying, the mason brought a thick wooden rule that he was carrying down on the outstretched hand before him, with a savage blow that might have felled an ox. After the first shock of agonising pain George Fox lost all feeling from his finger-tips right up to his shoulder. When he tried to draw the wounded hand back to his side he could not do it. The paralysed nerves refused to carry the message of the brain.

'The mason hath made a good job of it this time,' jeered a mocking voice from the crowd. 'The Quaker hath lost the use of his right hand for ever.' For ever! Terrible words. George Fox was but a young man still. Was he indeed to go through life maimed, without the use of his right hand? The bravest man might have shrunk from such a prospect; but George Fox did not shrink, because he did not happen to be thinking of himself at all. His hand was not his own. Not it alone but his whole body also had been given, long ago, to the service of his Master. They belonged to Him. Therefore if that Master should need the right hand of His servant to be used in His service, His Power could be trusted to make it whole.

Thus Fox trusted, and not in vain; since all the while, no thoughts of vengeance or hatred to those who had injured him were able to find even a moment's lodging in his heart.

'So as the people cried out, "he hath spoiled his hand for ever having any use of it more," I LOOKED AT IT IN THE LOVE OF GOD AND I WAS IN THE LOVE OF GOD TO ALL THEM THAT HAD PERSECUTED ME. AND AFTER A WHILE THE LORD'S POWER SPRANG THROUGH MY HAND AND ARM AND THROUGH ME, THAT IN A MINUTE I RECOVERED MY HAND AND ARM AND STRENGTH IN THE FACE AND SIGHT OF THEM ALL.'

This miracle, as it seemed to them, overawed the rough mob for a moment. But some of the greedier spirits saw a chance of making a good thing out of the afternoon's work for themselves. They came to Fox and said if he would give them some money they would defend him from the others, and he should go free. But Fox would not hear of such a thing. He 'was moved of the Lord to declare



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unto them the word of life, and how they were more like Jews and heathens and not like Christians.'

Thus, instead of thankfully slinking away and disappearing up the hill by a by-path to the friendly shelter of Swarthmoor, Fox strode boldly back into the centre of the town of Ulverston with his persecutors, like a crowd of whipped dogs, following him at his heels. Yet still they snarled and showed their teeth at times, as if to say, they would have him yet if they dared. Right into Ulverston market-place he came, and a stranger sight the old grey town, with its thatched roofs and timbered houses, had surely never seen. In the middle of the market-place the one other courageous man in the town came up to him. This was a soldier, carrying a sword.

'Sir,' said this gallant gentleman, as he met the bruised and bleeding Quaker, 'I am ashamed that you, a stranger, should have been thus ill-treated and abused, FOR YOU ARE A MAN, SIR,' said he. Fox nodded, and a smile like wintry sunshine stole over his worn face. Silently he held out his hand. The soldier grasped it. 'In truth, I am grieved,' he repeated, 'grieved and ashamed that you should have been treated like this at Ulverston. Gladly will I assist you myself as far as I can against these cowards, who are not ashamed to set upon an unarmed man, forty to one, and drag him down.'

'No matter for that, Friend,' said Fox, 'they have no power to harm me, for the Lord's power is over all.' With these words he turned and crossed the crowded market-place again, on his way to leave the town, and not one of the people dared to touch him. But, as everyone prefers both to be defended himself and to defend others with those weapons in which he himself puts most trust, the soldier very naturally followed Fox, in case 'the Lord's power' might also need the assistance of his trusty sword.

The mob, seeing Fox well protected, turned, like the cowards they were, and fell upon the other 'friendly people' who were standing defenceless in the market-place and beat them instead. Their meanness enraged the soldier. Leaving Fox, he turned and ran upon the mob in his turn, his naked rapier shining in his hand.

'My trusty sword shall teach these cravens a lesson at last,' he thought. Quick as he was, Fox was quicker. He, too, had turned at the noise, and seeing his defender running at the crowd, and the sunshine dancing down the steel blade as it gleamed in the air, he also ran, and dashed up the soldier's weapon before it had time to descend. Then taking firm hold of the man's right hand, sword and all, 'Thou must put up thy sword, Friend,' he commanded, 'if thou wilt come along with me.' Half sulkily, and wholly disappointed, the soldier, in spite of himself, obeyed. But he insisted on accompanying Fox to the outskirts of the town. 'You will be safe now, Sir,' he said, and sweeping his plumed hat respectfully on the ground, as he bowed low to his new



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friend, the two parted.

Nevertheless, not many days thereafter this very gallant gentleman paid for his chivalrous conduct. No less than seven men fell upon him at once, and beat him cruelly 'for daring to take the Quaker's part.' 'For it was the custom of this country to run twenty or forty people upon one man,' adds the Journal, with quiet scorn. 'And they fell so upon Friends in many places, that they could hardly pass the high ways, stoning and beating and breaking their heads.'

But of the punishment in store for his defender, Fox was happily ignorant that hot afternoon of the riot, as he followed the peaceful brook through its sheltered glen, and so came up again at last, after his rough handling, to friendly Swarthmoor, where young George Fell, escaped from his persecutors and the miry ditch, had arrived before him. 'And there they were, dressing the heads and hands of Friends and friendly people that were broken that day by the professors and hearers of Priest Lampitt,' writes Fox.

'And my body and arms were yellow, black and blue with the blows and bruises I received among them that day.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

‘STRIKE AGAIN!’

Historical. See George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 57-59. Sewel's HISTORY, i. 111-112.



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January 6, Sunday (1660, Old Style): Prior to this point, the [Religious Society of Friends](#) had not been generally committed to any doctrine of pacifism or nonviolence. An event occurred which neatly marks the end of the 1st period of [Quakerism](#), its period of evangelism and polemic and populism and service-disruption, and the beginning of the 2nd period, during which the membership would separate itself from the profane commonality and the meetings draw in upon themselves and become preoccupied with internal governance and nuance. What happened on this date was that a cooper named Thomas Venner, a 5th Monarchist man or apocalypt who had favored the Good Old Cause during the English Revolution, when he saw the pretender Charles Stuart preparing to enter [London](#) as "[Charles II](#)," led a congregation of about 50 persons to occupy St. Paul's Cathedral under the motto "King Jesus and Heads Upon the Gate." Within a few days these warriors of the Millennium would of course all be dead, after retreating from St. Paul's to a wood near Highgate in a fanatical fight to the last man.



[John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry was in part as follows:

John Evelyn's Diary

I was now chosen (& nominated by his Majestie for one of that Council) by Suffrage of the rest of the Members, a Fellow of the Philosophic Society, now meeting at Gressham Coll[ege] where was an assembly of divers learned Gent[lemen] It being the first meeting since the returne of his Majestie in Lond[on] but begun some years before at Oxford, & interruptedly here in Lond[on] during the Rebellion: This morning was another rising of the Phanatics in which some were slaine: his Majestie being absent; til the 10th.

THIS DAY IN PEPYS'S DIARY



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Friend [George Fox's JOURNAL](#) put the matter in this light:

Now did I see the end of the travail which I had in my sore exercise at Reading; for the everlasting power of the Lord was over all, and His blessed Truth, life, and light shined over the nation. Great and glorious meetings we had, and very quiet; and many flocked unto the Truth. Richard Hubberthorn had been with the King, who said that none should molest us so long as we lived peaceably and promised this upon the word of a king; telling Richard that we might make use of his promise.

Some Friends were also admitted in the House of Lords, to declare their reasons why they could not pay tithes, swear, go to the steeple-house worship, or join with others in worship; and the Lords heard them moderately. There being about seven hundred Friends in prison, who had been committed under Oliver's and Richard's government, upon contempts (so called) when the King came in, he set them all at liberty.

** There seemed at that time an inclination and intention in the government to grant Friends liberty, because those in authority were sensible that we had suffered as well as they under the former powers. But still, when anything was going forward in order thereto, some dirty spirits or other [Fifth-monarchy men], that would seem to be for us, threw something in the way to stop it. It was said there was an instrument drawn up for confirming our liberty, and that it only wanted signing; when suddenly that wicked attempt of the Fifth-monarchy people broke out, and put the city and nation in an uproar. This was on a First-day night, and very glorious meetings we had had that day, wherein the Lord's Truth shone over all, and His power was exalted above all; but about midnight, or soon after, the drums beat, and the cry was, "Arm, Arm!"*

I got up out of bed, and in the morning took boat, and, landing at Whitehall-stairs, walked through Whitehall. The people there looked strangely at me, but I passed through them, and went to Pall-Mall, where diverse Friends came to me, though it had now become dangerous to pass through the streets; for by this time the city and suburbs were up in arms. Exceedingly rude the people and soldiers were. Henry Fell, going to a Friend's house, was knocked down by the soldiers, and he would have been killed had not the Duke of York come by.

Great mischief was done in the city this week; and when the next first-day came, as Friends went to their meetings, many were taken prisoners.

January 19, Saturday (1660, Old Style): The captured 5th Monarchist insurrectionary, Thomas Venner, was drawn and quartered. A row of his head and 13 others were put up on pikes to decorate London Bridge, and suddenly all over England all "primitive Christians" of whatever political stripe became suspect of secret leveling tendencies and doctrines.



RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS

LONDON



GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

January 21, Monday (1660, Old Style): What were the [Quakers](#) to do to avoid being categorized with the 5th Monarchist insurrectionaries who had so disturbed English order? Friend [George Fox](#) and a few other elder Quaker males unilaterally issued a document which spoke for all English Friends, a document which has become known as "[The Quaker Peace Testimony](#)." For this vital document, Friend Richard Hubberthorne improved Fox's wording. The ostensive intent of this document was to remove "the ground of jealousy and suspicion" which was keeping so many of "the harmless and innocent people of God, called Quakers" in England's gaols, at a point in time in which these prominent friends believed that a piece of paper releasing all such prisoners of conscience lay waiting on [King Charles II](#)'s desk for his signature. The male elders who signed affirmed that "all bloody principles and practices ... we do utterly deny, with all outward wars and strive, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatsoever." Falsifying the history of the New Model Army during the English Revolution, the document suggests that no Quaker ever took up the sword. Despite this document, and the fact that he had always refused to take up arms against the crown, Fox would be imprisoned in Lancaster dungeon, apparently on suspicion as a "Common Enemy to His Majesty" — though he would never be allowed to know the precise nature of the charges against him.

<http://www.quaker.org/peaceweb/pdecla07.html>

October: With the execution of the [regicides](#) at Charing Cross, the English Revolution was definitively over. Friend [George Fox](#) was in the process of abandoning his earlier view that it was necessary under some circumstances to use violence to achieve justice, in favor of an appreciation of the fact that everything which one may hope to produce by such means is always already unjust.

ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

November: A shipload of [Quakers](#) arrived in Boston harbor, among them Friend [Samuel Shattuck](#). He appeared before Governor John Endecott with his hat on, and his hat was struck off. When he presented the king's writ, the governor, sweeping off his own hat, ordered that Shattuck's hat be replaced upon his head. A new era of tolerance of dissenting opinion seemed to have arrived nonviolently, through sheer patience in suffering, for rather than submit to the authority of the mother country by sending its religious prisoners to England for trial, the Boston authorities clearly preferred to take no more religious prisoners, and to release all religious prisoners then in custody. (Friend Samuel Shattuck had managed to arrive just in time to intercept the planned hanging of Friend Winlock Christian. This new era of tolerance would endure all of ten months.)

The obstreperous Quaker witness of this era, which involved the constant disruption of the church services of



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other groups, may well be the origin of New England's "come outer" tradition:

Upon a lecture day at Boston in New England, I was much pressed to Spirit to go into their Worshiphouse among them, where I stood silent until the Man had done Preaching, then my mouth was opened to the People with a word of Exhortation, but through the violence of some of the People was haled to Prison, from whence, about three hours after, they fetched me out to the Court, where I was examined, and so returned to Prison again until the Morning: and into the Court I was brought again, where they had drawn up a Paper against me, as they thought, of what I had said the day before: and they said, *Come thou Vagabond, and hear this paper read with two Witnesses, their Hands to it, for we will handle thee:* and I said, *Read on;* Where I stood until they had done: And they asked me, *Whether I owned it, or no:* and I said, *Yea, every Word and would make it good by sound Proof if I might have Liberty to speak.* But they cried, *Away with him;* and some took me by the Throat and would not suffer me to answer it, but hurried me down Stairs, to the Carriage of a great Gun, which stood in the Market-Place, where I was stripped and tied to the Wheel and whipped with Ten Stripes, and then loosed, and tied to a Cart's-tail; and whipped with Ten more to the Town's End; and at *Roxbury*, at a Cart's-tail, with other Ten; and at *Dedham*, at a Cart's-tail, with Ten more, and then sent into the Woods.

—Thomas Newhouse, per AN ADDITION TO THE BOOK... by Ellis Hookes

Prior to the manifesto that had been issued by Friend [George Fox](#) and a few other elder Quaker males on January 21st of this year, [Quakers](#) had not been predominantly pacifist. George Bishop had, in NEW ENGLAND JUDGED, PART I, described in detail the treatment accorded to such unregulable religious dissenters in New England, and this book had come to [Charles II](#)'s attention. Upon the urging of one of the Quakers who had been expelled from [Boston](#), subsequent to his coronation on April 23rd the king had signed a *mandamus* requiring that henceforth all such cases should be forwarded to England for their trial, and had entrusted this paper to Friend Samuel Shattuck of Salem, who had himself recently been expelled from the Bay Colony.

In result of this communication from the king, the death penalty for Quakers would be rescinded, the only thing left being a somewhat less Draconian "Cart and Whip Act." When Friend Wenlock Christison and 27 other Quakers would be dragged from the prison behind carts and whipped to the borders of the colony, they would



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there find themselves untied and released rather than martyred by the neck until dead.

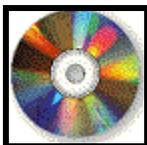


Eventually, in 1884, a memorial would be created in Boston in honor of Friend Nathaniel Sylvester of Shelter Island (so named because he sheltered Quakers there), and the four [hanged](#) Quaker ministers William Ledra, Marmaduke Stevenson, William Robinson, and Mary Dyer:



In a somewhat related piece of news, this year Massachusetts was censuring the Reverend [John Eliot](#) for an antimonarchical attitude.

In another somewhat related piece of news, the town meeting of Hartford CT in this year would vote to extend a limited degree of tolerance toward a particular family of wayfarers, despite the fact that they were Unchristians: “The [Jews](#), which at present live in John Marsh his house, have liberty to sojourn in the town seven months.”



To oversimplify perhaps, the town meeting solved the problem of enforcement by evading it. The meeting gave institutional expression to the imperatives of peace. In the meetings consensus was reached, and individual consent and group opinion were placed in the service of social conformity.



— Michael Zuckerman, ALMOST CHOSEN PEOPLE: OBLIQUE BIOGRAPHIES IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN, 1993, page 59

Now here is Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)'s somewhat tendentious and overly positive later rendition of the main dramatic scene of this year:



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THE KING'S MISSIVE

1661

Under the great hill sloping bare
To cove and meadow and Common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.

A grave, strong man, who knew no peer,
In the Pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out
The flag and cloven the may-pole down,
Harried the heathen round about
And whipped the Quakers from town to town.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath;
“Woe’s me,” he murmured: “at every turn
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!

Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,
Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy’s seed of sin.

“Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?

Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!
I will do as the prophet to Agag did:
They come to poison the wells of the Word,
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord!”

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk
Entered, and whispered under breath,
“There waits below for the hangman’s work
A fellow banished on pain of death—

Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith’s ship
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the devil and all his sort!”

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
“The Lord do so to me and more,”
The Governor cried, “if I hang not all!”

“Bring hither the Quaker.” Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence, grim and dread,
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

“Off with the knave’s hat!” An angry hand
Smote down the offence; but the wearer said,
With a quiet smile, “By the king’s command
I bear his message and stand in his stead.”

In the Governor’s hand a missive he laid
With the royal arms on its seal displayed,
And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,
Uncovering, “Give Mr. Shattuck his hat.”

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low,—
“The king commandeth your friends’ release;
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects’ sorrow and sin’s increase.

What he here enjoineeth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us, to parts unknown.”

So the door of the jail was open cast,
And like Daniel out of the lion’s den
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
With age-bowed women and gray-locked men.

And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high.
Broad in the sunshine stretched away
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay...

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw
The world about them; they only thought
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
On the great deliverance God had wrought.

Through lane and alley the gazing town
Noisily followed them up and down;
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer.

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,
Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,
And wolves of heresy prowling free.

But the years went on and brought no wrong;
With milder counsel the State grew strong,
As outward Letter and inward Light
Kept the balance of truth aright.



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It was all well and good that King [Charles II](#) had prohibited further executions of [Quakers](#) in the Massachusetts

... Edward Burrough named Samuel Shattuck, who, being an inhabitant of New England, was banished by their law, to be hanged if he came again; and to him the deputation was granted. Then he sent for Ralph Goldsmith, an honest Friend, who was master of a good ship, and agreed with him for three hundred pounds (goods or no goods) to sail in ten days. He forthwith prepared to set sail, and with a prosperous gale, in about six weeks' time, arrived before the town of Boston in New England, upon a First-day morning.

With him went many passengers, both of New and Old England, Friends, whom the Lord moved to go to bear their testimony against those bloody persecutors, who had exceeded all the world in that age in their bloody persecutions.

The townsmen at Boston, seeing a ship come into the bay with English colours, soon came on board and asked for the captain. Ralph Goldsmith told them he was the commander. They asked him if he had any letters. He said, "Yes." They asked if he would deliver them. He said, "No; not to-day."

So they went ashore and reported that there was a ship full of Quakers, and that Samuel Shattuck, who they knew was by their law to be put to death if he came again after banishment, was among them, but they knew not his errand nor his authority. [Friend [Mary Dyer](#), Friend [William Ledra](#), Friend [Marmaduke Stevenson](#), and Friend [William Robinson](#) had already been executed.]

So all were kept close that day, and none of the ship's company suffered to go on shore. Next morning Samuel Shattuck, the King's deputy, and Ralph Goldsmith, went on shore, and, sending back to the ship the men that landed them, they two went through the town to Governor John Endicott's door, and knocked. He sent out a man to know their business. They sent him word that their business was from the King of England, and that they would deliver their message to no one but the Governor himself.

Thereupon they were admitted, and the Governor came to them; and having received the deputation and the mandamus, he put off his hat and looked upon them. Then, going out, he bade the Friends follow him. He went to the deputy-governor, and after a short consultation came out to the Friends, and said, "We shall obey his majesty's commands."

After this the master gave liberty to the passengers to come on shore, and presently the noise of the business flew about the town; and the Friends of the town and the passengers of the ship met together to offer up their praises and thanksgivings to God, who had so wonderfully delivered them from the teeth of the devourer.

While they were thus met, in came a poor Friend, who, being sentenced by their bloody law to die, had lain some time in irons expecting execution. This added to their joy, and caused them to lift up their hearts in high praise to God, who is worthy for ever to have the praise, the glory, and the honour; for He only is able to deliver, to save, and support all that sincerely put their trust in Him.

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Bay colony, but they weren't about to take that lying down. The Puritans of the colony sent the Reverend John Norton to [London](#) at an expense of £66 to reason with their monarch. The General Court of the colony feared



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that heretics were being tolerated to “ruin sincere servants of God,” and declared a Day of Humiliation.



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1662

The Act of Uniformity was passed in England. From this year into 1665 [George Fox](#) would be spending much of his time in prison for being found out of uniform(ity), and many English [Quakers](#) would be in prison for not swearing:⁴⁷

After I had made some stay in London, and had cleared myself of those services that at that time lay upon me there, I went into the country, having with me Alexander Parker and John Stubbs. We travelled through the Country, visiting Friends' meetings, till we came to Bristol.

There we understood the officers were likely to come and break up the meeting; yet on First-day we went to the meeting at Broadmead, and Alexander Parker standing up first, while he was speaking the officers came and took him away. After he was gone, I stood up and declared the everlasting Truth of the Lord God in His eternal power, which came over all; the meeting was quiet the rest of the time, and broke up peaceably. I tarried till the First-day following, visiting Friends, and being visited by them.

On First-day morning several Friends came to Edward Pyot's house (where I lay the night before), and used great endeavours to persuade me not to go to the meeting that day, for the magistrates, they said, had threatened to take me, and had raised the trained bands. I wished them to go to the meeting, not telling them what I intended to do; but I told Edward Pyot I intended to go, and he sent his son to show me the way from his house by the fields.

As I went I met diverse Friends who were coming to me to prevent my going, and who did what they could to stop me. "What!" said one, "wilt thou go into the mouth of the beast?" "Wilt thou go into the mouth of the dragon?" said another. I put them by and went on.

When I came to the meeting Margaret Thomas was speaking; and when she had done I stood up. I saw a concern and fear upon Friends for me; but the power of the Lord, in which I declared, soon struck the fear out of them; life sprang, and a glorious heavenly meeting we had.

After I had cleared myself of what was upon me from the Lord to the meeting, I was moved to pray; and after that to stand up again, and tell Friends how they might see there was a God in Israel that could deliver.

A very large meeting this was, and very hot; but Truth was over all, the life was exalted, which carried through all, and the meeting broke up in peace. The officers and soldiers had been breaking up another meeting, which had taken up their time, so that our meeting was ended before they came. But I understood afterwards they were in great rage because they had missed me; for they were heard to say one to another before, "I'll warrant we shall have him;" but the Lord prevented them.

I went from the meeting to Joan Hily's, where many Friends came to see me, rejoicing and blessing God for our deliverance. In the evening I had a fine fresh meeting among Friends at a Friend's house over the water, where we were much refreshed in the Lord.

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In this year there had been an enactment preventing “mischiefs and dangers that may arise by certain persons called Quakers, and others refusing to take oaths” which had declared it “altogether unlawful and contrary to the word of God” for any person to refuse to take an oath, or to persuade another person to refuse to do so, and also made it an offense for more than five persons “commonly called Quakers” to “assemble in any place

47. [Waldo Emerson](#) would note the power of Friend George Fox’s metaphor having to do with the dispersion of seeds, in such passages in his journal. “George Fox’s chosen expression of the God manifest in the mind is the seed. He means the seed of which the Beauty of the world is the flower and goodness the fruit.”



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under pretense of joining in a religious worship not authorized by the laws of this realm”:

From Barnet Hills we came to Swannington, in Leicestershire, where William Smith and some other Friends visited me; but they went away towards nights leaving me at a Friend's house in Swannington.

At night, as I was sitting in the hall speaking to a widow woman and her daughter, Lord Beaumont came with a company of soldiers, who, slapping their swords on the door, rushed into the house with swords and pistols in their hands, crying, "Put out the candles and make fast the doors." Then they seized upon the Friends in the house, and asked if there were no more about the house. The Friends told them there was one man more in the hall.

There being some Friends out of Derbyshire, one of whom was named Thomas Fauks, Lord Beaumont, after he had asked all their names, bid his man set down that man's name as Thomas Fox. The Friend said, Nay; that his name was not Fox, but Fauks. In the mean time some of the soldiers came, and fetched me out of the hall to him. He asked my name. I told him my name was George Fox, and that I was well known by that name. "Aye," said he, "you are known all the world over." I said, I was known for no hurt, but for good.

Then he put his hands into my pockets to search them, and plucked out my comb-case, and afterwards commanded one of his officers to search further for letters. I told him I was no letter-carrier, and asked him why he came amongst a peaceable people with swords and pistols without a constable, contrary to the king's proclamation and to the late act. For he could not say there was a meeting, I being only talking with a poor widow-woman and her daughter.

By reasoning thus with him, he came somewhat down; yet, sending for the constables, he gave them charge of us that night, and told them to bring us before him next morning. Accordingly the constables set a watch of the townspeople upon us that night, and had us next morning to his house, about a mile from Swannington.

** When we came before him, he told us that we had met "contrary to the Act." I desired him to show us the Act. "Why," says he, "you have it in your pocket." I told him he did not find us in a meeting. Then he asked whether we would take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. I told him I never took any oath in my life, nor engagement, nor the covenant. Yet still he would force the oath upon us. I desired him to show us the oath, that we might see whether we were the persons it was to be tendered to, and whether it was not for the discovery of popish recusants. At length he brought a little book, but we called for the statute-book. He would not show us that, but caused a mittimus to be made, which mentioned that we "were to have had a meeting." With this mittimus he delivered us to the constables to convey us to Leicester jail.*

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But when the constables had brought us back to Swannington, it being harvest-time, it was hard to get anybody to go with us. The people were loth to take their neighbors to prison, especially in such a busy time. They would have given us our mittimus to carry ourselves to the jail; for it had been usual for constables to give Friends their own mittimuses, and they have gone themselves with them to the jailer. But we told them that, though our Friends had sometimes done so, we would not take this mittimus; but some of them should go with us to the jail. At last they hired a poor labouring man, who was loth to go, though hired. So we rode to Leicester, being five in number; some carried their Bibles open in their hands, declaring Truth to the people as we rode in the fields and through the towns, and telling them we were prisoners of the Lord Jesus Christ, going to suffer bonds for His name and Truth. One woman Friend carried her wheel on her lap to spin on in prison; and the people were mightily affected.

At Leicester we went to an inn. The master of the house seemed troubled that we should go to the prison; and being himself in commission, he sent for lawyers in the town to advise with, and would have taken up the mittimus, kept us in his own house, and not have let us go into the jail.

But I told Friends it would be a great charge to lie at an inn; and many Friends and people would be coming to visit us, and it might be hard for him to bear our having meetings in his house. Besides, we had many Friends in the prison already, and we had rather be with them. So we let the man know that we were sensible of his kindness, and to prison we went; the poor man that brought us thither delivering both the mittimus and us to the jailer.

This jailer had been a very wicked, cruel man. Six or seven Friends being in prison before we came, he had taken some occasion to quarrel with them, and had thrust them into the dungeon amongst the felons, where there was hardly room for them to lie down. We stayed all that day in the prison-yard, and desired the jailer to let us have some straw. He surlily answered, "You do not look like men that would lie on straw." After a while William Smith, a Friend, came to me, and he being acquainted in the house, I asked him what rooms there were in it, and what rooms Friends had usually been put into before they were put into the dungeon. I asked him also whether the jailer or his wife was the master. He said that the wife was master; and that, though she was lame, and sat mostly in her chair, being only able to go on crutches, yet she would beat her husband when he came within her reach if he did not do as she would have him.

I considered that probably many Friends might come to visit us, and that if we had a room to ourselves, it would be better for them to speak to me, and me to them, as there should be occasion. Wherefore I desired William Smith to go speak with the woman, and acquaint her that if she would let us have a room, suffer our Friends to come out of the dungeon, and leave it to us to give her what we would, it might be better for her.

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He went, and after some reasoning with her, she consented; and we were put into a room. Then we were told that the jailer would not suffer us to have any drink out of the town brought into the prison, but that what beer we drank we must take of him. I told them I would remedy that, for we would get a pail of water and a little wormwood once a day, and that might serve us; so we should have none of his beer, and the water he could not deny us. Before we came, when the few Friends that were prisoners there met together on First-days, if any of them was moved to pray to the Lord, the jailer would come up with his quarter-staff in his hand, and his mastiff dog at his heels, and pluck them down by the hair of the head, and strike them with his staff; but when he struck Friends, the mastiff dog, instead of falling upon them, would take the staff out of his hand.

When the First-day came, I spoke to one of my fellow-prisoners, to carry a stool and set it in the yard, and give notice to the debtors and felons that there would be a meeting in the yard, and they that would hear the Word of the Lord declared might come thither. So the debtors and prisoners gathered in the yard, and we went down, and had a very precious meeting, the jailer not meddling.

Thus every First-day we had a meeting as long as we stayed in prison; and several came in out of the town and country. Many were convinced, and some there received the Lord's Truth who have stood faithful witnesses for it ever since.

When the sessions came we were brought before the justices, with many more Friends, sent to prison whilst we were there, to the number of about twenty. The jailer put us into the place where the thieves were put, and then some of the justices began to tender the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to us. I told them I never took any oath in my life; and they knew we could not swear, because Christ and His Apostle forbade it; therefore they but put it as a snare to us. We told them that if they could prove that, after Christ and the Apostle had forbidden swearing, they did ever command Christians to swear, then we would take these oaths; otherwise we were resolved to obey Christ's command and the Apostle's exhortation. They said we must take the oath that we might manifest our allegiance to the king. I told them I had been formerly sent up a prisoner by Colonel Hacker, from that town to , under pretence that I had held meetings to plot to bring in King Charles. I also desired them to read our mittimus, which set forth the cause of our commitment to be that we "were to have a meeting"; and I said Lord Beaumont could not by that act send us to jail unless we had been taken at a meeting, and found to be such persons as the act speaks of; therefore we desired that they would read the mittimus and see how wrongfully we were imprisoned.

They would not take notice of the mittimus, but called a jury and indicted us for refusing to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. When the jury was sworn and instructed, as they were going out, one that had been an alderman of the city spoke to them, and bade them "have a good conscience"; and one of the jury, being a peevish man, told the justices there was one affronted the jury; whereupon they called him up, and tendered him the oath also, and he took it.



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While we were standing where the thieves used to stand, a cut-purse had his hand in several Friends' pockets. Friends declared it to the justices, and showed them the man. They called him up before them, and upon examination he could not deny it; yet they set him at liberty.

It was not long before the jury returned, and brought us in guilty; and after some words, the justices whispered together, and bid the jailer take us to prison again; but the Lord's power was over them, and His everlasting Truth, which we declared boldly amongst them. There being a great concourse of people, most of them followed us; so that the crier and bailiffs were fain to call the people back again to the court.

We declared the Truth as we went along the streets, till we came to the jail, the streets being full of people.

When we were in our chamber again, after some time the jailer came to us and desired all to go forth that were not prisoners. When they were gone he said, "Gentlemen, it is the court's pleasure that ye should be set at liberty, except those that are in for tithes; and you know there are fees due to me; but I shall leave it to you to give me what you will." Thus we were all set at liberty on a sudden, and passed every one into our services. Leonard Fell went with me again to Swannington.

I had a letter from Lord Hastings, who, hearing of my imprisonment, had written from London to the justices of the sessions to set me at liberty. I had not delivered this letter to the justices; whether any knowledge of his mind received through another hand made them discharge us so suddenly, I know not. This letter I carried to Lord Beaumont, who had sent us to prison. When he had broken it open and read it, he seemed much troubled; but at last he came a little lower, yet threatened us that if we had any more meetings at Swannington, he would break them up and send us to prison again.

But, notwithstanding his threats, we went to Swannington, and had a meeting with Friends there, and he neither came nor sent to break it up. [After travelling through Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire and Warwickshire, Friend Fox came again to London.]

I stayed not long in London, but went into Essex, and so to Norfolk, having great meetings. At Norwich, when I came to Captain Lawrence's, there was a great threatening of disturbance; but the meeting was quiet. Passing thence to Sutton, and into Cambridgeshire, I heard of Edward Burrough's decease. Being sensible how great a grief and exercise it would be to Friends to part with him, I wrote the following lines for the staying and settling of their minds:

FRIENDS:

** * Be still and quiet in your own conditions, and settled in the Seed of God, that doth not change; that in that ye may feel dear Edward Burrough among you in the Seed, in which and by which he begat you to God, with whom he is; and that in the Seed ye may all see and feel him, in which is the unity with him in the life; and so enjoy him in the life that doth not change, which is invisible.*

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JOURNAL



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MAGNANIMITY⁴⁸

'Magnanimity ... includes all that belongs to a great soul. A high and mighty Courage, an invincible Patience, an immovable Grandeur; which is above the reach of Injuries; a high and lofty Spirit allayed with the sweetness of Courtesy and Respect: a deep and stable Resolution founded on Humilitie without any Baseness ... a generous confidence, and a great inclination to Heroical deeds; all these conspire to compleat it, with a severe and mighty expectation of Bliss incomprehensible....

'A magnanimous soul is always awake. The whole globe of the Earth is but a nutshell in comparison with its enjoyments. The Sun is its Lamp, the Sea its Fishpond, the Stars its Jewels, Men, Angels, its attendance, and God alone its sovereign delight and supreme complacency.... Nothing is great if compared with a Magnanimous soul but the Sovereign Lord of all the Worlds.'—REV. THOMAS TRATHERNE (A Contemporary of G. Fox).

'They threw stones upon me that were so great, that I did admire they did not kill us; but so mighty was the power of the Lord, that they were as a nut or a bean to my thinking.'—THOMAS BRIGGS, 1685.

48. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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Beloved Swarthmoor! Dear home, where kind hearts abode, where gentle faces and tender hands were ever ready to welcome and bind up the wounds, both visible and invisible, of any persecuted guest in those troubled times. Surely, after his terrible experiences on the day of the riot at Ulverston, George Fox would yield to the entreaties of his entertainers, and allow himself to be persuaded to rest in peace under the shadow of the Swarthmoor yew-trees, until the bloodthirsty fury against all who bore the name of Quaker, and against himself in particular, should have somewhat lessened in the neighbourhood? Far from it. To 'Flee from Storms' was never this strong man's way.⁴⁹ Gentle reeds and delicate grasses may bow as the storm-wind rushes over them. The sturdy oak-tree, with its tough roots grappling firmly underground, stubbornly faces the blast. George Fox, 'ever Stiff as a Tree,' by the admission even of his enemies, barely waited for his 'yellow, black and blue' bruises to disappear before he came forth again to encounter his foes. Certain priests had however taken advantage of this short enforced absence to 'put about a prophecy' that he had disappeared for good, and 'that within a year all these Quakers would be utterly put down.' Great, therefore, must have been their chagrin to hear, only a short fortnight after the Lecture Day at Ulverston, that the hated 'Man in Leather Breeches' was off once more on his dangerous career.

Fox's companion on this journey was that same James Nayler who had followed him on his first visit to Swarthmoor, a few weeks previously. Nayler was one of the most brilliantly gifted of all those early comrades of George Fox, who were hereafter to earn the name of 'the Valiant Sixty.' Clouds and sorrows were to separate the two friends in years to come, but at this time they were united in heart and soul, both alike given up to the joyful service of 'Publishing Truth.' The object of their journey was to visit another recent convert, James Lancaster by name, in his home on the Island of Walney that lies off the Furness coast. On the way thither the travellers spent one night at a small town on the mainland called Cockan. Here, as usual, they held a meeting with the inhabitants of the place, in order to proclaim the message that possessed them. Their words had already convinced one of their hearers, and more converts to the Truth might have followed, when suddenly, at a low window of the hall where they were assembled, a man's figure appeared, threatening the audience with a loaded pistol which he carried in his hand. As this pistol was pointed, first at one and then at another of George Fox's listeners, all the terrified people sprang to their feet and rushed through the doors of the hall as fast as their

49. 'Flee from Storms' is a motto in the note-book of Leonardo da Vinci.



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legs could carry them. Their alarm was natural; probably most, if not all of them, had seen fire-arms used in grim earnest before this, for the period of the Civil Wars was too recent to have faded from anyone's memory.

'I am not after you, ye timid sheep,' shouted the man with the pistol as the scared people fled past him. 'It is that Deceiver who is leading you all astray that I have to do with. Come out and meet me, George Fox,' he shouted, 'if you call yourself a Man.'

There was no need to ask twice. 'Here I am, Friend,' answered a quiet voice, as the well-known figure, in its wide white hat, long coat, leather breeches and doublet, and girdle with alchemy buttons, appeared standing in the doorway. Then, passing calmly through it, George Fox drew up scarce three paces from his assailant—his body making a large target at close range that it would be impossible to miss. The frightened people paused in their flight to watch. Were they going to see the Quaker slain? The stranger raised his pistol; he aimed carefully. Not a muscle of Fox's countenance quivered. Not an eyelash moved. The trigger snapped....

Nothing happened! The pistol did not go off. As if by a miracle the Quaker was saved.

Seeing this wonderful escape of their leader, some of the other men's courage returned. They rushed back to assist him. They threw themselves upon his assailant and wrenched the pistol from his hand, vowing he should do no further mischief. Fox, seeing in his adversary, not an enemy who had just sought his life, but a fellow-man with a 'Seed of God' hidden somewhere within him and therefore a possible soul to be won, was 'moved in the Lord's power to speak to him; and he was struck with the Lord's power' (small wonder!) 'so that he went and hid himself in a cellar and trembled for fear.

'And so the Lord's power came over them all, though there was a great rage in the country.'

The Journal continues (but it was written many years later, remember, when the account of what had happened could not bring anyone into trouble): 'And ye next morning I went over in a boat to James Lancaster's, and as soon as I came to land there rushed out about forty men, with staffs, clubs, and fishing-poles, and fell upon me with them, beating, punching, and thrust me backwards into the sea. And when they had thrust me almost into the sea, I stood up and went into the middle of them again, but they all laid on me again and knocked me down and mazed me. And when I was down and came to myself, I looked up and saw James Lancaster's wife throwing stones at my face, and her husband lying over me, to keep the stones and blows off me. For the people had persuaded James's wife that I had bewitched her husband, and had promised her that if she would let them know when I came hither they would be my death.

'So at last I got up in the power of God over them all, and they



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beat me down into the boat. And so James Lancaster came into the boat to me and so he set me over the water.

'And James Nayler we saw afterwards that they were beating of him. For while they were beating of me, he walked up into a field, and they never minded him till I was gone, and then they fell upon him, and all their cry was "Kill him!" "Kill him!" When I was come over to the town again, on the other side of the water, the townsmen rose up with pitchforks, flails, and staves to keep me out of the town, crying, "Kill him! knock him on the head! bring the cart and carry him to the churchyard." And so they abused me and guarded me with all those weapons a pretty way out of the town, and there at last, the Lord's power being over them all, they left me. Then James Lancaster went back again to look for James Nayler. So I was alone and came to a ditch of water and washed me, for they had all dirted me, and wet and mired my clothes, my hands and my face.

'I walked a matter of three miles to Thomas Hutton's, where Thomas Lawson the priest lodged, who was convinced. And I could hardly speak to them when I came in I was so bruised. And so I told them where I had left James Nayler, and they went and took each of them a horse, and brought him thither that night. And I went to bed, but I was so weak with bruises that I was not able to turn me. And the next day, they hearing of it at Swarthmoor, they sent a horse for me. And as I was riding the horse knocked his foot against a stone and stumbled, so that it shook me so and pained me, as it seemed worse to me than all the blows, my body was so tortured. So I came to Swarthmoor, and my body was exceedingly bruised.'

Even within the sheltering walls of Swarthmoor, this time persecution followed. Justice Sawrey had not yet forgiven the Quaker for his behaviour on the day of the riot. He must have further punishment. So right up to Swarthmoor itself came constables with a warrant signed by two Justices (Sawrey of course being one of them), that a certain man named George Fox was to be apprehended as a disturber of the peace. And clapped into gaol George Fox would have been, wounded and bruised as he was, in spite of all that his gentle hostesses could do to prevent it, had it not happened that, just as the constables arrived to execute this order, the master of the house, good Judge Fell himself, must needs return once more, in the very nick of time, home to Swarthmoor. His mere presence was a defence.

He had been away again on circuit all this time that George Fox had been so cruelly treated in the neighbourhood, and had therefore known nothing of the rioting during his absence. Now that he was back at home again, straightway everything went well. The roof seemed to grow all at once more sheltering, the walls of the old hall to become thicker and more able to protect its inmates, when once the master of the house was safely at home once more.



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The six girls ran up and down stairs more lightly, smiling with relief whenever they met each other in the rooms and passages. Long afterwards, in the troubled years that were to follow, when there was no indulgent father to protect them and their mother and their friends from the bitter blast of persecution, many a time did the maidens of Swarthmoor recall that day. They remembered how, weeping, they had run down to the high arched gate of the orchard to meet their father, and to tell him what was a-doing up at the Hall. Thus they drew near the house, the Judge's dark figure half hidden among his muslined maidens, even as the dark old yews are hidden in spring by the snowy-blossomed apple-trees. When they saw the Judge himself coming towards them, the constables drawn up in the courtyard began to look mighty foolish. They approached with gestures of respect, giving a short account of what had happened at Walney, and holding out the warrant, signed by two justices, as an apology for their presence at Judge Fell's own Hall during his absence. All their excuses availed them little. Judge Fell could look stern enough when he chose, and now his eyes flashed at this invasion of his home.

'What brings you here, men? A warrant for the apprehension of George Fox, MY GUEST? Are my brother Justices not aware then that I am a Justice too, and Vice-Chancellor of the county to boot? Under this roof a man is safe, were he fifty times a Quaker. But, since ye are here' (this with a nod and a wink, as the constables followed the Judge up the flagged path and by a side door into his oak-panelled study), 'since ye are here, men, I will give you other warrants a-plenty to execute instead. Those riotous folk at Walney Island are well known to me of old. It is high time they were punished. Take this, and see that the ringleaders who assaulted my guest are themselves clapped into Lancaster Gaol forthwith.'

Well pleased to get off with nothing but a reprimand, the constables departed, and carried out their new mission with right good will. The rioters were apprehended, and some of them were forced to flee from the country. In time James Lancaster's wife came to understand better the nature of the 'witchcraft' that George Fox had used upon her husband. She too was 'convinced of Truth.' Later on, after she had herself become a Friend, she must often have looked back with remorse to the sad day when her husband had been forced to defend his loved and revered teacher with his own body from her blows and stones.

Meanwhile at Swarthmoor there had been great rejoicing over the discomfiture of the constables. No sooner had they departed down the flagged path than back flitted the bevy of girls again into the study, until the small room was full to overflowing. It was like seeing a company of fat bumble-bees, their portly bodies resplendent in black and gold, buzz heavily out of a room, and a gay flight of pale-blue and lemon butterflies flit back in their places. All the daughters fell upon their father, Margaret, Bridget, Isabel, Sarah, Mary, and Susanna; there they all were! tugging off his heavy riding-boots and gaiters, putting away the whip on the whip-rack, while little Mary perched herself proudly on his knee and put up her face for a



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kiss; and, all the time, such a talk went on as never was about Friend George Fox and the sufferings he had undergone, each girl telling the story over and over again.

'Now, now, maids!' said the kind father at last, 'I have heard enough of your chatter. It is time for you to depart and send Mr. Fox hither to me himself. 'Tis a stirring tale, even told by maidens' lips; I would fain hear it at greater length from the man himself. He shall tell me, in his own words, all that he hath suffered, and the vile usage he hath met with at the hands of his enemies.'

A few minutes later, a steady step was heard crossing the hall and ascending the two shallow stairs that led to the Justice's private sanctum. As George Fox entered the room Judge Fell rose from his seat at the writing-table to receive his guest, and clasped his hand with a hearty greeting.

The study at Swarthmoor is only a small room; but when those two strong men were both in it together, facing each other with level brows and glances of unclouded trust, the small room seemed suddenly to grow larger and more spacious. It was swept through by the wide free airs of heaven, where full-grown spirits can meet and recognise one another unhindered. They disagreed often, these two determined, powerful men. They owned different loyalties and held different opinions; but from the day they first met to the day they parted they respected and trusted one another wholly, and for this each man in his heart gave thanks to God.

George Fox began by asking his host how his affairs had prospered; but when, these enquiries answered, the Judge in his turn questioned his guest of the rough usage he had met with both at Ulverston and in the Island of Walney, to his surprise no details were forthcoming. Had the Judge not had full particulars from his daughters as well as from the constables, he would have thought that nothing of much moment had occurred. George Fox apparently took no interest in the subject; the most he would say, in answer to his host's repeated enquiries, was that 'the people could do no other, in the spirit in which they were. They did but show the fruits of their priest's ministry and their profession and religion to be wrong.'

'I' faith, Margaret, thy friend is a right generous man,' the good Judge remarked to his wife, that same night, a few hours later, when they were at length alone together in their chamber. The festoons of interlaced roses and lilies, carved in high relief on the high black oak fireplace, shone out clearly in the glow of two tall candles above their heads.

'In truth, dear Heart,' he continued, taking his wife's hand in his, and drawing her fondly to him, 'in truth, though I said not so to him, the Quaker doth manifest the fruits of his religion to be right, by his behaviour to his foes. All stiff and bruised though he was, he made nothing of his injuries. When I would have enquired after his hurts, he would only say the Power of the Lord had surely healed him. FOR THE REST, HE MADE NOTHING OF IT, AND SPOKE AS A MAN WHO HAD NOT BEEN CONCERNED.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

‘MAGNANIMITY.’

Historical. See George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 59-61. Sewel's HISTORY, i. 113-114.



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1663

Friend [George Fox](#) traveled extensively throughout the eastern counties, then through the southern counties as far as Land's End, and again through Wales and the English Lake district, finally reaching Swarthmore where he found that an offer of £25 has been made to any man who would take him. One portion of this long narrative illustrates Fox's "principle of truth": *"Next morning, some of the chief of the town [Truro] desired to speak with me, amongst whom was Colonel Rouse. I went, and had a great deal of discourse with them concerning the things of God. In their reasoning they said, 'The gospel was the four books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John'; and they called it natural. I told them, the gospel was the power of God, which was preached before Matthew, Mark, Luke or John were written; and it was preached to every creature, of which a great part might never see nor hear of those four books, so that every creature was to obey the power of God; for Christ, the Spiritual Man, would judge the world according to the gospel, that is, according to his invisible power. When they heard this, they could not gainsay; for the Truth came over them. I directed them to their Teacher, the grace of God, and showed them the sufficiency of it, which would teach them how to live, and what to deny; and being obeyed would bring them salvation. So to that grace I recommended them, and left them."*

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

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I came over the sands to Swarthmore. There they told me that Colonel Kirby had sent his lieutenant, who had searched trunks and chests for me.

That night, as I was in bed, I was moved of the Lord to go next day to Kirby Hall, which was Colonel Kirby's house, about five miles off, to speak with him. When I came thither I found the Flemings, and several others of the gentry (so called) of the country, who were come to take their leave of Colonel Kirby, he being then about to go up to London to the Parliament. I was taken into the parlour amongst them; but Colonel Kirby was not then within, being gone out a little way. They said little to me, nor I much to them.

After a little while Colonel Kirby came in, and I told him I came to visit him (understanding he was desirous to see me) to know what he had to say to me, and whether he had anything against me.

He said, before all the company, "As I am a gentleman, I have nothing against you." "But," said he, "Mistress Fell must not keep great meetings at her house, for they meet contrary to the Act."

I told him that that Act did not take hold on us, but on such as "met to plot and contrive, and to raise insurrections against the King"; whereas we were no such people: for he knew that they that met at Margaret Fell's were his neighbours, and a peaceable people.

After many words had passed, he shook me by the hand, and said again that he had nothing against me; and others of them said I was a deserving man. So we parted, and I returned to Swarthmore.

Shortly after, when Colonel Kirby was gone to London, there was a private meeting of the justices and deputy-lieutenants at Houlker Hall, where Justice Preston lived, where they granted a warrant to apprehend me. I heard over night both of their meeting and of the warrant, and could have gone out of their reach if I would, for I had not appointed any meeting at that time, and I had cleared myself of the north, and the Lord's power was over all. But I considered that there being a noise of a plot in the north, if I should go away they might fall upon Friends; but if I gave myself up to be taken, it might prevent them, and Friends should escape the better. So I gave myself up to be taken, and prepared for their coming.

Next day an officer came with his sword and pistols to take me. I told him I knew his errand before, and had given myself to be taken; for if I would have escaped their imprisonment I could have been forty miles off before he came; but I was an innocent man, and so it mattered not what they could do to me. He asked me how I heard of it, seeing the order was made privately in a parlour. I said it was no matter for that; it was sufficient that I heard it.

I asked him to let me see his order, whereupon he laid his hand on his sword, and said I must go with him before the lieutenant to answer such questions as they should propound to me. I told him it was but civil and reasonable for him to let me see his order; but he would not. Then said I, "I am ready."

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So I went along with him, and Margaret Fell accompanied us to Houlker Stall. When we came thither there was one Rawlinson, a justice, and one called Sir George Middleton, and many more that I did not know, besides old Justice Preston, who lived there.

They brought Thomas Atkinson, a Friend, of Cartmel, as a witness against me for some words which he had told to one Knipe, who had informed them, which words were that I said I had written against the plotters and had knocked them down. These words they could not make much of, for I told them I had heard of a plot, and had written against it.

Old Preston asked me whether I had an hand in that script. I asked him what he meant. He said, "in the Battledore?" I answered, "Yes."

Then he asked me whether I understood languages. I said, "Sufficient for myself," and that I knew no law that was transgressed by it. I told them also that to understand outward languages was no matter of salvation, for the many tongues began but at the confusion of Babel; and if I did understand anything of them, I judged and knocked them down again for any matter of salvation that was in them.

Thereupon he turned away, and said, "George Fox knocks down all the languages; come," said he, "we will examine you of higher matters."

Then said George Middleton, "You deny God, and the Church, and the faith."

I replied, "Nay, I own God and the true Church, and the true faith. But what Church dost thou own?" said I (for I understood he was a Papist).

Then he turned again and said, "You are a rebel and a traitor."

I asked him to whom he spoke, or whom did he call rebel. He was so full of envy that for a while he could not speak, but at last he said, "I spoke it to you."

With that I struck my hand on the table, and told him, "I have suffered more than twenty such as thou; more than any that is here; for I have been cast into Derby dungeon for six months together, and have suffered much because I would not take up arms against this King before Worcester fight. I was sent up a prisoner out of my own country by Colonel Hacker to Oliver Cromwell, as a plotter to bring in King Charles in the year 1654. I have nothing but love and good-will to the King, and desire the eternal good and welfare of him and all his subjects."

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Middleton. "Nay," said I. "Ye may hear it again if ye will. For ye talk of the King, a company of you, but where were ye in Oliver's days, and what did ye do then for him? But I have more love to the King for his eternal good and welfare than any of you have."

Then they asked me whether I had heard of the plot. I said, "Yes, I have heard of it."

They asked me how I had heard of it, and whom I knew in it. I told them I had heard of it through the high-sheriff of Yorkshire, who had told Dr. Hodgson that there was a plot in the north. That was the way I had heard of it; but I had never heard of any such thing in the south, nor till I came into the north. As for knowing any in the plot, I was as a child in that, for I knew none of them.

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Then said they, "Why would you write against it if you did not know some that were in it?"

I said, "My reason was, because you are so forward to crush the innocent and guilty together; therefore I wrote against it to clear the Truth and to stop all forward, foolish spirits from running into such things. I sent copies of it into Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire, and to you here. I sent another copy of it to the King and his council, and it is likely it may be in print by this time."

One of them said, "This man hath great power! "

I said, "Yes, I have power to write against plotters."

Then said one of them, "You are against the laws of the land."

I answered, "Nay, for I and my Friends direct all people to the Spirit of God in them, to mortify the deeds of the flesh. This brings them into well-doing, and away from that which the magistrate's sword is against, which eases the magistrates, who are for the punishment of evil-doers. So people being turned to the Spirit of God, which brings them to mortify the deeds of the flesh; this brings them from under the occasion of the magistrate's sword; and this must needs be one with magistracy, and one with the law, which was added because of transgression, and is for the praise of them that do well. In this we establish the law, are an ease to the magistrates, and are not against, but stand for all good government."

Then George Middleton cried, "Bring the book, and put the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to him."

Now he himself being a Papist, I asked him whether he, who was a swearer, had taken the oath of supremacy. As for us, we could not swear at all, because Christ and the Apostle had forbidden it.

Some of them would not have had the oath put to me, but would have set me at liberty. The rest would not agree to it, for this was their last snare, and they had no other way to get me into prison, as all other things had been cleared to them. This was like the Papists' sacrament of the altar, by which they ensnared the martyrs. [Most Friends imprisoned under Charles were committed merely for declining this oath.] So they tendered me the oath, which I could not take; whereupon they were about to make my mittimus to send me to Lancaster jail; but considering of it, they only engaged me to appear at the sessions, and for that time dismissed me.

I went back with Margaret Fell to Swarthmore, and soon after Colonel West, who was at that time a justice of the peace, came to see me. He told us that he had acquainted some of the rest of the justices that he would come and see Margaret Fell and me; "but it may be," said he, "some of you will take offense at it." I asked him, what he thought they would do with me at the sessions? He said they would tender the oath to me again.

Whilst I was at Swarthmore, William Kirby came into Swarthmore meeting, and brought the constables with him. I was sitting with Friends in the meeting, and he said to me, "How now, Mr. Fox! you have a fine company here." "Yes," said I, "we meet to wait upon the Lord."

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* So he began to take the names of Friends, and those that did not readily tell him their names he committed to the constables' hands, and sent some to prison. The constables were unwilling to take them without a warrant, whereupon he threatened to set them by the heels; but the constable told him that he could keep them in his presence, but after he was gone he could not keep them without a warrant.

The sessions coming on, I went to Lancaster, and appeared according to my engagement. There was upon the bench Justice Fleming, who had bid five pounds in Westmoreland to any man that would apprehend me, for he was a justice both in Westmoreland and Lancashire. There were also Justice Spencer, Colonel West and old Justice Rawlinson, the lawyer, who gave the charge, and was very sharp against Truth and Friends; but the Lord's power stopped them.

The session was large, the concourse of people great, and way being made for me, I came up to the bar, and stood with my hat on, they looking earnestly upon me and I upon them for a pretty space.

Proclamation being made for all to keep silence upon pain of imprisonment, and all being quiet, I said twice, "Peace be among you."

The chairman asked if I knew where I was. I said, "Yes, I do; but it may be," said I, "my hat offends you. That's a low thing; that's not the honour that I give to magistrates, for the true honour is from above; which," said I. "I have received, and I hope it is not the hat which ye look upon to be the honour."

The chairman said they looked for the hat, too, and asked wherein I showed my respect to magistrates if I did not put off my hat. I replied, "In coming when they called me." Then they bade one take off my hat.

After this it was some time before they spoke to me, and I felt the power of the Lord to arise. After some pause old Justice Rawlinson, the chairman, asked me if I knew of the plot. I told him I had heard of it in Yorkshire by a Friend, who had it from the high-sheriff. They asked me whether I had declared it to the magistrates. I said, "I sent papers abroad against plots and plotters, and also to you, as soon as I came into the country, to take all jealousies out of your minds concerning me and my friends; for it is our principle to declare against such things."

They asked me if I knew not of an Act against meeting. I said I knew there was an Act that took hold of such as met to the terrifying of the King's subjects, were enemies to the King, and held dangerous principles; but I hoped they did not look upon us to be such men, for our meetings were not to terrify the King's subjects, neither are we enemies to him or any man.

Then they tendered me the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. I told them I could not take any oath at all, because Christ and His Apostle had forbidden it; and they had sufficient experience of swearers, first one way, then another; but I had never taken any oath in my life.

Then Rawlinson asked me whether I held it was unlawful to swear. This question he put on purpose to ensnare me; for by an Act that was made those were liable to banishment or a great fine that should say it was unlawful to swear. But I, seeing the snare, avoided it, and told him that "in the time of the law amongst the Jews, before Christ came, the law commanded them to swear; but Christ, who doth fulfil the law in His gospel-time, commands not to swear at all; and the apostle James forbids swearing, even to them that were Jews, and had the law of God."

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After much discourse, they called for the jailer, and committed me to prison.

I had about me the paper which I had written as a testimony against plots, which I desired they would read, or suffer to be read, in open court; but they would not. So, being committed for refusing to swear, I bade them and all the people take notice that I suffered for the doctrine of Christ, and for my obedience to His command.

Afterwards I understood that the justices said they had private instructions from Colonel Kirby to prosecute me, notwithstanding his fair carriage and seeming kindness to me before, when he declared before many of them that he had nothing against me.

Several other Friends were committed to prison, some for meeting to worship God, and some for not swearing; so that the prison was very full. Many of them being poor men, that had nothing to maintain their families by but their labour, which now they were taken from, the wives of several went to the justices who had committed their husbands, and told them that if they kept their husbands in jail for nothing but the truth of Christ, and for good conscience' sake, they would bring their children to them to be maintained.

A mighty power of the Lord rose in Friends, and gave them great boldness, so that they spoke much to the justices. Friends also that were prisoners wrote to the justices, laying the weight of their sufferings upon them, and showing them both their injustice and want of compassion towards their poor neighbours, whom they knew to be honest, conscientious, peaceable people, that in tenderness of conscience could not take any oath; yet they sent them to prison for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

Several who were imprisoned on that account were known to be men that had served the King in his wars, and had hazarded their lives in the field in his cause, and had suffered great hardships, with the loss of much blood, for him, and had always stood faithful to him from first to last, and had never received any pay for their service. To be thus requited for all their faithful services and sufferings, and that by them that pretended to be the King's friends, was hard, unkind, and ungrateful dealing.

At length the justices, being continually attended with complaints of grievances, released some of the Friends, but kept diverse of them still in prison.

I was kept till the assize, and Judge Turner and Judge Twisden coming that circuit, I was brought before Judge Twisden, the 14th of the month called March, the latter end of the year 1663.

When I was brought to the bar, I said, "Peace be amongst you all." The Judge looked upon me, and said, "What! do you come into the court with your hat on!" Upon which words, the jailer taking it off, I said, "The hat is not the honour that comes from God."

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Then said the Judge to me, "Will you take the oath of allegiance, George Fox?" I said, "I never took any oath in my life, nor any covenant or engagement." "Well," said he, "will you swear or no?" I answered, "I am a Christian, and Christ commands me not to swear; so does the apostle James; and whether I should obey God or man, do thou judge." "I ask you again," said he, "whether you will swear or no." I answered again, "I am neither Turk, Jew, nor heathen, but a Christian, and should show forth Christianity."

I asked him if he did not know that Christians in the primitive times, under the ten persecutions, and some also of the martyrs in Queen Mary's days, refused swearing, because Christ and the apostle had forbidden it. I told him also that they had had experience enough, how many had first sworn for the King and then against him. "But as for me," I said, "I have never taken an oath in my life. My allegiance doth not lie in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness, for I honour all men, much more the King. But Christ, who is the Great Prophet, the King of kings, the Saviour and Judge of the whole world, saith I must not swear. Now, must I obey Christ or thee? For it is because of tenderness of conscience, and in obedience to the command of Christ, that I do not swear and we have the word of a King for tender consciences."

Then I asked the Judge if he did own the King. "Yes," said he, "I do own the King." "Why, then," said I, "dost thou not observe his declaration from Breda, and his promises made since he came into England, that no man should be called in question for matters of religion so long as he lived peaceably? If thou ownest the King," said I, "why dost thou call me in question, and put me upon taking an oath, which is a matter of religion; seeing that neither thou nor any one else can charge me with unpeaceable living?"

Upon this he was moved, and, looking angrily at me, said, "Sirrah, will you swear?"

I told him I was none of his Sirrahs; I was a Christian; and for him, an old man and a judge, to sit there and give nicknames to prisoners did not become either his grey hairs or his office.

"Well," said he, "I am a Christian, too." "Then do Christian works," said I. "Sirrah!" said he, "thou thinkest to frighten me with thy words." Then, catching himself, and looking aside, he said, "Hark! I am using the word sirrah again;" and so checked himself.

I said, "I spoke to thee in love; for that language did not become thee, a judge. Thou oughtest to instruct a prisoner in the law, if he were ignorant and out of the way." "And I speak in love to thee, too," said he.

"But," said I, "love gives no nicknames."

Then he roused himself up, and said, "I will not be afraid of thee, George Fox; thou speakest so loud thy voice drowns mine and the court's; I must call for three or four criers to drown thy voice; thou hast good lungs."

"I am a prisoner here," said I, "for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake; for His sake do I suffer; for Him do I stand this day. If my voice were five times louder, I should lift it up and sound it for Christ's sake. I stand this day before your judgment-seat in obedience to Christ, who commands not to swear; before whose judgment-seat you must all be brought and must give an account."

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"Well," said the Judge, "George Fox, say whether thou wilt take the oath, yea or nay?"

I replied, "I say, as I said before, judge thou whether I ought to obey God or man. If I could take any oath at all I should take this. I do not deny some oaths only, or on some occasions, but all oaths, according to Christ's doctrine, who hath commanded His followers not to swear at all. Now if thou, or any of you, or your ministers or priests here, will prove that ever Christ or His apostles, after they had forbidden all swearing, commanded Christians to swear, then I will swear."

I saw several priests there, but not one of them offered to speak.

"Then," said the Judge, "I am a servant to the King, and the King sent me not to dispute with you, but to put the laws in execution; therefore tender him the oath of allegiance."

"If thou love the King," said I, "why dost thou break his word, and not keep his declarations and speeches, wherein he promised liberty to tender consciences? I am a man of a tender conscience, and, in obedience to Christ's command, I cannot swear."

"Then you will not swear," said the Judge; "take him away, jailer."

I said, "It is for Christ's sake that I cannot swear, and for obedience to His command I suffer; and so the Lord forgive you all."

So the jailer took me away; but I felt that the mighty power of the Lord was over them all.

The sixteenth day of the same month I was again brought before Judge Twisden. He was somewhat offended at my hat; but it being the last morning of the assize before he was to leave town, and not many people there, he made the less of it.

He asked me whether I would "traverse, stand mute, or submit." But he spoke so fast that it was hard to know what he said. However, I told him I desired I might have liberty to traverse the indictment, and try it.

Then said he, "Take him away; I will have nothing to do with him; take him away."

I said, "Well, live in the fear of God, and do justice."

"Why," said he, "have I not done you justice?"

I replied, "That which thou hast done has been against the command of Christ."

So I was taken to the jail again, and kept prisoner till the next assizes. Some time before this assize Margaret Fell was sent prisoner to Lancaster jail by Fleming, Kirby, and Preston, justices; and at the assize the oath was tendered to her also, and she was again committed to prison.

In the Sixth month [August], the assizes were again held at Lancaster, and the same judges, Twisden and Turner, again came that circuit. But Judge Turner then sat on the crown bench, and so I was brought before him. Before I was called to the bar I was put among the murderers and felons for about two hours, the people, the justices and also the Judge gazing upon me.

After they had tried several others, they called me to the bar, and empanelled a jury. Then the Judge asked the justices whether they had tendered me the oath at the sessions. They said that they had. Then he said, "Give them the book, that they may swear they tendered him the oath at the sessions." They said they had. Then he said, "Give them the book, that they may swear they tendered him the oath according to the indictment."

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Some of the justices refused to be sworn; but the Judge said he would have it done, to take away all occasion of exception. When the jury were sworn, and the justices had scorn that they had tendered me the oath according to the indictment, the Judge asked me whether I had not refused the oath at the last assizes. I said, "I never took an oath in my life, and Christ the Saviour and Judge of the world, said, 'Swear not at all.'"

The Judge seemed not to take notice of my answer, but asked me whether or not I had refused to take the oath at the last assizes.

I said, "The words that I then spoke to them were, that if they could prove, either judge, justices, priest, or teacher, that after Christ and the Apostle had forbidden swearing, they commanded that Christians should swear, I would swear."

The Judge said he was not at that time to dispute whether it was lawful to swear, but to inquire whether I had refused to take the oath.

I told him, "Those things mentioned in the oath, as plotting against the King, and owning the Pope's, or any other foreign power, I utterly deny."

"Well?" said he, "you say well in that, but did you refuse to take the oath? What say you?" "What wouldst thou have me to say?" said I; "I have told thee before what I did say."

Then he asked me if I would have these men to swear that I had taken the oath. I asked him if he would have those men to swear that I had refused the oath, at which the court burst into laughter.

I was grieved to see so much lightness in a court, where such solemn matters are handled, and thereupon asked them, "Is this court a play-house? Where is gravity and sobriety," said I; "this behaviour doth not become you."

Then the clerk read the indictment, and I told the Judge I had something to speak to it; for I had informed myself of the errors that were in it. He told me he would hear afterwards any reasons that I could allege why he should not give judgment.

Then I spoke to the jury, and told them that they could not bring me in guilty according to that indictment, for the indictment was wrong laid, and had many gross errors in it.

The Judge said that I must not speak to the jury, but he would speak to them; and he told them I had refused to take the oath at the last assizes; "and," said he, "I can tender the oath to any man now, and præmunire him for not taking it;" and he said they must bring me in guilty, seeing I refused to take the oath.

Then said I, "What do ye do with a form? Ye may throw away your form then." And I told the jury it lay upon their consciences, as they would answer it to the Lord God before His judgment-seat.

Then the judge spoke again to the jury, and I called to him to "do me justice."

The jury brought me in guilty. Thereupon I told them that both the justices and they had forsworn themselves, and therefore they had small cause to laugh, as they did a little before.

Oh, the envy, rage, and malice that appeared against me, and the lightness! But the Lord confounded them, and they were wonderfully stopped. So they set me aside, and called up Margaret Fell, who had much good service among them; and then the court broke up near the second hour.

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In the afternoon we were brought in again to have sentence passed upon us. Margaret Fell desired that sentence might be deferred until the next morning. I desired nothing but law and justice at his hands, for the thieves had mercy; only I requested the Judge to send some to see my prison, which was so bad they would put no creature they had in it; and I told him that Colonel Kirby, who was then on the bench, had said I should be locked up, and no flesh alive should come to me. The Judge shook his head and said that when the sentence was given he would leave me to the favor of the jailer.

Most of the gentry of the country were gathered together, expecting to hear the sentence; and the noise amongst the people was that I should be transported. But they were all crossed at that time, for the sentence was deferred until the next morning, and I was taken to prison again.

Upon my complaining of the badness of my prison, some of the justices, with Colonel Kirby, went up to see it. When they came they hardly durst go in, the floor was so bad and dangerous, and the place so open to wind and rain. Some that came up said, "Surely it is a Jakes-house." When Colonel Kirby saw it, and heard what others said of it, he excused the matter as well as he could, saying that I should be removed ere long to some more convenient place. Next day, towards the eleventh hour, we were called again to hear the sentence; and Margaret Fell, being called first to the bar, she had counsel to plead, who found many errors in her indictment. Thereupon, after the Judge had acknowledged them, she was set by.

Then the Judge asked what they could say to mine. I was not willing to let any man plead for me, but desired to speak to it myself; and indeed, though Margaret had some that pleaded for her, yet she spoke as much herself as she would. But before I came to the bar I was moved in my spirit to pray that God would confound their wickedness and envy, set His truth over all, and exalt His seed. The Lord heard, and answered, and did confound them in their proceedings against me. And, though they had most envy against me, yet the most gross errors were found in my indictment.

I having put by others from pleading for me, the Judge asked me what I had to say why he should not pass sentence upon me. I told him I was no lawyer; but I had much to say, if he would but have patience to hear. At that he laughed, and others laughed also, and said, "Come, what have you to say? He can say nothing." "Yes," said I, "I have much to say; have but the patience to hear me."

I asked him whether the oath was to be tendered to the King's subjects, or to the subjects of foreign princes. He said, "To the subjects of this realm." "Then," said I, "look into the indictment; ye may see that ye have left out the word 'subject'; so not having named me in the indictment as a subject, ye cannot præmunire me for not taking an oath."

Then they looked over the statute and the indictment, and saw it was as I said; and the Judge confessed it was an error.

I told him I had something else to stop his judgment, and desired him to look what day the indictment said the oath was tendered to me at the sessions there. They looked, and said it was the eleventh day of January. "What day of the week was the sessions held on?" said I. "On a Tuesday," said they. "Then," said I, "look in your almanacs, and see whether there was any sessions held at Lancaster on the eleventh day of January, so called."



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So they looked, and found that the eleventh day was the day called Monday, and that the sessions was on the day called Tuesday, which was the twelfth day of that month.

"Look now," said I, "ye have indicted me for refusing the oath in the quarter-sessions held at Lancaster on the eleventh day of January last, and the justices have sworn that they tendered me the oath in open sessions here that day, and the jury upon their oaths have found me guilty thereupon; and yet ye see there was no session held in Lancaster that day." Then the Judge, to cover the matter, asked whether the sessions did not begin on the eleventh day. But some in the court answered, "No; the session held but one day, and that was the twelfth." Then the Judge said this was a great mistake and an error.

Some of the justices were in a great rage at this, stamped, and said, "Who hath done this? Somebody hath done this on purpose;" and a great heat was amongst them.

Then said I, "Are not the justices here, that have sworn to this indictment, forsworn men in the face of the country? But this is not all," said I. "I have more yet to offer why sentence should not be given against me." I asked, "In what year of the King was the last assize here holden, which was in the month called March last?" The Judge said it was in the sixteenth year of the King. "But," said I, "the indictment says it was in the fifteenth year." They looked, and found it so. This also was acknowledged to be another error.

Then they were all in a fret again, and could not tell what to say; for the Judge had sworn the officers of the court that the oath was tendered to me at the assize mentioned in the indictment. "Now," said I, "is not the court here forsworn also, who have sworn that the oath was tendered to me at the assize holden here in the fifteenth year of the King, when it was in his sixteenth year, and so they have sworn a year false?"

The Judge bade them look whether Margaret Fell's indictment was so or no. They looked, and found it was not so.

I told the Judge I had more yet to offer to stop sentence; and asked him whether all the oath ought to be put into the indictment or no. "Yes," said he, "it ought to be all put in."

"Then," said I, "compare the indictment with the oath, and there thou mayest see these words: viz., 'or by any authority derived, or pretended to be derived from him or his see,' which is a principal part of the oath, left out of the indictment; and in another place the words, 'heirs and successors,' are left out."

The Judge acknowledged these also to be great errors.

"But," said I, "I have something further to allege."

"Nay," said the Judge, "I have enough; you need say no more."

"If," said I, "thou hast enough, I desire nothing but law and justice at thy hands; for I don't look for mercy."

"You must have justice," said he, "and you shall have law."

Then I asked, "Am I at liberty, and free from all that ever hath been done against me in this matter?"

"Yes," said the Judge, "you are free from all that hath been done against you. But then," starting up in a rage, he said, "I can put the oath to any man here, and I will tender you the oath again."

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I told him he had had examples enough yesterday of swearing and false swearing, both in the justices and in the jury; for I saw before mine eyes that both justices and jury had forsworn themselves.

The Judge asked me if I would take the oath. I bade him do me justice for my false imprisonment all this while; for what had I been imprisoned so long for? and I told him I ought to be set at liberty.

"You are at liberty," said he, "but I will put the oath to you again."

Then I turned me about and said, "All people, take notice; this is a snare; for I ought to be set free from the jailer and from this court."

But the Judge cried, "Give him the book;" and the sheriff and the justices cried, "Give him the book."

Then the power of darkness rose up in them like a mountain, and a clerk lifted up a book to me. I stood still and said, "If it be a Bible, give it me into my hand." "Yes, yes," said the Judge and justices, "give it him into his hand." So I took it and looked into it, and said, "I see it is a Bible; I am glad of it."

Now he had caused the jury to be called, and they stood by; for, after they had brought in their former verdict, he would not dismiss them, though they desired it; but told them he could not dismiss them yet, for he should have business for them, and therefore they must attend and be ready when they were called.

When he said so I felt his intent, that if I were freed, he would come on again. So I looked him in the face, and the witness of God started up in him, and made him blush when he looked at me again, for he saw that I saw him. Nevertheless, hardening himself, he caused the oath to be read to me, the jury standing by; and when it was read, he asked me whether I would take the oath or not. Then said I, "Ye have given me a book here to kiss and to swear on, and this book which ye have given me to kiss says, 'Kiss the Son'; and the Son says in this book, 'Swear not at all'; and so says also the apostle James. Now, I say as the book says, and yet ye imprison me; why do ye not imprison the book for saying so? How comes it that the book (which bids me not swear) is at liberty amongst you, and yet ye imprison me for doing as the book bids me?"

As I was speaking this to them, and held up the Bible open in my hand, to show them the place in the book where Christ forbids swearing, they plucked the book out of my hand again; and the Judge said, "Nay, but we will imprison George Fox." Yet this got abroad over all the country as a by-word, that "they gave me a book to swear on that commanded me 'not to swear at all'; and that the Bible was at liberty, and I in prison for doing as the Bible said."

Now, when the Judge still urged me to swear, I told him I had never taken oath, covenant, or engagement in my life, but my yea or nay was more binding to me than an oath was to many others; for had they not had experience how little men regarded an oath; and how they had sworn one way and then another; and how the justices and court had forsworn themselves now? I told him I was a man of a tender conscience, and if they had any sense of a tender conscience they would consider that it was in obedience to Christ's command that I could not swear. "But," said I, "if any of you can convince me that after Christ and the apostle had commanded not to swear, they altered that command and commanded Christians to swear, then ye shall see I will swear."



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There being many priests by, I said, "If ye cannot do it, let your priests stand up and do it." But not one of the priests made any answer.

"Oh," said the Judge, "all the world cannot convince you."

"No," said I, "how is it likely the world should convince me; for 'the whole world lies in wickedness'; but bring out your spiritual men, as ye call them, to convince me."

Then both the sheriff and the Judge said, "The angel swore in the Revelations." I replied, "When God bringeth His first-begotten Son into the world, He saith, 'Let all the angels of God worship Him'; and He saith, 'Swear not at all.'"

"Nay," said the Judge, "I will not dispute."

Then I spoke to the jury, telling them it was for Christ's sake that I could not swear, and therefore I warned them not to act contrary to the witness of God in their consciences, for before His judgment-seat they must all be brought. And I told them that as for plots and persecution for religion and Popery, I do deny them in my heart; for I am a Christian, and shall show forth Christianity amongst you this day. It is for Christ's doctrine I stand." More words I had both with the Judge and jury before the jailer took me away.

In the afternoon I was brought up again, and put among the thieves some time, where I stood with my hat on till the jailer took it off. Then the jury having found this new indictment against me for not taking the oath, I was called to the bar; and the Judge asked me what I would say for myself. I bade them read the indictment, for I would not answer to that which I did not hear. The clerk read it, and as he read the Judge said "Take heed it be not false again"; but he read it in such a manner that I could hardly understand what he read.

When he had done the Judge asked me what I said to the indictment. I told him that hearing but once so large a writing read, and at such a distance that I could not distinctly hear all the parts of it, I could not well tell what to say to it; but if he would let me have a copy, and give me time to consider it, I would answer it.

This put them to; a little stand; but after a while the Judge asked me, "What time would you have?"

I said, "Until the next assize."

"But," said he, "what plea will you now make? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

I said, "I am not guilty at all of obstinately and wilfully refusing to swear; and as for those things mentioned in the oath, as jesuitical plots and foreign powers, I utterly deny them in my heart; and if I could take any oath, I should take that; but I never took any oath in my life."

The Judge said, "You speak well; but the King is sworn, the Parliament is sworn, I am sworn, the justices are sworn, and the law is preserved by oaths."

I told him that they had had sufficient experience of men's swearing, and he had seen how the justices and jury had sworn falsely the other day; and if he had read in the "Book of Martyrs" how many of the martyrs had refused to swear, both within the time of the ten persecutions and in Bishop Bonner's days, he might see that to deny swearing in obedience to Christ's command was no new thing.

He said he wished the laws were otherwise.



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I said, "Our Yea is yea, and our Nay is nay; and if we transgress our yea and our nay, let us suffer as they do, or should do, that swear falsely." This, I told him, we had offered to the King; and the King said it was reasonable.

After some further discourse they committed me to prison again, there to lie until the next assize; and colonel Kirby gave order to the jailer to keep me close, "and suffer no flesh alive to come at me," for I was not fit, he said, "to be discoursed with by men." I was put into a tower where the smoke of the other prisoners came up so thick it stood as dew upon the walls, and sometimes it was so thick that I could hardly see the candle when it burned; and I being locked under three locks, the under-jailer, when the smoke was great, would hardly be persuaded to come up to unlock one of the uppermost doors for fear of the smoke, so that I was almost smothered.

Besides, it rained in upon my bed, and many times, when I went to stop out the rain in the cold winter-season, my shirt was as wet as muck with the rain that came in upon me while I was labouring to stop it out. And the place being high and open to the wind, sometimes as fast as I stopped it the wind blew it out again.

In this manner I lay all that long, cold winter till the next assize, in which time I was so starved, and so frozen with cold and wet with the rain that my body was greatly swelled and my limbs much benumbed.

The assize began the sixteenth of the month called March, 1664-5. The same Judges, Twisden and Turner, coming that circuit again, Judge Twisden sat this time on the crown-bench, and before him I was brought.

I had informed myself of the errors in this indictment also; for, though at the assize before Judge Turner said to the officers in court, "Pray, see that all the oath be in the indictment, and that the word 'subject' be in, and that the day of the month and year of the King be put in right; for it is a shame that so many errors should be seen and found in the face of the country;" yet many errors, and those great ones, were in this indictment, as well as in the former. Surely the hand of the Lord was in it, to confound their mischievous work against me, and to blind them therein; insomuch that, although, after the indictment was drawn at the former assize, the Judge examined it himself, and tried it with the clerks, yet the word "subject" was left out of this indictment also, the day of the month was put in wrong, and several material words of the oath were left out; yet they went on confidently against me, thinking all was safe and well.

When I was brought to the bar, and the jury called over to be sworn, the clerk asked me, first, whether I had any objection to make to any of the jury. I told him I knew none of them. Then, having sworn the jury, they swore three of the officers of the court to prove that the oath was tendered to me at the last assizes, according to the indictment.

"Come, come," said the Judge, "it was not done in a corner." Then he asked me what I had to say to it; or whether I had taken the oath at the last assize. I told him what I had formerly said to them, as it now came to my remembrance. Thereupon the Judge said, "I will not dispute with you but in point of law." "Then," said I, "I have something to speak to the jury concerning the indictment."



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He told me I must not speak to the jury; but if I had anything to say, I must speak to him.

I asked him whether the oath was to be tendered to the King's subjects only, or to the subjects of foreign princes.

He replied, "To the subjects of this realm."

"Then," said I, "look in the indictment, and thou mayest see the word 'subject' is left out of this indictment also. Therefore, seeing the oath is not to be tendered to any but the subjects of this realm, and ye have not put me in as a subject, the court is to take no notice of this indictment."

I had no sooner spoken thus than the Judge cried, "Take him away, jailer, take him away." So I was presently hurried away.

The jailer and people expected that I should be called for again; but I was never brought to the court any more, though I had many other great errors to assign in the indictment.

After I was gone, the Judge asked the jury if they were agreed. They said, "Yes," and found for the King against me, as I was told. But I was never called to hear sentence given, nor was any given against me that I could hear of.

I understood that when they had looked more narrowly into the indictment they saw it was not good; and the Judge having sworn the officers of the court that the oath was tendered me at the assize before, such a day, as was set forth in the indictment, and that being the wrong day, I should have proved the officers of the court forsworn men again, had the Judge suffered me to plead to the indictment, which was thought to be the reason he hurried me away so soon.

The Judge had passed sentence of præmunire upon Margaret Fell before I was brought in; and it seems that when I was hurried away they recorded me as a præmunired person [one who has had his lands, goods and chattels forfeited to the crown, who is to remain in prison during the sovereign's pleasure], though I was never brought to hear the sentence, or knew of it, which was very illegal. For they should not only have had me present to hear the sentence given, but should also have asked me first what I could say why sentence should not be given against me. But they knew I had so much to say that they could not give sentence if they heard it.

While I was prisoner in Lancaster Castle there was a great noise and talk of the Turk's overspreading Christendom, and great fears entered many. But one day, as I was walking in my prison chamber, I saw the Lord's power turn against him, and that he was turning back again. And I declared to some what the Lord had let me see, when there were such fears of his overrunning Christendom; and within a month after, the news came that they had given him a defeat.

Another time, as I was walking in my chamber, with my eye to the Lord, I saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword stretched southward, as though the court had been all on fire. Not long after the wars broke out with Holland, the sickness broke forth, and afterwards the fire of London; so the Lord's sword was drawn indeed.



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By reason of my long and close imprisonment in so bad a place I was become very weak in body; but the Lord's power was over all, supported me through all, and enabled me to do service for Him, and for His truth and people, as the place would admit. For, while I was in Lancaster prison, I answered several books, as the Mass, the Common-Prayer, the Directory and the Church-Faith, which are the four chief religions [Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent or Congregational] that are got up since the apostles' days.

FOX'S JOURNAL

Here is Friend [George](#)'s epistle of this year, entitled "Sing and Rejoice":



*Sing and rejoice, ye children of the day and of the light; for the Lord is at work in this thick night of darkness that may be felt. And truth doth flourish as the rose, and the lilies do grow among the thorns, and the plants atop of the hills. And upon them the lambs do skip and play. And never heed the tempests nor the storms, floods nor rains, for the seed Christ is over all, and doth reign. And so be of good faith and valiant for the truth; for the truth can live in the jails. And fear not the loss of fleece, for it will grow again; and follow the lamb, if it be under the beast's horns, or under the beast's heels; for the lamb shall have the victory over them all. And so all live in the seed Christ, you way, that never fell; and you do see over all the ways of Adam's and Eve's sons and daughters in the fall. And in the seed Christ, your way, you have life and peace; and there you do see over all the ways of Adam in the fall, in which there is no peace. So in the seed Christ stand and dwell, in whom you have life and peace; the life that was with the Father before the world began. The 9th month, 1663.
G.F.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

MILES HALHEAD AND THE HAUGHTY LADY⁵⁰

'Many a notable occurrence Miles Halhead had in his life.... But his going thus often from home was a great cross to his wife, who in the first year of his change, not being of his persuasion, was often much troubled in her mind, and would often say from discontent, "Would to God I had married a drunkard, then I might have found him at the alehouse; but now I cannot tell where to find my husband."'—SEWEL.

To Friends—To take care of such as suffer for owning the Truth.

'And that if any friends be oppressed any manner of way, others may take care to help them: and that all may be as one family, building up one another and helping one another.'

'And, friends, go not into the aggravating part to strive with it, lest you do hurt to your souls, and run into the same nature; for PATIENCE MUST GET THE VICTORY, and it answers to that of God in everyone and will bring everyone from the contrary. So let your temperance and moderation and patience be known to all.'—GEORGE FOX.

'Non tristabit justum quidquid si accederit.'

'Whatever happens to the righteous man it shall not heavy him.'—RICHARD ROLLE. 1349.

50. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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MILES HALHEAD AND THE HAUGHTY LADY

A Plain, simple man was Miles Halhead, the husbandman of Mountjoy. Ten years older than Fox was he, and wise withal, so that men wondered to see him forsake his home and leave wife and child at the call of the Quaker's preaching, and go forth instead to become a preacher of the Gospel.

Yet, truth to tell, the change was natural and easily explained. All his life Miles had had to do with seeds buried in the ground. Therefore when he heard George Fox preach at his home near Underbarrow in Westmorland, telling all men to consider 'that as the fallow ground in their fields must be ploughed up before it would bear seed to them, so must the fallow ground of their hearts be ploughed up before they could bear seed to God,' Miles' own past experience as a husbandman bore witness to the truth of this doctrine. His whole nature sprang forward to receive it; and thus, in a short while, he was mightily convinced.

Now at that time there were, as we know, many companies of Seekers scattered up and down the pleasant Westmorland dales. Miles himself had been one of such a group, but now, having found that which he had aforesaid been a-seeking, nought was of any value to him, but that his old companions should likewise cease to be Seekers, and become also in their turn Finders. Yet Miles wondered often how such an one as he should be able to convince them. For he was neither skilful nor ready of tongue, nor of a commanding presence like Friend George Fox, but only a simple husbandman. Still he was wary in his discourse, from his long watching of the faces of Earth and Sky—full also he was of a most convincing silence; and, though as yet he had proved it not, staunch to suffer for his faith. It was said of him that 'his Testimony was plaine and powerful, he being a plain simple man.'

Thus Miles Halhead began to preach the Gospel, at first only in the hamlets and valleys round his home at Underbarrow near to Kendal. But one day when the daffodils were all abloom, and blowing their golden trumpets silently beside the sheltered streams, it came to him that he must take a further journey, and must follow the golden paths of the daffodils over hill and vale, until at the end of this street of gold he should come to Swarthmoor Hall; that there he might assist his friends at their Meeting, and with them be strengthened and have his soul refreshed.

A walk of seventeen miles or so lay before him, and an easy journey it should prove in this gay springtime, though in winter, when the snow lay drifted on the uplands, it would have been another matter. He could have travelled by the sheltered road that runs through the valley. It being springtime, however, and a sunny day when Miles set out from his home, he chose for



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pure pleasure to go by the fells. First, he travelled across the Westmorland country till he came to the lower end of Lake Winandermere, where the hills lie gently round like giants' children, being not yet full grown into giants themselves with brows that touch the sky, as they are at the upper end of that same shining lake. Then, leaving Winandermere, across the Furness fells he came, keeping ever on his right hand the Old Man of Coniston, who, with his head for the most part wrapped in clouds, standeth yet, as he hath stood for ages, the Guardian of all that region.

Thus at length, as Miles journeyed, he came within sight of the promontory of Furness, that lies encircled by the sea, even as a babe's head lies in the crook of a woman's elbow. Seeing this, Miles' heart rejoiced, for he knew that his journey's end was in sight, and he tramped along blithely and without fear.

Suddenly, on the path at some distance ahead of him, he saw a patch of brilliant green and purple coming towards him—a gay figure more likely to be met with in the streets of London than on those lonely fells. Miles thought to himself as it drew nearer, 'Tis a woman!' then, 'Nay, it is surely a great Thistle coming towards me; no woman would wear garments such as those in this lonely place.' As he shaded his eyes the better to see what might be approaching, his mind ran back to the first sermon he had ever heard George Fox preach, on his first visit to Underbarrow, when he said, 'That all people in the Fall were gone from the image of God, righteousness and holiness, and were degenerated into the nature of beasts, of serpents, of tall cedars, of oaks, of bulls and of heifers.' ... 'Some were in the nature of dogs and swine, biting and rending; some in the nature of briars, thistles and thorns; some like the owls and dragons in the night; some like the wild asses and horses snuffing up the wind; and some like the mountains and rocks, and crooked and rough ways.' 'I was not certain of his meaning when I first heard him utter these words,' simple Miles thought to himself, 'but now that I see this fine Thistle coming towards me, I begin to understand him. Haply it is but a Thistle in outer seeming, and carries within the nature of a Lily or a Rose.'

Even as he thought of this, the Thistle came yet nearer, and when he could see it more plainly he feared that neither Lily nor Rose was there, but a Thistle full of prickles in very truth. It was indeed a woman, but clad in more gorgeous raiment than Miles had ever seen. Green satin was her robe, slashed with pale yellow silk, marvellous to behold. But it was the hat that drew Miles' gaze, for though newly come to be a Quaker preacher, he had been a husbandman long enough to be swift to notice the garb of all growing, living things, whether they were flowers or dames. Truly the hat was marvellous, of a bright purple satin, and crowned with such a tuft of tall feathers that the wearer's face could scarcely be seen beneath its shade. Dressed all in gaudy style was this fine Madam; and, as she passed Miles, she



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tilted up her head and drew her skirts disdainfully together, lest they should be soiled by his approach. Although the lady appeared to see him not, but to be gazing at the sky, she was in truth well aware of his presence, and awaited even hungrily a lowly obeisance from him, that should assure her in her own sight of her own importance. For of no high-born lineage was this flaunting dame, no earl's or duke's daughter, else perhaps she had been too well aware of her own dignity and worth to insist upon others acknowledging it. She was but the young wife of the old Justice, Thomas Preston, and a plain Mistress, like Miles' own simple wife at home, in spite of her gay garments and flaunting airs. But the fact that she had newly come to live at Holker Hall, the finest mansion in all that country-side, had uplifted her in her own sight, and puffed her out with pride, sending her forth at all hours into unseasonable places to show off her fine new London clothes.

Therefore she paused a little as she passed Miles, waiting for him to doff his hat and bend his knee, and declare himself in all lowliness her servant. But Miles had never a thought of doing this. Though he was but newly turned Quaker, right well he remembered hearing George Fox say—

'Moreover, when the Lord sent me forth into the world, He forbade me to put off my hat to any—high or low—and I was required to "thee" and "thou" all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I travelled up and down, I was not to bid people "Good-morrow," or "Good-evening," neither might I bow or scrape with the leg to anyone, and this made the sects and the professors to rage.'

Miles, too, having learnt this lesson and made it his own, passed by the lady in all soberness and quietness, taking no more notice of her than if she had been one of those dames painted on canvas by the late King's painter, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, which, truth to tell, she mightily resembled. The haughty fair one seeing this, as soon as he had fully passed and she could no longer delude herself with the hope that the longed-for salute was coming, was vastly and mightily incensed. It was not her hat alone that was thistle colour then: her face, her forehead, her neck all blazed and burned in one purple flush of rage. Only her cheeks stayed a changeless crimson, and that for a very excellent reason, easy to guess. Violently she turned herself to a serving-man who was following in her train, following so humbly, and being so much hidden by Madam's fallals and furbelows, that until that moment Miles had not even seen that he was there.

'Back, sirrah!' she said in a loud, angry voice, speaking to the man as if he had been a dog or a horse, 'back with thy staff and beat that unmannerly knave till thou hast taught him 'twere well he should learn to salute his betters.'

The servant was tired of following his lady like a lap-dog, and attending to all her whims and whimsies. Scenting sport more



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nearly to his liking, he obeyed, nothing loath. He fell upon Miles and beat him lustily and stoutly, expecting every moment that he would resist or beg for mercy.

Mistress Preston meanwhile, having turned full round, watched the thwacking blows, and counted each one as it fell, with a smile of pleasure. But her smile speedily became an angry frown, for Miles, well knowing to whom his chastisement was due, paid no heed to the serving-man, let him lay on never so soundly, but turned himself round under the blows, and cried out in a loud voice to her: 'Oh, thou Jezebel, thou proud Jezebel, canst thou not permit and suffer the servant of the Lord to pass by thee quietly?'

Now at that word 'Jezebel,' Mistress Preston's anger was yet more mightily inflamed against Miles, for she knew that he had discovered the reason why her cheeks had remained pink, and flushed not thistle purple like the rest of her countenance. Even the serving-man smiled to himself, a mocking smile, and hummed in a low voice, as he continued to lay the blows thickly on Miles, a ditty having this refrain—

'Jezebel, the proud Queen,
Painted her face,'

He did not suppose that his mistress would recognise the tune; but recognise it she did, and it increased her anger yet more, if that were possible. She flung out both hands in a fury, as if she would herself have struck at Miles, then, thinking him not fit for her touch, she changed her mind, and spat full in his face. Oh, what a savage Thistle was that woman, and worse far than any Thistle in her behaviour! Loudly, too, she exclaimed, 'I scorn to fall down at thy words!' Her meaning in saying this is not fully clear, but it may be, as Miles had called her Jezebel, she meant that no one should ever cast her down from her high estate, as Jezebel was cast down from the window in the Palace, whence she mocked at Jehu. This made Miles testify yet once more—'Thou proud Jezebel,' said he, 'thou that hardenest thine heart and brazenest thy face against the Lord and His servant, the Lord will plead with thee in His own time and set in order before thee the things thou hast this day done to His servant.'

By this time the lady's lackey had at length stopped his beating, not out of mercy to Miles, but simply because his arm was weary. Yet he still kept humming under his breath another verse of the same ditty, ending—

'Jezebel, the proud Queen,
'Tired her hair!'

Miles, therefore, being loosed from his hands, parted from both mistress and man, and left them standing without more words and himself passed on, bruised and buffeted, to continue his journey in sore discomfort of body until he came to Swarthmoor.



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Arrived at that gracious home, his friends comforted him and bound up his aching limbs, as indeed they were well accustomed to do in those days, when the guests who arrived at Swarthmoor had too often been sorely mishandled. Even to this day, in all the lanes around, may be seen the walls composed of sharp, grey, jagged stones, over which is creeping a covering of soft golden moss. So in those old days of which I write, men, aye and women too, often came to Swarthmoor torn and bleeding, perhaps sometimes with anger in their hearts (though Miles Halhead was not of these), and all alike found their inward and outward wounds staunch and assuaged by the never-failing sympathy of kindly hearts, and hands more soft than the softest golden moss. Thus Miles Halhead was comforted of his friends at Swarthmoor, and inwardly refreshed. Yet the matter of his encounter with the haughty lady, and of her prickly thistle nature, rested on his mind, and he could not be content without giving her yet one more chance to doff her prickles and become a sweet and fragrant flower in the garden of the Lord. Therefore, three months later, being continually urged thereunto by 'the true Teacher which is within,' he determined to take yet another journey and come himself to Holker Hall, and ask to speak with its mistress and endeavour to bring her to a better mind. Thither then in due course he came. Now a mansion surpassing grand is Holker Hall, the goodliest in all that country-side. And a plain man and a simple, as has been said, was Miles Halhead the husbandman of Mountjoy, even among the Quakers—who were none of them gay gallants. Nevertheless, being full of a great courage though small in stature, all weary and travel-stained as he was, to Holker Hall Miles Halhead came. He would not go to any back door or side door, seeing that his errand was to the mistress of the stately building. He walked therefore right up the broad avenue till he came to the front entrance, with its grand portico, where a king had been welcomed before now.

As luck would have it, the door stood open as the Quaker approached, and the mistress of Holker Hall herself happened to be passing through the hall behind. She paused a moment to look through the open door, intending most likely to mock at the odd figure she saw approaching. But on that instant she recognised Miles as the man who had called her Jezebel. Now Miles at first sight did not recognise her, and was doubtful if this could be the haughty Thistle lady he sought, or if it were not a Lily in very truth. For Mistress Preston was clad this hot day in a lily-like frock of white clear muslin, all open at the neck and short enough to show her ankles and little feet, and tied with a blue ribbon round the waist, a garb most innocent to look upon, and more suited to a girl in her teens than to the Justice's wife, the buxom mistress of Holker Hall.

Therefore Miles, not recognising her, did ask her if she were in truth the woman of the house. To which she, seeing his uncertainty, answered lyingly: 'No, that I am not, but if you



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would speak with Mistress Preston, I will entreat her to come to you.'

Even as the words left her lips, Miles was sensible that she was speaking falsely, seeing how, even under the paint, her cheeks took on a deeper hue. And she, ever mindful that it was that same man who had called her Jezebel, went into the house and returning presently with another woman, declared that here was Mistress Preston, and demanded what was his will with her. No sooner had she spoken a second time than it was manifested to Miles with perfect clearness that she herself and none other was the woman he sought. Wherefore, in spite of her different dress and girlish mien, he said to her, 'Woman, how darest thou lie before the Lord and His servant?'

And she, being silent, not speaking a word, he proceeded, 'Woman, hear thou what the Lord's servant hath to say unto thee,— O woman, harden not thy heart against the Lord, for if thou dost, He will cut thee off in His sore displeasure; therefore take warning in time, and fear the Lord God of Heaven and Earth, that thou mayest end thy days in peace.' Having thus spoken he went his way; she, how proud soever, not seeking to stay him nor doing him any harm, but standing there silent and dumb under the tall pillars of the door, being withheld and stilled by something, she knew not what.

Yet her thistle nature was not changed, though, for that time, her prickles were blunted. It chanced that several years later, when George Fox was a prisoner at Lancaster, this same gay madam came to him and 'belched out many railing words,' saying among the rest that 'his tongue should be cut off, and he be hanged.' Instead of which, it was she herself that was cut off and died not long after in a miserable condition.

Thus did Mistress Preston of Holker Hall refuse to bow her haughty spirit, yet the matter betwixt her and Miles ended not altogether there. For it happened that another April day, some three springs after Miles Halhead had encountered her the first time, as he was again riding from Swarthmoor towards his home near Underbarrow, and again being come near to Holker Hall, he met a man unknown to him by sight. This person, as Miles was crossing a meadow full of daffodils that grew beside a stream, would not let him pass, as he intended, but stopped and accosted him. 'Friend,' said he to Miles, 'I have something to say to you which hath lain upon me this long time. I am the man that about three years ago, at the command of my mistress, did beat you very sore; for which I have been very troubled, more than for anything which ever I did in all my life: for truly night and day it hath been in my heart that I did not well in beating an innocent man that never did me any hurt or harm. I pray you forgive me and desire the Lord to forgive me, that I may be at peace and rest in my mind.'

To whom Miles answered, 'Truly, friend, from that time to this day I have never had anything in my heart towards either thee



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or thy mistress but love. May God forgive you both. As for me, I desire that it may not be laid to your charge, for you knew not what you did.' Here Miles stopped and gave the man his hand and forthwith went on his way; and the serving-man went on his way; both of them with a glow of brotherhood and fellowship within their hearts. While the daffodils beside the stream looked up with sunlit faces to the sun, as they blew on their golden trumpets a blast of silent music, for joy that ancient injury was ended, and that in its stead goodwill had come.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

‘MILES HALHEAD AND THE HAUGHTY LADY.’

Historical. See Sewel's *HISTORY*, i. 129-131, and George Fox's *JOURNAL*, i. 53, 56, for George Fox's sermon.



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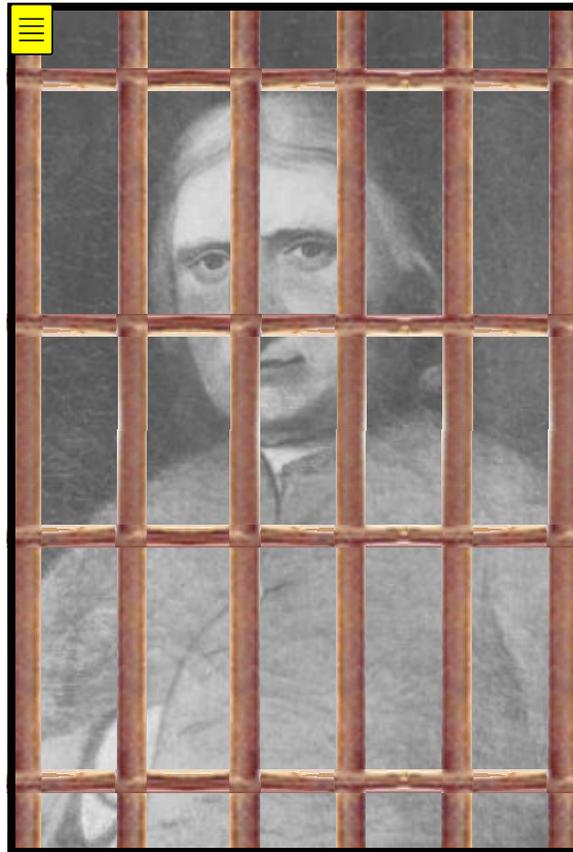
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1664

[Friend George Keith](#) was for a period incarcerated at the Tolbooth of Aberdeen.

While in prison at Lancaster, Friend [George Fox](#) created, either by writing himself or by dictating to an amanuensis, a relatively brief account of his “sufferings from preaching the truth.” This is much closer in time to the events described, than is the material which would be dictated in 1675 and which is now being characterized as THE [JOURNAL](#) OF GEORGE FOX.



RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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SCATTERING THE SEED⁵¹

'As early as 1654 sixty-three ministers, with their headquarters at Swarthmoor, and undoubtedly under central control, were travelling the country upon "Truth's ponies"'—JOHN WILHELM ROWNTREE.

'It is interesting to note and profitable to remember, how large a part these sturdy shepherds and husbandmen, from under the shade of the great mountains, had in preaching the doctrines of the Inward Light and of God's revelation of Himself to every seeking soul, in the softer and more settled countries of the South.'—THOMAS HODGKIN.

'Some speak to the conscience; some plough and break the clods; some weed out, and some sow; some wait that fowls devour not the seed. But wait all for the gathering of the simple-hearted ones.' ... 1651.

'Friends, spread yourselves abroad, that you may be serviceable for the Lord and His Truth.' 1654.

'Love the Truth more than all, and go on in the mighty power of God, as good soldiers of Christ, well-fixed in His glorious gospel, and in His word and power; that you may know Him, the life and salvation and bring up others into it.'—G. FOX.

'Go! Set the whole world on fire and in flames!'—IGNATIUS LOYOLA. (To one whom he sent on a distant mission.)

51. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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SCATTERING THE SEED

In Springtime the South of England is a Primrose Country. Gay carpets of primroses are spread in the woods; shy primroses peep out like stars in sheltered hedgerows; vain primroses are stooping down to look at their own faces in pools and streams, there are primroses, primroses everywhere. But in the North of England their 'paly gold' used to be a much rarer treasure. True, there were always a few primroses to be found in fortunate spots, if you knew exactly where to look for them; but they were not scattered broadcast over the country as they are further South. Therefore, North Country children never took primroses as a matter of course, they did not tear them up roughly, just for the fun of gathering them, drop them heedlessly the next minute and leave them on the road to die. North Country children used their precious holiday time to seek out their favourite flowers in their rare hiding-places.

'I've found one!' 'So have I!' 'There they are; two, three, four,-lots!' 'I see them!' The air would be full of delighted exclamations as the children scampered off, short legs racing, rosy cheeks flushing, bright eyes glowing with eagerness, to see who could take home the largest bunch.

The further north a traveller went, the rarer did primroses become, till in Northumberland, the most northerly county of all, primroses used to be very scarce indeed. Until, only a few years ago, a wonderful thing happened. There were days and weeks and months of warm sunny weather all through the spring and summer in that particular year. Old people smiled and nodded to one another as they said: 'None of us ever remembers a spring like this before!'

The tender leaves and buds and flowers undid their wrappings in a hurry to be first to catch sight of the sun, whose warm fingers had awakened them, long before their usual time, from their winter sleep. All over England the spring flowers had a splendid time of it that year.

Even the few scattered primroses living in what Southerners call 'the cold grey North' were obviously enjoying themselves. Their smooth, pale-yellow faces opened wider, and grew larger and more golden, day by day: while new, soft, pointed buds came poking up through their downy green blankets in unexpected places. Moreover, the warm weather lasted right through the summer. Not only did far more primroses flower than usual, but also, after they had faded, there was plenty of warmth to ripen the precious seed packet that each one had carried at its heart. No wonder the children clapped their hands, that joyous spring, when their treasures were so plentiful; but they feared that they would never have such good luck again, even if they lived to be as old as the old people who had 'never seen such a spring before.'



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It was not until a year later that the delighted children discovered that the long spell of sunshine and the Enchanter Wind had worked a lasting magic. The ripened seed had been scattered far and wide. The primroses had come to the North to stay; and new Paradises were springing up everywhere.

Now this is a primrose parable of many things, and worth remembering. Among other things it is an illustration of the change that was wrought all over England by the preaching of George Fox.

Think once again of the long bleak years of his youth, when he was struggling in a dark world into which it seemed as if no ray of light could pierce; when he and everyone else seemed to be frozen up in a wintry religion, without life or warmth. Then think how at length he felt the sap rising in his own soul, turning his whole being to the Light, as he found 'there is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' This discovery taught him that in all other men's hearts too, if they only knew, there was 'that of God.' Henceforward, to proclaim that Light to others and the seed within their own hearts that responds to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, was the service to which George Fox devoted his whole life. As his own being blossomed in the spiritual sunshine of his great discovery, he was able to persuade hundreds and thousands of other frozen hearts to yield themselves and turn to the Light, and open and blossom also in that same sunshine. A greater wonder followed. Those other lives, as they yielded themselves, began to ripen too, in different ways, but silently and surely, until they in their turn were ready to scatter the new seed, or, in the language of their day, to 'Publish Truth' up and down all over the country, until the whole face of England was changed. By the time of George Fox's death, more than one out of every hundred among all the people of England was a Friend. But the Friends never regarded themselves as a Sect, although Sects were flourishing at that time. In 1640 it is said that twenty new kinds of Sects blossomed out in the course of one week. George Fox and his followers believed that the discovery they had made was meant for everybody, as much as sunshine is. Other people nicknamed them 'Quakers,' but they always spoke of themselves by names that the whole world was welcome to share: 'Children of the Light,' 'Friends of the Truth,' or simply 'Friends.' There was nothing exclusive about such names as these. There was no such thing as membership in a society then or for more than fifty years afterwards. Anyone who was convinced by what he had heard, and lived in the spirit of what he professed, became 'Truth's Friend' in his turn.

Neither was there anything exclusive in George Fox's message. 'Keep yourselves in an universal spirit' was what he both preached and practised. It was in 'an universal spirit' that he and his followers scattered all over the country. No wonder they earned the name of 'the Valiant Sixty,' that little band of



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comrades who in 1654 started out from the North Country on their mission of convincing all England of 'the Truth.'

They were nearly all young men, their leader Fox himself still only thirty at this time. Francis Howgill and John Camm were two of the very few elders in the company. They usually travelled in couples, dear friends naturally going together; for is not the best work always done with the right companion? George Fox, who was leader, not by any outward signs of authority but by fervour of inward power and zeal, occasionally travelled alone. More often he took with him a comrade, such as Richard Farnsworth (of whom we have heard at Pendle), or James Nayler, or Leonard Fell, or many another, of whom there are other stories yet to tell.

Never was George Fox happier than when he was sowing the seed in a new place. All over England there are memories of him, even as far away as the Land's End.

When, in 1656, he reached the rocky peninsula of granite at the extreme south-west of England, he wrote in his journal: 'At Land's End we had a precious meeting. Here was a fisherman, Nicholas Jose, convinced, that became a faithful minister. He spoke in meetings and declared truth to the people, so that I told Friends he was "like Peter." I was glad the Lord raised up His standard in those dark parts of the nation, where since there is a fine meeting of honest-hearted Friends, and a great people the Lord will have in that country.'

Unluckily, some of the other Cornish fisherfolk were not at all 'like Peter.' They were wreckers, and used to entice ships on to the rocks by means of false lights in order to enrich themselves with the spoils washed up on their coasts. This is why George Fox spoke of them as a 'dark people,' and was moved to put forth a paper 'warning them against such wicked practices.'

There are memories of him also in the town which was then called Smethwick, and is now called Falmouth, as well as at grim old Pendennis Castle: one of the twin castles that had been built by King Henry the Eighth to guard the mouth of Falmouth harbour. Here George Fox was confined. From hence he was carried to Launceston, where he lay for many weeks in prison in the awful den of Doomsdale, under conditions so dreadful that it is impossible to describe them here. When, at length, he was set at liberty he found a refuge at the hospitable farmhouse of Tregangeeves near St. Austell—the Swarthmoor of the West of England—with its warm-hearted mistress, Loveday Hambley. At Exeter he stayed at an inn, at the foot of the bridge, named 'the Seven Stars.' In our own day some of his followers have found another 'Inn of Shining Stars' at Exeter also, when their turn has come to be lodged within the grim walls of the Gaol for conscience sake.

Now let us borrow the Giant's Seven-League boots, and fancy ourselves in the far North of England, in 1657, just leaving



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Cumberland and crossing the Scottish border. Again the same square-set figure in the plain, soft, wide hat is riding ahead. But on this journey George Fox has several others with him: one is our old acquaintance, James Lancaster: Alexander Parker is the name of another of his companions: the third, Robert Widders, Fox himself described as 'a thundering man.' With them rides a certain Colonel William Osborne, 'one of the earliest Quaker preachers north of the Tweed, who came into Cumberland at this time on purpose to guide the party.'⁵² Colonel Osborne, who had been present with the other travellers at a meeting at Pardshaw Crag shortly before, 'said that he never saw such a glorious meeting in his life.'

'Fox says that as soon as his horse set foot across the Border, the infinite sparks of life sparkled about him, and as he rode along he saw that the seed of the seedsman Christ was sown, but abundance of clods of foul and filthy earth was above it.'⁵³

A high-born Scottish lady, named Lady Margaret Hamilton, was convinced on this journey. She afterwards went in her turn to warn Oliver Cromwell of the Day of the Lord that was coming upon him. Various other distinguished people seem also to have been convinced at this time. The names of Fox's new disciples sound unusually imposing: 'Judge Swinton of Swinton; Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester; Walter Scott of Raeburn, Sir Gideon's brother; Charles Ormiston, merchant, Kelso; Anthony Haig of Bemersyde and William his brother'; but Quakerism never took firm root in the Northern Kingdom, as it did among the dalesmen and townfolk farther South.

Fox journeyed on, right into the Highlands, but he got no welcome there. 'We went among the clans,' he says, 'and they were devilish, and like to have spoiled us and our horses, and run with pitchforks at us, but through the Lord's power we escaped them.' At Perth, the Baptists were very bitter, and persuaded the Governor to drive the party from the town, whereupon 'James Lancaster was moved to sound and sing in the power of God, and I was moved to sound the Day of the Lord, the glorious everlasting Gospel; and all the streets were up and filled with people: and the soldiers were so ashamed that they cried, and said they had rather have gone to Jamaica⁵⁴ than to guard us so, and then they set us in a boat and set us over the water.'

At Leith many officers of the army and their wives came to see Fox. Among these latter was a certain Mrs. Billing, who lived alone, having quarrelled with her husband. She brought a handful of coral ornaments with her, and threw them on the table ostentatiously, in order to see if Fox would preach a sermon against such gewgaws, since the Quakers were well known to disapprove of jewellery and other vanities.

'I took no notice of it,' says Fox, 'but declared Truth to her,

52. W.C. Braithwaite, BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM.

53. W.C. Braithwaite, BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM.

54. Jamaica, with its deadly climate, had lately been taken by England from Spain, and was at this time proving the grave of hundreds of English soldiers.



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and she was reached.' What a picture it makes! The fine lady, with her chains and brooches and rings of smooth, rose-coloured coral heaped up on the table before her, her eyes cast down as she pretended to let the pretty trifles slip idly through her fingers, yet glancing up now and then, under her eyelashes, to see if she had managed to attract the great preacher's attention; and Fox, noticing the baubles well enough, but paying no attention to them. Fixing his piercing eyes not on the coral but on its owner, he spoke to Mrs. Billing with such power that her whole life was changed. Once more Fox had found 'that of God' within this seemingly frivolous woman. Before he left Scotland he had the happiness of persuading Mrs. Billing to send for her husband, and of helping to make up the quarrel between them. They agreed eventually to live in unity together once more as man and wife.

Fox journeyed on, in this way, year after year, always sowing the seed wherever he went, and sometimes having the joy of seeing it spring up above the clods and bring forth fruit an hundredfold. Even during the long weary intervals of captivity this service still continued. 'Indeed, Fox and his fellow-sufferers never looked upon prison as an interruption in their life service, but used the new surroundings in a fresh campaign.'⁵⁵ Thus, the historian tells us: 'Though George Fox found good entertainment, yet he did not settle there but kept in a continual motion, going from one place to another, to beget souls unto God.'⁵⁶

The rest of the 'Valiant Sixty,' meanwhile, were likewise busy, going up and down the country, working in different places and with different methods, but all intent on the one enterprise of 'Publishing Truth.' 'And so when the churches were settled in the North,' says the Journal, 'and the Lord had raised up many and sent forth many into His Vineyard to preach His everlasting Gospel, as Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough to London, John Camm and John Audland to Bristol through the countries, Richard Hubberthorne and George Whitehead towards Norwich, and Thomas Holme unto Wales, that a matter of sixty ministers did the Lord raise up and send abroad out of the North Countries.'

There were far fewer big towns in England in those days than there are now. Probably at least two-thirds of the people lived in the country, and only the remaining third were townsfolk: nowadays the proportions are more than reversed. There was then no thickly populated 'Black Country'; there were then no humming mills in the woollen districts of Yorkshire, no iron and steel works soiling the pure rivers of Tees and Wear and Tyne. Most of the chief towns and industries at that time were in the South. 'London had a population of half a million. Bristol, the principal seaport, had about thirty thousand; Norwich, with a similar number of inhabitants, was still the largest manufacturing city. The publishers of Truth would now make these

55. CAMEOS FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE FOX, by E.E. Taylor.

56. Sewel's HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS.



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three places their chief fields of service, showing something of the same concentration of effort at strategic centres which marked the extension of Christianity through the Roman Empire, under the leadership of Paul.'⁵⁷

A certain impetuous lad named James Parnell, already a noted Minister though still in his teens, was hard at work in the counties of East Anglia. In the next story we shall hear how Howgill and Burrough fared in their mission 'to conquer London.' Splendid tidings came from the two Johns, John Audland and John Camm, of their progress in Bristol and the West: 'The mighty power of God is that way; that is a precious city and a gallant people: their net is like to break with fishes, they have caught so much there and all the coast thereabout.' The memory of the enthusiasm of those early days lingered long in the West, in the memory of those who had shared in them. 'Ah! those great meetings in the Orchard at Bristol I may not forget,' wrote John Audland many years later, 'I would so gladly have spread my net over all and have gathered all, that I forgot myself, never considering the inability of my body,—but it's well, my reward is with me, and I am content to give up and be with the Lord, for that my soul values above all things.'

Women also were among the first Publishers of Truth and helped to spread the message. Even before Burrough and Howgill reached London, two women had been there, gently scattering the new seed. It is recorded that one of them, named Isabella Buttery, 'sometimes spoke a few words in this small meeting.'

Two Quaker girls from Kendal, Elizabeth Leavens and 'little Elizabeth Fletcher,' were the first to preach in Oxford, and a terrible time they had of it. 'Little Elizabeth Fletcher' was then only seventeen, 'a modest, grave, young woman.' Jane Waugh, one of the 'convinced' serving-maids at Cammsgill, was a friend of hers; but Jane Waugh's turn for suffering had not yet come. She was still in the North when the two Elizabeths reached Oxford. This is the account of what befell them there: 'The 20th day of the 4th month [June] 1654 came to this city two maids, who went through the streets and into the Colleges, steeple and tower houses, preaching repentance and declaring the word of the Lord to the people.... On the 25th day of the same month they were moved to go to Martin's Mass House (alias) Carefox, where one of those maids, after the priest had done, spake something in answer to what the priest had before spoken in exhortation to the people, and presently were by two Justices sent to prison.' The Mayor of Oxford seems to have been pleased with the behaviour of the two girls and caused them to be set at liberty again. But the Vice-Chancellor and the Justices would not agree to this, and 'earnestly enquired from whence they came, and their business to Oxford. They answered, "they were commanded of the Lord to come"; and it being demanded "what to do," they answered, to "declare against Sin and Ungodliness, which they



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lived in." And at this answer the Vice-Chancellor and the Justices ordered their punishment, to be whipped out of town, and demanding of the Mayor to agree to the same, and for refusing, said they would do it of themselves, and signing a paper, the contents whereof was this: To be severely whipped, and sent out of Town as Vagrants. And forthwith, because of the tumult, they were put into the Cage, a place common for the worst of people; and accordingly the next morning, they were whipped, and sent away, and on the backside of the City, meeting some scholars, they were moved to speak to them, who fell on them very violently, and drew them into John's College, where they tied them back to back and pumped water on them, until they were almost stifled; and they being met at another time as they passed through a Graveyard, where a corpse was to be buried, Elizabeth Holme spake something to the Priest and people, and one Ann Andrews thrust her over a grave stone, which hurt she felt near to her dying day.'

Two other women, Elizabeth Williams and a certain Mary Fisher (who was hereafter to go on a Mission to no less a person than the Grand Turk), were also cruelly flogged at Cambridge for daring to 'publish Truth' there. 'The Mayor ... issued his warrant to the Constable to whip them at the Market Cross till the blood ran down their bodies; and ordered three of his sergeants to see that sentence, equally cruel and lawless, severely executed. The poor women kneeling down, in Christian meekness besought the Lord to forgive him, for that he knew not what he did: so they were led to the Market Cross, calling upon God to strengthen their Faith. The Executioner commanded them to put off their clothes, which they refused. Then he stripped them naked to the waist, put their arms into the whipping-post, and executed the Mayor's warrant far more cruelly than is usually done to the worst of malefactors, so that their flesh was miserably cut and torn. The constancy and patience which they expressed under this barbarous usage was astonishing to the beholders, for they endured the cruel torture without the least change of countenance or appearance of uneasiness, and in the midst of their punishment sang and rejoiced, saying, "The Lord be blessed, the Lord be praised, who hath thus honoured us and strengthened us to suffer for his Name's sake." ... As they were led back into the town they exhorted the people to fear God, not man, telling them "this was but the beginning of the sufferings of the people of God."' ⁵⁸

These two women were the first Friends to be publicly whipped in England. But their prophecy that 'this was but the beginning' was only too literally fulfilled.

Not only had bodily sufferings to be undergone by these brave 'First Publishers.' Malicious reports were also spread against them, which must have been almost harder to bear.

William Prynne, the same William Prynne who had had his own ears

58. Besse, SUFFERINGS OF THE QUAKERS.



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cropped in earlier days by order of the Star Chamber, but who had not, apparently, learned charity to others through his own sufferings, published a pamphlet that was spread abroad throughout England. It was called 'The Quakers unmasked, and clearly detected to be but the Spawn of Romish Frogs, Jesuits and Franciscan Friars, sent from Rome to seduce the intoxicated giddy-headed English Nation.' George Fox called the pamphlet in which he answered this charge by an almost equally uncharitable title: 'The Unmasking and Discovery of Antichrist, with all the false Prophets, by the true Light which comes from Christ Jesus.'

The seventeenth century has truly been called 'a very ill-mannered century.' Certainly these were not pretty names for pamphlets that were so widely read that, to quote the graphic expression of an earlier writer, 'they walked up and down England at deer rates.'

Yet, still, in spite of bodily ill-usage and imprisonment, through good report and through evil report, through fair weather and foul, the work of scattering the seed continued steadily, day after day, month after month, year after year. The messengers went on, undaunted; the Message spread and took root throughout the land; the trials of the work were swallowed up in the triumphant joy of service and of 'Publishing Truth.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

'SCATTERING THE SEED.'

Historical. Details taken from George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 141, 209, 347; 292, 297; 11, 337. See also Chapter viii. 'The Mission to the South,' in 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' by W.C. Braithwaite. Also 'FIRST PUBLISHERS OF TRUTH,' for accounts of the work in the different counties mentioned.



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1665

Friend George Keith's A SALUTATION OF DEAR AND TENDER LOVE TO THE SEED OF GOD ARISING IN ABERDEEN, IN 2 EPISTLES. DIRECTED UNTO FRIENDS OF TRUTH IN THAT PLACE, WHOM THE LORD HATH CALLED, AND IS CALLING FORTH TO BEAR THEIR TESTIMONY FOR HIS GLORIOUS TRUTH, (AGAINST AN EVIL, ADULTEROUS, AND PERSECUTING GENERATION) WITH OTHERS THEIR DEAR FRIENDS IN THESE NATIONS. WRIT BY GEORGE KEITH, PRISONER FOR THE SAID TESTIMONY IN THE TOLBOOTH OF ABERDEEN, 1664.⁵⁹

During this year and the following one, while the Great Plague in London was continuing toward its grand total of some 75,000 fatalities, Friend George Fox would be spending a whole lot of his time in detention at Scarborough Castle. During this year he would write an epistle entitled "The Saints' Weapons Are Spiritual, That The Blessing Of God May Come Upon All Men":



We are not against any man, but desire that the blessing of the Lord may come upon all men, and that which brings the curse may be destroyed; and in patience do we wait for that, and with spiritual weapons against it do we wrestle, and not against any man or woman's person. For amongst us Christ is King, who bringeth the blessing, and destroyeth that which brought the curse. And whoever dwells in righteousness, (man or woman,) and loves mercy, and doth justly, and walks humbly with God, and hath the humility, which goes before the honour, we are not against. But whosoever doth unrighteously, or doth not justly, nor righteously, nor walk humbly before God, and will have honour before humility, God will overturn such by his power. And in that let your faith be; for we look not at persons, but at the power of God; and know the reign of Christ among us. And as it is said, "God save the king," or "God bless the king;" we would not have him nor any man destroyed, but save; and so blessed. And the saved man will not suffer any thing to rule that destroys; and so our mind is, and we would that all men were saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth, which the persecutors are out of. And all Friends, dwell in the endless power of the Lord, in which the supremacy is know, and the power which hath no end; whose dominion is over all dominions, and will stand when all other have an end; in that is the patience felt, which runneth the race, and obtaineth the crown; and that hath the wisdom, which is sweet, and cool, and pure, whereby the living truth hath the supremacy and dominion, and in that keep your meetings.

G.F.

George Fox

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

59. In this thumbnail of the life of Friend George Keith, you will find there to be a truly enormous number of truly enormous book titles. Be assured that some of these polemic titles are in fact here abbreviated, and be assured that the publications mentioned are far from providing a total list of the various publications put out throughout his floruit by this prolific controversialist. The truth is far worse than here presented.



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After the assize, Colonel Kirby and other justices were very uneasy with my being at Lancaster; for I had galled them sore at my trials there, and they laboured much to get me removed thence to some remote place. Colonel Kirby sometimes threatened that I should be sent beyond sea.

About six weeks after the assizes they got an order from the King and council to remove me from Lancaster; and with it they brought a letter from the Earl of Anglesey, wherein it was written that if those things with which I was charged were found true against me, I deserved no clemency nor mercy; yet the greatest matter they had against me was because I could not disobey the command of Christ, and swear.

When they had prepared for my removal, the under-sheriff and the head-sheriff's man, with some bailiffs, fetched me out of the castle, when I was so weak with lying in that cold, wet, and smoky prison, that I could hardly go or stand. They led me into the jailer's house, where were William Kirby and several others, and they called for wine to give me. I told them I would have none of their wine. Then they cried, "Bring out the horses."

I desired them first to show me their order, or a copy of it, if they intended to remove me; but they would show me none but their swords. I told them there was no sentence passed upon me, nor was I præmunired, that I knew of; and therefore I was not made the King's prisoner, but was the sheriff's; for they and all the country knew that I was not fully heard at the last assize, nor suffered to show the errors in the indictment, which were sufficient to quash it, though they had kept me from one assize to another to the end they might try me. But they all knew there was no sentence of præmunire passed upon me; therefore I, not being the King's prisoner, but the sheriff's, did desire to see their order.

Instead of showing me their order, they haled me out, and lifted me upon one of the sheriff's horses.

When I was on horseback in the street the townspeople being gathered to gaze upon me, I told the officers I had received neither Christianity, civility, nor humanity from them.

They hurried me away about fourteen miles to Bentham, though I was so weak that I was hardly able to sit on horseback, and my clothes smelt so of smoke they were loathsome to myself. The wicked jailer, one Hunter, a young fellow, would come behind and give the horse a lash with his whip, and make him skip and leap; so that I, being weak, had much ado to sit on him; then he would come and look me in the face and say, "How do you, Mr. Fox?" I told him it was not civil in him to do so. The Lord cut him off soon after.

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When we were come to Bentham, in Yorkshire, there met us many troopers and a marshal; and many of the gentry of the country were come in, and abundance of people to take a view of me. I being very weak and weary, desired them to let me lie down on a bed, which the soldiers permitted; for those that brought me thither gave their order to the marshal, and he set a guard of his soldiers upon me.

When they had stayed awhile they pressed horses, raised the bailiff of the hundred, the constables, and others, and bore me to Giggleswick that night; but exceeding weak I was. There, with their clog shoes, they raised the constables, who sat drinking all the night in the room by me, so that I could not get much rest.

The next day we came to a market-town, where several Friends came to see me. Robert Widders and diverse Friends came to me upon the road.

The next night I asked the soldiers whither they intended to carry me, and whither I was to be sent. Some of them said, "Beyond sea"; others said, "To Tynemouth Castle." A great fear there was amongst them lest some one should rescue me out of their hands; but that fear was needless.

Next night we came to York, where the marshal put me into a great chamber, where most part of two troops came to see me. One of these troopers, an envious man, hearing that I was præmunired, asked me what estate I had, and whether it was copyhold or free land. I took no notice of his question, but was moved to declare the Word of life to the soldiers, and many of them were very loving.

At night the Lord Frecheville (so called), who commanded these horse, came to me, and was very civil and loving. I gave him an account of my imprisonment, and declared many things to him relating to Truth.

They kept me at York two days, and then the marshal and four or five soldiers were sent to convey me to Scarborough Castle. These were very civil men, and they carried themselves civilly and lovingly to me. On the way we baited at Malton, and they permitted Friends to come and visit me.

When we were come to Scarborough, they took me to an inn, and gave notice to the governor, who sent six soldiers to be my guard that night.

Next day they conducted me into the castle, put me into a room, and set a sentry on me. As I was very weak, and subject to fainting, they sometimes let me go out into the air with the sentry.

They soon removed me out of this room, and put me into an open one, where the rain came in, and which was exceedingly thick with smoke, which was very offensive to me.

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One day the Governor, Sir John Crossland, came to see me, and brought with him Sir Francis Cobb. I desired the Governor to go into my room, and see what a place I had. I had got a little fire made in it, and it was so filled with smoke that when they were in they could hardly find their way out again; and he being a Papist, I told him that this was his Purgatory which they had put me into. I was forced to lay out about fifty shillings to stop out the rain, and keep the room from smoking so much. When I had been at that charge, and made it tolerable, they removed me into a worse room, where I had neither chimney nor fire-hearth. This being towards the sea-side and lying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly so that the water came over my bed, and ran so about the room that I was fain to skim it up with a platter. When my clothes were wet, I had no fire to dry them; so that my body was benumbed with cold, and my fingers swelled so that one was grown as big as two.

Though I was at some charge in this room also, I could not keep out the wind and rain. Besides, they would suffer few Friends to come to me, and many times not any; no, not so much as to bring me a little food; but I was forced for the first quarter to hire one of another society to bring me necessaries. Sometimes the soldiers would take it from her, and she would scuffle with them for it.

Afterwards I hired a soldier to fetch me water and bread, and something to make a fire of, when I was in a room where a fire could be made. Commonly a threepenny loaf served me three weeks, and sometimes longer, and most of my drink was water with wormwood steeped or bruised in it. One time the weather was very sharp, and I had taken great cold, I got a little elecampane beer. I heard one of the soldiers say to the other that they would play me a trick: they would send me up to the deputy-governor, and in the meantime drink my strong beer; and so they did. When I came back one of the soldiers came to me in a jeer, and asked me for some strong beer. I told him they had played their pretty trick; and so I took no further notice of it.

But inasmuch as they kept me so very strait, not giving liberty for Friends to come to me, I spoke to the keepers of the Castle to this effect: "I did not know till I was removed from Lancaster Castle, and brought prisoner to this Castle of Scarborough, that I was convicted of a præmunire; for the Judge did not give sentence upon me at the assizes in open court. But seeing I am now a prisoner here, if I may not have my liberty, let my friends and acquaintances have their liberty to come and visit me, as Paul's friends had among the Romans, who were not Christians, but heathen. For Paul's friends had their liberty; all that would, might come to him, and he had his liberty to preach to them in his hired house. But I cannot have liberty to go into the town, nor for my friends to come to me here. So you that go under the name of Christians, are worse in this respect than those heathen were."

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** But though they would not let Friends come to me, they would often bring others, either to gaze upon me, or to contend with me. One time a great company of Papists came to discourse with me. They affirmed that the Pope was infallible, and had stood infallible ever since Peter's time. But I showed them the contrary by history; for one of the bishops of Rome (Marcellinus by name), denied the faith and sacrificed to idols; therefore he was not infallible. I told them that if they were in the infallible Spirit they need not have jails, swords, and staves, racks and tortures, fires and faggots, whips and gallows, to hold up their religion, and to destroy men's lives about it; for if they were in the infallible Spirit they would preserve men's lives, and use none but spiritual weapons about religion.*

Another Papist who came to discourse with me said, "All the patriarchs were in hell from the creation till Christ came. When Christ suffered He went into hell, and the devil said to Him, What comest thou hither for? to break open our strongholds? And Christ said, To fetch them all out. So Christ was three days and three nights in hell to bring them out."

I told him that that was false; for Christ said to the thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise"; and Enoch and Elijah were translated into heaven; and Abraham was in heaven, for the Scripture saith that Lazarus was in his bosom; and Moses and Elias were with Christ upon the Mount, before He suffered.

These instances stopped the Papist's mouth, and put him to a stand.

Another time came Dr. Witty, who was esteemed a great doctor in physic, with Lord Falconbridge, the governor of Tinmouth Castle, and several knights.

I being called to them, Witty undertook to discourse with me, and asked me what I was in prison for. I told him, "Because I would not disobey the command of Christ, and swear." He said I ought to swear my allegiance to the King.

He being a great Presbyterian, I asked him whether he had not sworn against the King and House of Lords, and taken the Scotch covenant? And had he not since sworn to the King? What, then, was his swearing good for? But my allegiance, I told him, did not consist in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness.

After some further discourse I was taken away to my prison again; and afterwards Dr. Witty boasted in the town amongst his patients that he had conquered me. When I heard of it, I told the Governor it was a small boast in him to say he had conquered a bondman. I desired to bid him come to me again when he came to the Castle.

He came again awhile after, with about sixteen or seventeen great persons, and then he ran himself worse on ground than before. For he affirmed before them all that Christ had not enlightened every man that cometh into the world; and that the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, had not appeared unto all men, and that Christ had not died for all men.

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I asked him what sort of men those were whom Christ had not enlightened? and whom His grace had not appeared to? and whom He had not died for? He said, "Christ did not die for adulterers, and idolaters, and wicked men."

I asked him whether adulterers and wicked men were not sinners.

He said, "Yes."

"Did not Christ die for sinners?" said I. "Did He not come to call sinners to repentance?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then," said I, "thou hast stopped thy own mouth."

So I proved that the grace of God had appeared unto all men, though some turned from it into wantonness, and walked despitefully against it; and that Christ had enlightened all men, though some hated the light. Several of the people confessed it was true; but he went away in a great rage, and came no more to me.

Another time the Governor brought a priest; but his mouth was soon stopped.

Not long after he brought two or three Parliament-men, who asked me whether I did own ministers and bishops.

I told them, "Yes, such as Christ sent; such as had freely received and would freely give; such as were qualified, and were in the same power and Spirit the apostles were in. But such bishops and teachers as yours, that will go no farther than a great benefice, I do not own; for they are not like the apostles. Christ saith to his ministers, 'Go ye into all nations, and preach the gospel'; but ye Parliament-men, who keep your priests and bishops in such great fat benefices, have spoiled them all. For do ye think they will go into all nations to preach; or any farther than a great fat benefice? Judge yourselves whether they will or not."

There came another time the widow of old Lord Fairfax, and with her a great company, one of whom was a priest. I was moved to declare the truth to them, and the priest asked me why we said Thou and Thee to people, for he counted us but fools and idiots for speaking so.

I asked him whether they that translated the Scriptures and that made the grammar and accidence, were fools and idiots, seeing they translated the Scriptures so, and made the grammar so, Thou to one, and You to more than one, and left it so to us. If they were fools and idiots, why had not he, and such as he, that looked upon themselves as wise men, and that could not bear Thou and Thee to a singular, altered the grammar, accidence, and Bible, and put the plural instead of the singular. But if they were wise men that had so translated the Bible, and had made the grammar and accidence so, I wished him to consider whether they were not fools and idiots themselves, that did not speak as their grammars and Bibles taught them; but were offended with us, and called us fools and idiots for speaking so.

Thus the priest's mouth was stopped, and many of the company acknowledged the Truth, and were pretty loving and tender. Some of them would have given me money, but I would not receive it.

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After this came Dr. Cradock, with three priests more, and the Governor and his lady (so called), and another that was called a lady, and a great company with them.

Dr. Cradock asked me what I was in prison for. I told him, "For obeying the command of Christ and the apostle, in not swearing." But if he, I said, being both a doctor and a justice of peace, could convince me that after Christ and the Apostle had forbidden swearing, they commanded Christians to swear, then I would swear. "Here is the Bible," I told him, "thou mayest, if thou canst, show me any such command."

He said, "It is written, 'Ye shall swear in truth and righteousness.'" "Ay," said I, "it was so written in Jeremiah's time; but that was many ages before Christ commanded not to swear at all; but where is it written so, since Christ forbade all swearing? I could bring as many instances out of the Old Testament for swearing as thou, and it may be more; but of what force are they to prove swearing lawful in the New Testament, since Christ and the Apostle forbade it? Besides," said I, "in that text where it is written, Ye shall swear, what 'ye' was this? Was it 'Ye Gentiles,' or 'Ye Jews'?"

To this he would not answer. But one of the priests that were with him answered, "It was to the Jews that this was spoken." Then Dr. Cradock confessed it was so.

"Very well," said I, "but where did God ever give a command to the Gentiles to swear? For thou knowest that we are Gentiles by nature."

"Indeed," said he, "in the gospel times everything was to be established out of the mouths of two or three witnesses; but there was to be no swearing then."

"Why, then," said I, "dost thou force oaths upon Christians, contrary to thy own knowledge, in the gospel-times? And why dost thou excommunicate my friends?" for he had excommunicated abundance both in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

** He said, "For not coming to church." "Why," said I, "ye left us above twenty years ago, when we were but young lads and lasses, to the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, many of whom made spoil of our goods, and persecuted us because we would not follow them. We, being young, knew little then of your principles. If ye had intended to keep your principles alive, that we might have known them, ye should either not have fled from us as ye did, or ye should have sent us your epistles, collects, homilies, and evening songs; for Paul wrote epistles to the saints, though he was in prison. But they and we might have turned Turks or Jews for any collects, homilies, or epistles we had from you all this while. And now thou hast excommunicated us, both young and old, and so have others of you done; that is, ye have put us out of your church before ye have got us into it, and before ye have brought us to know your principles. Is not this madness in you, to put us out before we were brought in? Indeed, if ye had brought us into your church, and when we had been in, if we had done some bad thing, that had been something like a ground for excommunication or putting out again. But," said I, "What dost thou call the Church?"*



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"Why," said he, "that which you call the steeple-house."
Then I asked him whether Christ shed His blood for the steeple-house, and purchased and sanctified the steeple-house with His blood. And seeing the Church is Christ's bride and wife, and that He is the Head of the Church, dost thou think the steeple-house is Christ's wife and bride, and that He is the head of that old house, or of His people?"
"No," said he, "Christ is the head of His people, and they are the Church."
"But," said I, "You have given the title Church to an old house, which belongs to the people; and you have taught them to believe so." I asked him also why he persecuted Friends for not paying tithes; whether God ever commanded the Gentiles to pay tithes; whether Christ had not ended tithes when He ended the Levitical priesthood that took tithes; whether Christ, when He sent His disciples to preach, had not commanded them to preach freely as He had given them freely; and whether all the ministers of Christ are not bound to observe this command of Christ. He said he would not dispute that.
Neither did I find he was willing to stay on that subject; for he presently turned to another matter, and said, "You marry, but I know not how."
I replied, "It may be so; but why dost thou not come and see?"
Then he threatened that he would use his power against us, as he had done. I bade him take heed; for he was an old man. I asked him also where he read, from Genesis to Revelation, that ever any priest did marry any. I wished him to show me some instance thereof? if he would have us come to them to be married; "for," said I, "thou hast excommunicated one of my friends two years after he was dead, about his marriage. And why dost thou not excommunicate Isaac, and Jacob, and Boaz, and Ruth? for we do not read that they were ever married by the priests; but they took one another in the assemblies of the righteous, in the presence of God and His people; and so do we. So that we have all the holy men and women that the Scripture speaks of in this practice, on our side."
Much discourse we had, but when he found he could get no advantage over me, he went away with his company.
With such people I was much exercised while I was there; for most that came to the Castle would desire to speak with me, and great disputes I had with them. But as to Friends, I was as a man buried alive; for though many came far to see me, yet few were suffered to come to me; and when any Friend came into the Castle about business, if he looked towards me they would rage at him.
At last the Governor came under some trouble himself; for he having sent a privateer to sea, they took some ships that were not enemies' ships, but their friends'; whereupon he was brought into trouble; after which he grew somewhat more friendly to me. For before I had a marshal set over me, on purpose to get money out of me; but I was not free to give him a farthing; and when they found they could get nothing off me, he was taken away again.

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** The officers often threatened that I should be hanged over the wall. Nay, the deputy-governor told me once that the King, knowing I had great interest in the people, had sent me thither, that if there should be any stirring in the nation, they should hang me over the wall to keep the people down.*

There being, a while after, a marriage at a Baptist's house, upon which occasion a great many of them were met together, they talked much then of hanging me. But I told them that if that was what they desired, and it was permitted them, I was ready, for I never feared death nor sufferings in my life; but I was known to be an innocent, peaceable man, free from all stirrings and plottings, and one that sought the good of all men. 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, 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.

There were, amongst the prisoners, two very bad men, that often sat drinking with the officers and soldiers; and because I would not sit and drink with them too, it made them the worse against me. One time when these two prisoners were drunk, one of them (whose name was William Wilkinson, a Presbyterian, who had been a captain), came to me and challenged me to fight with him.

Seeing what condition he was in, I got out of his way; and next morning, when he was more sober, showed him how unmanly it was in him to challenge a man to fight, whose principles, he knew, it was not to strike, but if he was stricken on one ear to turn the other. I told him, if he had a mind to fight, he should have challenged some soldiers that could have answered him in his own way.

But, however, seeing he had challenged me, I was now come to answer him with my hands in my pockets; and (reaching my head towards him), "Here," said I, "here is my hair, here are my cheeks, here is my back."

With this he skipped away from me and went into another room; at which the soldiers fell a-laughing; and one of the officers said, "You are a happy man that can bear such things." Thus he was conquered without a blow. After awhile he took the oath, gave bond, got out of prison; and not long after the Lord cut him off.

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There were great imprisonments in this and the former years, while I was prisoner at Lancaster and Scarborough. At London many Friends were crowded into Newgate, and other prisons, where the sickness was [the London plague of 1665], and many died in prison. Many also were banished, and several sent on ship-board by the King's order.

Some masters of ships would not carry them, but set them on shore again; yet some were sent to Barbadoes, Jamaica, and Nevis, and the Lord blessed them there. One master of a ship was very wicked and cruel to Friends that were put on board his ship; for he kept them down under decks, though the sickness was amongst them; so that many died of it. But the Lord visited him for his wickedness; for he lost most of his seamen by the plague, and lay several months crossed with contrary winds, though other ships went on and made their voyages.

At last he came before Plymouth, where the Governor and magistrates would not suffer him nor any of his men to come ashore, though he wanted necessaries for his voyage; but Thomas tower, Arthur Cotton, John Light, and other Friends, went to the ship's side, and carried necessaries for the Friends that were prisoners on board.

The master, being thus crossed and vexed, cursed them that put him upon this freight, and said he hoped he should not go far before he was taken. And the vessel was but a little while gone out of sight of Plymouth before she was taken by a Dutch man-of-war, and carried into Holland.

When they came into Holland, the States sent the banished Friends back to England, with a letter of passport, and a certificate that they had not made an escape, but were sent back by them.

In time the Lord's power wrought over this storm, and many of our persecutors were confounded and put to shame.

After I had lain prisoner above a year in Scarborough Castle, I sent a letter to the King, in which I gave him an account of my imprisonment, and the bad usage I had received in prison; and also that I was informed no man could deliver me but him. After this, John Whitehead being at London, and having acquaintance also with Esquire Marsh, he 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, who would endeavor to get a release for me.

So John Whitehead and Ellis Hookes drew up a relation 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. The substance of the order was that "the King, being certainly informed that I was a man principled against plotting and fighting, and had been ready at all times to discover plots, rather than to make any, etc., therefore his royal pleasure was that I should be discharged from my imprisonment," etc.

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WRESTLING FOR GOD⁶⁰

'Being but a boy, Edward Burrough had the spirit of a man. Reviling, slandering, buffetting and caning were oft his lot. Nothing could make this hero shrink.'—SEWEL.

'His natural disposition was bold and manly, what he took in hand he did with his might; loving, courteous, merciful and easy to be entreated; he delighted in conference and reading of the holy scriptures.'—'Piety Promoted.'

'Dear Brother, mind the Lord and stand in His will and counsel. And dwell in the pure measure of God in thee, and there thou wilt see the Lord God present with thee. For the bringing forth many out of prison art thou there set; behold the word of the Lord cannot be bound. The Lord God of Power give thee wisdom, courage, manhood, and boldness, to thresh down all deceit. Dear Heart, be valiant, and mind the pure Spirit of God in thee, to guide thee up into God, to thunder down all deceit within and without. So farewell, and God Almighty keep you.'—GEORGE FOX, to a friend in the ministry.

'So, all dear and tender hearts, abide in the counsel of God, and let not the world overcome your minds but wait for a daily victory over it.'—E. BURROUGH.

'Give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thee in Love.'—RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

60. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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'A brisk young man with a ready tongue' was the verdict passed upon Edward Burrough, the hero of this story, by a certain Mr. Thomas Ellwood when he met him first in the year 1659.

Ellwood himself, who thus described his new acquaintance, was a young man too at that time, of good education and scholarly tastes. He became later the friend of a certain Mr. John Milton, who thought sufficiently well of his judgment to allow him to read his poetry before it was published, and to ask him what he thought of it; even, occasionally, to act upon his suggestions. Ellwood, therefore, was clearly the possessor of a sober judgment, and not a likely person to be carried away by the glib words of a wandering preacher. Yet that 'brisk young man,' Edward Burrough, did not only 'reach him' with his 'ready tongue,' he also completely 'convinced' him, and altered his whole life: Ellwood returned to his family ready to suffer hardship if need be on behalf of his newly-found faith.

Ellwood's own adventures, however, do not concern us here, but those of the young man who convinced him.

Edward Burrough was one of the best loved and most valiant of all those 'Valiant Sixty' ministers who went forth throughout the length and breadth of England, in 1654, on their new, wonderful enterprise of 'Publishing Truth.' If Edward Burrough was still 'young and brisk' when Ellwood first came across him, he must have been yet younger and brisker on that summer's day, five years earlier, when he left his home in Westmorland in order to 'conquer London.' This was an ambitious undertaking truly for any man, however brisk and ready of tongue.

It is true that the London of those long-ago days of the Commonwealth, before the Great Fire, was a much more compact city than the gigantic, overgrown London of to-day. Instead of 'sprawling over five or six counties,'⁶¹ and containing six or seven million inhabitants, London was then a comparatively small place, its population, though rapidly increasing, did not yet number one million.

'An old map of the year 1610 shows us that London and Westminster were then two neighbouring cities surrounded by meadows. "Totten Court" was an outlying country village. Oxford Street is marked on this map as "The way to Uxbridge," and runs between meadows and pastures. The Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Church, ... and some other landmarks are indeed there, but it is curious to read the accounts given by the chronicles of the day of its narrow and dirty streets, in which carts and coaches jostled one another, and foot passengers found it difficult to get along at all.... When the King went to Parliament, faggots were thrown into the ruts in the streets through which he passed, to make

61. STORY OF QUAKERISM, E.B. Emmott.



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it easier for his state coach to drive over the uneven roads!'⁶² Nevertheless this gay little countrified town of timbered houses, surrounded by meadows and orchards, and overlooked by the green heights of 'Hamsted' and Primrose Hill, was then as now the Capital City of England. And England under Oliver Cromwell was one of the most powerful of the States of Europe. Therefore if a young man barely out of his teens were to succeed in 'conquering London,' and bending it to his will, he would certainly need all his briskness and readiness of tongue.

Edward Burrough probably entered London alone and on foot, after a journey extending over several weeks. He had left his native Westmorland in company with good John Camm, the 'statesman' farmer of Cammsgill. The first stages of their journey were made on horseback. Many a quiet talk the two men must have had together as they rode through the green lanes of England,—that long-ago England of the Commonwealth, its clear skies unstained by any tall chimneys or factory smoke. There were but few hedgerows then, 'a single hedge is a marked feature in the contemporary maps.'⁶³ The cornfields stretched away in a broad, unbroken expanse as they do to-day on the Continent of Europe and in the lands of the New World.

As they rode, Camm would tell Burrough, doubtless, of his first sight of George Fox, preaching in Sedbergh Churchyard, under the ancient yew-tree opposite the market cross, on that never-to-be-forgotten day of the Whitsuntide Fair. The story of the 'Wonderful Fortnight' would be sure to follow; of the 'Mighty Meeting' on the Fell outside Firbank Chapel; of the gathering of the Seekers at Preston Patrick; and of yet another open-air meeting, when hundreds of people assembled one memorable First Day near his own hillside farm at Cammsgill.

Then it would be the younger man's turn to tell his tale.

'He was born in the barony of Kendal ... of parents who for their honest and virtuous life were in good repute; he was well educated, and trained up in such learning as that country did afford.... By his parents he was trained up in the episcopal worship,'⁶⁴ but for a long time, he says that the only religion that he practised was 'going to church one day in seven to hear a man preach, to read, and sing, and rabble over a prayer.' (It is easy to smile at the old-fashioned word; but let us try to remember it when we ourselves are tempted to get up too late in the morning and 'rabble over' our own prayers.)

Gradually the unseen world grew more real. A beautiful and comforting message was given to him in his heart, 'Whom God once loves, he loves for ever.' Now he grew weary of hearing any of the priests, for he saw they did not possess what they spoke of to others, and sometimes he began to question his own experiences.

Nevertheless he felt it a grievous trial to give up all his

62. STORY OF QUAKERISM, E.B. Emmott.

63. ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS, G.M. Trevelyan.

64. Sewel's HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS.



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prospects of earthly advancement and become a Quaker. Yet from the day he listened to George Fox preaching at Underbarrow there was no other course open to him; though his own parents were much incensed with him for daring to join this despised people. They even refused to acknowledge him any longer as a member of their family. Being rejected as a son, therefore, he begged to be allowed to stay on in his home and work as a servant, but this, too, was refused. Thus being, as he says, 'separated from all the glory of the world, and from all his acquaintance and kindred,' he betook himself to the company of 'a poor, despised people called Quakers.'

It must have been a comfort to him, after being cast off by his own family, to find himself adopted by a still larger family of friends, and to become one of the 'Valiant Sixty' entrusted with the great adventure of Publishing Truth.

Riding along with good John Camm, with talk to beguile the way, was pleasant travelling; but this happy companionship was not to last very long. For as they journeyed and came near the 'Middle Kingdom,' or Midlands, they fell in with another of 'Truth's Publishers.'

This was none other than their Westmorland neighbour, John Audland, 'the ruddy-faced linen-draper of Crosslands,' John Camm's own especial comrade and pair among the 'Sixty.'

It may have been a prearranged plan that they should meet here; anyway Camm turned aside with Audland and went on with him to Bristol, where he had already begun to scatter the seed in the west of England, while Edward Burrough pursued his journey in solitude towards London.⁶⁵ But his days of loneliness were not to last for long. Either just before or just after his arrival in the great city, two other Publishers also reached the metropolis, one of whom, Francis Howgill, was to be his own especial comrade and pair in the task of 'conquering London.' This was that same Francis Howgill, a considerably older man than Burrough, and formerly a leader among the Seekers, who had been preaching that memorable day at Firbank when he thought George Fox looked into the Chapel and was so much struck that 'you could have killed him with a crab-apple.' Now that they had come together, however, it would have taken more than many crab-apples to deter him and Burrough from their Mission. Together the two friends laid their plans for the capture of London, and together they proceeded to carry them out. The success they met with was astonishing. 'By the arm of the Lord,' writes Howgill, 'all falls before us, according to the word of the Lord before I came to this City, that all should be as a plain.'

Amidst their engrossing labours in the capital the two London 'Publishers' did not forget to send news of their work to Friends in the North. Many letters written at this time remain. Those

65. I have followed Thomas Camm's account of his father's journey with Edward Burrough, and of their meeting with John Audland in the Midlands, as given in his book, THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHTEOUS REVIVED. W.C. Braithwaite, however, in his BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM, thinks it more probable that Francis Howgill was E. Burrough's companion from the North, and that the two friends reached London together.



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to Margaret Fell, especially, give a vivid picture of their progress. These letters are signed sometimes by Howgill, sometimes by Burrough, sometimes by both together. But, whatever the signature, the pronouns 'I' and 'we' are used indiscriminately, as if to show that the writers were not only united in the service of Truth but were also one in heart.

'We two,' they say in one letter, 'are constrained to stay in this city; but we are not alone, for the power of our Father is with us, and it is daily made manifest through weakness, even to the stopping of the mouths of lions and to the confounding of the serpent's wisdom; eternal praises to Him for evermore. In this city, iniquity is grown to the height. We have three meetings or more every week, very large, more than any place will contain, and which we can conveniently meet in. Many of all sorts come to us and many of all sorts are convinced, yea, hundreds do believe....'

Again: 'We get Friends together on the First Days to meet together out of the rude multitude; and we two go to the great meeting place which we have, which will hold a thousand people, which is always nearly filled, there to thresh among the world; and we stay till twelve or one o'clock and then pass away, the one to the one place and the other to another place where Friends are met in private; and stay till four or five o'clock.'

Only a month later yet another 'great place' had to be taken for a 'threshing-floor,' or hall where public meetings could be held. To these meetings anyone might come and listen to the preachers' message, which 'threshed them like grain, and sifted the wheat from the "light chaffy minds" among the hearers.'

How 'chaffy' and frivolous this gay world of London appeared to these first Publishers, consumed with the burning eagerness of their mission, the following description shows. It occurs in a letter from George Fox himself when he, too, came to the metropolis, a few months later.

'What a world this is,' he writes ... 'altogether carried with fooleries and vanities both men and women ... putting on gold, gay apparel, plaiting the hair, men and women they are powdering it, making their backs as if they were bags of meal, and they look so strange that they cannot look at one another. Pride hath puffed up every one, they are out of the fear of God, men and women, young and old, one puffs up another, they are not in the fashion of the world else, they are not in esteem else, they shall not be respected else, if they have not gold and silver upon their backs, or his hair be not powdered. If he have a company of ribbons hung about his waist, red or white, or black or yellow, and about his knees, and gets a Company in his hat, and powders his hair, then he is a brave man, then he is accepted, then he is no Quaker.... Likewise the women having their gold, their spots on their faces, noses, cheeks, foreheads, having their rings on their fingers, wearing gold, having their cuffs doubled under and about like a butcher with



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white sleeves' (how pretty they must have been!), 'having their ribbons tied about their hands, and three or four gold laces about their clothes, "this is no Quaker," say they.... Now are not all these that have got these ribbons hung about their arms, backs, waists, knees, hats, hands, like unto fiddlers' boys, and shew that you are gotten into the basest contemptible life as be in the fashion of the fiddlers' boys and stage-players, and quite out of the paths and steeps of solid men.... And further to get a pair of breeches like a coat and hang them about with points up almost to the middle, and a pair of double cuffs upon his hands, and a feather in his cap, and to say, "Here's a gentleman, bow before him, put off your hats, bow, get a company of fiddlers, a set of music and women to dance, this is a brave fellow, up in the chamber without and up in the chamber within," are these your fine Christians? "Yea," say they. "Yea but," say the serious people, "they are not of Christ's life." And to see such a company as are in the fashions of the world ... get a couple of bowls in their hands or tables [dice] or shovel-board, or a horse with a Company of ribbons on his head as he hath on his own, and a ring in his ear; and so go to horse-racing to spoil the creature. Oh these are gentlemen, these are bred up gentlemen! these are brave fellows and they must have their recreation, and pleasures are lawful. These are bad Christians and shew that they are gluttoned with the creature and then the flesh rejoiceth!'

No wonder that Edward Burrough wrote to Margaret Fell that 'in this city iniquity is grown to the height,' and again, in a later letter: 'There are hundreds convinced, but not many great or noble do receive our testimony ... we are much refreshed, we receive letters from all quarters, the work goes on fast everywhere.... Richard Hubberthorne is yet in prison and James Parnell at Cambridge.... Our dear brethren John Audland and John Camm we hear from, and we write to one another twice in the week. They are near us, they are precious and the work of the Lord is great in Bristol.'

Margaret Fell writes back in answer, like a true mother in Israel, 'You are all dear unto me, and all are present with me, and are all met together in my heart.'

And now, having heard what the 'Valiant Sixty' thought of London, what did London think of the 'Valiant Sixty'? Many years later a certain William Spurry wrote of these early days: 'I being in London at the time of the first Publication of Truth, there was a report spread in the City that there was a sort of people come there that went by the name of plain North Country plow men, who did differ in judgment to all other people in that City, who I was very desirous to see and converse with. And upon strict enquiry I was informed that they did meet at one Widow Matthews in White Cross Street, in her garden, where I repaired, where was our dear friends Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill, who declared the Lord's everlasting Truth in the demonstration



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of the Spirit of Life, where myself and many more were convinced. A little time after there was a silent meeting appointed and kept at Sarah Sawyer's in Rainbow Alley.'

Very rural and unlike London these places sound: but meetings were not only held in secluded spots, such as the garden in White Cross Street, and the house in Rainbow Alley, they were also held in the tumultuous centres of Vanity Fair.

'Edward Burrough,' says Sewel the historian, 'though he was a very young man when he first came forth, yet grew in wisdom and valour so that he feared not the face of man.' 'At London there is a custom in summer time, when the evening approaches and tradesmen leave off working, that many lusty fellows meet in the fields, to try their skill and strength at wrestling, where generally a multitude of people stand gazing in a round. Now it so fell out, that Edward Burrough passed by the place where they were wrestling, and standing still among the spectators, saw how a strong and dexterous fellow had already thrown three others, and was now waiting for a fourth champion, if any durst venture to enter the lists. At length none being bold enough to try, E. Burrough stepped into the ring (commonly made up of all sorts of people), and having looked upon the wrestler with a serious countenance, the man was not a little surprised, instead of an airy antagonist, to meet with a grave and awful young man; and all stood amazed at this sight, eagerly expecting what would be the issue of this combat. But it was quite another fight Edward Burrough aimed at. For having already fought against spiritual wickedness, that had once prevailed in him and having overcome it in measure, by the grace of God, he now endeavoured also to fight against it in others, and to turn them from the evil of their ways. With this intention he began very seriously to speak to the standers by, and that with such a heart-piercing power, that he was heard by this mixed multitude with no less attention than admiration; for his speech tended to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.

'Thus he preached zealously; and though many might look upon this as a novelty, yet it was of such effect that many were convinced of the truth.... And indeed he was one of those valiants, whose bow never turned back ... nay he was such an excellent instrument in the hand of God that even some mighty and eminent men were touched to the heart by the power of the word of life which he preached' ... 'using few words but preaching after a new fashion so that he was called a "son of thunder and also of consolation."'

'Now I come also to the glorious exit of E. Burrough, that valiant hero. For several years he had been very much in London, and had there preached the gospel with piercing and powerful declarations. And that city was so near to him, that oftentimes, when persecution grew hot, he said to Francis Howgill, his bosom friend, "I can go freely to the city of London, and lay down my life for a testimony of that truth, which I have declared through



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the power and spirit of God." Being in this year [1662] at Bristol, and thereabouts, and moved to return to London, he said to many of his friends, when he took leave of them, that he did not know he should see their faces any more; and therefore he exhorted them to faithfulness and steadfastness, in that wherein they had found rest for their souls. And to some he said, "I am now going up to the city of London again, to lay down my life for the gospel, and suffer among friends in that place."⁶⁶

Thus it befell that Edward Burrough was called to a more deadly wrestling match than any in the pleasant London fields. He was thrown into prison, and there he had to face a mortal foe in the gaol-fever that was then raging in that noisome den. This was to wrestle in grim earnest, with Death himself for an adversary; and in this wrestling match Death was the conqueror.

Charles the Second was now on the throne. He knew and respected Edward Burrough, and did his best to rescue him. Knowing the pestilential and overcrowded state of Newgate at that time, the Merry Monarch, to his lasting credit, sent a royal warrant for the release of Edward Burrough and some of the other prisoners, when he heard of the danger they were in from the foul state of the prison. But this order a certain cruel and persecuting Alderman, named Richard Brown, and some magistrates of the City of London contrived to thwart. The prisoners remained in the gaol. Edward Burrough caught the fever, and grew rapidly worse. On his death-bed he said, 'Lord, forgive Richard Brown, who imprisoned me, if he may be forgiven.' Later on he said, 'I have served my God in my generation, and that Spirit, which has lived and ruled in me shall yet break forth in thousands.' 'The morning before he departed his life ... he said, "Now my soul and spirit is centred into its own being with God; and this form of person must return from whence it was taken...."' A few moments later, in crowded Newgate, he peacefully fell asleep. 'This was the exit of E. Burrough, who in his flourishing youth, about the age of eight and twenty, in an unmarried state, changed this mortal life for an incorruptible, and whose youthful summer flower was cut down in the winter season, after he had very zealously preached the gospel about ten years.'⁶⁷

Francis Howgill, now left desolate and alone, poured forth a touching lament for his vanished 'yoke-fellow.'

'It was my lot,' he writes, 'to be his companion and fellow-labourer in the work of the gospel where-unto we were called, for many years together. And oh! when I consider, my heart is broken; how sweetly we walked together for many months and years in which we had perfect knowledge of one another's hearts and perfect unity of spirit. Not so much as one cross word or one hard thought of discontent ever rose (I believe) in either of our hearts for ten years together.'

George Fox, no mean fighter himself, adds this comment: 'Edward Burrough never turned his back on the Truth, nor his back from

66. Sewel's HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS.

67. Sewel's HISTORY OF THE QUAKERS.



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any out of the Truth. A valiant warrior, more than a conqueror, who hath got the crown through death and sufferings; who is dead, but yet liveth amongst us, and amongst us is alive.' But it is from Francis Howgill, who knew him best and loved him most of all, that we learn the inmost secret of the life of this mighty wrestler, when he says:

'HIS VERY STRENGTH WAS BENDED AFTER GOD.'

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a large, stylized 'F' followed by a large, stylized 'H', and ending with a flourish.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

'WRESTLING FOR GOD.'

Historical. See 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' Chapter viii. Also 'LETTERS FROM THE EARLY FRIENDS,' by A.R. Barclay. 'PIETY PROMOTED,' i. 35-38. 'STORY OF QUAKERISM,' by E.B. Emmott, for description of old London. See also 'MEMORIALS OF THE RIGHTEOUS REVIVED,' by C. Marshall and Thomas Camm, and note that I have followed T. Camm's account in this book of his father's journey south with E. Burrough. W.C. Braithwaite in 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' following 'FIRST PUBLISHERS OF TRUTH,' thinks it, however, more probable that F. Howgill was E. Burrough's companion throughout the journey, and that the two Friends reached London together.



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RICHARD SELLAR AND THE 'MERCIFUL MAN'⁶⁸

'To resort to force is to lose faith in the inner light. War only results from men taking counsel with their passions instead of waiting upon God. If one believes, as Fox did, that the most powerful element in human nature is that something of God which speaks in the conscience, then to coerce men is clearly wrong. The only true line of approach is by patience to reach down to that divine seed, to appeal to what is best, because it is what is strongest in man. The Quaker testimony against war is no isolated outwork of their position: it forms part of their citadel.'—H.G. WOOD.

'The following narrative we have thought proper to insert in the very words of the sufferer, as taken from his own mouth. The candid Reader will easily excuse the simplicity of its style, and the Plainness of its Expressions. It is the more like the man, and carries the greater evidence of the Honesty and Integrity of the Relator, viz. "An Account of the Sufferings of Richard Sellar of Keinsey, a Fisherman, who was prest in Scarborough-Piers, in the time of the two last engagements between the Dutch and English, in the year 1665." These are (says the writer) the very words that proceeded from him, who sat before me weeping.'—BESSE, 'Sufferings of the Quakers.'

68. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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XXVI. RICHARD SELLAR AND THE 'MERCIFUL MAN'

Away to the Yorkshire coast we must go, and once more find ourselves looking up at the bold headland of Scarborough Cliff, as it juts out into the North Sea. Away again in time, too, to the year 1665, when George Fox still lay in prison up at the Castle, with his room full of smoke on stormy days when the wind 'drove in the rain forcibly,' while 'the water came all over his bed and ran about the room till he was forced to skim it up with a platter.'

Happily there is no storm raging this time. Our story begins on a still, warm afternoon late in the summer, when even the prisoner up at the Castle can hardly help taking some pleasure in the cloudless blue sky and shining sea spread out above and around him.

But it is not to the Castle we are bound to-day. We need not climb again the steep, worn steps that lead to the top of the hill. Instead, we must descend an equally narrow flight that leads down, down, down with queer twists and turns, till we find ourselves close to the water's edge. Even in the fiercest gales there is shelter here for the red-roofed fishing village that surrounds the harbour, while on a warm afternoon the air is almost oppressively hot. The brown sails of the fishing smacks and the red roofs of the houses are faithfully reflected in the clear water beneath them as in a looking-glass.

Outside the door of one of the houses a rough fisherman is seated on a bench, his back against the house wall, mending his nets. At first sight he looks almost like an old man, for his hair is grey, though his body is still strong and active. His hands are twisted and bear the marks of cruel scars upon them, but his face is peaceful, though worn and rugged. He handles the nets lovingly, as if he were glad to feel them slipping through his fingers again. Evidently the nets have not been used for some time, for there are many holes in them, and the mending is a slow business. As he works the fisherman sings in a low voice, not loud enough for the neighbours to hear but just humming to himself.

Every now and then the door of the house half opens, and a little girl looks out and asks, 'Thou art really there, Father? truly safe back again?' The man looks up, smiling, as he calls back, 'Ay, ay, my maid. Get on with thy work, Margery, and I'll get on with mine.'

'Art thou sure thou art safe, Father?'

He does not answer this question in words, but he raises his voice and sings the next verse of his song a little more loudly and clearly—

'Because on Me his love is set,
Deliver him I will,



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And safely bring him higher yet
Upon My holy hil.'

Later on, when the nets are mended and the sun is sinking above the Castle Cliff in a fiery glow, Margery comes out and sits on her father's knee; the lads, home from school, gather round and say, 'Now then, Master Sellar, tell us once more the story of thy absence from us, and about how thou wast pressed and taken on board the Royal Prince. Tell us about the capstan and the lashings; about how they beat thee; what the carpenter and the boatswain's mate did, and how the gunner went down three times on his bare knees on the deck to beg thy life. Let us hear it all again.' 'Yes, please do, Father dear,' chimes in Margery, 'only leave out some of the beatings and the dreadful part, and hurry on very quickly to the end of the story about all the sailors throwing up their caps and huzzaing for Sir Edward, the merciful man.'

The fisherman smiles and nods. He puts his arm more tenderly than ever round his small daughter as he says, 'Ay, ay, dear heart, never thou fear.' Then, drawing Margery closer to him, he begins his tale. It is a long story. The sun has set; the crescent moon has disappeared; and the stars are stealing out, one by one, before he has finished. I wish you and I could listen to that story, don't you? Well, we can! Someone who heard it from the fisherman's own lips has written it all down for us. He is telling it to us in his own words to-day, as he told it to those children in Scarborough village long ago.

Now and then we must interrupt him to explain some of the words he uses, or even alter the form of the sentences slightly, in order fully to understand what it is he is talking about.

But he is telling his own story.

'My name,' begins the fisherman, 'is Richard Sellar. It was during the war between the Dutch and English that I was pressed at Scarborough in 1665.'

'Pressed' means that he was forced to go and fight against his will. When the country is in danger men are obliged to leave their peaceful employments and learn to be soldiers and sailors, in order, as they think, to defend their own nation by trying to kill their enemies. It is something like what people now call 'conscription' that Richard Sellar is talking of when he speaks of 'being pressed.' He means that a number of men, called a 'press-crew,' forced him to go with them to fight in the king's navy, for, as the proverb said, 'A king's ship and the gallows refuse nobody.'

'I was pressed,' Richard continues, 'within Scarborough Piers, and refusing to go on board the ketch [or boat] they beat me very sore, and I still refusing, they hoisted me in with a tackle on board, and they bunched me with their feet, that I fell backward into a tub, and was so maimed that they were forced to swaddle me up with clothes.'

Richard Sellar could not help himself. Bound, bruised, and



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beaten he was carried off in the boat to be taken to a big fighting ship called the Royal Prince, that was waiting for them off the mouth of the Thames and needing more sailors to man her for the war.

The press-crew however had not captured enough men at Scarborough, so they put in at another Yorkshire port, spelled Burlington then but Bridlington now. It was that same Burlington or Bridlington from which Master Robert Fowler had sailed years before. Was he at home again now, I wonder, working in his shipyard and remembering the wonderful experiences of the good ship Woodhouse? Surely he must have been away on a voyage at this time or he would if possible have visited Richard Sellar in his confinement on the ketch. Happily at Bridlington there also lived two kind women, who, hearing that the ketch had a 'pressed Quaker' on board, sent Richard Sellar a present of food-green stuff and eatables that would keep well on a voyage: these provisions saved his life later on. After this stay in port the ketch sailed on again to the Nore, a big sand-bank lying near the mouth of the Thames.

'And there,' Richard goes on to say, 'they haled me in at a gunport, on board of the ship called the Royal Prince. The first day of the third month, they commanded me to go to work at the capstan. I refused; then they commanded me to call of the steward for my victuals; which I refused, and told them that as I was not free to do the king's work, I would not live at his charge for victuals. Then the boatswain's mate beat me sore, and thrust me about with the capstan until he was weary; then the Captain sent for me on the quarter-deck, and asked me why I refused to fight for the king, and why I refused to eat of his victuals? I told him I was afraid to offend God, for my warfare was spiritual, and therefore I durst not fight with carnal weapons. Then the Captain fell upon me, and beat me first with his small cane, then called for his great cane, and beat me sore, and felled me down to the deck three or four times, and beat me as long as his strength continued. Then came one, Thomas Horner (which was brought up at Easington), and said, "I pray you, noble Captain, be merciful, for I know him to be an honest and a good man." Then said the captain, "He is a Quaker; I will beat his brains out." Then falling on me again, he beat me until he was weary, and then called some to help him; "for" said he, "I am not able to beat him enough to make him willing to do the king's service."'

There Richard lay, bruised and beaten, on the deck. Neither the sailors nor the Captain knew what to do with him. Presently up came the Commander's jester or clown, a man whose business it was to make the officers laugh. 'What,' said he, 'can't you make that Quaker work? Do you want him to draw ropes for you and he won't? Why you are going the wrong way to work, you fool!' No one else in the whole ship would have dared to call the Captain 'You fool!' No one else could have done so without being



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put in chains. But the jester might do as he liked. His business was to make the Captain laugh; and at these words he did laugh. 'Show me the right way to make him work, then,' said he. 'That I will gladly,' answered the jester, 'we will have a bet. I will give you one golden guinea if I cannot make him draw ropes, if you will give me another if I do compel him to do so.'

'Marry that I will,' answered the Captain, and forthwith the two guineas were thrown down on the deck, rattling gaily, while all the ship's company stood around to watch what should befall.

'Then the jester called for two seamen and made them make two ropes fast to the wrists of my arms, and reeved the ropes through two blocks in the mizen shrouds on the starboard side, and hoisted me up aloft, and made the ropes fast to the gunwale of the ship, and I hung some time. Then the jester called the ship's company to behold, and bear him witness, that he made the Quaker hale the king's ropes; so veering the ropes they lowered me half-way down, then made me fast again. "Now," said the jester, "noble Captain, you and the company see that the Quaker haleth the king's ropes"; and with that he commanded them to let fly the ropes loose, when I fell on the deck. "Now," said the jester, "noble Captain, the wager is won. He haled the ropes to the deck, and you can hale them no further, nor any man else.'"

Not a very good joke, was it? It seems to have pleased the rough sailors since it set them a-laughing. But it was no laughing matter for Richard Sellar to be set swinging in the air strung up by the wrists, and then to be bumped down upon deck again, fast bound and unable to move. The Captain did not laugh either. The thought of his lost money made him feel savage. In a loud, angry voice he called to the boatswain's mate and bade him, 'Take the quakerly dog away, and put him to the capstan and make him work.'

Only the jester laughed, and chuckled to himself, as he gathered up the golden guineas from the deck, and slapped his thighs for pleasure as he slipped them into his pockets.

Meantime the boatswain's mate was having fine sport with the 'Quaker dog,' as he carried out the Captain's orders. Calling the roughest members of the crew to help him, they beat poor Richard cruelly, and abused him as they dragged him down into the darkness below deck.

'Then he went,' says Richard, 'and sat him down upon a chest lid, and I went and sat down upon another beside him; then he fell upon me and beat me again; then called his boy to bring him two lashings and he lashed my arms to the capstan's bars and caused the men to heave the capstan about; and in three or four times passing about the lashings were loosed, no man knew how, nor when, nor could they ever be found, although they sought them with lighted candles.'

The sailors had tied their prisoner with ropes to the heavy iron wheel in the stern of the boat called a capstan; so that as he moved he would be obliged to drag it round and thus help to work



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the ship. They had made their prisoner as fast as ever they could. Yet, somehow, here he was free again, and his bonds had disappeared! The boatswain's mate couldn't understand it, but he was determined to solve the mystery. He sent for a Bible and made the sailors swear upon it in turn, in that dark, ill-smelling den, that not one of them had loosed Richard. They all swore willingly, but even that did not content the mate. He thought they were lying, and would not let them go till he had turned out all their pockets, and found that not one of them contained the missing lashings that had mysteriously disappeared. Then, at last, even the rough mate felt afraid. Richard seemed to be in his power and defenceless: was he really protected by Something or Someone stronger than any cruel men, the mate wondered?

So he called the sailors round him again, and spoke to them as follows: 'Hear what I shall say unto you; you see this is a wonderful thing, which is done by an invisible hand, which loosed him, for none of you could see his hands loosed, that were so near him. I suppose this man' (said he) 'is called a Quaker, and for conscience' sake refuseth to act, therefore I am afflicted, and do promise before God and man that I will never beat, nor cause to be beaten, either Quaker or any other man that doth refuse, for conscience' sake, to fight for the king. And if I do, I wish I may lose my right hand.' That was the promise of the boatswain's mate.

Three days later the Admiral of the whole fleet, Sir Edward Spragg, came on board the Royal Prince. He was a very fine gentleman indeed. At once every one began to tell him the same story: how they had pressed a Quaker up at Scarborough in the North; how the Quaker had refused to work, and had been given over to the boatswain's mate to be flogged; how the boatswain's mate had fallen upon him and had beaten him furiously, but now refused to lay a finger upon him, saying that he would no longer beat a Quaker or any other man for conscience' sake.

'Send that boatswain's mate to me that he may answer for himself,' said the Admiral. 'Why would you not beat the Quaker?' he demanded in a terrible voice, when the boatswain's mate was brought before him. 'I have beat him very sore,' the mate answered, 'I seized his arms to the capstan bars, and forced them to heave him about, and beat him, and then sat down; and in three or four times of the capstan's going about, the lashings were loosed, and he came and sat down by me; then I called the men from the capstan, and took them sworn, but they all denied that they had loosed him, or knew how he was loosed; neither could the lashings ever be found; therefore I did and do believe that it was an invisible power which set him at liberty, and I did promise before God and the company, that I would never beat a Quaker again, nor any man else for conscience' sake.' The Admiral told the mate that he must lose both his cane of office and his place. He willingly yielded them both. He was also



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threatened with the loss of his right hand. He held it out and said, 'Take it from me if you please.' His cane was taken from him and he was displaced; but mercifully his right hand was not cut off: that was only a threat.

The Commander had now to find some one else to beat Richard Sellar. So he gave orders to seven strong sailors (called yeomen) to beat Richard whenever they met him, and to make him work. Beat him they did, till they were tired; but they could not make him work or go against his conscience, which forbade him in any way to help in fighting. Then an eighth yeoman was called, the strongest of all. The same order was given to him: 'Beat that Quaker as much as you like whenever you meet him, only see that you make him work.' The eighth yeoman promised gladly in his turn, and said, 'I'll make him!' He too beat Richard for a whole day and a night, till he too grew weary and asked to be excused. Then another wonderful thing happened, stranger even than the disappearance of the lashings. After all these cruel beatings the Commander ordered Richard's clothes to be taken off that he might see the marks of the blows on his body. 'He caused my clothes to be stript off,' Richard says, 'shirt and all, from my head to my waist downward; then he took a view of my body to see what wounds and bruises I had, but he could find none,—no, not so much as a blue spot on my skin. Then the Commander was angry with them, for not beating me enough. Then the Captain answered him and said, "I have beat him myself as much as would kill an ox." The jester said he had hung me a great while by the arms aloft in the shrouds. The men said they also had beaten me very sore, but they might as well have beaten the main mast. Then said the Commander, "I will cause irons to be laid upon him during the king's pleasure and mine."'

A marvellous story! After all these beatings, not a bruise or a mark to be seen! Probably it is not possible now to explain how it happened. Of course we might believe that Richard was telling lies all the time, and that either the sailors did not beat him or that the bruises did show. But why invent anything so unlikely? It is easier to believe that he was trying to tell the truth as far as he could, even though we cannot understand it. Perhaps his heart was so happy at being allowed to suffer for what he thought right, that his body really did not feel the cruel beatings, as it would have done if he had been doing wrong and had deserved them. Or perhaps there are wonderful ways, unknown to us until we experience them for ourselves, in which God will, and can, and does protect His own true servants who are trying to obey Him. That is the most comforting explanation. If ever some one much bigger and stronger than we are tries to bully us into doing wrong, let us remember that God does not save us from pain and suffering always; but He can save us through the very worst pain, if only we are true to Him.

Anyhow, though Richard's beatings were over for the time, other troubles began. He was 'put in irons,' heavily loaded with



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chains, a punishment usually kept for the worst criminals, such as thieves and murderers. All the crew were forbidden to bring him food and drink even though he was beginning to be ill with a fever—the result of all the sufferings he had undergone. Happily there was one kind, brave man among the crew, the carpenter's mate. Although Sir Edward Spragg had said that any one giving food to Richard would have to share his punishment, this good man was not afraid, and did give the prisoner both food and drink. All this time, Richard had been living on the provisions that the two kind Friends, Thomasin Smales and Mary Stringer, had sent him at Bridlington, having refused to eat the king's food, as he could not do the king's work.

Thankful indeed he must have felt when this kind carpenter's mate came and squeezed up against him among a crowd of sailors, and managed to pass some meat and drink out of his own pocket and into Richard's. His new friend did this so cleverly that nobody noticed. Pleased with his success, he whispered to Richard, 'I'll bring you some more every day while you need food. You needn't mind taking things from me, for they are all bought out of my own money, not the king's.'

'What makes thee so good to me?' whispered back Richard. He was weakened by fever and all unused to kindness on board the Royal Prince. Very likely the tears came into his eyes and his voice trembled as he spoke, though he had borne all his beatings unmoved.

The carpenter's mate told him in reply that before he came on board, both his wife and his mother had made him promise that if any Quakers should be on the ship he would be kind to them. Also, that quite lately he had had a letter from them asking him 'to remember his promise, and be kind to Quakers, if any were on board.' How much we should like to know what put it into the two women's hearts to think of such a thing! Were they Quakers themselves, or had they Quaker friends? Once more there is no answer but: 'God will, and can, and does protect His own.'

Unfortunately this kind man was sent away from the ship to do work elsewhere, and for three days and nights Richard lay in his heavy irons, with nothing either to eat or drink. Some sailors who had been quarrelling in a drunken brawl on deck were thrown into prison and chained up beside Richard. They were sorry for him and did their best to help him. They even gave him something to drink when they were alone, though for his sake they had to pretend that they were trying to hurt and kill him when any of the officers were present. These rough sailors pretended so well that one lieutenant, who had been specially cruel to Richard before, now grew alarmed, and thought the other prisoners really would kill the Quaker.

He went up to Sir Edward's cabin and knocked at the door. 'Who is there?' asked the cabin-boy.

'I,' said the lieutenant, 'I want to speak to Sir Edward.' When he was admitted he said, 'If it please your highness to remember



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that there is a poor Quaker in irons yet, that was laid in two weeks since, and the other prisoners will kill him for us.'

'We will have a Court Martial,' thought Sir Edward, 'and settle this Quaker's job once for all.'

He told the lieutenant to go for the keys and let Richard out, and to put a flag at the mizen-mast's head, and call a council of war, and make all the captains come from all the other ships to try the Quaker.

It was not yet eight o'clock on a Sunday morning. At the signal, all the captains of all the other ships came hurrying on board the Royal Prince, the Admiral's flag-ship. Richard was fetched up from his prison and brought before this council of war—or Court Martial as it would be called now. The Admiral sat in the middle, very grand indeed; beside him sat the judge of the Court Martial, 'who,' says Richard, 'was a papist, being Governor of Dover Castle, who went to sea on pleasure.' He probably looked grander still. Around these two sat the other naval captains from the other ships. Opposite all these great people was Quaker Richard, so weakened by fever and lame from his heavy fetters that he could not stand, and had to be allowed to sit. The Commander, to give Richard one more chance, asked him if he would go aboard another ship, a tender with six guns. Richard's conscience was still clear that he could have nothing to do with guns or fighting. He said he would rather stay where he was and abide his punishment.

What punishment do you think the judge thought would be suitable for a man who had committed only the crime of refusing to fight, or to work to help those who were fighting?

'The judge said I should be put into a barrel or cask driven full of nails with their points inward and so rolled to death; but the council of war taking it into consideration, thought it too terrible a death and too much unchristianlike; so they agreed to hang me.'

'Too much unchristianlike' indeed! The mere thought of such a punishment makes us shiver. The Governor of Dover Castle, who suggested it, was himself a Roman Catholic. History tells how fiercely the Roman Catholics persecuted the Protestants in Queen Mary's reign, when Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, and many others were burnt at the stake for their religion. Since then times had changed, and when the Protestants were in power they too had often persecuted the Roman Catholics in their turn. Perhaps someone whom this 'papist' judge had loved very much had been cruelly put to death, and perhaps that was the reason he suggested this savage punishment for Quaker Richard. We do not know how that may be. But we do know that cruelty makes cruelty, on and on without end. The only real way to stop it, is to turn right round and follow the other law, the blessed law, whereby love makes love.

Richard Sellar was only a rough, ignorant fisherman, but he had begun to learn this lesson out of Christ's lesson book: and how



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difficult a lesson it is, nobody knows who has not tried to carry it out.

Richard heard his sentence pronounced, that he was to be hanged. When he heard that he was being wrongfully accused of various crimes that he had not committed, he longed to rise and justify himself, but he could only sit or kneel because he was too weak to stand. In vain he tried to rise, and tried to speak. He could neither move nor say a word. He could not even say: 'I am innocent.' He could not even pray to God to help him in his difficulty. Again he tried to rise, and then suddenly in his utter weakness he felt God's power holding him, and a Voice said quite distinctly, three times over, in his heart: 'BE STILL-BE STILL-BE STILL.'

'Which Voice,' says Richard, 'I obeyed and was comforted. Then I believed God would arise. And when they had done speaking, then God did arise, and I was filled with the power of God; and my spirit lifted up above all earthly things; and wonderful strength was given me to my limbs, and my heart was full of the power and wisdom of God; and with glad tidings my mouth was opened, to declare to the people the things God had made manifest to me. With sweat running down, and tears trickling from my eyes, I told them, "The hearts of kings were in the hand of the Lord; and so are both yours and mine; and I do not value what you can do to this body, for I am at peace with God and all men, and with you my adversaries. For if I might live an hundred and thirty years longer, I can never die in a better condition: for the Lord hath satisfied me, that He hath forgiven me all things in this world; and I am glad through His mercy, that He hath made me willing to suffer for His name's sake, and not only so, but I am heartily glad, and do really rejoice, and with a seal in my heart to the same." Then there came a man and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "Where are all thy accusers?" Then my eyes were opened, and I looked about me, and they were all gone.'

The Court Martial was over. Every one of the captains had disappeared. His accusers were gone; but Richard's sentence remained, and was still to be carried out on the following morning. One officer, the same lieutenant who had been cruel to him before, was still unkind to him and called him 'a hypocrite Quaker,' but many others on board ship did their best to save him.

First of all there came up an ancient soldier to the Admiral on the quarter-deck. He 'loosed down his knee-strings, and put down his stockings, and put his cap under his knees, and begged Sir Edward's pardon three times' (this seems to have been the correct behaviour when addressing the Admiral), and the ancient soldier said, 'Noble Sir Edward, you know that I have served His Majesty under you many years, both in this nation and other nations, by the sea, and you were always a merciful man; therefore I do entreat you, in all kindness, to be merciful to



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this poor man, who is condemned to die to-morrow; and only for denying your order for fear of offending God, and for conscience' sake; and we have but one man on board, out of nine hundred and fifty—only one which doth refuse for conscience' sake; and shall we take his life away? Nay, God forbid! For he hath already declared that, if we take his life away there shall a judgment appear upon some on board, within eight and forty hours; and to me it hath appeared; therefore I am forced to come upon quarter-deck before you; and my spirit is one with his; therefore I desire you, in all kindness, to give me the liberty, when you take his life away, to go off on board, for I shall not be willing to serve His Majesty any longer on board of ship; so I do entreat you once more to be merciful to this poor man—so God bless you, Sir Edward. I have no more to say to you.'

Next came up the chief gunner—a more important man, for he had been himself a captain—but he too 'loosed down his knee-strings, and did beg the Admiral's pardon three times, being on his bare knees before Sir Edward.'

Then Sir Edward said, 'Arise up, gunner, and speak.'

Whereupon the chief gunner answered, 'If it please your worship, Sir Edward, we know you are a merciful man, and therefore I entreat you, in all kindness, to be merciful to this poor man, in whom there remains something more than flesh and blood; therefore I entreat you, let us not destroy that which is alive; neither endeavour to do it; and so God bless you, Sir Edward. I have no more to say to you.' Then he too went away.

It was all of no use. Richard had been sentenced by the Court Martial to be hanged next morning, and hanged he must be.

Only Sir Edward—pleased perhaps at being told so often that he was a merciful man, and willing to show that he had some small idea of what mercy meant—'gave orders that any that had a mind to give me victuals might; and that I might eat and drink with whom I pleased; and that none should molest me that day. Then came the lieutenant and sat down by me, whilst they were at their worship; and he would have given me brandy, but I refused. Then the dinner came up to be served, and several gave me victuals to eat, and I did eat freely, and was kindly entertained that day. Night being come, a man kindly proffered me his hammock to lie in that night, because I had lain long in irons; and I accepted of his kindness, and laid me down, and I slept well that night.'

'The next morning being come, it being the second day of the week, on which I was to be executed, about eight o'clock in the morning, the rope being reeved on the mizen-yard's arm; and the boy ready to turn me off; and boats being come on board with captains from other ships, that were of the council of war, who came on purpose to see me executed; I was therefore called to come to be executed. Then, I coming to the execution place, the Commander asked the council how their judgment did stand now? So most of them did consent; and some were silent. Then he



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desired me freely to speak my mind, if I had anything to say, before I was executed. I told him I had little at present to speak. So there came a man, and bid me to go forward to be executed. So I stepped upon the gunwale, to go towards the rope. The Commander bid me stop there, if I had anything to say. Then spake the judge and said, "Sir Edward is a merciful man, that puts that heretic to no worse death than hanging."

The judge, the Governor of Dover Castle, was, as we have heard, a Roman Catholic. To him Sir Edward and Richard Sellar were both alike heretics, one not much worse than the other, since both were outside what he believed to be the only true Church.⁶⁹ Sir Edward knew this. Therefore on hearing the word 'heretic' he turned sharp round to the judge, 'What sayest thou?' Apparently the judge felt that he had been unwise to speak his candid thoughts, for he repeated the sentence, leaving out the irritating word 'heretic': 'I say you are a merciful man that puts him to no worse death than hanging.' Sir Edward knew that he had not been mistaken in the word his sharp ears had caught. 'But,' said he, 'what is the other word that thou saidst?' 'That heretic,' repeated the judge. 'I say,' said the Commander, 'he is more like a Christian than thyself; for I do believe thou wouldst hang me if it were in thy power.'

'Then said the Commander to me,' continues Richard, "'Come down again, for I will not hurt an hair of thy head; for I cannot make one hair grow.'" Then he cried, "Silence all men," and proclaimed it three times over, that if any man or men on board of the ship would come and give evidence that I had done anything that I deserved death for, I should have it, provided they were credible persons. But no man came, neither a mouth opened against me then. So he cried again, "Silence all men, and hear me speak." Then he proclaimed that the Quaker was as free a man as any on board of the ship was. So the men heaved up their hats, and with a loud voice cried, "God bless Sir Edward, he is a merciful man!" The shrouds and tops and decks being full of men, several of their hats flew overboard and were lost.'

We will say good-bye to Richard there, with all the sailors huzzaing round him, throwing up their caps, and Sir Edward standing by with a pleased smile, more pleased than ever now, since it was impossible for any one to deny that he was a merciful, a most merciful man. The change for Richard himself, from being a condemned criminal loaded with chains to being a universal favourite, must have been startling indeed, though his troubles were not over yet. Difficulties surrounded him again when the actual battles with the Dutch began. But, though he could not fight, and was therefore in perpetual danger, he could and did help and heal.

His story tells us how he was able to save the whole ship's company from destruction more than once, and had more marvellous

69. The Roman Catholic gentry used sometimes to alarm their Protestant neighbours with blood-curdling announcements that the good times of Queen Mary were coming back, and 'faggotts should be deere yet' (G.M. Trevelyan, ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS, p. 87).



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adventures than there is time here to relate. He tells also how the persecuting lieutenant became his fast friend, and eventually helped him to get his freedom.

For he did regain his liberty in the end, and was given a written permission to go home and earn his living as a fisherman. With this writing in his hand no press-crew would dare to kidnap him again. So back he came to Scarborough, to the red-roofed cottage by the water's edge, to his unmended nets, and to the little daughter with whom we saw him first. Most likely at this time George Fox was still a prisoner in the Castle. If so, one of the very first things Richard did, we may be sure, was to climb the many stone steps up to the Castle and seek his friend in his cheerless prison. The fire smoke and the rain would be forgotten by both men as they talked together, and George Fox's face would light up as he heard the story of the lashings that disappeared and the beatings that left no bruise. He was not a man who laughed easily, but doubtless he laughed once, at any rate, as he listened to Richard's story, when he heard of the huzzaing sailors whose hats fell off into the water because they were so energetically sure that 'Sir Edward was a very merciful man.'



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's *JOURNAL*, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

‘RICHARD SELLAR AND THE “MERCIFUL MAN.”’

Taken from Richard Sellar's own narrative: 'AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF RICHARD SELLER OF KEINSEY, A FISHERMAN WHO WAS PREST IN SCARBOROUGH PIERS, IN THE TIME OF THE TWO LAST ENGAGEMENTS BETWEEN THE DUTCH AND ENGLISH, IN THE YEAR 1665,' published in Besse's 'SUFFERINGS OF THE QUAKERS,' vol. ii. pp. 112-120.



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1666

 September 1, Saturday (Old Style): Just prior to the outbreak of the great fire in [London](#), Friend [George Fox](#) was being granted his release from Scarborough Castle.

As soon as this order was obtained, John Whitehead came to Scarborough with it, and delivered it to the Governor; who, upon receipt thereof, gathered the officers together, and, without requiring bond or sureties for my peaceable living, being satisfied that I was a man of a peaceable life, he discharged me freely, and gave me the following passport:

Permit the bearer hereof, George Fox, late a prisoner here, and now discharged by His Majesty's order, quietly to pass about his lawful occasions, without any molestation. Given under my hand at Scarborough Castle, this first day of September, 1666.

*JORDAN CROSLANDS,
Governor of Scarborough Castle.*

After I was released, I would have made the Governor a present for the civility and kindness he had of late shown me; but he would not receive anything; saying that whatever good he could do for me and my friends he would do it, and never do them any hurt. And afterwards, if at any time the mayor of the town sent to him for soldiers to break up Friends' meetings, if he sent any down he would privately give them a charge not to meddle. He continued loving to his dying day.

The officers also and the soldiers were mightily changed, and became very respectful to me, and when they had occasion to speak of me they would say, "He is as stiff as a tree, and as pure as a bell; for we could never bow him." [Here is an interesting entry in the Journal in the year 1669: "I then visited friends at Whitby and Scarborough. When I was at Scarborough, the governor, hearing I was come, sent to invite me to his house, saying, 'Surely, you would not be so unkind as not to come and see me and my wife.' After the meeting I went to visit him, and he received me very courteously and lovingly."]

The very next day after my release, the fire broke out in London, and the report of it came quickly down into the country. Then I saw the Lord God was true and just in His Word, which he had shown me before in Lancaster jail, when I saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering sword drawn southward, as before expressed.

The people of London were forewarned of this fire; yet few laid to heart, or believed it; but rather grew more wicked, and higher in pride. For a Friend was moved to come out of Huntingdonshire a little before the fire, to scatter his money, and turn his horse loose on the streets, to untie the knees of his trousers, let his stockings fall down, and to unbutton his doublet, and tell the people that so should they run up and down, scattering their money and their goods, half undressed, like mad people, as he was sign to them [Thomas Ibbett of Huntingdonshire would soon be standing in Cheapside with outspread arms during the great fire, trying magically to stop the progress of the flames]; and so they did, when the city was burning.

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Thus hath the Lord exercised His prophets and servants by His power, shown them signs of His judgments, and sent them to forewarn the people; but, instead of repenting, they have beaten and cruelly entreated some, and some they have imprisoned, both in the former power's days [the days of Oliver Cromwell] and since.

But the Lord is just, and happy are they that obey His word.

Some have been moved to go naked in their streets, in the other power's days and since, as signs of their nakedness; and have declared amongst them that God would strip them of their hypocritical professions, and make them as bare and naked as they were. But instead of considering it, they have many times whipped, or otherwise abused them, and sometimes imprisoned them.

Others have been moved to go in sackcloth, and to denounce the woes and vengeance of God against the pride and haughtiness of the people; but few regarded it. And in the other power's days, the wicked, envious, and professing priests, put up several petitions both to Oliver and Richard, called Protectors, and to the Parliaments, judges and Justices, against us, full of lies, vilifying words and slanders; but we got copies of them, and, through the Lord's assistance, answered them all, and cleared the Lord's truth and ourselves of them.

But oh! the body of darkness that rose against the Truth in them that made lies their refuge! But the Lord swept them away; and in and with His power, truth, light, and life, hedged his lambs about, and preserved them as on eagles' wings. Therefore we all had, and have, great encouragement to trust the Lord, who, we saw by His power and Spirit, overturned and brought to naught all the confederacies and counsels that were hatched in darkness against His Truth and people; and by the same truth gave His people dominion, that therein they might serve Him.

Indeed, I could not but take notice how the hand of the Lord turned against the persecutors who had been the cause of my imprisonment, or had been abusive or cruel to me in it. The officer that fetched me to Holker-Hall wasted his estate, and soon after fled into Ireland. Most of the justices that were upon the bench at the sessions when I was sent to prison, died in a while after; as old Thomas Preston, Rawlinson, Porter, and Matthew West, of Borwick. Justice Fleming's wife died, and left him thirteen or fourteen motherless children. Colonel Kirby never prospered after. The chief constable, Richard Dodgson, died soon after, and Mount, the petty constable, and the wife of the other petty constable, John Ashburnham, who railed at me in her house, died soon after. William Knipe, the witness they brought against me, died soon after also. Hunter, the jailer of Lancaster, who was very wicked to me while I was his prisoner, was cut off in his young days; and the under-sheriff that carried me from Lancaster prison towards Scarborough, lived not long after. And Joblin, the jailer of Durham, who was prisoner with me in Scarborough Castle, and had often incensed the Governor and soldiers against me, though he got out of prison, yet the Lord cut him off in his wickedness soon after.

When I came into that country again, most of those that dwelt in Lancashire were dead, and others ruined in their estates; so that, though I did not seek revenge upon them for their actings against me contrary to the law, yet the Lord had executed His judgments upon many of them.



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September 4, Tuesday (Old Style): At first the wind drove the great [London](#) fire west away from the [Tower of London](#) but when the winds stopped the fire started to burn east. It would have consumed the fortress had firefighters not used barrels of gunpowder to blow up nearby houses.

THIS DAY IN PEPYS'S DIARY

As this was occurring exactly one millennium after the year 666 CE (666 being the Number of the Beast), many Londoners feared the end of the world. The Great Fire of course did nothing to alleviate such trepidations (Schwartz, Hillel. *CENTURY'S END: AN ORIENTATION MANUAL TOWARD THE YEAR 2000*. NY: Doubleday, 1996, page 87, Kyle, Richard. *THE LAST DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN*. Grand Rapids MI: Baker Books, 1998, page 67-68). Friend [George Fox](#), released from Scarborough Castle just before the fire broke out, would be taken back into prison.

MILLENNIALISM

[John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry for this day referred to his 1661 tirade *FUMIFUGIUM: OR, THE INCONVENIENCE OF*



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THE AER AND SMOAKE OF LONDON DISSIPATED and was in part as follows:

John Evelyn's Diary

The burning still rages; I went now on horse back, & it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleetstreete, old baily, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paules Chaine, Wattling-streete now flaming & most of it reduc'd to ashes, the stones of Paules flew like granados, the Lead mealting down the streetes in a streame, & the very pavements of them glowing with a fiery rednesse, so as nor horse nor man was able to tread on them, & the demolitions had stopped all the passages, so as no help could be applied; the Easter[n] Wind still more impetuously driving the flames forwards: Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man: on the fift it crossed towards Whitehall, but ô the Confusion was then at that Court:

It pleased his Majestie to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of fetter-lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the Gent[lemen] tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another, for now they began to bestirr themselves, & not 'til now, who 'til now had stood as men interdict, with their hands a crosse, & began to consider that nothing was like to put a stop, but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a [wider] gap, than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with Engines: This some stout Seamen proposd early enought to have saved the whole Citty: but some tenacious & avaritious Men, Aldermen &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben [of] the first: It was therefore now commanded to be practised, & my conerne being particularly for the Hospital of st. Bartholomeus neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded & sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse: So as it pleased Almighty God by abating of the Wind, & the industrie of people, now when all was lost, infusing a new Spirit into them (& such as had if exerted in time undoubtedly preserved the whole) that the furie of it began sensibly to abate, about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple West-ward, nor than the enterance of Smithfield North; but continued all this day & night so impetuous toward Cripple-Gate, & The Tower, as made us even all despaire; It also brake out againe in the Temple: but the courage of the multitude persisting, & innumerable houses blown up with Gunpowder, such gaps & desolations were soone made, as also by the former three days consumption, as the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest, as formerly:

There was yet no standing neere the burning & glowing ruines neere a furlongs Space; The Coale & Wood wharfes & magazines of Oyle, rozine, [chandler] &c: did infinite mischiefe; so as the invective I but a little before dedicated to his Majestie & publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was lookd on as prophetic: but there I left this smoking & sultry heape, which mounted up in dismall clouds night & day, the poore Inhabitans dispersd all about St. Georges, Moore filds, as far as higate, & severall miles in Circle, Some under tents, others under miserab[le] Hutts and Hovells, without a rag, or any necessary utinsils, bed or board, who from delicatnesse, riches & easy accommodations in stately & well furnishd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery & poverty: In this Calamitous Condition I returnd with a sad heart to my house, blessing & adoring the distinguishing mercy of God, to me & mine, who in the midst of all this ruine, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound:



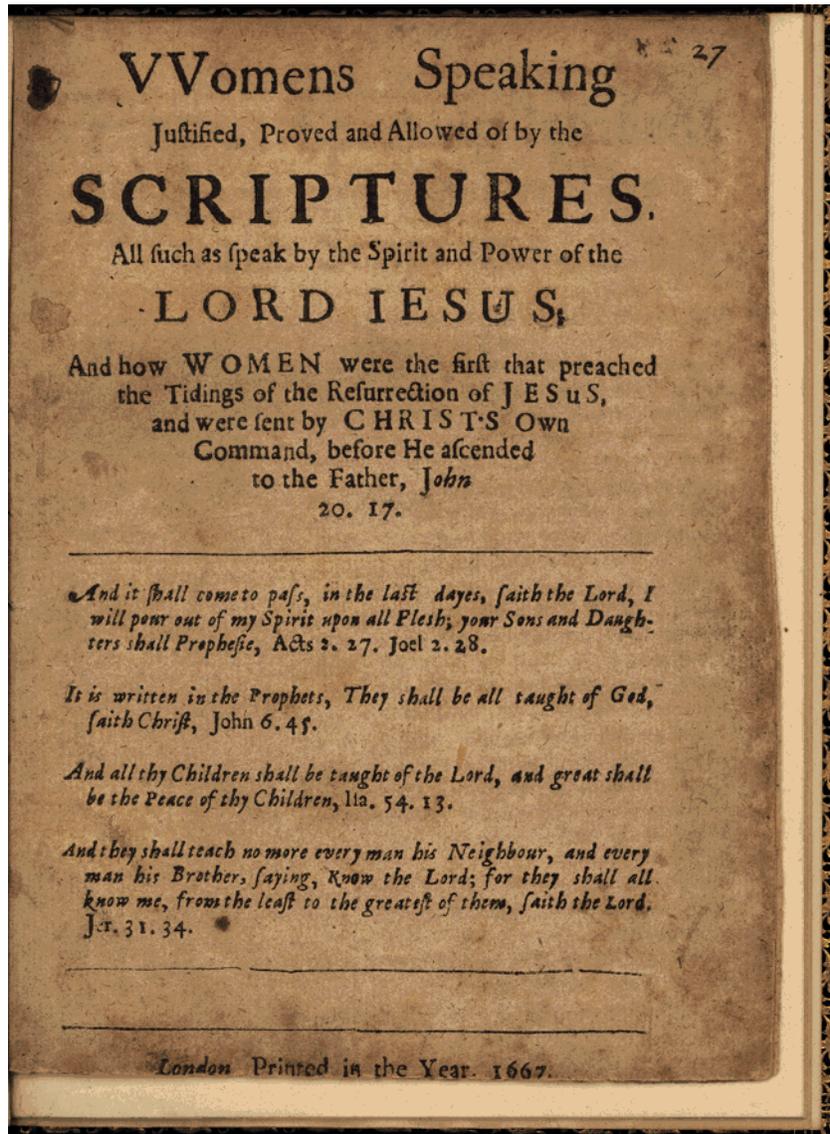
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1667

Friend Margaret Askew Fell's feminist tract, VVOMENS SPEAKING JUSTIFIED, PROVED AND ALLOWED OF BY THE SCRIPTURES..., boldly presented her interpretation of the BIBLE regarding the role of women in the



church and persuasively responded both to the Pauline injunction against their involvement in church teaching and to the traditional sexist interpretation of the creation stories in GENESIS:

And whereas it is said, I permit not a Woman to speak, as saith



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the Law: But where Women are led by the Spirit of God, they are not under the Law; for Christ in the Male and in the Female is one; and where he is made manifest in Male and Female, he may speak; for he is the end of the Law for Righteousness to all them that believe. So here you ought to make a Distinction what sort of Women are forbidden to speak; such as were under the Law, who were not come to Christ, nor to the Spirit of Prophecy: For Huldah, Miriam, and Hannah, were Prophetesses, who were not forbidden in the time of the Law, for they all prophesied in the time of the Law; as you may read in 2 KINGS 22. what Huldah said unto the Priest, and to the Ambassadors that were sent to her from the King, Go, saith she, and tell the Man that sent you to me, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Behold, I will bring evil upon this place, and on the Inhabitants thereof, even all the Words of the Book which the King of Judah hath read; because they have forsaken me, and have burnt Incense to other Gods, to anger me with all the Works of their Hands: Therefore my Wrath shall be kindled against this place, and shall not be quenched. But to the King of Judah, that sent you to me to ask Counsel of the Lord, so shall you say to him, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Because thy Heart did melt, and thou humbledst thy self before the Lord, when thou heard'st what I spake against this place, and against the Inhabitants of the same, how they should be destroyed; Behold, I will receive thee to thy Father, and thou shalt be put into thy Grave in peace, and thine Eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place.

Now let us see if any of you, blind Priests, can speak after this manner, and see if it be not a better Sermon than any of you can make, who are against Women's Speaking. And *Isaiah*, that went to the Prophetess, did not forbid her Speaking or Prophesying, *ISAIAH 8*. And was it not prophesied in *JOEL 2*. that *Hand-maids* should Prophesie? And are not *Hand-maids* Women?

Consider this, ye that are against Women's Speaking, how in the *ACTS* the Spirit of the Lord was poured forth upon Daughters as well as Sons. In the time of the Gospel, when *Mary* came to salute *Elizabeth* in the Hill-Country in *Judea*, and when *Elizabeth* heard the Salutation of *Mary*, the Babe leaped in her Womb, and she was filled with the Holy Spirit; and *Elizabeth* spoke with a loud Voice. Blessed art thou amongst Women, blessed is the Fruit of thy Womb. Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For lo, as soon as thy Salutation came to my Ear, the Babe leaped in my Womb for Joy; for blessed is she that believes, for there shall be a Performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. And this was *Elizabeth's* Sermon concerning Christ, which at this day stands upon Record. And then *Mary* said, My Soul doth magnifie the Lord, and my Spirit rejoyceth in God my Saviour, for he hath regarded the low Estate of his Handmaid: For, behold, from henceforth all Generations shall call me blessed; for he that is mighty, hath done to me great things, and holy is his Name; and his Mercy is on them



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that fear him, from Generation to Generation; he hath shewed Strength with his Arm; he hath scattered the Proud in the Imaginations of their own Hearts; he hath put down the Mighty from their Seats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the Hungry with good things, and the Rich he hath sent empty away: He hath holpen his Servant *Israel*, in remembrance of his Mercy, as he spake to his Father, to *Abraham*, and to his Seed for ever. Are you not here beholding to the Woman for her Sermon, to use her Words, to put into your COMMON PRAYER? and yet you forbid Women's Speaking.

Now here you may see how these two Women prophesied of Christ, and preached better than all the blind Priests did in that Age, and better than this Age also, who are beholding to Women to make use of their Words.

From this year into 1670, Friend [George Fox](#) would be at the work of organizing his new religion:

I then visited Friends till I came to York, where we had a large meeting. After this I went to visit Justice Robinson, an ancient justice of the peace, who had been very loving to me and Friends from the beginning. There was a priest with him, who told me that it was said of us, that we loved none but ourselves. I told him that we loved all mankind, as they were God's creation, and as they were children of Adam and Eve by generation; and that we loved the brotherhood in the Holy Ghost. This stopped him. After some other discourse we parted friendly, and passed away.

About this time I wrote a book, entitled, "Fear God, and Honour the King"; in which I showed that none could rightly fear God and honour the King but they that departed from sin and evil. This book greatly affected the soldiers, and most people.

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A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.



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** Then I was moved of the Lord to recommend the setting up of five monthly meetings of men and women in the city of London (besides the women's meetings and the quarterly meetings), to take care of God's glory, and to admonish and exhort such as walked disorderly or carelessly, and not according to Truth. For whereas Friends had had only quarterly meetings, now Truth was spread, and Friends were grown more numerous, I was moved to recommend the setting up of monthly meetings throughout the nation. [The first Quaker system of Discipline, printed in 1669 by Fox's opponents under the title CANONS AND INSTITUTIONS, would be drawn up soon after his release from Scarborough Castle.] And the Lord opened to me what I must do, and how the men's and women's monthly and quarterly meetings should be ordered and established in this and in other nations; and that I should write to those where I did not come, to do the same. After things were well settled at London, and the Lord's Truth, power, seed, and life reigned and shone over all in the city, I went into Essex.*

[Throughout the counties where he had preached, he now went, setting up monthly meetings, i.e., local meetings for transacting the business of the Church and for ordering and overseeing the moral and spiritual life of the membership. We shall not follow his movements in detail, but it may here be noted that the world's records show few instances of more striking energy, and fidelity to a divine mission, than do the entries of these twenty-four years. Here is one glimpse of him as he is traveling through "the frost and snow," during the winter of 1667.]

I was so exceeding weak, I was hardly able to get on or off my horse's back; but my spirit being earnestly engaged in the work the Lord had concerned me in and sent me forth about, I travelled on therein, notwithstanding the weakness of my body, having confidence in the Lord, that He would carry me through, as He did by His power.

We came into Cheshire, where we had several blessed meetings, and a general men's meeting; wherein all the monthly meetings for that county were settled, according to the gospel order, in and by the power of God.

After the meeting I passed away. But when the justices heard of it, they were very much troubled that they had not come and broken it up, and taken me; but the Lord prevented them.

Then, returning towards London by Waltham, I advised the setting up of a school there for teaching boys; and also a woman's school to be opened at Shacklewell, for instructing girls and young maidens in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation.

Thus were the men's monthly meetings settled through the nation [1668]. The quarterly meetings were generally settled before.

I wrote also into Ireland by faithful Friends, and into Scotland, Holland, Barbadoes, and several parts of America, advising Friends to settle their men's monthly meetings in those countries. For they had had their general quarterly meetings before; but now that Truth was increased amongst them, it was needful that they should settle those men's monthly meetings in the power and Spirit of God, that first convinced them.



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Since these meetings have been settled, and all the faithful in the power of God, who are heirs of the gospel, have met together in the power of God, which is their authority, to perform service to the Lord, many mouths have been opened in thanksgiving and praise, and many have blessed the Lord God, that ever He sent me forth in this service. For now all coming to have a concern and care for God's honour and glory, and His name, which they profess, be not blasphemed; and to see that all who profess the Truth walk in the Truth, in righteousness and in holiness, as becomes the house of God, and that all order their conversation aright, that they may see the salvation of God; they may all see and know, possess and partake of, the government of Christ, of the increase of which there is to be no end. Thus the Lord's everlasting renown and praise are set up in the heart of every one that is faithful; so that we can say the gospel order established amongst us is not of man, nor by man, but of and by Jesus Christ, in and through the Holy Ghost.

This order of the gospel, which is not of man nor by man, but from Christ, the heavenly man, is above all the orders of men in the fall, whether Jews, Gentiles, or apostate Christians, and will remain when they are gone. For the power of God, which is the everlasting gospel, was before the devil was, and will be and remain forever. And as the everlasting gospel was preached in the apostles' days to all nations, that all nations might, through the divine power which brings life and immortality to light, come into the order of it, so now the everlasting gospel is to be, and is, preached again, as John the divine foresaw it should be, to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people.

Now [1669] was I moved of the Lord to go over into Ireland, to visit the Seed of God in that nation. There went with me Robert Lodge, James Lancaster, Thomas Briggs, and John Stubbs.

We waited near Liverpool for shipping and wind. After waiting some days, we sent James Lancaster to take passage, which he did, and brought word the ship was ready, and would take us in at Black Rock. We went thither on foot; and it being some distance, and the weather very hot, I was much spent with walking.

When we arrived, the ship was not there; so we were obliged to go to the town and take shipping. When we were on board, I said to the rest of my company, "Come, ye will triumph in the Lord, for we shall have fair wind and weather."

Many passengers in the ship were sick, but not one of our company. The captain and many of the passengers were very loving; and we being at sea on the first day of the week, I was moved to declare Truth among them; whereupon the captain said to the passengers, "Here are things that you never heard in your lives."

When we came before Dublin, we took boat and went ashore; and the earth and air smelt, methought, of the corruption of the nation, so that it yielded another smell to me than England did; which I imputed to the Popish massacres that had been committed, and the blood that had been spilt in it, from which a foulness ascended.

We passed through among the officers of the custom four times, yet they did not search us; for they perceived what we were: some of them were so envious they did not care to look at us.



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We did not soon find Friends; but went to an inn, and sent out to inquire for some. These, when they came to us, were exceedingly glad of our coming, and received us with great joy.

We stayed there the weekly meeting, which was a large one, and the power and life of God appeared greatly in it. Afterwards we passed to a province meeting, which lasted two days, there being one about the poor, and another meeting more general; in which a mighty power of the Lord appeared. Truth was livingly declared, and Friends were much refreshed therein.

Passing thence about four and twenty miles, we came to another place, where we had a very good, refreshing meeting; but after it some Papists that were there were angry, and raged very much. When I heard of it, I sent for one of them, who was a schoolmaster; but he would not come.

Thereupon I sent a challenge to him, with all the friars and monks, priests and Jesuits, to come forth, and "try their God and their Christ, which they had made of bread and wine," but no answer could I get from them. I told them they were worse than the priests of Baal; for Baal's priests tried their wooden god, but these durst not try their god of bread and wine; and Baal's priests and people did not eat their god as these did, and then make another.

He that was then mayor of Cork, being very envious against Truth and Friends, had many Friends in prison. Knowing I was in the country, he sent four warrants to take me; therefore Friends were desirous that I should not ride through Cork. But, being at Bandon, there appeared to me in a vision a very ugly-visaged man, of a black and dark look. My spirit struck at him in the power of God, and it seemed to me that I rode over him with my horse, and my horse set his foot on the side of his face.

When I came down in the morning, I told a friend the command of the Lord to me was to ride through Cork; but I bade him tell no man. So we took horse, many Friends being with me.

When we came near the town, Friends would have shown me a way through the back side of it; but I told them my way was through the streets. Taking Paul Morrice to guide me through the town, I rode on.

As we rode through the market-place, and by the mayor's door, he, seeing me, said, "There goes George Fox"; but he had not power to stop me. When we had passed the sentinels, and were come over the bridge, we went to a Friend's house and alighted. There the Friends told me what a rage was in the town, and how many warrants were granted to take me.

While I was sitting there I felt the evil spirit at work in the town, stirring up mischief against me; and I felt the power of the Lord strike at that evil spirit.

By-and-by some other friends coming in, told me it was over the town, and amongst the magistrates that I was in the town. I said, "Let the devil do his worst." After we had refreshed ourselves, I called for my horse, and having a Friend to guide me, we went on our way.

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Great was the rage that the mayor and others of Cork were in that they had missed me, and great pains they afterwards took to catch me, having their scouts abroad upon the roads, as I understood, to observe which way I went. Scarce a public meeting I came to, but spies came to watch if I were there. The magistrates and priests sent information one to another concerning me, describing me by my hair, hat, clothes and horse; so that when I was near an hundred miles from Cork they had an account concerning me and a description of me before I came amongst them.

One very envious magistrate, who was both a priest and a justice, got a warrant from the Judge of assize to apprehend me. The warrant was to go over all his circuit, which reached near an hundred miles. Yet the Lord disappointed all their councils, defeated all their designs against me, and by His good hand of Providence preserved me out of all their snares, and gave us many sweet and blessed opportunities to visit Friends, and spread Truth through that nation.

** For meetings were very large, Friends coming to them from far and near; and other people flocking in. The powerful presence of the Lord was preciousely felt amongst us. Many of the world were reached, convinced, and gathered to the Truth; the Lord's flock was increased; and Friends were greatly refreshed and comforted in feeling the love of God. Oh the brokenness that was amongst them in the flowings of life! so that, in the power and Spirit of the Lord, many together broke out into singing, even with audible voices, making melody in their hearts.*

After I had travelled over Ireland, and visited Friends in their meetings, as well for business as for worship, and had answered several papers and writings from monks, friars, and Protestant priests (for they were all in a rage against us, and endeavoured to stop the work of the Lord, and some Jesuits swore in our hearing that we had come to spread our principles in that nation, but should not do it), I returned to Dublin, in order to take passage for England. I stayed to the First-day's meeting there, which was very large and precious.

There being a ship ready, and the wind serving, we took our leave of Friends; parting in much tenderness and brokenness, in the sense of the heavenly life and power manifested amongst us. Having put our horses and necessaries on board in the morning, we went ourselves in the afternoon, many Friends accompanying us to the ship; and diverse Friends and Friendly people followed us in boats when we were near a league at sea, their love drawing them, though not without danger.

A good, weighty, and true people there is in that nation, sensible of the power of the Lord God, and tender of His truth. Very good order they have in their meetings; for they stand up for righteousness and holiness, which dams up the way of wickedness. A precious visitation they had, and there is an excellent spirit in them, worthy to be visited. Many things more I could write of that nation, and of my travels in it; but thus much I thought good to signify, that the righteous may rejoice in the prosperity of truth.

We travelled till we came to Bristol, where I met with Margaret Fell, who was come to visit her daughter Yeomans.

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I had seen from the Lord a considerable time before, that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife. And when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer of Life from God thereunto. But though the lord had opened this thing to me, yet I had not received a command from the Lord for the accomplishing of it then. Wherefore I let the thing rest, and went on in the work and service of the Lord as before, according as he led me; travelling up and down in this nation, and through Ireland.

But now being at Bristol, and finding Margaret Fell there, it opened in me from the Lord that the thing should be accomplished. After we had discoursed the matter together, I told her, if she also was satisfied with the accomplishing of it now, she should first send for her children; which she did. When the rest of her daughters were come, I asked both them and her sons-in-law if they had anything against it, or for it; and they all severally expressed their satisfaction therein.

Then I asked Margaret if she had fulfilled and performed her husband's will to her children. She replied, "The children know that." Whereupon I asked them whether, if their mother married, they would lose by it. And I asked Margaret whether she had done anything in lieu of it, which might answer it to the children.

The children said she had answered it to them, and desired me to speak no more of it. I told them I was plain, and would have all things done plainly; for I sought not any outward advantage to myself.

So, after I had thus acquainted the children with it, our intention of marriage was laid before Friends, both privately and publicly, to their full satisfaction. Many of them gave testimony thereunto that it was of God. Afterwards [the 27th of "Eighth month," 1669], a meeting being appointed for the accomplishing thereof, in the meeting-house at Broad-Mead, in Bristol, we took each other, the Lord joining us together in honourable marriage, in the everlasting covenant and immortal Seed of life. In the sense thereof living and weighty testimonies were borne thereunto by Friends, in the movings of the heavenly power which united us. Then was a certificate, relating both the proceedings and the marriage, openly read, and signed by the relations, and by most of the ancient Friends of that city, besides many others from diverse parts of the nation. We stayed about a week in Bristol, and then went together to Oldstone: where, taking leave of each other in the Lord, we parted, betaking ourselves each to our several service; Margaret returning homewards to the north, and I passing on in the work of the Lord as before. I travelled through Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and so to London, visiting Friends: in all of which counties I had many large and precious meetings. [About three months after marriage, Margaret was thrown into Lancaster prison where she was kept until a few weeks before her husband sailed to the West Indies and the American colonies. Therefore during the first four years of their marriage this couple would be almost continually separated. In 1670 the so-called Conventicle Act, originally passed in 1664, was renewed with increased vigor. The Act limited religious gatherings, other than those of the Established Church, to five persons, and brought all who refused to take an oath under the penalties of the Act.]

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On the First-day after the Act came in force, I went to the meeting at Gracechurch Street, where I expected the storm was most likely to begin. When I came there, I found the street full of people, and a guard set to keep Friends out of their meeting-house. I went to the other passage out of Lombard street, where also I found a guard; but the court was full of people, and a Friend was speaking amongst them; but he did not speak long.

When he had done, I stood up, and was moved to say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against that which pricks thee." Then I showed that it is Saul's nature that persecutes still, and that they who persecute Christ in His members now, where He is made manifest, kick against that which pricks them; that it was the birth of the flesh that persecuted the birthborn of the Spirit, and that it was the nature of dogs to tear and devour the sheep; but that we suffered as sheep, that bite not again, for we were a peaceable people, and loved them that persecuted us.

After I had spoken a while to this effect, the constable came with an informer and soldiers; and as they pulled me down, I said, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

The commander put me among the soldiers, and bade them secure me, saying to me, "You are the man I looked for." They took also John Burnyeat and another Friend, and led us away, first to the Exchange, and afterwards towards Moorfields. As we went along the streets the people were very moderate; some of them laughed at the constable, and told him we would not run away.

The informer went with us unknown, till, falling into discourse with one of the company, he said it would never be a good world till all people came to the good old religion that was two hundred years ago. Whereupon I asked him, "Art thou a Papist? What! a Papist informer; for two hundred years ago there was no other religion but that of the Papists."

He saw he had ensnared himself, and was vexed at it; for as he went along the streets I spoke often to him, and manifested what he was.

When we were come to the mayor's house, and were in the courtyard, several of the people that stood about, asked me how and for what I was taken. I desired them to ask the informer, and also what his name was; but he refused to tell his name. Whereupon one of the mayor's officers, looking out at a window, told him he should tell his name before he went away; for the lord mayor would know by what authority he intruded himself with soldiers into the execution of those laws which belonged to the civil magistrate to execute, and not to the military.

After this, he was eager to be gone; and went to the porter to be let out. One of the officers called to him, saying, "Have you brought people here to inform against, and now will you go away before my lord mayor comes?" Some called to the porter not to let him out; whereupon he forcibly pulled open the door and slipped out.

No sooner was he come into the street than the people gave a shout that made the street ring again, crying out, "A Papist informer! a Papist informer!" We desired the constable and soldiers to go and rescue him out of the people's hands, fearing lest they should do him a mischief.

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They went, and brought him into the mayor's entry, where they stayed a while; but when he went out again, the people received him with another shout. The soldiers were fain to go and rescue him once more, and they led him into a house in an alley, where they persuaded him to change his periwig, and so he got away unknown.

When the mayor came, we were brought into the room where he was, and some of his officers would have taken off our hats, perceiving which he called to them, and bade them let us alone, and not meddle with our hats; "for," said he, "they are not yet brought before me in judicature." So we stood by while he examined some Presbyterian and Baptist teachers; with whom he was somewhat sharp, and convicted them.

After he had done with them, I was brought up to the table where he sat; and then the officers took off my hat. The mayor said mildly to me, "Mr. Fox, you are an eminent man amongst those of your profession; pray, will you be instrumental to dissuade them from meeting in such great numbers? for, seeing Christ hath promised that where two or three are met in His name, He will be in the midst of them, and the King and Parliament are graciously pleased to allow four to meet together to worship God; why will not you be content to partake both of Christ's promise to two or three, and the King's indulgence to four?" [Fox pointed out sarcastically to the magistrates that their ordinance would have prevented the 12 apostles from meeting, and would have prevented and the 70 disciples from meeting.]

I answered to this purpose: "Christ's promise was not to discourage many from meeting together in His name, but to encourage the few, that the fewest might not forbear to meet because of their fewness. But if Christ hath promised to manifest His presence in the midst of so small an assembly, where but two or three are gathered in His name, how much more would His presence abound where two or three hundred are gathered in His name?"

I wished him to consider whether this Act, if it had been in their time, would not have taken hold of Christ, with His twelve apostles and seventy disciples, who used to meet often together, and that with great numbers? However, I told him this Act did not concern us; for it was made against seditious meetings, of such as met under colour and pretence of religion "to contrive insurrections, as [the Act says] late experience had shown." But we had been sufficiently tried and proved, and always found peaceable, and therefore he would do well to put a difference between the innocent and the guilty.

He said the Act was made against meetings, and a worship not according to the liturgy.

I told him "according to" was not the very same thing; and asked him whether the liturgy was according to the Scriptures, and whether we might not read Scriptures and speak Scriptures.

He said, "Yes."

I told him, "This Act takes hold only of such as meet to plot and contrive insurrections, as late experience hath shown; but they have never experienced that by us. Because thieves are sometimes on the road, must not honest men travel? And because plotters and contrivers have met to do mischief, must not an honest, peaceable people meet to do good?"

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If we had been a people that met to plot and contrive insurrections, etc., we might have drawn ourselves into fours; for four might do more mischief in plotting than if there were four hundred, because four might speak out their minds more freely to one another than four hundred could. Therefore we, being innocent, and not the people this Act concerns, keep our meetings as we used to do. I believe thou knowest in thy conscience that we are innocent."

After some more discourse, he took our names, and the places where we lodged; and at length, as the informer was gone, he set us at liberty.

The Friends with me now asked, "Whither wilt thou go?" I told them, "To Gracechurch street meeting again, if it is not over."

When we came there, the people were generally gone; only some few stood at the gate. We went into Gerrard Roberts's. Thence I sent to know how the other meetings in the city were. I found that at some of the meeting-places Friends had been kept out; at others they had been taken; but these were set at liberty again a few days after.

A glorious time it was; for the Lord's power came over all, and His everlasting truth got renown. For in the meetings, as fast as some that were speaking were taken down, others were moved of the Lord to stand up and speak, to the admiration of the people; and the more because many Baptists and other sectaries left their public meetings, and came to see how the Quakers would stand.

As for the informer aforesaid, he was so frightened that hardly any informer dared to appear publicly in London for some time after. But the mayor, whose name was Samuel Starling, though he carried himself smoothly towards us, proved afterwards a very great persecutor of our Friends, many of whom he cast into prison, as may be seen in the trials of William Penn, William Mead, and others, at the Old Bailey this year. [This trial at the Old Bailey is reported in full in the Preface to THE WORKS OF WILLIAM PENN. William Penn had been influenced by the preaching of Thomas Loe while he was a student in Oxford University in 1659 and had explicitly joined with the Quakers in 1666.]

As I was walking down a hill [near Rochester], a great weight and oppression fell upon my spirit. I got on my horse again, but the weight remained so that I was hardly able to ride.

At length we came to Rochester, but I was much spent, being so extremely laden and burthened with the world's spirits, that my life was oppressed under them. I got with difficulty to Gravesend, and lay at an inn there; but could hardly either eat or sleep.

The next day John Rous and Alexander Parker went to London; and John Stubbs being come to me, we went over the ferry into Essex. We came to Hornchurch, where there was a meeting on First-day. After it I rode with great uneasiness to Stratford, to a Friend's house, whose name was Williams, and who had formerly been a captain. Here I lay, exceedingly weak, and at last lost both hearing and sight. Several Friends came to me from London: and I told them that I should be a sign to such as would not see, and such as would not hear the Truth.

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In this condition I continued some time. Several came about me; and though I could not see their persons, I felt and discerned their spirits, who were honest-hearted, and who were not. Diverse Friends who practiced physic came to see me, and would have given me medicines, but I was not to meddle with any; for I was sensible I had a travail to go through; and therefore desired none but solid, weighty Friends might be about me.

Under great sufferings and travails, sorrows and oppressions, I lay for several weeks, whereby I was brought so low and weak in body that few thought I could live. Some that were with me went away, saying they would not see me die; and it was reported both in London and in the country that I was deceased; but I felt the Lord's power inwardly supporting me.

When they that were about me had given me up to die, I spoke to them to get a coach to carry me to Gerrard Roberts's, about twelve miles off, for I found it was my place to go thither. I had now recovered a little glimmering of sight, so that I could discern the people and fields as I went, and that was all.

When I came to Gerrard's, he was very weak, and I was moved to speak to him, and encourage him. After I had stayed about three weeks there, it was with me to go to Enfield. Friends were afraid of my removing; but I told them I might safely go.

When I had taken my leave of Gerrard, and was come to Enfield, I went first to visit Amor Stoddart, who lay very weak and almost speechless. I was moved to tell him that he had been faithful as a man, and faithful to God, and that the immortal Seed of life was his crown. Many more words I was moved to speak to him, though I was then so weak I was hardly able to stand; and within a few days after, Amor died.

** I went to the widow Dry's, at Enfield, where I lay all that winter, warring in spirit with the evil spirits of the world, that warred against Truth and Friends. For there were great persecutions at this time; some meeting-houses were pulled down, and many were broken up by soldiers. Sometimes a troop of horse, or a company of foot came; and some broke their swords, carbines, muskets, and pikes, with beating Friends; and many they wounded, so that their blood lay in the streets.*

Amongst others that were active in this cruel persecution at London, my old adversary, Colonel Kirby, was one. With a company of foot, he went to break up several meetings; and he would often inquire for me at the meetings he broke up. One time as he went over the water to Horsleydown, there happening some scuffle between some of his soldiers and some of the watermen, he bade his men fire at them. They did so, and killed some.

I was under great sufferings at this time, beyond what I have words to declare. For I was brought into the deep, and saw all the religions of the world, and people that lived in them. And I saw the priests that held them up; who were as a company of men-eaters, eating up the people like bread, and gnawing the flesh from off their bones. But as for true religion, and worship, and ministers of God, alack! I saw there was none amongst those of the world that pretended to it.

Though it was a cruel, bloody, persecuting time, yet the Lord's power went over all, His everlasting Seed prevailed; and Friends were made to stand firm and faithful in the Lord's power. Some sober people of other professions would say, "If Friends did not stand, the nation would run into debauchery."



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Though by reason of my weakness I could not travel amongst Friends as I had been used to do, yet in the motion of life I sent the following lines as an encouraging testimony to them: –

My dear Friends:

The Seed is above all. In it walk; in which ye all have life. Be not amazed at the weather; for always the just suffered by the unjust, but the just had the dominion.

All along ye may see, by faith the mountains were subdued; and the rage of the wicked, with his fiery darts, was quenched.

Though the waves and storms be high, yet your faith will keep you, so as to swim above them; for they are but for a time, and the Truth is without time. Therefore keep on the mountain of holiness, ye who are led to it by the Light.

Do not think that anything will outlast the Truth. For the Truth standeth sure; and is over that which is out of the Truth. For the good will overcome the evil; the light, darkness; the life, death; virtue, vice; and righteousness, unrighteousness. The false prophet cannot overcome the true; but the true prophet, Christ, will overcome all the false.

So be faithful, and live in that which doth not think the time long.

G. F.

After some time it pleased the Lord to allay the heat of this violent persecution; and I felt in spirit an overcoming of the spirits of those men-eaters that had stirred it up and carried it on to that height of cruelty. I was outwardly very weak; and I plainly felt, and those Friends that were with me, and that came to visit me, took notice, that as the persecution ceased I came from under the travails and sufferings that had lain with such weight upon me; so that towards the spring I began to recover, and to walk up and down, beyond the expectation of many, who did not think I could ever have gone abroad again.

Whilst I was under this spiritual suffering the state of the New Jerusalem which comes down out of heaven was opened to me; which some carnal-minded people had looked upon to be like an outward city dropped out of the elements. I saw the beauty and glory of it, the length, the breadth, and the height thereof, all in complete proportion. I saw that all who are within the Light of Christ, and in His faith, of which He is the author; and in the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, which Christ and the holy prophets and apostles were in; and within the grace, and truth, and power of God, which are the walls of the city; – I saw that such are within the city, are members of it, and have right to eat of the Tree of Life, which yields her fruit every month, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Many things more did I see concerning the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, which are hard to be uttered, and would be hard to be received. But, in short, this holy city is within the Light, and all that are within the Light, are within the city; the gates whereof stand open all the day (for there is no night there), that all may come in.

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LITTLE JAMES AND HIS JOURNEYS⁷⁰

O, how beautiful is the spring in a barren field, where barrenness and deadness fly away. As the spring comes on, the winter casts her coat and the summer is nigh. O, wait to see and read these things within. You that have been as barren and dead and dry without sap; unto you the Sun of Righteousness is risen with healing in his wings and begins to shine in your coasts.... O, mind the secret sprigs and tender plants. Now you are called to dress the garden. Let not the weeds and wild plants remain. Peevishness is a weed; anger is a weed; self-love and self-will are weeds; pride is a wild plant; covetousness is a wild plant; lightness and vanity are wild plants, and lust is the root of all. And these things have had a room in your gardens, and have been tall and strong; and truth, innocence, and equity have been left out, and could not be found, until the Sun of Righteousness arose and searched out that which was lost. Therefore, stand not idle, but come into the vineyard and work. Your work shall be to watch and keep out the fowls, unclean beasts, wild bears and subtle foxes. And he that is the Husbandman will pluck up the wild plants and weeds, and make defence about the vines. He will tell you what to do. He who is Father of the vineyard will be nigh you. And what is not clear to you, wait for the fulfilling.— JAMES PARNELL. (Epistle to Friends from prison.)

70. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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LITTLE JAMES AND HIS JOURNEYS

'Be willing that Self shall suffer for the Truth, and not the Truth for Self.' JAMES PARNELL.

Tramping! Tramping! Tramping! An endless journey along the white, dusty highroad it seemed to little James. Indeed the one hundred and fifty miles that separate Retford in Nottinghamshire from Carlisle in far-off Cumberland would have been a long distance even for a full-grown man to travel on foot in those far-off, railroad-less days of 1652. Whereas little James, who had undertaken this journey right across England, was but a boy of sixteen, delicate and small for his age.

'Ye will never get there, James,' the neighbours cried when he unfolded his plans. 'To go afoot to Carlisle! Did any one ever hear the like? It would be a wild-goose chase, even if a man hoped to come to speak with a King in his palace at the end of it; but for thee to go such a journey in order to speak but for a few moments with a man thou dost not know, and in prison, it is nothing but a daft notion! What ails thee, boy?'

The only answer James gave was to knit his brows more firmly together, and to mutter resolutely to himself, as he gathered his few belongings into a bundle, 'I must and I will see George Fox!'

George Fox! The secret was out. That was the explanation of this fantastic journey. George Fox, after gathering a 'great people' up in the North, was now himself kept a close prisoner in Carlisle Gaol: yet he was the magnet attracting this lad, frail of body but determined of will, to travel right across England for the hope of speaking with him in his prison cell.

Let us look back a little and see how this befell.

In the stately old church of Saint Swithin at East Retford a record shows that 'James, son of Thomas Parnell and Sarah his wife, was baptized there on the sixth day of September 1636.' James' parents were pious church people. It must have been a proud and thankful day for them when they took their baby son to be christened in the beautiful old font in that church, where their elder daughter, Sarah, had received her name a few years before. On the font may still be seen the figure of Saint Swithin himself, the patron Saint of the church. This gentle saint, whose dying wish had been that he might be buried in no stately building of stone but 'where his grave might be trod by human feet and watered with the raindrops of heaven,' was the guardian the parents chose for their little lad. All through his short life the boy seems to have shared this love of Nature and of the open air.

James' parents were well-to-do people, and wisely determined to give their only son a good education. They sent him, therefore, as soon as he was old enough, to the Retford Grammar School, to



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be 'trained up in the Schools of Literature.' James tells us that he was 'as wild as others during the time he was at school, and that he was perfect in sin and iniquity as any in the town where he lived, yea and exceeded many in the wickedness of his life,' until something or other happened to sober the wild boy. He does not say what it was. Perhaps it may have been the news that reached Retford during his school days, that the King of England had been executed at Whitehall, one cold January morning. Or it may have been something quite different. Anyhow, before he left school, he was already anxious and troubled about his soul.

School days finished, he sought for help in his difficulties from 'priests and professors.' But, like George Fox, a few years earlier, James Parnell got small help from them. Some of the priests told him that he was deluded. Others, whose words sounded better, did not practise what they preached. He says, they 'preached down with their tongues what they upheld in their lives.' Therefore he decided, out of his scanty experience, that they all were 'hollow Professors,' and could be of no use to him. A very hasty judgment! But little James was tremendously sure of himself at this time, quite certain that he knew more than most of the people he met, feeling entirely able to set his neighbours to rights, and yet with a real wish to learn, if only he could find a true teacher.

He says, 'I was the first in all that town of Retford which the Lord was pleased to make known His power in, and turn my heart towards Him and truly to seek Him, so that I became a wonder to the world and an astonishment to the heathen round about.'

He adds that, at this time or a little later, even 'his own relations became his enemies.' This is not surprising. A young man of fifteen who described his neighbours and friends as 'the heathen round about' must have been a distinctly trying companion to the aforesaid 'heathen.'

Possibly there was more than one sigh of relief heaved in East Retford when the first of little James's journeys began. It was to be only a short one, to 'a people with whom I found union a few miles out of the town where I lived. The Lord was a-gathering them out of the dark world to sit down together and to wait upon His name.'

These people were either a little group of Friends already gathered at Balby, or they may have been 'Seekers' meeting together here in Nottinghamshire, as they did in the North, at Sedbergh and Preston Patrick and many another place, 'not celebrating Baptism or the Holy Communion,' but 'waiting together in silence to be instruments in the hand of the Lord.' Truly helpful 'instruments' they proved to little James, for they sent him straight on to Nottingham, where a company of 'Children of Light' was already gathered, to worship God. 'Children of Light' is the first, and the most beautiful, name given to the Society of Friends in England.



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When these Nottingham Friends saw the vehement, impulsive boy, his thin frame trembling, his eyes glowing, as he poured forth his difficulties, naturally their thoughts went back to the other lad who had also passed through severe soul struggles in this same neighbourhood, some ten or twelve years earlier.

They all said to him, one after the other, 'James Parnell, thou must see George Fox.'

'George Fox!' cried little James eagerly, 'I have never even heard his name. Who is he? Where is he? I will go and find him this very moment, if he can help me.'

At these words, all the Nottingham Friends shook their heads very solemnly and sadly and said, 'That is impossible, James, for our Friend languisheth in Carlisle Gaol. But we can tell thee of him.'

Then one after another they recounted the well-known story of George Fox's boyhood, of his difficulties, of his seeking, of his finding, and lastly of his preaching, when the Power of God shone through him as he spoke, and melted men's hearts till they became as wax.

James, drinking in every word, exclaimed breathlessly as soon as the story was finished, 'That is the man for me. I will set out for Carlisle this very minute to find him!'

Of course all the Friends were aghast at the effect of their words. They declared that he really couldn't and really shouldn't, that it was out of the question, and that he must do nothing of the kind! They did their very best to stop him. But little James (who, as we know, was not in the habit of paying over-much attention to other people's opinions at any time) treated all these remonstrances as if they had been thistledown. He swung his small bundle at the end of a short stick over his shoulder, tightened his belt, tore himself from their restraining hands, and exclaiming, 'Farewell, Friends, I go to find George Fox,' off he set on the long, long journey to Carlisle.

His spirit was aflame with desire to meet his unknown friend. The miles seemed few and short that separated him from his goal. But doubtless some of the women among the 'Children of Light' wiped their eyes as they watched the fiery little figure disappear along the dusty road, and said, 'Truly that lad hath a valiant heart!'

Thus, in a burning fury of desire, the journey began. After many weary days of travel the flame still burned unquenchably, although the boy's figure looked yet leaner and more under-sized than when he left his home.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, on and ever on, till at last the long-desired day came, when, over the crest of a low hill, he made out for the first time the distant spire and towers of the fair Border city. The river Eden in the meadows below lay gleaming in the sunshine like a silver bow.

Threadbare and very dusty were his clothes, his feet swollen and



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sore, but his chin was pressed well forward, and the light in his eyes was that of a conqueror, when at last, tramp, tramp, tramp, his tired feet came pattering up the stones of the steep old bridge that spans the Eden and leads to Carlisle Town.

'Which is the prison?' James asked himself, as his eyes scanned a bewildering maze of towers and roofs. The tall leaden spire of the Cathedral was unmistakable, 'no prisoners there.' Next he made out the big square fortress of sandstone, red as Red William the Norman who built it long ago, on its central mound frowning over the town.

His unknown friend might very possibly be within those walls. James quickened his tired steps at the thought, and then stopped short, for the gates of the bridge were shut. Drove of sheep and oxen on their way to market filled the entry, and all foot passengers must wait. James threw himself down, full length, on one of the broad stone parapets of the bridge to rest his tired limbs until the way should be clear again. Two men were seated in a stone recess below him, also waiting to pass. At first James noticed only the dress they wore; their tall hats and sombre clothes marked them out as Baptists; the younger man a deacon probably, and the elder a pastor.

Presently James began to listen to their conversation.

'It is well he is safe in the Castle,' said the younger man, 'most pernicious Quaker doctrine did he deliver that Sabbath day in answer to our questions in the Abbey.'

'Pernicious Quaker doctrine!' James pricked up his ears at the words. He settled himself comfortably to listen, without any scruples, seeing that the speakers were in a public place, and besides, the entrance to the bridge was by this time so packed with people that he could hardly have moved off the parapet had he wished.

The older man shook his head. 'I thought I had hewed him in pieces before the Lord,' he said in a low voice, 'for no sooner was he silent than I asked him if he knew what he spake, and what it was should be damned at the last day. Whereat he did but fix his eyes upon me and said that "it was that which spoke in me which should be damned." Even as he spoke my old notions of religion glittered and fell off me, for I knew that through him whom I despised as a wandering Quaker I was listening to the Voice of God. He went on to upbraid me as a flashy notionist and yet, even so, I was constrained to listen to him in silence.'

The pastor's voice had sunk very low: James could hardly catch the last words.

'Aye, no wonder,' rejoined the younger man, 'with those eyes he seemeth to pierce the fleshly veil and to read the secrets of a man's inmost heart. I, too, experienced this, the following market day, he being then come to the market cross "a-publishing of truth" as he and his followers term it, in their quaking jargon. The magistrates, godly men, had sent the sergeants commanding them to stop his mouth. Moreover, they had sent their



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wives as well, and even the sergeants were less bitter against him than the women. For they declared that if the Quaker dared to defile the noble market cross of Carlisle city by preaching there, they themselves would pluck off the hair from his head, while the sergeants should clap him into gaol. Nevertheless the Quaker would not be stopped. Preach he did, standing forth boldly on the high step of the cross.'

'And what said he?' enquired the older man.

'Right forcibly he declared judgment on all the market folk for their deceitful ways. He spoke to the merchants as if he were a merchant himself, beseeching them to lay aside their false weights and measures and deceitful merchandize, with all cozening and cheating, and to speak truth only to one another. Ever as he spoke, the people flocked closer around him, hanging on his words as if he were reading their secret hearts, so that the sergeants could not come nigh him for the press to lead him away. Thus only when he had finished he stepped down from the cross and would have passed gently away, but I and some of the brethren, thinking that now our turn had come, followed after him. The contention between us was sharp. Yet his words struck into me like knives, and scarce knowing what I did, I cried out aloud, for a strange power was over me. Thereat he fixed his eyes upon me and spake sharply to me, as if he knew that I was resisting the Spirit of the Lord. I know not why, but I was forced to cry out again, "Do not pierce me so with thine eyes. Keep thine eyes off me."''

'Well,' questioned the elder man, 'and what followed? Did his eyes leave thee?'

'They have never left me,' replied the other. 'Wherever I go those eyes burn me yet, although the man himself lies fast in gaol among the thieves and murderers, in the worst and most loathsome of the dungeons. Thither I go every day to assure myself that he is fast caged behind thick walls, and to rejoice my eyes with the sight of the gibbet nailed high over-head upon the castle wall. Men say he shall swing there soon, but of that I know not. Wilt thou come with me now, for see, the bridge is free?'

'Not I,' returned the pastor, moodily, as he shuffled away, like a man ill at ease with himself.

Little James, from his perch on the parapet, had drunk in greedily every word of this conversation. Directly the bridge was clear he crept down and followed the deacon like a shadow. They passed over the silver Eden and up the main street of the city, paved with rough, uneven stones, and with an open sewer flowing through the centre of it. Right across the busy market-place they passed, before the deacon halted beneath the castle walls.

Full of noise and hubbub was Carlisle city that day; yet, as the two entered the courtyard of the castle, James was aware of another sound, rising clear above the tumult of the town—strains



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of music, surely, that came from a fiddle. As they stepped under the inner gateway and approached the Norman Keep, the fiddler himself came in sight playing with might and main, under a barred window about six feet from the ground. By the fiddler's side, urging him on, was a huge, burly man with a red face. Whenever the fiddler showed signs of weariness the man beside him raising a large tankard of ale to his lips would force him to drink of it, saying, 'Play up, man! Play up!'

The thin, clear strains of the fiddle rose up steadily towards the barred window, but, above them, James caught another sound that floated yet more steadily out through the bars: the firm, full tones of a deep bass voice within, singing loud and strong. Though he could not see the singer, something in the song thrilled James through and through. Forgetting his weariness he knew that he was near his journey's end at last. As he listened, he noticed a handful of people, listening also, under the barred window.

Loud jeers arose: 'Play up, Fiddler!' 'Sing on, Quaker!' or even, 'Ply him with more ale, Gaoler: the prisoner is the better musician!'

At these cries the fat man's countenance grew ever more enraged. He looked savage and huge, 'like a bear-ward,' a man more accustomed to deal with bears than with human beings. Finally, in his wrath, he turned the now empty tankard upon the crowd and bespattered them with the last drops of the ale, and then called lustily for more, with which he plied the fiddler anew. So the contest continued, but at last, the ale perhaps taking effect, the fiddler's head dropped, his bow swept the strings more wearily, while the strong notes inside the dungeon grew ever more firm and loud. The gaoler seeing, or rather hearing, himself worsted, caught the bow from the fiddler's hand and cracked it over his skull. The fiddler, seizing this chance to escape, leapt to his feet and dashed across the courtyard, followed by the gaoler and the populace in full chase. Even the sombre Baptist deacon gathered up the skirts of his long coat and bestirred his lean legs. The singing ceased. A face appeared at the window: only for an instant: but one glance was enough for James.

Timidly he approached the window, but he had only taken two steps towards it when he found himself firmly elbowed off the pavement and pushed into the gutter. Someone else also had been watching for the crowd to disperse, in order to have a chance of speaking with the prisoner. The new-comer was a portly lady in a satin gown, a much grander person than James had expected to find in the near neighbourhood of a dungeon. She carried a large, covered basket, and, as soon as the way was clear, she set it down on the pavement and began to take out the contents carefully: bread and salt, beef and elecampane ale. Without looking up from her work she called to the unseen figure at the window above her head: 'So thou hast stopped their vain sounds



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at length with thy singing?’

‘Aye,’ answered the deep voice from within. ‘Thou mayest safely approach the window now, for the gaoler hath departed. After he had beaten thee and the other Friends with his great cudgel, next he was moved to beat me also, through the window, did I but come near to it to get my meat. And as he struck me I was moved to sing in the Lord’s power, and that made him rage the more, whereat he fetched the fiddler, saying he would soon drown my noise if I would not cease.’

‘Eat now, Dear Heart,’ the woman interrupted, ‘whilst thou hast the chance.’ So saying, she handed some of the dishes up to the prisoner, standing herself on tiptoe beneath the prison window in order to reach his hand stretched out through the bars.

Here James saw his chance.

‘Madam,’ he cried, ‘let me hand the meat up to you.’

The lady looked down and saw the worn, thin face. Perhaps she thought the boy looked hungry enough to need the food himself, but something in his eager glance touched her, and when he added, ‘For I have come one hundred and fifty miles to see GEORGE FOX,’ her kind heart was won.

‘Nay, then, thou hast a better right to help him even than I,’ she said, ‘though I am his very good friend and Colonel Benson’s wife. Thou shall hand up the dishes to me, and when our friend is satisfied, thou and I will finish what remains, for in the Lord’s power I am moved to eat no meat at my own house, but to share all my sustenance with His faithful servant who lies within this noisome gaol.’

‘Madam,’ said the boy, speaking with the concentrated intensity of weeks of suppressed longing, ‘for the food, it is no matter, though I am much beholden to you. I hunger after but one thing. Bring me within the gaol where I may speak with him face to face. There is that, that I have come afoot a hundred miles to ask him. ‘Bring me to him, speedily I pray you, for, though even unseen I love him,

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HISTORICAL NOTES

'LITTLE JAMES AND HIS JOURNEYS'

Mainly historical. Details taken largely from 'LIFE OF JAMES PARNELL,' by C. Fell Smith. See also 'JAMES PARNELL,' by Thomas Hodgkin, in 'THE TRIAL OF OUR FAITH.' Also 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' Chapter ix. and Sewel's HISTORY. The discourse of the two Baptists on Carlisle Bridge and James's association with them is imaginary, but they are themselves historical characters, and the incidents they describe are narrated in George Fox's JOURNAL, i. 114, 115, 124-126; 153, 186. For 'The First Quaker Martyr,' see 'THE LAMB'S DEFENCE AGAINST LYES, A TRUE TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JAMES PARNELL. 1656.'



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1668

[Friend George Keith](#)'s IMMEDIATE REVELATION, (OR JESUS CHRIST THE ETERNALL SON OF GOD, REVEALED IN MAN, AND REVEALING THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, AND THE THINGS OF HIS KINGDOM, IMMEDIATELY) NOT CEASED, BUT REMAINING A STANDING AND PERPETUAL ORDINANCE IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, &C.

Continuing in this year, and until 1670, Friend [George Fox](#) would be at the work of organizing his new religion. For instance, his epistle of this year entitled "Be Faithful in the Truth, Which the Devil is Out Of":



My dear Friends, - Be faithful in the truth, which the devil is out of; in which truth you have obtained dominion over him. And live in the power of God, which was before the devil was; in which power of God, which is the gospel, in your fellowship. And live in the light, which was before the darkness was, and the power of it it: in which light is also your everlasting fellowship; and in this you will know God's dwelling, which is in the light. And dwell in the life, which was before death was, and the devil, the power of it; and in this life you will have dominion over death and the power of it. And so you do well that take heed to the light, and walk it it and thay that do evil do not take heed of the light. And so walk in the light, as children of the light, and that ye will have fellowship one with another, and with the son and the Father. And so mind the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls; and that will keep your eyes and minds over all that which is not able to save, and keep you feet on the top of that. And so be of that good faith which gives you victory and access to God, in which you do al please God, and have unity one with another. and so mind the seed of Christ, which is over all that which makes to suffer, and was before that was, and will stand when that is gone that makes to suffer; in that seed live, and know it your crown and life, and in that you will be one another's crown and joy in the Lord God blessed for ever. And so keep your meetings in the name and power of the the Lord Jesus Christ that never fell; and the seed Christ reigns, in whom you have life, that was with the Father before the world began.

G.F.



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We came into Cheshire, where we had several blessed meetings, and a general men's meeting; wherein all the monthly meetings for that county were settled, according to the gospel order, in and by the power of God.

After the meeting I passed away. But when the justices heard of it, they were very much troubled that they had not come and broken it up, and taken me; but the Lord prevented them.

Then, returning towards London by Waltham, I advised the setting up of a school there for teaching boys; and also a woman's school to be opened at Shacklewell, for instructing girls and young maidens in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation.

Thus were the men's monthly meetings settled through the nation. The quarterly meetings were generally settled before.

I wrote also into Ireland by faithful Friends, and into Scotland, Holland, Barbadoes, and several parts of America, advising Friends to settle their men's monthly meetings in those countries. For they had had their general quarterly meetings before; but now that Truth was increased amongst them, it was needful that they should settle those men's monthly meetings in the power and Spirit of God, that first convinced them.

Since these meetings have been settled, and all the faithful in the power of God, who are heirs of the gospel, have met together in the power of God, which is their authority, to perform service to the Lord, many mouths have been opened in thanksgiving and praise, and many have blessed the Lord God, that ever He sent me forth in this service. For now all coming to have a concern and care for God's honour and glory, and His name, which they profess, be not blasphemed; and to see that all who profess the Truth walk in the Truth, in righteousness and in holiness, as becomes the house of God, and that all order their conversation aright, that they may see the salvation of God; they may all see and know, possess and partake of, the government of Christ, of the increase of which there is to be no end.

Thus the Lord's everlasting renown and praise are set up in the heart of every one that is faithful; so that we can say the gospel order established amongst us is not of man, nor by man, but of and by Jesus Christ, in and through the Holy Ghost.

This order of the gospel, which is not of man nor by man, but from Christ, the heavenly man, is above all the orders of men in the fall, whether Jews, Gentiles, or apostate Christians, and will remain when they are gone. For the power of God, which is the everlasting gospel, was before the devil was, and will be and remain forever. And as the everlasting gospel was preached in the apostles' days to all nations, that all nations might, through the divine power which brings life and immortality to light, come into the order of it, so now the everlasting gospel is to be, and is, preached again, as John the divine foresaw it should be, to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people.

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THE FIRST QUAKER MARTYR⁷¹

(From another point of view.)

Extracts from the Diary of the Rev. Ralph Josselin, Vicar of Earls Colne, Essex.

1655.— 'Preacht at Gaines Coln, the Quakers' nest, but no disturbance. God hath raised up my heart not to fear but willing to bear and to make opposition to their ways, in defence of truth.'

Ap. 11, 1656.— 'Heard this morning that James Parnell, the father of the Quakers in these parts, having undertaken to fast forty days and forty nights was in the morning found dead. He was by jury found guilty of his own death and buried in the Castle yard.'

'Heard and true that Turner's daughter was distract in the Quaking business.'

'Sad are the fits at Coxall, like the pow-wowing among the Indians.'

1660.— 'The Quakers, after a stop and a silence, seem to be swarming and increased, and why, Lord thou only knowest!'

'So there is no obtaining of Life but through Death, nor no obtaining the Crown but through the Cross.'—JAMES PARNELL.

71. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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How Mrs. Benson managed it, there is no record. Perhaps she hardly knew herself! But she was not a woman to be easily turned aside from her purpose, and her husband, Colonel Gervase Benson, had been one of the 'considerable people' in the County before he had turned Quaker and 'downed those things.' Even after the change, it may be that prison doors were more easily unlocked by certain little golden and silver keys in those days, than they are in our own.

Anyway, somehow or other, the interview was arranged. 'Little James' found his desire fulfilled at last. When he passed into the stifling, crowded prison den, where human beings were herded together like beasts, he never heeded the horrible stench or the crawling vermin that abounded everywhere. Rather, he felt as if he were entering the palace of a king. He paid no attention to the crowd of savage figures all around him. He saw nothing, knew nothing, felt nothing, until at last he found that his hand was lying in the grasp of a stronger, firmer hand, that held it, and would not let it go. Then, indeed, for the first time he looked up, and knew that his long journey was ended, as he met the penetrating gaze of George Fox.

'Keep thine eyes off me, they pierce me,' the Baptist Deacon had cried, a few weeks before, in that same city. As James looked up, he too felt for the first time the piercing power of those eyes, but to him it brought no terror, only joy, as he yielded himself wholly to his teacher's scrutiny. In silence the two stood, reading each the other's soul. James felt, instinctively, that his new friend knew and understood everything that had happened to him, all his life long; that there was no need to tell him anything, or to explain anything.

Of an older friendship between two men it was written, 'Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.' Thus it proved once more in that crowded dungeon. No details remain of the interview; no record of what James said, or what George said. No one else could have reported what passed between them, and, though each of them has left a mention of their first meeting, the silence remains unbroken.

The Journal says merely: 'While I was in ye dungeon at Carlisle, a little boy, one James Parnell, about fifteen years old, came to me, and he was convinced and came to be a very fine minister and turned many to Christ.'

The boy's own account is shorter still. He does not even mention George Fox by name. 'I was called for,' he says, 'to visit some friends in the North part of England, with whom I had union before I saw their faces, and afterwards I returned to my outward dwelling-place.'

His 'outward dwelling-place': the lad's frail body might tramp



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back along the weary miles to Retford; his spirit remained in the North, freely imprisoned with his friend.

'George' and 'James' were brothers in heart, ever after that short interview in Carlisle Gaol: united in one inseparable purpose. While George was confined, James, the free brother, must carry forward George's work. Triumphantly he did it. By the following year he had earned his place right well among the 'Valiant Sixty' who were then sent forth, 'East and West and South and North,' to 'Publish Truth.'

The Eastern Counties, hitherto almost unbroken ground, fell to James's share. Assisted by two other 'Valiants,' Richard Hubberthorne and George Whitehead, the seed was scattered throughout the length and breadth of East Anglia. Within three short years 'gallant Meetings' were already gathered and settled everywhere.

James Parnell was the first Quaker preacher to enter the city of Colchester, which was soon to rank third among the strongholds of Quakerism. This boy of eighteen, still so small and delicate in appearance that his enemies taunted him with the name of 'little Quaking lad,' has left an account of one of his first crowded days of work in that city. In the morning, he says, he received any of the townspeople who were minded to come and ask him questions at his lodgings. He was a guest, at the time, of a weaver named Thomas Shortland, who, with his wife Ann, had been convinced shortly before, by their guest's ministry. In adversity also they were soon to prove themselves tried and faithful friends.

Later, that same Sunday morning (4th July 1655), James went down the High Street to Saint Nicholas' Church, and, when the sermon was ended, preached to the people in his turn.

In the afternoon 'he addressed a very great meeting of about a thousand people, in John Furly's yard, he being mounted above the crowd and speaking out of a hay-chamber window.' Still later, that same day, he not only carried on a discussion with 'the town-lecturer and another priest,' he, the boy of eighteen, but also 'appeared in the evening at a previously advertised meeting held in the schoolroom for the children of the French and Flemish weaver refugees in Colchester, who were being at this time hospitably entertained in John Furly's house.'⁷²

George Fox says, 'many hundreds of people were convinced by the words and labours of this young minister.' But, far better than preaching to other people, he had by this time learned to rule his own spirit. Once, as he was coming out of the 'Steeple-house of Colchester, called Nicholas,' one person in particular struck him with a great staff and said to him, 'Take that for Jesus Christ's sake,' to whom James Parnell meekly replied, 'Friend, I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake.'

The journey his soul had travelled from the time, only three short years before, when he had described his neighbours as 'the

72. JAMES PARNELL, by C. Fell Smith.



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heathen round about,' until the day that he could give such an answer was perhaps a longer one really than all the weary miles he had traversed between Retford and far Carlisle.

The two friends, George and James, had one short happy time of service together, both of them free. After that they parted. Then, all too soon it was George's turn to visit James, now himself in prison at Colchester Castle, an even more terrible prison than Carlisle, where only death could open the doors and set the weary prisoner free. George's record of his visit to his friend is short and grim. 'As I went through Colchester,' he says, 'I went to visit James Parnell in prison, but the cruel gaoler would hardly let us come in or stay with him, and there the gaoler's wife threatened to have his blood, and there they did destroy him.'

An account, written by his Colchester friends, expands the terrible, glorious tale of his sufferings.

'The first Messenger of the Lord that appeared in this town to sound the everlasting Gospel was that eminent Minister and Labourer, James Parnell, whose first coming to ye town was in ye fourth month (June) in the year 1655.... Great were the sufferings which this faithful minister of the Lord underwent, being beat and abused by many.

'As touching the cause of his sufferings in this his last imprisonment unto death, which was the fruits of a fast kept at Great Coggeshall against error (as they said), the 12th day of the fifth month 1655, where he spoke some words when the priests had done speaking; and when he was gone out of the high place one followed him, called Justice Wakering, and clapt him on the back and said he arrested him. And so, by the means of divers Independent priests and others, he was committed to this prison at Colchester. And in that prison he was kept close up, and his friends and acquaintance denied to come at him. Then at the Assizes he was carried to Chelmsford, about eighteen miles through the country, as a sport or gazing-stock, locked on a chain with five accused for felony and murder, and he with three others remained on the chain day and night. But when he appeared at the Bar, he was taken off the chain, only had irons on his hands, where he appeared before Judge Hill ... the first time. But seeing some cried out against this cruelty, and what shame it would be to let the irons be seen on him, the next day they took them off, and he appeared without, where the priests and justices were the accusers. And the judge gathered what he could out of what they said, to make what he could against the prisoner to the jury, and urged them to find him guilty, lest it fall upon their own heads.... And when he would have spoken truth for himself to inform the jury, the judge would not permit him thereto. So the judge fined him about twice twenty marks, or forty pounds, and said the Lord Protector had charged him to see to punish such persons as should contemn either Magistracy or Ministry. So he committed him close prisoner till payment, and



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gave the jailor charge to let no giddy-headed people come at him; for his friends and those that would have done him good were called "giddy-headed people," and so kept out; and such as would abuse him by scorning or beating, those they let in and set them on. And the jailor's wife would set her man to beat him, who threatened to knock him down and make him shake his heels, yea, the jailor's wife did beat him divers times, and swore she would have his blood, or he should have hers. To which he answered, "Woman, I would not have thine."⁷³

One of James' own letters remains written about this time: 'The day I came in from the Assize,' he says, 'there was a friend or two with me in the jaylor's house, and the jaylor's wife sent her man to call me from them and to put me into a yard, and would not suffer my friends to come at me. And one friend brought me water, and they would not suffer her to come to me, but made her carry it back again.'

The name of this woman Friend is not given in this letter, but I daresay we shall not be far wrong if we fill it in for ourselves here, and think of her as the same Anne Langley, who would not be kept out of the prison later on. Other people mention her by name. It is only in little James' own account that her name does not appear. Perhaps the tie that bound them was something more than friendship, and he did not wish her to suffer for her love and faith.

James' letter continues: 'At night they locked me up into a hole with a condemned man ... and the same day a friend desired the jaylor's wife that she would let her come and speak with me, and the jaylor's wife answered her and the other friends who were with her, calling them "Rogues, witches ... and the devil's dish washers" ... and other names, and saying "that they had skipped out of hell when the devil was asleep!" and much more of the same unchristian-like speeches which is too tedious to relate.... And thus they make a prey upon the innocent; and when they do let any come to me they would not let them stay but very little,' (Poor James! the visits were all too short, and the lonely hours alone all too long for the prisoner) 'and the jaylor's wife would threaten to pull them down the stairs.... And swore that she would have my blood several times, and told my friends so, and that she would mark my face, calling me witch and rogue, shake hell ... and the like; and because I did reprove her for her wickedness, the jaylor hath given order that none shall come to me at any occasion, but only one or two that brings my food.'

Even this small mercy was not to be allowed much longer. The account of the Colchester Friend continues: 'And sometimes they would stop any from bringing him victuals, and set the prisoners to take his victuals from him; and when he would have had a trundle bed to have kept him off the stones, they would not suffer friends to bring him one, but forced him to lie on the

73. 'LAMB'S DEFENCE AGAINST LYES.'



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stones, which sometimes would run down with water in a wet season. And when he was in a room for which he paid 4d. a night, he was threatened, if he did but walk to and fro in it, by the jaylor's wife. Then they put him in a hole in the wall, very high, where the ladder was too short by about six foot, and when friends would have given him a cord and basket to have taken up his victuals, he was denied thereof and could not be suffered to have it, though it was much desired, but he must either come up and down by that rope, or else famish in the hole, which he did a long time, before God suffered them to see their desires in which time much means was used about it, but their wills were unalterably set in cruelty towards him. But after long suffering in this hole, where there was nought but misery as to the outward man, being no hole either for air or for smoke, being much benumbed in the naturals, as he was climbing up the ladder with his victuals in one hand, and coming to the top of the ladder, catching at the rope with the other hand, missed the rope, and fell a very great height upon stones, by which fall he was exceedingly wounded in the head and arms, and his body much bruised, and taken up for dead, but did recover again that time. 'Then they put him in a low hole called the oven, and much like an oven, and some have said who have been in it that they have seen a baker's oven much bigger, except for the height of the roof, without the least airhole or window for smoke and air, nor would they suffer him to have a little charcoal brought in by friends to prevent the noisome smoke. Nor would they suffer him, after he was a little recovered, to take a little air upon the castle wall, which was but once desired by the prisoner, feeling himself spent for want of breath. All which he bore with much patience and still kept his suffering much from friends there, seeing they was much sorrowful to see it. Yea, others who were no friends were wounded at the sight of his usage in many other particulars, which we forbear here to mention.

'And divers came to see him, who heard of his usage from far, not being friends, had liberty to see him, who was astonished at his usage, and some of them would say "IF THIS BE THE USAGE OF THE PROTECTOR'S PRISONERS IT WERE BETTER TO BE ANYBODY'S PRISONERS THAN HIS," as Justice Barrington's daughter said, who saw their cruelty to him. And many who came to see him were moved with pity to the creature, for his sufferings were great.'

'And although some did offer of their bond of forty pounds [to pay the fine and so set him at liberty] and one to lie body for body, that he might come to their house till he was a little recovered, yet they would not permit it, and it being desired that he might but walk in the yard, it was answered he should not walk so much as to the castle door. And the door being once opened, he did but take the freedom to walk forth in a close, stinking yard before the door, and the gaoler came in a rage and locked up the hole where he lay, and shut him out in the yard all night in the coldest time of the winter. So, finding that



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nothing but his blood would satisfy them, great application was made to them in a superior authority but to no purpose. Thus he having endured about ten months' imprisonment, and having passed through many trials and exercises, which the Lord enabled him to bear with courage and faithfulness, he laid down his head in peace and died a prisoner and faithful Martyr for the sake of the Truth, under the hands of a persecuting generation in the year 1656.⁷⁴

It was his former host, Thomas Shortland the weaver, who had offered to lie 'body for body' in prison, if only James might be allowed to return to his house and be nursed back to health again there. After the boy's death this kind man wrote as follows:

'Dear Friend-In answer to thine, is this, James Parnell being dead, the Coroner sent an officer for me, and one Anne Langley, a friend, who both of us watched with him that night that he departed. And coming to him [the Coroner] he said, "that it was usual when any died in prison, to have a jury got on them," and James being dead, and he hearing we two watched with him, he sent for us to hear what we could say concerning his death, whether he died on his fair death [i.e. a natural death] or whether he were guilty of his own death.... He asked whether he had his senses and how he behaved himself late-ward toward his departure. I answered that he had his senses and that he spake sensibly, and to as good understanding as he used to do. He then enquired what words he spoke. To which Anne Langley answered that she heard him say, "HERE I DIE INNOCENTLY," and she said that she had been at the departing of many, but never was where was such sweet departing; and at his departing his last words were, "NOW I MUST GO," and turned his head to me and said, "THOMAS, THIS DEATH I MUST DIE," and further said, "O THOMAS, I HAVE SEEN GREAT THINGS," and bade me that I should not hold him, but let him go, and said it over again, "WILL YOU NOT HOLD ME?" And then said Anne, "Dear Heart, we will not hold thee." And he said, "NOW I GO," and stretched out himself, and fell into a sweet sleep and slept about an hour (as he often said, that one hour's sleep would cure him of all), and so drew breath no more.' Little James was free at last. He had left his frail, weary body behind and had departed on the longest, shortest journey of all. A journey this, ending in no noisome den in Carlisle Castle, as when he first saw the earthly teacher he had loved so long, but leading straight and swift to the heavenly abiding-places: to the welcome of his unseen yet Everlasting Friend.

'How know I that it looms lovely, that land I have never seen,
With morning-glory and heartsease, and unexampled green?
All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing everywhere,
Yea, much more than this I know, for I know that Christ
is there.'⁷⁵

74. FIRST PUBLISHERS OF TRUTH.

75. Christina Rossetti.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

‘THE FIRST QUAKER MARTYR.’

Mainly historical. Details taken largely from ‘LIFE OF JAMES PARNELL,’ by C. Fell Smith. See also ‘JAMES PARNELL,’ by Thomas Hodgkin, in ‘THE TRIAL OF OUR FAITH.’ Also ‘BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,’ Chapter ix. and Sewel’s HISTORY. The discourse of the two Baptists on Carlisle Bridge and James’s association with them is imaginary, but they are themselves historical characters, and the incidents they describe are narrated in George Fox’s JOURNAL, i. 114, 115, 124-126; 153, 186. For ‘The First Quaker Martyr,’ see ‘THE LAMB’S DEFENCE AGAINST LYES, A TRUE TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JAMES PARNELL. 1656.’



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1669

Friend [George Fox](#) kept, or caused to be kept, a running account of his journey in Ireland. Continuing in this year, and until 1670, he would be at the work of organizing his new religion — for instance his epistle of this year entitled “And All Ye Believers In The Heavenly Light”:

And all ye believers in the heavenly light, as Christ hath taught, you seek that which is lost and driven away; but the false prophets, false ministers, and teachers, they did not seek that which was lost, and driven away from God; they put no difference between the precious and the vile, but mash all together, like the priests and prophets of our time. Therefore, seek that which was lost and driven away. Some may away by the storms, some may be driven away by the great winds of the wicked, and storms of the ungodly; some may be driven away by tempests and foul weather, and some may be lost in the foul weather, and lost in the sea of the world; for it is this wicked one that raiseth all this foul weather and these storms. Therefore seek that which is lost, ye that believe in the light, by which you see, then you are distinguished from the false prophets and teachers, and by the light you put a difference between the precious and the vile; for Jacob was found in a desert land, and you see all the prophets, how they sought that which was lost, and the apostle, and how Christ encouraged to seek that which was lost. And when the lost sheep was found, what joy there was, more than the ninety and nine. And who are they that make the land desolate, but the rough Esaus, and wild Ishmaels, and Cores? And who makes the world as a wilderness but the devil? and who brings the whole world to lie in wickedness, but the devil, that wicked one? And if you should not find that which is lost and driven away, at the first, nor second, nor third time of seeking, if you should not find him that is lost, go again, that you may have your joy, and rejoice others; for Christ in the parable saith, “the prodigal son was lost, yea, was dead, and is alive again;” when he had been feeding among swine, and upon husks, and could never fill his belly. When any such come back again, they will tell you how hungry they were, they could never fill their bellies among the husks, while they went astray, and tell you long declarations of the citizen that they were joined to: and therefore when the lost is found, and brought back again to the Father’s house, where there is bread enough, there is joy, and the heavenly instruments of music, and the heavenly feast of the heavenly fat things, and the heavenly robes of righteousness are enjoyed. And so all be diligent, ye believers in the light, as Christ hath taught you; look up and down, in the light you will see where the lost sheep are, and such as have been driven away, you will spy them out, out of the woods, or brambles, or pits, where there is no water, where they





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are ready to be famished, where they are tied with thorns and briars; and so with the light you will see, and put a difference between the precious and the vile. For "whatsoever makes manifest is light;" for by that you see, and you will see with it, how the false prophets, and ministers, and teachers drive people away; they drive them away from God, and his way, from Christ, and the covenant of light. How angry they are with them that believe in it! With their clubbed, how have they beaten many, and wounded many, and imprisoned many, because they would not be driven by them into the devil's pit-fold, or prison! But do you never give over seeking, for the light shines over all, which believe in, and walk in the path of the just, which is as a shining light; for it hath been the work of all the false teachers and ministers to drive away from God, and his truth, and light, and those have been the devil's servants, and the wages he gives them is death. this hath been the way of all true minister, "to seek that which was lost, and that which was driven away;" as you may see Christ and the apostles, and all the true prophets did, and to bring them to feed in the pastures of life, and gently to lead them, whose wages is life; and he gives them their heavenly penny of life eternal.
G.F.

And, his epistle entitled "Concerning Those That Go Out Of Unity":



Those that are gone from the light, from the spirit and power of God, and so from unity, buy the light, and by the spirit, and by the power are judged; and the power, and light, and spirit are over them. And they being gone into their own wills, and into a perverse spirit, then they say, they will not be subject to men's will, nor to the will of man; and that spirit leads them out of the bonds of humanity. When they are thus gone from the light, and the power and spirit of God, they go out of all true forms, into confusion and emptiness, without form; then they say, they will not be subject to forms, and cry down all forms with their darkness and a perverse spirit, and so mash all together. for there is a form of godliness. And there is a form of sound words; many have a form. All creatures have a form, the earth hath a form, and all things were brought into a form by the power of God; for the earth was once without form, and was void, and empty and confused. So they that be gone out of the covenant of God and life, and out of the power of God, are gone into a confused condition without form, a state which is out of the bond of civil men and women. And so such are confused without the right form; for the form that God hath made, viz. the form of the earth, the form of the creatures, the form of men and women, the form of sound words, the form of godliness, nor the



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*form of sound doctrine, was never denied by the men and women of God. But such as got the form only, and denied the power of godliness, those were denied, for they deny the power; an do not only so, but quench the spirit, and grieve and vex it, and hate the light; by which light they are condemned.
G.F.*

Friend [George](#)'s epistle entitled "Not To Trust In Uncertain Riches" also dates to this year:



*All Friends, be ye as strangers to all things visible and created, but be acquainted with the Creator, your maker, the Lord God Almighty; for outward things are not durable riches, nor durable substance, nor durable habitations, for they have wings and will fly away; and so therefore be as pilgrims and strangers to the world, and all worldly, created and visible things, and witness redemptions from the earth, that you may reign upon the earth, as kings and priest to God, that you may know a habitation in god, and the riches of his grace and life, that is everlasting, and a substance that fadeth not away, the riches which hath not wings, and the riches that is not deceitful, that is durable and true. For men trusting in outward riches, and outward things, they will deceive and fail them, and have wings and flee away from them. And so man in that state is deceived, and riches are deceitful to him. Therefore, as I said before, be as strangers and pilgrims to the world, and all things therein, possess, as though you did not; be above all such things, and loose to them in the invisible life and power, which is over all things: for the birth that is born again of the immortal seed by the word of God, that lives and abides, and endures forever, and is above all things; for all things are upheld by his word and power. And so be acquainted with the heavenly and certain riches, the durable substance, and the everlasting possession and inheritance of life, through which you may be acquainted with your maker and Creator, the Lord God Almighty.
G.F.*



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Now was I moved of the Lord to go over into Ireland, to visit the Seed of God in that nation. There went with me Robert Lodge, James Lancaster, Thomas Briggs, and John Stubbs.

We waited near Liverpool for shipping and wind. After waiting some days, we sent James Lancaster to take passage, which he did, and brought word the ship was ready, and would take us in at Black Rock. We went thither on foot; and it being some distance, and the weather very hot, I was much spent with walking.

When we arrived, the ship was not there; so we were obliged to go to the town and take shipping. When we were on board, I said to the rest of my company, "Come, ye will triumph in the Lord, for we shall have fair wind and weather."

Many passengers in the ship were sick, but not one of our company. The captain and many of the passengers were very loving; and we being at sea on the first day of the week, I was moved to declare Truth among them; whereupon the captain said to the passengers, "Here are things that you never heard in your lives."

When we came before Dublin, we took boat and went ashore; and the earth and air smelt, methought, of the corruption of the nation, so that it yielded another smell to me than England did; which I imputed to the Popish massacres that had been committed, and the blood that had been spilt in it, from which a foulness ascended.

We passed through among the officers of the custom four times, yet they did not search us; for they perceived what we were: some of them were so envious they did not care to look at us.

We did not soon find Friends; but went to an inn, and sent out to inquire for some. These, when they came to us, were exceedingly glad of our coming, and received us with great joy.

We stayed there the weekly meeting, which was a large one, and the power and life of God appeared greatly in it. Afterwards we passed to a province meeting, which lasted two days, there being one about the poor, and another meeting more general; in which a mighty power of the Lord appeared. Truth was livingly declared, and Friends were much refreshed therein.

Passing thence about four and twenty miles, we came to another place, where we had a very good, refreshing meeting; but after it some Papists that were there were angry, and raged very much. When I heard of it, I sent for one of them, who was a schoolmaster; but he would not come. Thereupon I sent a challenge to him, with all the friars and monks, priests and Jesuits, to come forth, and "try their God and their Christ, which they had made of bread and wine," but no answer could I get from them. I told them they were worse than the priests of Baal; for Baal's priests tried their wooden god, but these durst not try their god of bread and wine; and Baal's priests and people did not eat their god as these did, and then make another.

FOX'S JOURNAL

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

He that was then mayor of Cork, being very envious against Truth and Friends, had many Friends in prison. Knowing I was in the country, he sent four warrants to take me; therefore Friends were desirous that I should not ride through Cork. But, being at Bandon, there appeared to me in a vision a very ugly-visaged man, of a black and dark look. My spirit struck at him in the power of God, and it seemed to me that I rode over him with my horse, and my horse set his foot on the side of his face.

When I came down in the morning, I told a friend the command of the Lord to me was to ride through Cork; but I bade him tell no man. So we took horse, many Friends being with me.

When we came near the town, Friends would have shown me a way through the back side of it; but I told them my way was through the streets. Taking Paul Morrice to guide me through the town, I rode on.

As we rode through the market-place, and by the mayor's door, he, seeing me, said, "There goes George Fox"; but he had not power to stop me. When we had passed the sentinels, and were come over the bridge, we went to a Friend's house and alighted. There the Friends told me what a rage was in the town, and how many warrants were granted to take me.

While I was sitting there I felt the evil spirit at work in the town, stirring up mischief against me; and I felt the power of the Lord strike at that evil spirit.

By-and-by some other friends coming in, told me it was over the town, and amongst the magistrates that I was in the town. I said, "Let the devil do his worst." After we had refreshed ourselves, I called for my horse, and having a Friend to guide me, we went on our way.

Great was the rage that the mayor and others of Cork were in that they had missed me, and great pains they afterwards took to catch me, having their scouts abroad upon the roads, as I understood, to observe which way I went. Scarce a public meeting I came to, but spies came to watch if I were there. The magistrates and priests sent information one to another concerning me, describing me by my hair, hat, clothes and horse; so that when I was near an hundred miles from Cork they had an account concerning me and a description of me before I came amongst them.

One very envious magistrate, who was both a priest and a justice, got a warrant from the Judge of assize to apprehend me. The warrant was to go over all his circuit, which reached near an hundred miles. Yet the Lord disappointed all their councils, defeated all their designs against me, and by His good hand of Providence preserved me out of all their snares, and gave us many sweet and blessed opportunities to visit Friends, and spread Truth through that nation.

** For meetings were very large, Friends coming to them from far and near; and other people flocking in. The powerful presence of the Lord was preciousely felt amongst us. Many of the world were reached, convinced, and gathered to the Truth; the Lord's flock was increased; and Friends were greatly refreshed and comforted in feeling the love of God. Oh the brokenness that was amongst them in the flowings of life! so that, in the power and Spirit of the Lord, many together broke out into singing, even with audible voices, making melody in their hearts.*

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After I had travelled over Ireland, and visited Friends in their meetings, as well for business as for worship, and had answered several papers and writings from monks, friars, and Protestant priests (for they were all in a rage against us, and endeavoured to stop the work of the Lord, and some Jesuits swore in our hearing that we had come to spread our principles in that nation, but should not do it), I returned to Dublin, in order to take passage for England. I stayed to the First-day's meeting there, which was very large and precious.

There being a ship ready, and the wind serving, we took our leave of Friends; parting in much tenderness and brokenness, in the sense of the heavenly life and power manifested amongst us. Having put our horses and necessaries on board in the morning, we went ourselves in the afternoon, many Friends accompanying us to the ship; and diverse Friends and Friendly people followed us in boats when we were near a league at sea, their love drawing them, though not without danger.

A good, weighty, and true people there is in that nation, sensible of the power of the Lord God, and tender of His truth. Very good order they have in their meetings; for they stand up for righteousness and holiness, which dams up the way of wickedness. A precious visitation they had, and there is an excellent spirit in them, worthy to be visited. Many things more I could write of that nation, and of my travels in it; but thus much I thought good to signify, that the righteous may rejoice in the prosperity of truth.

We travelled till we came to Bristol, where I met with Margaret Fell, who was come to visit her daughter Yeomans.

I had seen from the Lord a considerable time before, that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife. And when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer of Life from God thereunto. But though the Lord had opened this thing to me, yet I had not received a command from the Lord for the accomplishing of it then. Wherefore I let the thing rest, and went on in the work and service of the Lord as before, according as he led me; travelling up and down in this nation, and through Ireland.

But now being at Bristol, and finding Margaret Fell there, it opened in me from the Lord that the thing should be accomplished. After we had discoursed the matter together, I told her, if she also was satisfied with the accomplishing of it now, she should first send for her children; which she did. When the rest of her daughters were come, I asked both them and her sons-in-law if they had anything against it, or for it; and they all severally expressed their satisfaction therein.

Then I asked Margaret if she had fulfilled and performed her husband's will to her children. She replied, "The children know that." Whereupon I asked them whether, if their mother married, they would lose by it. And I asked Margaret whether she had done anything in lieu of it, which might answer it to the children.

The children said she had answered it to them, and desired me to speak no more of it. I told them I was plain, and would have all things done plainly; for I sought not any outward advantage to myself.



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THE CHILDREN OF READING MEETING⁷⁶

'And all must be meeke, sober and jentell and quiet and loving, and not give one another bad word noe time in the skouell, nor out of it ... all is to mind their lessons and be digelent in their rightings, and to lay up their boukes when they go from the skouell and ther pens and inkonerns and to keep them sow, else they must be louk'd upon as carles and slovenes; and soe you must keep all things clean, suet and neat and hanson.'—G. FOX. *Advice to Schoolmasters.*

'Dear and tender little Babes, as well as strong men, ... let not anything straiten you, when God moves: And thou, faithful Babe, though thou stutter and stammer forth a few words in the dread of the Lord, they are accepted, and all that are strong, serve the weak in strengthening them and wait in wisdom to give place to the motion of the Spirit in them, that it may have time to bring forth what God hath given ... that ... you maybe a well spring of Life to one another in the power of the endless love of God.'—W. DEWSBURY.

'When the Justices threatened Friend John Boulton and told him that he and other Reading Friends should be sent to prison, he replied: "That's the weakest thing thou canst do. If thou canst convince me of anything that is evil, I will hear thee and let the prisons alone."'—W.C. BRAITHWAITE.

76. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. *A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS*. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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THE CHILDREN OF READING MEETING

It was a most uncomfortable First Day morning. The children looked at each other and wondered what would happen next, as they stood in the small bedroom under the thatched roof. Dorcas, the eldest, already half dressed, held Baby Stephen in her arms; but the twins, Tryphena and Tryphosa, were running about the floor with bare feet and only their petticoats on, strings and tapes all flying loose. Baby was crying, whilst the Twins shouted with mischievous glee. Something must be done. So Dorcas seated herself in a big chair and tried to dress Baby. But Baby was hungry. He wanted his breakfast and he did not at all want to be dressed! Oh, if only Mother was here! Where was Mother all this long time? Had she and Father really been taken to prison? Dorcas felt heart-sick at the thought. Happily the Twins and Baby were too little to understand. She herself was nearly ten and therefore almost grown up. She understood now all about it quite well. This was what Mother had meant when she bent down to kiss her little girl in bed last night, saying that she was going out to a Meeting at Friend Curtis' house, hoping to be back in an hour or two. 'But if not'—here Dorcas remembered that Mother's eyes had filled with tears. She had left the sentence unfinished, adding only: 'Anyway, I know I can trust thee, Dorcas, to be a little mother to the little ones while I am away.' 'But if not....' Dorcas had been too sleepy last night to think what the words meant, or to keep awake until Mother's return. It seemed as if she had only just closed her eyes for a minute or two; and yet, when she opened them again, the bright morning sunlight was filling the room.

'But if not....' After all, there had been no need for Mother to finish the sentence. Now that Dorcas was wide awake she could complete it for herself only too well. For Dorcas knew that at any moment a Meeting of five or more persons who met to practise a form of worship not authorized by law might be rudely interrupted by the constables, and all the Friends who were sitting in silence together dragged off to prison for disobeying the Quaker Act. Since that Act had been passed in this same month of May 1662, Quaker children understood that this might happen at any moment, but of course each child hoped that it would not happen just yet, or at least not to his own Father and Mother. But now apparently it had happened here in peaceful Reading beside the broad Thames.

Last night's Meeting had been fixed at an unusually late hour. For, as the late Spring evenings were lengthening, the Reading Quakers had wished to take advantage of the long May twilight to gather together and meet with a Friend, one of the Valiant Sixty, who had come in for a few hours unexpectedly on his way to London. So the children had fallen asleep as usual, fully



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expecting to find their parents beside them when they woke. But now the empty places and the unslept-in beds told their own tale. 'Be a mother to the little ones, Dorcas,' Mother had said. Well, Dorcas was trying her very best, but it was not easy. Baby had many strings to tie and many buttons to fasten, and just as she was getting the very last button safely into its button-hole the Twins came running up to say that they had got into each other's clothes by mistake and could not get out of them again. This was serious; for though Phenie's frock was only a little too big for Phosie, Phosie's frock was much too small for Phenie.

Dorcas was obliged to put Baby down to attend to them; but this reminded Baby that he had still not been provided with his much-desired breakfast, whereupon he began to howl, till Dorcas took him up in her arms again, and dandled him as Mother did. This made him crow for happiness, just as he did when Mother took him, so for a few minutes Dorcas was happy too, till she saw that the Twins were now beginning to squabble again, and to tear out each other's hair with the comb. At that unlucky moment up came brother Peter's big voice calling from below, 'Dorcas, Dorcas, what are you all doing up there? Why is not breakfast ready? I have milked the cow for you. You must come down this very minute; I am starving!'

It was an uncomfortable morning; and the worst of it was that it was First Day morning too. Dorcas had not known before that a First Day morning could be uncomfortable. Usually First Day was the happiest day in the whole week. Mother's hands were so gentle that, though the children had been taught to help themselves as soon as they were old enough, still Mother always seemed to know just when there was an unruly button that needed a little coaxing to help it to find its hole, or a string that wanted to get into a knot that ought to be persuaded to tie itself into a bow.

Then breakfast was always a pleasant meal, with the big blue bowls full of milk, warm from the cow, set out on the wooden table, and Father sitting at one end raising his hand as he said a silent Grace. Father never said any words at these times. But he bent his head as if he were thanking Someone he loved very much, Someone close beside him, for giving him the milk and bread to give to the children and for making him very happy. So the children felt happy too. Dorcas thought that the brown bread always tasted especially good on First Day morning, because Father was at the head of the table to cut it and hand it to them himself. On other, week-day, mornings he had to go off much earlier, ploughing, or reaping, or gathering in the ripe corn from the harvest-fields behind the farm. Also, Peter never teased the little ones when Father was there. But to-day if there were no breakfast, (and where was breakfast to come from?) Peter would be dreadfully cross. Yet how could Dorcas go and get breakfast for Peter when the three little ones were all wanting her help at once?



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'I'm coming, Peter, as fast as ever I can,' she called back, in answer to a second yet more peremptory summons. But, oh! how glad she was to hear a gentle knock at the door of the thatched cottage a minute or two later.

'Come in! come in!' she heard Peter saying joyfully as he opened the door, and then came the sound of light footsteps on the wooden stairs. Another minute, and the bedroom door opened gently, and a sunshiny face looked into the children's untidy room.

'Why, it is thee, Hester!' Dorcas exclaimed, with a cry of joy. 'Oh, I am glad to see thee! And how glad Mother would be to know thou wert here.'

The girl who entered was both taller and older than Dorcas. She was a well-loved playfellow evidently, for Tryphena and Tryphosa toddled towards her across the room at once, to be caught up in her arms and kissed.

'Of course, it is I, Dorcas,' she answered promptly. 'Who else should it be? Prudence and I determined that we would come over and try to help thee as soon as we could. We brought a basket of provisions too, in case you were short. Prudence is helping Peter to set out breakfast in the kitchen now, so we must hasten.'

Life often becomes easy when you are two, however difficult it may have been when you were only one! With Hester to help, the dressing was finished at lightning speed. Yet, when the children came down to the kitchen, Prudence and Peter already had the fire blazing away merrily; the warm milk was foaming in the bowls. The hungry children thought, as they drank it up, that never before had breakfast tasted so good.

'Hester, what made thee think of coming?' Dorcas asked a little later, when, Baby's imperious needs being satisfied, she was able to begin her own breakfast, while he drummed an accompaniment on the back of her hand with a wooden spoon. 'How did the news reach thee? Or have they taken thy Father and Mother away too? Have all the Friends gone to gaol this time?'

Hester nodded. Her bright face clouded for a moment or two. Then she resolutely brushed the cloud away.

'Yea, in truth, Dorcas,' she answered. 'I fear much that only we children are left. Anyhow, thy parents and mine are taken, and the others as well most like. My Father had warning from a trusty source that he and other Friends had best not meet in Thomas Curtis' house last night. But he is never one to be turned aside from his purpose, thou knows. So he took me between his knees and said, "Hester, dear maid, thy mother and I must go. 'Tis none of our choosing. If we are taken, fear not for us, nor for thyself and Prue. Only seek to nourish and care for the tender babes in the other houses, whence Friends are likely to be taken also." Therefore I hastened hither to help thee, Dorcas, bringing Prudence with me, partly because I love thee, and thou art mine own dear friend, but also because it was my



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Father's command. If I can be of service to thee, perhaps he will pat my head when he returns out of gaol and say, as he doth sometimes, "I knew I could trust thee, my Hester."

'Will they be long in prison, dost thou think?' asked Dorcas, with a tremor in her voice. She was always an anxious-minded little girl, and inclined to look on the gloomy side of things, whereas Hester was sunshine itself.

'Who can say?' answered Hester, and again even her bright face clouded. 'The Justices are sure to tender to them the oath, but since they follow Him who commanded, "Swear not at all," how can they take it?'

'Then, if they refuse, they will be said to be out of the King's protection, and the Justices and the gaolers may do with them as they will,' added Peter doggedly.

At these words Hester, seeing that Dorcas looked very sorrowful and almost ready to cry, checked Peter suddenly, and said, 'At any rate, we can but hope for the best. And now we must hasten, or we shall be late for Meeting.'

'Meeting?' Dorcas looked up in surprise. 'I thought thou saidst that all the Friends had been taken.'

'All the men and women, yes,' answered Hester; 'but we children are left. We know what our Fathers and Mothers would have us do.' Here Peter broke in, 'Yes, of course, Dorcas, we must go to show them that Friends are not cowards, and that we will keep up our Meetings come what may. Dost thou not mind what friend Thomas Curtis' wife, Mistress Nan, has often told us of her father, the Sheriff of Bristol? How he was hung before his own door, because men said he was endeavouring to betray the city to Prince Rupert, and thus serve his king in banishment. Shall we be less loyal than he?'

'Loyal to our King, Dorcas,' added Hester gently. Dorcas hesitated no longer.

'Thou art right, Hester,' she answered, 'and Peter, thou art right too. We will go all together. I had forgotten. Of course children as well as grown-up people can wait upon God.'

The children arrived at the Friends' usual meeting place, only to find it locked and strongly guarded. They went on, undismayed, to Friend Lamboll's orchard, but, there also, two heavy padlocks, sealed with the King's seal, were upon the green gate. An old goody from a cottage hard by waved them away. 'Be off, children! Here is no place for you,' she said; adding not unkindly, 'your parents were taken near here yester eve, and the officers of the law are still prowling round. This orchard is sure to be one of the first places they will visit.'

Then seeing the tired look on Dorcas' face, as she turned to go, with heavy Stephen in her arms: 'Here, give the babe to me,' she said, 'I'll care for him this forenoon. Thy mother managed to get a word with me last night as the officers dragged her away, and I promised her I would do what I could to help you, though you be Quakers and I hold to the Church. See, he'll be safe in



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this cradle while you go and play, though it is forty years and more since it held a babe of my own.'

Very thankfully Dorcas laid Stephen, now sleeping peacefully, down in the oaken cradle in the old woman's flagged kitchen. Then she ran off to join the others assembled at a little distance from the orchard gate. By this time a few more children had joined them: two or three girls, and four or five older boys. Where were they to meet? The sight of the closed house, and the sealed gate, even the mention of the officers of the law, far from frightening the children, had only made them more than ever clear that, somewhere or other, the Meeting must be held.

At length one of the elder boys suggested 'My father's granary?' The very place!—they all agreed: so thither the little flock of children trooped. The granary was a large building of grey stone lighted only by two mullioned windows high up in the walls. In Queen Elizabeth's days these windows had lighted the small rooms of an upper storey, but now the dividing floor had been removed to make more room for the grain which lay piled up as high as the roof over more than half the building. But, at one end, there was an empty space on the floor, and here the children seated themselves on scattered bundles of hay.

Quietly Meeting began. At first some of the children peeped up at one another anxiously under their eyelids. It felt very strange somehow to be gathering together in silence alone without any grown-up people. Were they really doing right? Dorcas' heart began to beat rather nervously, and a hot flush dyed her cheek, until she looked across at Hester sitting opposite, and was calmed by the peaceful expression of the elder girl's face. Hester's hood had fallen back upon her shoulders. Her fair hair, slightly ruffled, shone like a halo of pale gold against the grey stone wall of the granary. Her blue eyes were looking up, up at the blue sky, far away beyond the high window. 'Hester looks happy, almost as if she were listening to something,' Dorcas said to herself, 'something that comforts her although we are all sad.' Then, settling herself cosily down into the hay, 'Now I will try to listen for comfort too.'

A few moments later the silence was broken by a half-whispered prayer from a dark corner of the granary, 'Our dear, dear parents! help them to be brave and faithful, and make us all brave and faithful too.'

None of the boys and girls looked round to see who had spoken, for the words seemed to come from the deepest place in their own hearts.

Swiftly and speedily the children's prayer was answered. Help was given to them, but they needed every scrap of their courage and faith during the next half-hour. Almost before the last words of the prayer died away, a loud noise was heard and the tramp of heavy feet coming round the granary wall. The officers of the law were upon them: 'What, yet another conventicle of these pestilential heretics to be broken up?' shouted a wrathful



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voice. The next moment the door was roughly burst open, and in the doorway appeared a much dreaded figure, no less a person than Sir William Armorer himself, Justice of the Peace and Equerry to the King. None of the children had any very clear idea as to the meaning of that word 'equerry'; therefore it always filled them with a vague terror of unknown possibilities. In after years, whenever they heard it they saw again an angry man with a florid face, dressed in a suit of apple-green satin slashed with gold, standing in a doorway and wrathfully shaking a loaded cane over their heads.

'Yet more of ye itching to be laid by the ears in gaol!' shouted this apparition as he entered and slammed the heavy wooden door behind him. But an expression of amazement followed when he was once inside the room.

'Brats! By my life! Quaker brats! and none beside them!' he exclaimed astonished, as he looked round the band of children.

'Quaker brats holding a conventicle of their own, as if they were grown men and women! Having stopped the earth and gaoled the fox, must we now deal with the litter? Look you here, do you want a closer acquaintance with this?'

With these words, he pointed his loaded stick at each of the children in turn and drew out a sharp iron point concealed in one end of it, and began to slash the air. Then, changing his mind again, he went back to the door and called out to his followers in the passage outside, 'Here, men, we will let the maidens go, but you must teach these lads what it is to disobey the law, or I'm no Justice of His Majesty's Peace.'

Even in that moment of terror the children wondered not only at the loud angry voice but at the unfamiliar scent that filled the room. The air, which had been pure and fragrant with the smell of hay, was now heavy and loaded with essences and perfumes. Well it might be, for though the children knew it not, the flowing lovelocks of the curly wig that descended to the Justice's shoulders had been scented that very morning with odours of ambergris, musk, and violet, orris root, orange flowers, and jessamine, as well as others besides. The stronger scents of kennel and stable, and even of ale and beer, that filled the room as the constables trooped into it were almost a relief to the children, because they at least were familiar, and unlike the other strange, sickly fragrance.

The constables seized the boys, turned them out into the road, and there punched and beat them with their own staffs and the Justice's loaded stick until they were black in the face. The girls were driven in a frightened bunch down the lane. Only Hester sat on in her place, still and unmoved, sheltering the Twins in her bosom and holding her hands over their eyes. Up to her came the angry Justice in a fine rage, until it seemed as if the perfumed wig must almost touch her smooth plaits of hair. Then, at last, Hester moved, but not in time to prevent the Justice seizing her by the shoulder and flinging her down the



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road after the others. Her frightened charges, torn from her arms, still clung to her skirts, while the full-grown men strode along after them, threatening to duck them all in the pond if they made the slightest resistance, and did not at once disperse to their homes.

It certainly was neither a comfortable thing nor a pleasant thing to be a Quaker child in those stormy days.

Nevertheless, pleasant or unpleasant, comfortable or uncomfortable, made no difference. It was thanks to the courage of this handful of boys and girls that, in spite of the worst that Mr. Justice Armorer could do, in spite of the dread of him and his constables, in spite of his angry face, of his scented wig and loaded cane, in spite of all these things,—still, Sunday after Sunday, through many a long anxious month, God was worshipped in freedom and simplicity in the town by silver Thames. Reading Meeting was held.

Meantime, throughout these same long months, within the prison walls the fathers and mothers prayed for their absent children. Although apart from one another, the two companies were not really separated; for both were listening to the same Shepherd's voice. Until, at last, the happy day came when the gaol-doors were opened and the prisoners released. Then, oh the kissing and the hugging! the crying and the blessing! as the parents heard of all the children had undergone in order to keep faithful and true! That was indeed the most joyful meeting of all!

Thankfulness and joy last freshly through the centuries, as an old letter, written at that time by one of the fathers to George Fox still proves to us to-day: 'Our little children kept the meetings up, when we were all in prison, notwithstanding that wicked Justice when he came and found them there, with a staff that had a spear in it would pull them out of the Meeting, and punch them in the back till some of them were black in the face ... his fellow is not, I believe, to be found in all England a Justice of the Peace.'

'For they might as well think to hinder the Sun from shining, or the tide from flowing, as to think to hinder the Lord's people from meeting to wait upon Him.'



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October 27: Continuing in this year, and until 1670, Friend [George Fox](#) would be at the work of organizing his new religion. He kept, or caused to be kept, a running account of his journey in Ireland. After raising nine children and being for eleven years a widow, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) married with George, ten years her junior.

So, after I had thus acquainted the children with it, our intention of marriage was laid before Friends, both privately and publicly, to their full satisfaction. Many of them gave testimony thereunto that it was of God. Afterwards [the 27th of "Eighth month," 1669], a meeting being appointed for the accomplishing thereof, in the meeting-house at Broad-Mead, in Bristol, we took each other, the Lord joining us together in honourable marriage, in the everlasting covenant and immortal Seed of life. In the sense thereof living and weighty testimonies were borne thereunto by Friends, in the movings of the heavenly power which united us. Then was a certificate, relating both the proceedings and the marriage, openly read, and signed by the relations, and by most of the ancient Friends of that city, besides many others from diverse parts of the nation.

We stayed about a week in Bristol, and then went together to Oldstone: where, taking leave of each other in the Lord, we parted, betaking ourselves each to our several service; Margaret returning homewards to the north, and I passing on in the work of the Lord as before. I travelled through Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and so to London, visiting Friends: in all of which counties I had many large and precious meetings.

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About three months after marriage, Friend Margaret Askew Fell Fox would be thrown into Lancaster prison where she would be kept until a few weeks before her husband sailed to the West Indies and the American colonies. Therefore during the first four years of their marriage this couple would be almost continually separated.



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1670

It was in this period, on the coast of America, that Gershom Smith would have been born. Although we know that eventually [John Smith](#) of [Plymouth](#) and [Dartmouth](#) would come to be the father a total of thirteen children and although the initial five, Hassadiah, John, Josiah, Eliazer, and Hezekiah, were definitely born to his 1st wife, Friend Deborah Howland Smith, and although the will would make it clear that Hannah, Sarah, and Deborah had been born to the 2d wife, Friend Ruhamah Kirby Smith — about Judah, Gershom, Deliverance, Mehitable, and Eliashib we can only infer that they would also pertain to this 2d [Quaker](#) woman, Ruhamah. As to how it was that a 2d Quaker wife was bearing children for this man across the water in Dartmouth while in Plymouth his 1st Quaker wife seems still to have been very much alive, and as to the details of the eventual relocation of this Smith family from Plymouth to Dartmouth, the genealogical record has preferred to remain silent. We notice a reticence in assigning the years of birth to the various children, as if these details would inform us of certain life patterns of which it would be better for the world at large to remain ignorant.

There was a secret treaty entered into at Dover, between King Charles II of England and King Louis XIV of France, to restore Roman Catholicism in England. The so-called Conventicle Act of 1664 was renewed and expanded. This renewed and expanded Act limited religious gatherings, other than those of the Established Church, to not more than five persons, while penalizing any who were unwilling to take an oath. However, Friend [George Fox](#) was completing the task of organizing his new religion, the [Religious Society of Friends](#), as witness his epistle of this year entitled “All Dear Friends Everywhere, Who Have No Helper But The Lord”:



All dear Friends everywhere, who have no helper but the Lord, who is your strength and your life, let your cries and prayers be to him, from whom all your help and strength comes; who with his eternal power, hath kept up your heads above all waves and storms. Let none go out of their habitations in the stormy time of the night, whose habitation is in the Lord; let everyone keep his habitation, and stand in his lot, the seed, Christ Jesus, to the end of the day. There is the lot of your inheritance, and in this seed your will see the bright and morning star appear, which will expel the night of darkness that hath been in your hearts; by which morning star your will come to the everlasting day, which was before night was. So everyone feel this bring morning star in your hearts, there to expel the darkness.
G.F.

Also, his epistle “To Friends In Bristol, In The Time Of Suffering” dates to the latter part of this year:



Dear friends, now is the time for you to stand; therefore put on the whole armour of God, from the crown of the head to the soles of your feet, that you may stand in the possession of life: and you that have been public men, and formerly did travel abroad, mind to keep up your testimony, both in the city and in the countries, that you may encourage Friends to keep up their meetings as usual thereaway; so that none faint in the time of trial; but that all may be encouraged, both small and great, to stand faithful to the Lord God, and his power, and truth; that



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their heads may not sink in the storms, but may be kept up above the waves. So, go into your meeting places, as at other times: and keep up your public testimony, and visit Friends thereabouts, now in this time of storms for there is your crown, in the universal power and spirit of God. So let your minds, and souls, and hearts, be kept above all outward and visible things; for God took care for man in the beginning, and set him above the works of his hands: and therefore mind the heavenly treasure, that will never fade away; and dwell in the seed, in which you may know your election. It is hard for me to give forth in writing what is before me, because of my bodily weakness; but I was desirous in some measure to ease my mind, desiring that your may stand fast, and be faithful to the truth. Of my travels and weakness it is like you have heard, and of my affliction, both by them that are without, and also by them that are within, which are hard to be uttered and spoken. My love is to all faithful Friends.

G.F. The 2d of the 11th month, 1670

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Dating to about this year, we can notice that our Founding Father was exhibiting an attitude toward Quakers in the arts similar to that of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini: “And therefore, all friends and people, pluck down your images...; I say, pluck them out of your houses, walls, and signs, or other places, that none of you be found imitators of his Creator, whom you should serve and worship; and not observe the idle lazy mind, that would go invent and make things like a Creator and Maker...”⁷⁷

⁷⁷. “A Hammer to break down all Invented Images, Image-makers, and Image-worshippers. Showing how contrary they are both to the Law and Gospel.” Works (1831), IV: 367.



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On the First-day after the Act came in force, I went to the meeting at Gracechurch Street, where I expected the storm was most likely to begin.

When I came there, I found the street full of people, and a guard set to keep Friends out of their meeting-house. I went to the other passage out of Lombard street, where also I found a guard; but the court was full of people, and a Friend was speaking amongst them; but he did not speak long.

When he had done, I stood up, and was moved to say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against that which pricks thee." Then I showed that it is Saul's nature that persecutes still, and that they who persecute Christ in His members now, where He is made manifest, kick against that which pricks them; that it was the birth of the flesh that persecuted the birth born of the Spirit, and that it was the nature of dogs to tear and devour the sheep; but that we suffered as sheep, that bite not again, for we were a peaceable people, and loved them that persecuted us.

After I had spoken a while to this effect, the constable came with an informer and soldiers; and as they pulled me down, I said, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

The commander put me among the soldiers, and bade them secure me, saying to me, "You are the man I looked for." They took also John Burnyeat and another Friend, and led us away, first to the Exchange, and afterwards towards Moorfields. As we went along the streets the people were very moderate; some of them laughed at the constable, and told him we would not run away.

The informer went with us unknown, till, falling into discourse with one of the company, he said it would never be a good world till all people came to the good old religion that was two hundred years ago. Whereupon I asked him, "Art thou a Papist? What! a Papist informer; for two hundred years ago there was no other religion but that of the Papists."

He saw he had ensnared himself, and was vexed at it; for as he went along the streets I spoke often to him, and manifested what he was.

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When we were come to the mayor's house, and were in the courtyard, several of the people that stood about, asked me how and for what I was taken. I desired them to ask the informer, and also what his name was; but he refused to tell his name. Whereupon one of the mayor's officers, looking out at a window, told him he should tell his name before he went away; for the lord mayor would know by what authority he intruded himself with soldiers into the execution of those laws which belonged to the civil magistrate to execute, and not to the military.

After this, he was eager to be gone; and went to the porter to be let out. One of the officers called to him, saying, "Have you brought people here to inform against, and now will you go away before my lord mayor comes?" Some called to the porter not to let him out; whereupon he forcibly pulled open the door and slipped out.

No sooner was he come into the street than the people gave a shout that made the street ring again, crying out, "A Papist informer! a Papist informer!" We desired the constable and soldiers to go and rescue him out of the people's hands, fearing lest they should do him a mischief. They went, and brought him into the mayor's entry, where they stayed a while; but when he went out again, the people received him with another shout. The soldiers were fain to go and rescue him once more, and they led him into a house in an alley, where they persuaded him to change his periwig, and so he got away unknown.

When the mayor came, we were brought into the room where he was, and some of his officers would have taken off our hats, perceiving which he called to them, and bade them let us alone, and not meddle with our hats; "for," said he, "they are not yet brought before me in judicature." So we stood by while he examined some Presbyterian and Baptist teachers; with whom he was somewhat sharp, and convicted them.

After he had done with them, I was brought up to the table where he sat; and then the officers took off my hat. The mayor said mildly to me, "Mr. Fox, you are an eminent man amongst those of your profession; pray, will you be instrumental to dissuade them from meeting in such great numbers? for, seeing Christ hath promised that where two or three are met in His name, He will be in the midst of them, and the King and Parliament are graciously pleased to allow four to meet together to worship God; why will not you be content to partake both of Christ's promise to two or three, and the King's indulgence to four?"

I answered to this purpose: "Christ's promise was not to discourage many from meeting together in His name, but to encourage the few, that the fewest might not forbear to meet because of their fewness. But if Christ hath promised to manifest His presence in the midst of so small an assembly, where but two or three are gathered in His name, how much more would His presence abound where two or three hundred are gathered in His name?"

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I wished him to consider whether this Act, if it had been in their time, would not have taken hold of Christ, with His twelve apostles and seventy disciples, who used to meet often together, and that with great numbers? However, I told him this Act did not concern us; for it was made against seditious meetings, of such as met under colour and pretence of religion "to contrive insurrections, as [the Act says] late experience had shown." But we had been sufficiently tried and proved, and always found peaceable, and therefore he would do well to put a difference between the innocent and the guilty.

He said the Act was made against meetings, and a worship not according to the liturgy.

I told him "according to" was not the very same thing; and asked him whether the liturgy was according to the Scriptures, and whether we might not read Scriptures and speak Scriptures.

He said, "Yes."

I told him, "This Act takes hold only of such as meet to plot and contrive insurrections, as late experience hath shown; but they have never experienced that by us. Because thieves are sometimes on the road, must not honest men travel? And because plotters and contrivers have met to do mischief, must not an honest, peaceable people meet to do good? If we had been a people that met to plot and contrive insurrections, etc., we might have drawn ourselves into fours; for four might do more mischief in plotting than if there were four hundred, because four might speak out their minds more freely to one another than four hundred could. Therefore we, being innocent, and not the people this Act concerns, keep our meetings as we used to do. I believe thou knowest in thy conscience that we are innocent."

After some more discourse, he took our names, and the places where we lodged; and at length, as the informer was gone, he set us at liberty.

The Friends with me now asked, "Whither wilt thou go?" I told them, "To Gracechurch street meeting again, if it is not over."

When we came there, the people were generally gone; only some few stood at the gate. We went into Gerrard Roberts's. Thence I sent to know how the other meetings in the city were. I found that at some of the meeting-places Friends had been kept out; at others they had been taken; but these were set at liberty again a few days after.

A glorious time it was; for the Lord's power came over all, and His everlasting truth got renown. For in the meetings, as fast as some that were speaking were taken down, others were moved of the Lord to stand up and speak, to the admiration of the people; and the more because many Baptists and other sectaries left their public meetings, and came to see how the Quakers would stand.

As for the informer aforesaid, he was so frightened that hardly any informer dared to appear publicly in London for some time after. But the mayor, whose name was Samuel Starling, though he carried himself smoothly towards us, proved afterwards a very great persecutor of our Friends, many of whom he cast into prison, as may be seen in the trials



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As I was walking down a hill [near Rochester], a great weight and oppression fell upon my spirit. I got on my horse again, but the weight remained so that I was hardly able to ride.

At length we came to Rochester, but I was much spent, being so extremely laden and burthened with the world's spirits, that my life was oppressed under them. I got with difficulty to Gravesend, and lay at an inn there; but could hardly either eat or sleep.

The next day John Rous and Alexander Parker went to London; and John Stubbs being come to me, we went over the ferry into Essex. We came to Hornchurch, where there was a meeting on First-day. After it I rode with great uneasiness to Stratford, to a Friend's house, whose name was Williams, and who had formerly been a captain. Here I lay, exceedingly weak, and at last lost both hearing and sight. Several Friends came to me from London: and I told them that I should be a sign to such as would not see, and such as would not hear the Truth. In this condition I continued some time. Several came about me; and though I could not see their persons, I felt and discerned their spirits, who were honest-hearted, and who were not. Diverse Friends who practiced physic came to see me, and would have given me medicines, but I was not to meddle with any; for I was sensible I had a travail to go through; and therefore desired none but solid, weighty Friends might be about me.

Under great sufferings and travails, sorrows and oppressions, I lay for several weeks, whereby I was brought so low and weak in body that few thought I could live. Some that were with me went away, saying they would not see me die; and it was reported both in London and in the country that I was deceased; but I felt the Lord's power inwardly supporting me.

When they that were about me had given me up to die, I spoke to them to get a coach to carry me to Gerrard Roberts's, about twelve miles off, for I found it was my place to go thither. I had now recovered a little glimmering of sight, so that I could discern the people and fields as I went, and that was all.

When I came to Gerrard's, he was very weak, and I was moved to speak to him, and encourage him. After I had stayed about three weeks there, it was with me to go to Enfield. Friends were afraid of my removing; but I told them I might safely go.

When I had taken my leave of Gerrard, and was come to Enfield, I went first to visit Amor Stoddart, who lay very weak and almost speechless. I was moved to tell him that he had been faithful as a man, and faithful to God, and that the immortal Seed of life was his crown. Many more words I was moved to speak to him, though I was then so weak I was hardly able to stand; and within a few days after, Amor died.

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** I went to the widow Dry's, at Enfield, where I lay all that winter, warring in spirit with the evil spirits of the world, that warred against Truth and Friends. For there were great persecutions at this time; some meeting-houses were pulled down, and many were broken up by soldiers. Sometimes a troop of horse, or a company of foot came; and some broke their swords, carbines, muskets, and pikes, with beating Friends; and many they wounded, so that their blood lay in the streets.*

Amongst others that were active in this cruel persecution at London, my old adversary, Colonel Kirby, was one. With a company of foot, he went to break up several meetings; and he would often inquire for me at the meetings he broke up. One time as he went over the water to Horsleydown, there happening some scuffle between some of his soldiers and some of the watermen, he bade his men fire at them. They did so, and killed some.

I was under great sufferings at this time, beyond what I have words to declare. For I was brought into the deep, and saw all the religions of the world, and people that lived in them. And I saw the priests that held them up; who were as a company of men-eaters, eating up the people like bread, and gnawing the flesh from off their bones. But as for true religion, and worship, and ministers of God, alack! I saw there was none amongst those of the world that pretended to it.

Though it was a cruel, bloody, persecuting time, yet the Lord's power went over all, His everlasting Seed prevailed; and Friends were made to stand firm and faithful in the Lord's power. Some sober people of other professions would say, "If Friends did not stand, the nation would run into debauchery."

Though by reason of my weakness I could not travel amongst Friends as I had been used to do, yet in the motion of life I sent the following lines as an encouraging testimony to them: -

My dear Friends:

The Seed is above all. In it walk; in which ye all have life. Be not amazed at the weather; for always the just suffered by the unjust, but the just had the dominion.

All along ye may see, by faith the mountains were subdued; and the rage of the wicked, with his fiery darts, was quenched. Though the waves and storms be high, yet your faith will keep you, so as to swim above them; for they are but for a time, and the Truth is without time. Therefore keep on the mountain of holiness, ye who are led to it by the Light. Do not think that anything will outlast the Truth. For the Truth standeth sure; and is over that which is out of the Truth. For the good will overcome the evil; the light, darkness; the life, death; virtue, vice; and righteousness, unrighteousness. The false prophet cannot overcome the true; but the true prophet, Christ, will overcome all the false. So be faithful, and live in that which doth not think the time long.

FOX'S JOURNAL



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After some time it pleased the Lord to allay the heat of this violent persecution; and I felt in spirit an overcoming of the spirits of those men-eaters that had stirred it up and carried it on to that height of cruelty. I was outwardly very weak; and I plainly felt, and those Friends that were with me, and that came to visit me, took notice, that as the persecution ceased I came from under the travails and sufferings that had lain with such weight upon me; so that towards the spring I began to recover, and to walk up and down, beyond the expectation of many, who did not think I could ever have gone abroad again.

Whilst I was under this spiritual suffering the state of the New Jerusalem which comes down out of heaven was opened to me; which some carnal-minded people had looked upon to be like an outward city dropped out of the elements. I saw the beauty and glory of it, the length, the breadth, and the height thereof, all in complete proportion. I saw that all who are within the Light of Christ, and in His faith, of which He is the author; and in the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, which Christ and the holy prophets and apostles were in; and within the grace, and truth, and power of God, which are the walls of the city; - I saw that such are within the city, are members of it, and have right to eat of the Tree of Life, which yields her fruit every month, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Many things more did I see concerning the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, which are hard to be uttered, and would be hard to be received. But, in short, this holy city is within the Light, and all that are within the Light, are within the city; the gates whereof stand open all the day (for there is no night there), that all may come in.

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1671

In his GOSPEL FAMILY-ORDER: BEING A SHORT DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE ORDERING OF FAMILIES, BOTH OF WHITES AND BLACKS AND INDIANS, Friend [George Fox](#) sought to negate the racism associated with the curse of God upon the son of Noah who saw his nakedness, by saying that it was not a curse upon a race but a curse upon any who spend themselves in “debaucheries.” What the curse means is not racial at all, could in no way serve as any defense of the practice of enslavement, but was merely a warning that should a people “serve sin and Evil, they must look for Destruction, both of families and Nations, who profess in God in words, but deny him in their works, lives, and conversations.” Regardless of race, there is a spiritual kinship which unites all who truly lead lives of faithfulness. Therefore instruct slaves, and preach “to the Ethiopians, the Blacks, and Tawnymoores ... Jesus Christ to them in your families.” Fox’s practical proposal was that, since spiritual conditions are so more important than physical conditions, the way out of the situation is to begin to treat present [slaves](#) not as slaves but as indentured servants, in the Jewish “poor brother slave” tradition.

As slaves were freed after a period of service, they were not simply to be turned loose, but were to be compensated for their slave labor so that they would have the means with which to begin free life (and, in fact, later, Quakers were the only body of the English community to provide such compensation along with the [manumission](#) papers). In about the same period, Fox wrote in his journal:

Then as to their blacks or negroes, I desire them to endeavor to train them up in the fear of God, as well them that were bought with their money as them that were born in their families, that all might come to the knowledge of the Lord; that so, with Joshua, every master of a family might say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." I desire them also that they would cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with their negroes, and not use cruelty toward them, as the manner of some hath been and is; and that after certain years of servitude they would make them free. Many sweet and precious things were opened in these meetings by the Spirit, and in the power of the Lord, to the edifying, confirming, and building up of Friends, both in the faith and holy order of the gospel.

Ann Conway was acquainted with Friend [George](#) and other early Friends, and herself would become a [Quaker](#) shortly before her death. Written in English presumably during this period between 1671 and 1675 and published posthumously in 1890 in Latin translation, her THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY, CONCERNING GOD, CHRIST, AND THE CREATURE; THAT IS CONCERNING SPIRIT AND MATTER IN GENERAL would have an influence upon Leibniz. When an English edition would be prepared in 1692, it would have to be back-translated from the Latin version, the original manuscript in the meanwhile having been lost. (In 1996 her opus would be republished by Cambridge UP in a new translation as edited by Alison P. Coudert and Taylor Corse.)



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At this point in the writings, the chronology of events is reiterated: The sentence of præmunire had been passed against Margaret Fell in 1663, whereupon for about seven years (George Fox supposed ten years) she had been the prisoner of the Binges, and her estate in jeopardy. She was taken to prison again about three months after their marriage, in 1669. When the husband received notice of this, he sent two of her daughters to the King and the King ordered the sheriff of Lancashire to release her. One would have supposed that with such a writ, she would have been set at liberty, but in the storm of persecution that had come suddenly over England, the local authorities found means to hold her still.

Fox's AMERICAN DIARIES, which date to this period between 1671 and 1673, are the **only** materials now extant which may correctly be characterized as a "[JOURNAL](#)" kept by Fox. They are the only ones, that is, which are even roughly contemporary with the events of his life which are described in what now purports to have been his journals — and they also happen to be the only ones of which any originals have survived for us to evaluate the extent of the editorial emendations which have silently been made in layer after layer upon the basal materials:

But now the persecution a little ceasing, I was moved to speak to Martha Fisher, and another woman Friend, to go to the King about her liberty. They went in the faith, and in the Lord's power; and He gave them favour with the King, so that he granted a discharge under the broad seal, to clear both her and her estate, after she had been ten years a prisoner, and præmunired; the like whereof was scarce to be heard in England.

** I sent down the discharge forthwith by a Friend; by whom also I wrote to her, to inform her how to get it delivered to the justices, and also to acquaint her that it was upon me from the Lord to go beyond sea, to visit the plantations in America; and therefore I desired her to hasten to London, as soon as she could conveniently after she had obtained her liberty, because the ship was then fitting for the voyage. In the meantime I got to Kingston, and stayed at John Rous's till my wife came up, and then I began to prepare for the voyage. But the yearly meeting being near at hand, I tarried till that was over. Many Friends came up to it from all parts of the nation, and a very large and precious meeting it was; for the Lord's power was over all, and His glorious, everlastingly-renowned Seed of Life was exalted above all.*

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August 12: A fast but leaky vessel, the *Industry*, sailed from England for the New World with 13 [Quaker](#) preachers aboard, on a missionary journey first to the West Indies and then to North America. One of the Quaker missionary preachers was [George Fox](#).



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After this meeting was over, and I had finished my services for the Lord in England, the ship and the Friends that intended to go with me being ready, I went to Gravesend on the 12th of Sixth month, my wife and several Friends accompanying me to the Downs.

We went from Wapping in a barge to the ship, which lay a little below Gravesend, and there we found the Friends that were bound for the voyage with me, who had gone down to the ship the night before. Their names were Thomas Briggs, William Edmundson, John Rous, John Stubbs, Solomon Eccles, James Lancaster, John Cartwright, Robert Widders, George Pattison, John Hull, Elizabeth Hooton, and Elizabeth Miers. The vessel was a yacht, called the Industry; the captain's name Thomas Forster, and the number of passengers about fifty.

I lay that night on board, but most of the Friends at Gravesend. Early next morning the passengers, and those Friends that intended to accompany us to the Downs, being come on board, we took our leave in great tenderness of those that came with us to Gravesend only, and set sail about six in the morning for the Downs.

Having a fair wind, we out-sailed all the ships that were outward-bound, and got thither by evening. Some of us went ashore that night, and lodged at Deal, where, we understood, an officer had orders from the governor to take our names in writing, which he did next morning, though we told him they had been taken at Gravesend.

In the afternoon, the wind serving, I took leave of my wife and other Friends, and went on board. Before we could sail, there being two of the King's frigates riding in the Downs, the captain of one of them sent his press-master on board us, who took three of our seamen. This would certainly have delayed, if not wholly prevented, our voyage, had not the captain of the other frigate, being informed of the leakiness of our vessel, and the length of our voyage, in compassion and much civility, spared us two of his own men.

Before this was over, a custom-house officer came on board to peruse packets and get fees; so that we were kept from sailing till about sunset; during which delay a very considerable number of merchantmen, outward-bound, were several leagues before us.

Being clear, we set sail in the evening, and next morning overtook part of that fleet about the height of Dover. We soon reached the rest, and in a little time left them all behind; for our yacht was counted a very swift sailer. But she was very leaky, so that the seamen and some of the passengers did, for the most part, pump day and night. One day they observed that in two hours' time she sucked in sixteen inches of water in the well.

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One of the results of this trip was a letter which has troubled the Society of Friends ever since, for it makes Fox appear to have been soft on [slavery](#). The letter was as follows:

For the Governor of Barbadoes, with his council and assembly, and all others in power, both civil and military, in this island; from the people called Quakers.

WHEREAS many scandalous lies and slanders have been cast upon us, to render us odious; as that "We deny God, and Christ Jesus, and the scriptures of truth", &c. This is to inform you, that all our books and declarations, which for these many years have been published to the world, clearly testify the contrary. Yet, for your satisfaction, we now plainly and sincerely declare, that we own and believe in God, the only wise, omnipotent, and everlasting God, who is the creator of all things both in heaven and in the earth, and the preserver of all that he hath made; who is God over all, blessed for ever; to whom be all honour, glory, dominion, praise and thanksgiving, both now and for evermore! and we own and believe in Jesus Christ, his beloved and only begotten Son, in whom he is well pleased; who was conceived by the holy ghost, and born of the virgin Mary; in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins; who is the express image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature, by whom were all things created that are in heaven and in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, dominions, principalities, or powers; all things were created by him. And we own and believe that he was made a sacrifice for sin, who knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; and that he was crucified for us in the flesh, without the gates of Jerusalem; and that he was buried, and rose again the third day by the power of his Father, for our justification; and we believe that he ascended up into heaven, and now sitteth at the right hand of God. This Jesus, who was the foundation of the holy prophets and apostles, is our foundation; and we believe there is no other foundation to be laid but that which is laid, even Christ Jesus who we believe tasted death for every man, and shed his blood for all men, and is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world: according as John the Baptist testified of him, when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world" [John 1:29]. We believe that he alone is our Redeemer and Saviour, even the captain of our salvation, who saves us from sin, as well as from hell and the wrath to come, and destroys the devil and his works; who is the seed of the woman that bruises the serpent's head, to wit, Christ Jesus, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. That he is (as the scriptures of truth say of him) our wisdom and righteousness, justification and redemption; neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved. He alone is the shepherd and bishop of our souls: he is our prophet, whom Moses long since testified of saying, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you: and it shall come to pass, that every soul that will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people" [Acts 2:22-23]. He it is that



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is now come "and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true". And he rules in our hearts by his law of love and life, and makes us free from the law of sin and death. We have no life, but by him; for he is the quickening spirit, the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, by whose blood we are cleansed, and our consciences sprinkled from dead works, to serve the living God. He is our Mediator, that makes peace and reconciliation between God offended and us offending; he being the oath of God, the new covenant of light, life, grace, and peace, the author and finisher of our faith. Now this Lord Jesus Christ, the heavenly man, the Emanuel, God with us, we all own and believe in; he whom the high priest raged against, and said, he had spoken blasphemy; whom the priests and elders of the Jews took counsel together against, and put to death; the same whom Judas betrayed for thirty pieces of silver, which the priests gave him as a reward for his treason; who also gave large money to the soldiers to broach a horrible lie, namely, "That his disciples came and stole him away by night whilst they slept". And after he was risen from the dead, the history of the Acts of the apostles sets forth how the chief priests and elders persecuted the disciples of this Jesus, for preaching Christ and his resurrection. This, we say, is that Lord Jesus Christ, whom we own to be our life and salvation. "And as concerning the holy scriptures, we believe they were given forth by the holy spirit of God, through the holy men of God, who "spoke as they were moved by the holy ghost" [2 Peter 1:21]. We believe they are to be read, believed, and fulfilled, (he that fulfils them is Christ): and they are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works, (2 Tim. iii. 16.) and are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus". We believe the holy scriptures are the words of God; for it is said in Exod. xx. 1 "God spake all these words, saying", &c. meaning the ten commandments given forth upon mount Sinai. And in Rev. xxii. 18. saith John, "I testify to every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man addeth unto these, and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy", (not the Word), &c. So in Luke i. 20. "Because thou believest not my words" And so in John v. 47. xv. 7. xiv. 23. xii. 47. So that we call the holy scriptures, as Christ, the apostles, and holy men of God called them, viz. the words of God. "Another slander they have cast upon us, is, "that we teach the negroes to rebel"; a thing we utterly abhor and detest in our hearts, the Lord knows it, who is the searcher of all hearts, and knows all things, and can testify for us, that this is a most abominable untruth. For that which we have spoken to them, is to exhort and admonish them to be sober, to fear God, to love their masters and mistresses, and to be faithful and diligent in their service and business, and then their masters and overseers would love them, and deal kindly and gently with them; also that they should not beat their wives, nor the wives their husbands; neither should the men have many wives; that they should not steal, nor be drunk, nor commit adultery, nor fornication, nor curse, swear, nor lie, nor give bad words to one another, nor to any one else; for there is something in them that tells them they should not practise these nor any other evils.



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But if they notwithstanding should do them, then we let them know there are but two ways, the one that leads to heaven where the righteous go; and the other that leads to hell, where the wicked and debauched, whoremongers, adulterers, murderers, and liars go. To the one the Lord will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"; to the other, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels": so the wicked go into "everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal" [Matthew 25]. Consider, friends it is no transgression for a master of a family to instruct his family himself, or for others to do it in his behalf; but rather it is a very great duty incumbent upon them. Abraham and Joshua did so: of the first, we read the Lord said, Gen. xviii. 19. "I know that Abraham will command his children, and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham the things that he hath spoken of him". And the latter, we read, said, Josh. xxiv. 15. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord". We declare, that we esteem it a duty incumbent on us to pray with and for, to teach, instruct, and admonish those in and belonging to our families; this being a command of the Lord, disobedience whereunto will provoke his displeasure; as may be seen in Jer. x. 25. "Pour out thy fury upon the Heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not upon thy name".



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Fox commented upon this letter and its circumstance, in his journal:

Now, negroes, tawnies, indians, make up a very great part of the families in this island; for whom an account will be required by him who comes to judge both quick and dead at the great day of judgment, when every one shall be "rewarded according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good, or whether they be evil"; at that day, we say, of the resurrection both of the good and of the bad, and of the just and of the unjust, when, "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe in that day" [2 Thessalonians 1:8, 2 Peter 3:3, &c.]. This wicked slander (of our endeavouring to make the negroes rebel) our adversaries took occasion to raise, from our having some meetings amongst the negroes; for we had several meetings with them in divers plantations, wherein we exhorted them to justice, sobriety, temperance, chastity, and piety, and to be subject to their masters and governors. Which was altogether contrary to what our envious adversaries maliciously suggested against us. As I had been to visit the governor, as soon as I was well able, after I came thither; so sometime after when I was at Thomas Rouse's, the governor came to see me, carrying himself very courteously.

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Early in September: The fast but leaky vessel sailing from England for the New World with 13 [Quaker](#) preachers aboard including Friend [George Fox](#), the *Industry*, was at about this time threatened by a [pirate](#) vessel out of the Moorish port of Sallee.

George Fox

** When we had been about three weeks at sea, one afternoon we spied a vessel about four leagues astern of us. Our master said it was a Sallee man-of-war, that seemed to give us chase. He said, "Come, let us go to supper, and when it grows dark we shall lose him." This he spoke to please and pacify the passengers, some of whom began to be very apprehensive of the danger. But Friends were well satisfied in themselves, having faith in God, and no fear upon their spirits.*

When the sun was gone down, I saw out of my cabin the ship making towards us. When it grew dark, we altered our course to miss her; but she altered also, and gained upon us.

At night the master and others came into my cabin, and asked me what they should do. I told them I was no mariner; and I asked them what they thought was best to do. They said there were but two ways, either to outrun him, or to tack about, and hold the same course we were going before. I told them that if he were a thief, they might be sure he would tack about too; and as for outrunning him, it was to no purpose to talk of that, for they saw he sailed faster than we. They asked me again what they should do, "for," they said, "if the mariners had taken Paul's counsel, they had not come to the damage they did." I answered that it was a trial of faith, and therefore the Lord was to be waited on for counsel.

So, retiring in spirit, the Lord showed me that His life and power were placed between us and the ship that pursued us. I told this to the master and the rest, and that the best way was to tack about and steer our right course. I desired them also to put out all their candles but the one they steered by, and to speak to all the passengers to be still and quiet.

About eleven at night the watch called and said they were just upon us. This disquieted some of the passengers. I sat up in my cabin, and, looking through the port-hole, the moon being not quite down, I saw them very near us. I was getting up to go out of the cabin; but remembering the word of the Lord, that His life and power were placed between us and them, I lay down again.

The master and some of the seamen came again, and asked me if they might not steer such a point. I told them they might do as they would.

By this time the moon was quite down. A fresh gale arose, and the Lord hid us from them; we sailed briskly on and saw them no more.

The next day, being the first day of the week, we had a public meeting in the ship, as we usually had on that day throughout the voyage, and the Lord's presence was greatly among us. I desired the people to remember the mercies of the Lord, who had delivered them; for they might have been all in the Turks' hands by that time, had not the Lord's hand saved them.

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About a week after, the master and some of the seamen endeavoured to persuade the passengers that it was not a Turkish pirate that had chased us, but a merchantman going to the Canaries. When I heard of it I asked them, "Why then did you speak so to me? Why did you trouble the passengers? and why did you tack about from him and alter your course?" I told them they should take heed of slighting the mercies of God. Afterwards, while we were at Barbadoes, there came in a merchant from Sallee, and told the people that one of the Sallee men-of-war saw a monstrous yacht at sea, the greatest that ever he saw, and had her in chase, and was just upon her, but that there was a spirit in her that he could not take. This confirmed us in the belief that it was a Sallee-man we saw make after us, and that it was the Lord that delivered us out of his hands.

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October 3: Captain Thomas Foster brought his ketch *Industry* to anchor within Carlisle Bay at the island of Barbados in the New World and the 13 [Quaker](#) preachers including 47-year-old Friend [George Fox](#) were able to rest and get their land legs back. Fox had eaten some tainted meat, and his legs and feet were badly swollen. It would require three weeks of land recuperation at the plantation house of Thomas Rous, before he would be able toward the end of the month to begin to address meetings.⁷⁸

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

78. Larry Gragg, Professor of Early American History at the University of Missouri-Rolla, has, in an article for that scholarly source, [History Today](#) magazine, in 2002, made the accusation that Fox had brought a dozen other Quaker Traveling Friends along with him to represent the disciples of Jesus, so that he could present himself to the New World as a Christ figure. He also observed, in the pages of this magazine, that Quakers were called Quakers because during their worship services they were guilty of regular body movements, called “quaking.” –Please don’t ask me about Professor Gragg’s powers of imagination.

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The third of the Eighth month, early in the morning, we discovered the island of Barbadoes; but it was between nine and ten at night ere we came to anchor in Carlisle bay.

We got on shore as soon as we could, and I with some others walked to the house of a Friend, a merchant, whose name was Richard Forstall, above a quarter of a mile from the bridge. But being very ill and weak, I was so tired, that I was in a manner spent by the time I got thither. There I abode very ill several days, and though they several times gave me things to make me sweat, they could not effect it. What they gave me did rather parch and dry up my body, and made me probably worse than otherwise I might have been.

** Thus I continued about three weeks after I landed, having much pain in my bones, joints, and whole body, so that I could hardly get any rest; yet I was pretty cheery, and my spirit kept above it all. Neither did my illness take me off from the service of Truth; but both while I was at sea, and after I came to Barbadoes, before I was able to travel about, I gave forth several papers (having a Friend to write for me), some of which I sent by the first conveyance for England to be printed.*

Soon after I came into the island, I was informed of a remarkable passage, wherein the justice of God did eminently appear. It was thus. There was a young man of Barbadoes whose name was John Drakes, a person of some note in the world's account, but a common swearer and a bad man, who, when he was in London, had a mind to marry a Friend's daughter, left by her mother very young, with a considerable portion, to the care and government of several Friends, whereof I was one. He made application to me that he might have my consent to marry this young maid.

I told him I was one of her overseers, appointed by her mother, who was a widow, to take care of her; that if her mother had intended her for a match to any man of another profession, she would have disposed her accordingly; but she committed her to us, that she might be trained up in the fear of the Lord; and therefore I should betray the trust reposed in me if I should consent that he, who was out of the fear of God, should marry her; and this I would not do.

When he saw that he could not obtain his desire, he returned to Barbadoes with great offense of mind against me, but without a just cause. Afterwards, when he heard I was coming to Barbadoes, he swore desperately, and threatened that if he could possibly procure it, he would have me burned to death when I came there. A Friend hearing of this, asked him what I had done to him that he was so violent against me. He would not answer, but said again, "I'll have him burned." Whereupon the Friend replied, "Do not march on too furiously, lest thou come too soon to thy journey's end."

About ten days after he was struck with a violent, burning fever, of which he died; by which his body was so scorched that the people said it was as black as a coal; and three days before I landed his body was laid in the dust. This was taken notice of as a sad example.

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While I continued so weak that I could not go abroad to meetings, the other Friends that came over with me bestirred themselves in the Lord's work. The next day but one after we came on shore, they had a great meeting at the Bridge, and after that several meetings in different parts of the island; which alarmed the people of all sorts, so that many came to our meetings, and some of the chiefest rank. For they had got my name, understanding I was come upon the island, and expected to see me, not knowing I was unable to go abroad.

And indeed my weakness continued the longer on me, because my spirit was much pressed down at the first with the filth and dirt, and with the unrighteousness of the people, which lay as an heavy weight and load upon me. But after I had been above a month upon the island my spirit became somewhat easier; I began to recover my health and strength, and to get abroad among Friends. [As George Fox was too ill to travel, the meetings for worship and for business were held at the house where he was staying. Here he first dealt with the issue of human enslavement: "I desired them also that they would cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with their negroes, and not use cruelty towards them as the manner of some hath been and is; and that after certain years of servitude, they would make them free."]

After I was able to go about, and had been a little amongst Friends, I went to visit the Governor, Lewis Morice, Thomas Rous, and some other Friends being with me. He received us very civilly, and treated us very kindly, making us dine with him, and keeping us the greater part of the day before he let us go away.

The same week I went to Bridgetown. There was to be a general meeting of Friends that week; and the visit I had made to the Governor, and the kind reception I had with him, being generally known to the officers, civil and military, many came to this meeting from most parts of the island, and those not of the meanest rank; several being judges or justices, colonels or captains; so that a very great meeting we had, both of Friends and others.

The Lord's blessed power was plentifully with us; and although I was somewhat straitened for time, three other Friends having spoken before me, yet the Lord opened things through me to the general and great satisfaction of them that were present. Colonel Lewis Morice came to this meeting, and with him a neighbour of his, a judge in the country, whose name was Ralph Fretwell, who was very well satisfied, and received the Truth.

Paul Gwin, a jangling Baptist, came into the meeting, and asked me how I spelt Cain, and whether I had the same spirit as the apostles had. I told him, "Yes." And he bade the judge take notice of it.

I told him, "He that hath not a measure of the same Holy Ghost as the apostles had, is possessed with an unclean spirit." And then he went his way.

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GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

We had many great and precious meetings, both for worship and for the affairs of the Church; to the former of which many of other societies came. At one of these meetings Colonel Lyne, a sober person, was so well satisfied with what I declared that he said, "Now I can gainsay such as I have heard speak evil of you; who say, you do not own Christ, nor that He died; whereas I perceive you exalt Christ in all His offices beyond what I have ever heard before."

As I had been to visit the Governor as soon as I was well able, after I came thither, so, when I was at Thomas Rous's, the Governor came to see me, carrying himself very courteously.

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End of October: Friend [George Fox](#) was finally well enough, after his problems due to eating contaminated meat during the voyage, to begin to address assemblies. The first assembly which he addressed was of 300 to 400 persons, at the plantation house of Thomas Rous. He would go on to speak in the colony's capital town, Bridgetown, at a "General Meeting," with many members of the island's elite in attendance, "colonels, and justices, and judges, and captains." He would meet a couple of times with Deputy Governor Christopher Codrington, who had control of the colony during William Lord Willoughby's absence between 1669 and 1672.

Remarks he made during this period would later be published as GOSPEL FAMILY-ORDER. He suggested that the whites not "slight" the "Ethiopians, the Blacks" among them, because Christ "died for Tawn[i]es and for the Blacks as well as for you that are called whites." He suggested that to the "Ethiopians that are in your Families," which is to say, house servants rather than field slaves, they "preach Christ," "so they may be free Men indeed." He suggested that it would be in order, to begin to keep record of the births, marriages, and deaths of their blacks. He and two other Traveling Friends, Solomon Eccles and John Stubbs, would hold several meetings among the slaves. He alarmed the planter class by suggesting that slaves who served their white masters "faithfully," perhaps for "30 yeares after more or less," might properly be set free in their old age, and not only that, but "not goe away empty handed." We can imagine the planter caste responding with something like: "Hey, [Quaker](#) dude, get a clue will you, [slavery](#) isn't about masters serving slaves — it's about slaves serving masters." Fox asked, "Did not Christ dye for the Blacks and the Taunies, as well as for the Whites? and was not [Christ's] Blood shed for all men and are they not men?" Some island clergymen, it is to be noted, charged that what Fox and the other itinerants had mind in the making of such outrageous remarks was "a Design to teach the Blacks to rebel," quote unquote. Fox would feel the need to respond, in a letter to Governor Codrington and the Assembly, that his Quakers in fact "utterly abhor[red] and detest[ed]" the prospect of slave rebellion, and merely desired to urge the island's slaves "to be sober and to fear God, and to love their masters and mistresses."

From the journal that would be published in 1715, written by Friend [William Edmundson](#), pages 65/66: At length we got within the Cape of Virginia, and up the great Bay of Cheseapeak, to the Mouth of the Patuxent River in [Maryland](#), where we anchored ; but a violent Storm arising we could not get ashore for some Days, though our Provision and Water were spent. When the Storm



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ceased, Friends hearing of us, came in a Boat and Fetched us ashore.

Here we met with John Burnyeat ready to take Shipping for England. We had several large heavenly Meetings, and the Lord's Power and Presence with us, to our great Comfort : Then we traveled severally in our Services, as the Lord Ordered us ; George Fox, John Burnyeat, and several other Friends accompanying them, traveled to New-England. I took Boat, and went to Virginia, where Things were much out of Order ; but the Lord's Power and Testimony went over all.



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1672

Friend Henry Fell wrote from Barbados to Friend [George Fox](#)'s wife, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox:

Oh, I cannot forget the blessed day wherein dear George Fox and the rest of the Friends arrived here amongst us in this island. It was a heavenly visitation unto me and many more.

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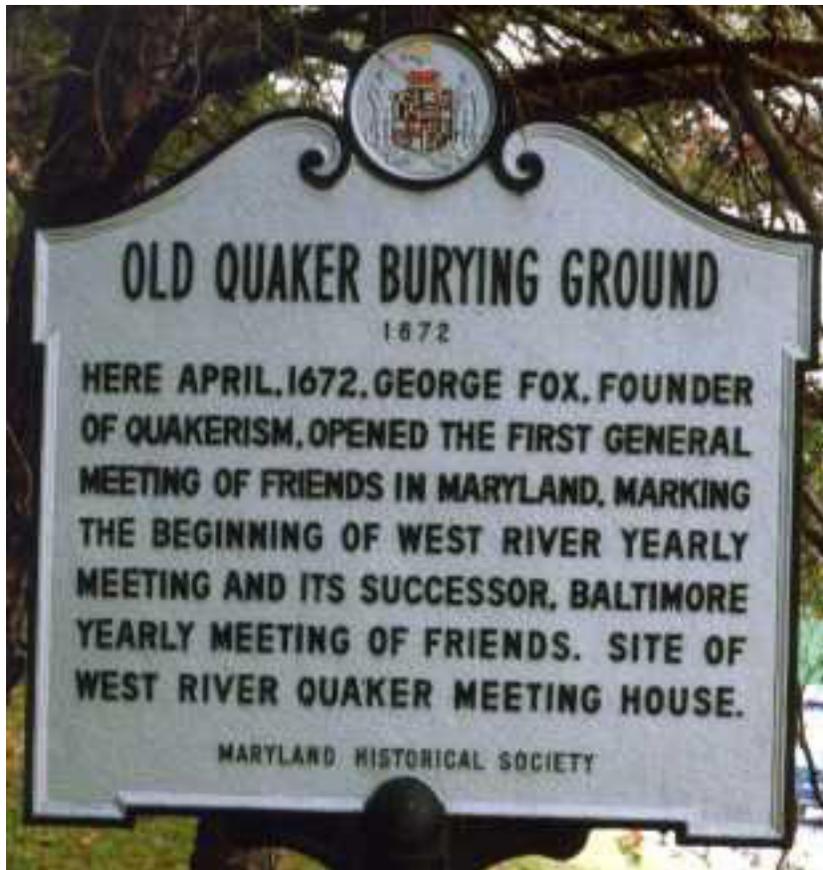
FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

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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.

George Fox



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



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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,⁷⁹ Fox also made careful essays at comparing native reports of spiritual experiences with his own.⁸⁰ 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 reprovved 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.

79. [George Fox](#). JOURNAL, ed. John Nickalls. Cambridge, England: University Press, 1952, page 643.

80. [George Fox](#). JOURNAL, ed. John Nickalls. Cambridge, England: University Press, 1952, page 642.



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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.



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January 6: Just before embarking from Barbadoes for Jamaica, Friend [George Fox](#) took the opportunity to write to his wife, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell Fox](#) back in England (the dates he uses below are the [Quaker](#) version of Old Style dates).

Having been three months or more in Barbadoes, and having visited Friends, thoroughly settled meetings, and despatched the service for which the Lord brought me thither, I felt my spirit clear of that island, and found drawings to Jamaica. When I had communicated this to Friends, I acquainted the Governor also, and diverse of his council, that I intended shortly to leave the island, and go to Jamaica. This I did that, as my coming thither was open and public, so my departure also might be. Before I left the island I wrote the following letter to my wife, that she might understand both how it was with me, and how I proceeded in my travels: -

*MY DEAR HEART,
To whom is my love, and to all the children, in the Seed of life that changeth not, but is over all; blessed be the Lord forever. I have undergone great sufferings in my body and spirit, beyond words; but the God of heaven be praised, His Truth is over all. I am now well; and, if the Lord permit, within a few days I pass from Barbadoes towards Jamaica; and I think to stay but little there. I desire that ye may be all kept free in the Seed of Life, out of all cumbrances. Friends are generally well. Remember me to Friends that inquire after me. So no more, but my love in the Seed and Life that changeth not.*

G.F.

Barbadoes, 6th of 11th Month, 1671.

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January 8: Hundreds of people came to the docks to say good-bye, as Friend [George Fox](#) and his company of [Quaker](#) missionaries embarked from Barbadoes for Jamaica (the dates he uses below are the Quaker version of Old Style dates):

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

I set sail from Barbadoes to Jamaica on the 8th of the Eleventh month, 1671; Robert Widders, William Edmundson, Solomon Eccles and Elizabeth Hooton going with me. Thomas Briggs and John Stubbs remained in Barbadoes, with whom were John Rous and William Bailey.

We had a quick and easy passage to Jamaica, where we met again with our Friends James Lancaster, John Cartwright, and George Pattison, who had been labouring there in the service of Truth; into which we forthwith entered with them, travelling up and down through the island, which is large; and a brave country it is, though the people are, many of them, debauched and wicked.

We had much service. There was a great convincement, and many received the Truth, some of whom were people of account in the world. We had many meetings there, which were large, and very quiet. The people were civil to us, so that not a mouth was opened against us. I was twice with the Governor, and some other magistrates, who all carried themselves kindly towards me.

** About a week after we landed in Jamaica, Elizabeth Hooton, a woman of great age, who had travelled much in Truth's service, and suffered much for it, departed this life. She was well the day before she died, and departed in peace, like a lamb, bearing testimony to Truth at her departure.*

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February 23, Tuesday: Friend [George Fox](#) and his company of [Quaker](#) missionaries were preparing to embark from Jamaica for [Maryland](#), and so he took the opportunity to write again to his wife, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox in England (the dates he uses below are the Quaker version of Old Style dates):

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

*When we had been about seven weeks in Jamaica, had brought Friends into pretty good order, and settled several meetings amongst them, we left Solomon Eccles there; the rest of us embarked for Maryland, leaving Friends and Truth prosperous in Jamaica, the Lord's power being over all, and His blessed Seed reigning.
Before I left Jamaica I wrote another letter to my wife, as follows:*

*MY DEAR HEART,
To whom is my love, and to the children, in that which changeth not, but is over all; and to all Friends in those parts. I have been in Jamaica about five weeks. Friends here are generally well, and there is a convincement: but things would be too large to write of. Sufferings in every place attend me; but the blessed Seed is over all; the great Lord be praised, who is Lord of sea and land, and of all things therein. We intend to pass from hence about the beginning of next month, towards Maryland, if the Lord please. Dwell all of you in the Seed of God; in His Truth I rest in love to you all.*

G.F.

Jamaica, 23d of 12th Month, 1671.

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March 8, Tuesday: Friend [George Fox](#) and his company of [Quaker](#) missionaries embarked from Jamaica for [Maryland](#)



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(the dates he uses below are the Quaker version of Old Style dates):

George Fox

We went on board on the 8th of First month, 1671-2, and, having contrary winds, were a full week sailing forwards and backwards before we could get out of sight of Jamaica.

A difficult voyage this proved, and dangerous, especially in passing through the Gulf of Florida, where we met with many trials by winds and storms.

But the great God, who is Lord of the sea and land, and who rideth upon the wings of the wind, did by His power preserve us through many and great dangers, when by extreme stress of weather our vessel was many times likely to be upset, and much of her tackling broken. And indeed we were sensible that the Lord was a God at hand, and that His ear was open to the supplications of His people.

For when the winds were so strong and boisterous, and the storms and tempests so great that the sailors knew not what to do, but let the ship go which way she would, then did we pray unto the Lord, who graciously heard us, calmed the winds and the seas, gave us seasonable weather, and made us to rejoice in His salvation. Blessed and praised be the holy name of the Lord, whose power hath dominion over all, whom the winds and the seas obey.

We were between six and seven weeks in this passage from Jamaica to Maryland. Some days before we came to land, after we had entered the bay of Patuxent River, a great storm arose, which cast a boat upon us for shelter, in which were several people of account in the world. We took them in; but the boat was lost, with five hundred pounds' worth of goods in it, as they said. They continued on board several days, not having any means to get off; and we had a very good meeting with them in the ship.

But provisions grew short, for they brought none in with them; and ours, by reason of the length of our voyage, were well-nigh spent when they came to us; so that with their living with us too, we had now little or none left. Whereupon George Pattison took a boat, and ventured his life to get to shore; the hazard was so great that all but Friends concluded he would be cast away. Yet it pleased the Lord to bring him safe to land, and in a short time after the Friends of the place came to fetch us to land also, in a seasonable time, for our provisions were quite spent.

We partook also of another great deliverance in this voyage, through the good providence of the Lord, which we came to understand afterwards. For when we were determined to come from Jamaica, we had our choice of two vessels, that were both bound for the same coast. One of these was a frigate, the other a yacht. The master of the frigate, we thought, asked unreasonably for our passage, which made us agree with the master of the yacht, who offered to carry us ten shillings a-piece cheaper than the other.





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We went on board the yacht, and the frigate came out together with us, intending to be consorts during the voyage. For several days we sailed together; but, with calms and contrary winds, we were soon separated. After that the frigate, losing her way, fell among the Spaniards, by whom she was taken and plundered, and the master and mate made prisoners. Afterwards, being retaken by the English, she was sent home to her owners in Virginia. When we came to understand this we saw and admired the providence of God, who preserved us out of our enemies' hands; and he that was covetous fell among the covetous.

** Here we found John Burnyeat, intending shortly to sail for England; but on our arrival he altered his purpose, and joined us in the Lord's service. He had appointed a general meeting for all the Friends in the province of Maryland, that he might see them together, and take his leave of them before he departed out of the country. It was so ordered by the good providence of God that we landed just in time to reach that meeting, by which means we had a very seasonable opportunity of taking the Friends of the province together.*

A very large meeting this was, and it held four days, to which, besides Friends, came many other people, several of whom were of considerable quality in the world's account. There were five or six justices of the peace, the speaker of their assembly, one of their council, and others of note, who seemed well satisfied with the meeting. After the public meetings were over, the men's and women's meetings began, wherein I opened to Friends the service thereof, to their great satisfaction.

After this we went to the Cliffs, where another general meeting was appointed. We went some of the way by land, the rest by water, and, a storm arising, our boat was run aground, in danger of being beaten to pieces, and the water came in upon us. I was in a great sweat, having come very hot out of a meeting before, and now was wet with the water besides; yet, having faith in the divine power, I was preserved from taking hurt, blessed be the Lord!

To this meeting came many who received the Truth with reverence. We had also a men's meeting and a women's meeting. Most of the backsliders came in again; and several meetings were established for taking care of the affairs of the Church.

After these two general meetings, we parted company, dividing ourselves unto several coasts, for the service of Truth. James Lancaster and John Cartwright went by sea for New England; William Edmundson and three Friends more sailed for Virginia, where things were much out of order; John Burnyeat, Robert Widders, George Pattison, and I, with several Friends of the province, went over by boat to the Eastern Shore [of Chesapeake Bay], and had a meeting there on the First-day.

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There many people received the Truth with gladness, and Friends were greatly refreshed. A very large and heavenly meeting it was. Several persons of quality in that country were at it, two of whom were justices of the peace. It was upon me from the Lord to send to the Indian emperor and his kings to come to that meeting. The emperor came and was at the meeting. His kings, lying further off, could not reach the place in time. Yet they came soon after, with their cockarooses [headmen].

I had in the evening two good opportunities with them; they heard the Word of the Lord willingly and confessed to it. What I spoke to them I desired them to speak to their people, and to let them know that God was raising up His tabernacle of witness in their wilderness-country, and was setting up His standard and glorious ensign of righteousness. They carried themselves very courteously and lovingly, and inquired where the next meeting would be, saving that they would come to it. Yet they said they had had a great debate with their council about their coming, before they came.

The next day we began our journey by land to New England; a tedious journey through the woods and wilderness, over bogs and great rivers. We took horse at the head of Tredhaven creek, and travelled through the woods till we came a little above the head of Miles river, by which we passed, and rode to the head of Wye river, and so to the head of Chester river, where, making a fire, we took up our lodging in the woods. Next morning we travelled the woods till we came to Sassafras river, which we went over in canoes, causing our horses to swim beside us. Then we rode to Bohemia river, where, in like manner swimming our horses, we ourselves went over in canoes. We rested a little at a plantation by the way, but not long, for we had thirty miles to ride that afternoon if we would reach a town, which we were willing to do, and therefore rode hard for it. I, with some others, whose horses were strong, got to the town that night, exceedingly tired, and wet to the skin; but George Pattison and Robert Widders, being weaker-horsed, were obliged to lie in the woods that night also.

The town we went to was a Dutch town, called New Castle [in Delaware], whither Robert Widders and George Pattison came to us next morning.

** We departed thence, and got over the river Delaware, not without great danger of some of our lives. When we were over we were troubled to procure guides, which were hard to get, and very chargeable. Then had we that wilderness country, since called West Jersey, to pass through, not then inhabited by English; so that we sometimes travelled a whole day together without seeing man or woman, house or dwelling-place. Sometimes we lay in the woods by a fire, and sometimes in the Indians' wigwams or houses.*

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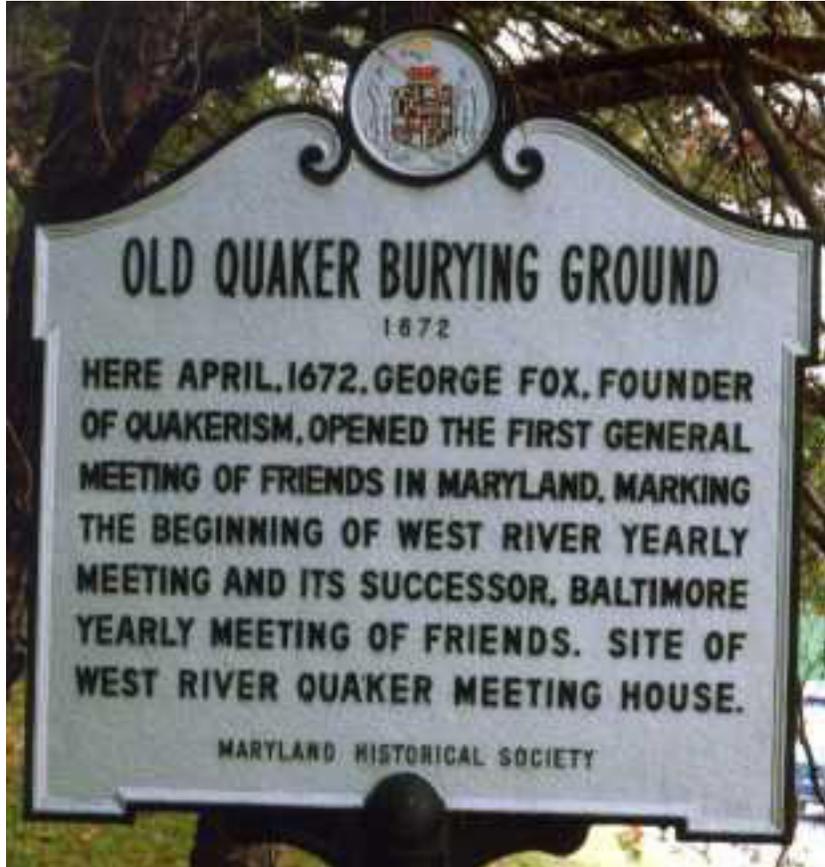
We came one night to an Indian town, and lay at the house of the king, who was a very pretty [a very kindly-spirited] man. Both he and his wife received us very lovingly, and his attendants (such as they were) were very respectful to us. They gave us mats to lie on; but provision was very short with them, they having caught but little that day. At another Indian town where we stayed the king came to us, and he could speak some English. I spoke to him much, and also to his people; and they were very loving to us.

At length we came to Middletown, an English plantation in East Jersey, and there we found some Friends; but we could not stay to have a meeting at that time, being earnestly pressed in our spirits to get to the half-year's meeting of Friends at Oyster Bay, in Long Island, which was very near at hand.

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[Quaker](#) Midyear Meeting: His work in [Maryland](#) complete, Friend [George Fox](#) got himself boated over to Long Island. He visited the Bowne house in Flushing and preached under a stand of oak trees across the street. The oaks have since gone, but the house still stands and the site of his sermon is marked with a stone memorializing the event (not shown).



From the journal that would be published by Friend [William Edmundson](#) in 1715, page 72: Now, when I had been some Time with Friends in Virginia, and had many sweet serviceable Meetings among them, and Things somewhat settled, I found my Spirit clear of that Service, so took Boat and went back to Maryland, where I staid several Meetings, the Lord's Power and Presence accompanying, that made hard Things easy. When I was clear there, I took Passage by Sea, and about ten Days after landed safe at New-York, where no Friends lived.



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We went with a Friend, Richard Hartshorn, brother of Hugh Hartshorn, the upholsterer, in London, who received us gladly at his house, where we refreshed ourselves; and then he carried us and our horses in his own boat over a great water, which occupied most part of the day getting over, and set us upon Long Island. We got that evening to Friends at Gravesend, with whom we tarried that night, and next day got to Flushing, and the day following reached Oyster Bay; several Friends of Gravesend and Flushing accompanied us.

The half-year's meeting began next day, which was the first day of the week, and lasted four days. The first and second days we had public meetings for worship, to which people of all sorts came; on the third day were the men's and women's meetings, wherein the affairs of the Church were taken care of. Here we met with some bad spirits, who had run out from Truth into prejudice, contention, and opposition to the order of Truth, and to Friends therein.

These had been very troublesome to Friends in their meetings there and thereabouts formerly, and likely would have been so now; but I would not suffer the service of our men's and women's meetings to be interrupted and hindered by their cavils. I let them know that if they had anything to object against the order of Truth which we were in, we would give them a meeting another day on purpose. And indeed I laboured the more, and travelled the harder to get to this meeting, where it was expected many of these contentious people would be; because I understood they had reflected much upon me, when I was far from them.

The men's and women's meetings being over, on the fourth day we had a meeting with these discontented people, to which as many of them as chose came, and as many Friends as desired were present also; and the Lord's power broke forth gloriously to the confounding of the gainsayers. Then some of those that had been chief in the mischievous work of contention and opposition against the Truth began to fawn upon me, and to cast the blame upon others; but the deceitful spirit was judged down and condemned, and the glorious Truth of God was exalted and set over all; and they were all brought down and bowed under. Which was of great service to Truth, and to the satisfaction and comfort of Friends; glory to the Lord for ever!

After Friends were gone to their several habitations, we stayed some days upon the island; had meetings in several parts thereof, and good service for the Lord....

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George Fox



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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June 13, Thursday (Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) had returned from Long Island to [Maryland](#) shore, and then had embarked on a longer journey, arriving on this day at Rhode Island (that's merely a moderately sized island in [Narragansett Bay](#), rather than the extensive "Providence Plantations" affiliated with it on the mainland shore which are now referred to collectively as the "State of [Rhode Island](#) and Providence Plantations"). George Bishop's NEW ENGLAND JUDGED says the New England [Yearly Meeting](#) which he was visiting on this island had been in existence since 1661.



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After Friends were gone to their several habitations, we stayed some days upon the island; had meetings in several parts thereof, and good service for the Lord. When we were clear of the island, we returned to Oyster Bay, waiting for a wind to carry us to Rhode Island, which was computed to be about two hundred miles. As soon as the wind served, we set sail. We arrived there on the thirtieth day of the Third month, and were gladly received by Friends. We went to the house of Nicholas Easton, who at that time was governor of the island; where we rested, being very weary with travelling.

On First-day following we had a large meeting, to which came the deputy-governor and several justices, who were mightily affected with the Truth. The week following, the Yearly Meeting for all the Friends of New England and the other colonies adjacent, was held in this island; to which, besides very many Friends who lived in those parts, came John Stubbs from Barbadoes, and James Lancaster and John Cartwright from another way.

This meeting lasted six days, the first four days being general public meetings for worship, to which abundance of other people came. For they having no priest in the island, and so no restriction to any particular way of worship; and both the governor and deputy-governor, with several justices of the peace, daily frequenting the meetings; this so encouraged the people that they flocked in from all parts of the island. Very good service we had amongst them, and Truth had good reception.

I have rarely observed a people, in the state wherein they stood, to hear with more attention, diligence, and affection, than generally they did, during the four days; which was also taken notice of by other Friends. These public meetings over, the men's meeting began, which was large, precious, and weighty. The day following was the women's meeting, which also was large and very solemn.

These two meetings being for ordering the affairs of the Church, many weighty things were opened, and communicated to them, by way of advice, information, and instruction in the services relating thereunto; that all might be kept clean, sweet and savoury amongst them. In these, several men's and women's meetings for other parts were agreed and settled, to take care of the poor, and other affairs of the Church, and to see that all who profess Truth walk according to the glorious gospel of God.

** When this great general meeting was ended, it was somewhat hard for Friends to part; for the glorious power of the Lord, which was over all, and His Blessed Truth and life flowing amongst them, had so knit and united them together, that they spent two days in taking leave one of another, and of the Friends of the island; and then, being mightily filled with the presence and power of the Lord, they went away with joyful hearts to their several habitations, in the several colonies where they lived.*

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When Friends had taken their leave one of another, we, who travelled amongst them, dispersed ourselves into our several services, as the Lord ordered us. John Burnyeat, John Cartwright, and George Pattison went into the eastern parts of New England, in company with the Friends that came from thence, to visit the particular meetings there; whom John Stubbs and James Lancaster intended to follow awhile after, in the same service; but they were not yet clear of this island. Robert Kidders and I stayed longer upon this island; finding service still here for the Lord, through the great openness and the daily coming in of fresh people from other colonies, for some time after the general meeting; so that we had many large and serviceable meetings amongst them.

During this time, a marriage was celebrated amongst Friends in this island, and we were present. It was at the house of a Friend who had formerly been governor of the island: and there were present three justices of the peace, with many others not in profession with us. Friends said they had never seen such a solemn assembly on such an occasion, or so weighty a marriage and so comely an order. Thus Truth was set over all. This might serve for an example to others; for there were some present from many other places.

** After this I had a great travail in spirit concerning the Ranters in those parts, who had been rude at a meeting at which I was not present. Wherefore I appointed a meeting amongst them, believing the Lord would give me power over them; which He did, to His praise and glory; blessed be His name for ever! There were at this meeting many Friends, and diverse other people; some of whom were justices of the peace, and officers, who were generally well affected with the Truth. One, who had been a justice twenty years, was convinced, spoke highly of the Truth, and more highly of me than is fit for me to mention or take notice of.*

Then we had a meeting at Providence, which was very large, consisting of many sorts of people. I had a great travail upon my spirit, that it might be preserved quiet, and that Truth might be brought over the people, might gain entrance, and have a place in them; for they were generally above the priest in high notions; and some of them came on purpose to dispute. But the Lord, whom we waited upon, was with us, and His power went over them all; and His blessed Seed was exalted and set above all. The disputers were silent, and the meeting was quiet and ended well; praised be the Lord! The people went away mightily satisfied, much desiring another meeting.

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FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Friend [George Fox](#) did not meet the Reverend [Roger Williams](#) in [Providence](#), though that local VIP had debated with Friend John Burnyeat during his visit to [Newport](#) in 1671. After Fox and his companion, Friend Nicholas Easton, had left Providence and had gone back down the Bay, and had left there as well and was sailing back toward Long Island, the Reverend Williams would row over to Newport, some 30 miles despite his advanced age — but he would miss being able to issue his challenge to a debate with the main man.

The Reverend Williams would attempted to debate instead with Friends [William Edmundson](#), John Stubbs, and John Burnyeat. The debate would not go well, as Friend Henry Nichols would sing persistently and loudly, and Friend Ann Eaton would pray loudly and persistently, attempting to drown out the Reverend Williams's voice.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

A black and white photograph of a handwritten signature in cursive script that reads 'Roger Williams'.

1672. Roger Williams held a public disputation with three Friends or Quakers, which continued three days at Newport and one in Providence. Deputies or members of the General Assembly were for the first time required to take an oath or affirmation on commencing their official duties. This was protested against by those of Providence.

After two days of such proceedings, there had been an [eclipse](#) of the sun as the debate came to an end.

ASTRONOMY



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"Nothing was more common, in those days, than to interpret all meteoric appearances, and other natural phenomena that occurred with less regularity than the rise and set of sun and moon, as so many revelations from a supernatural source. Thus, a blazing spear, a sword of flame, a bow, or a sheaf of arrows seen in the midnight sky, prefigured Indian warfare. Pestilence was known to have been foreboded by a shower of crimson light. We doubt whether any marked event, for good or evil, ever befell New England, from its settlement down to revolutionary times, of which the inhabitants had not been previously warned by some spectacle of its nature. Not seldom, it had been seen by multitudes. Oftener, however, its credibility rested on the faith of some lonely eye-witness, who beheld the wonder through the coloured, magnifying, and distorted medium of his imagination, and shaped it more distinctly in his after-thought. It was, indeed, a majestic idea that the destiny of nations should be revealed, in these awful hieroglyphics, on the cope of heaven. A scroll so wide might not be deemed too expensive for Providence to write a people's doom upon. The belief was a favourite one with our forefathers, as betokening that their infant commonwealth was under a celestial guardianship of peculiar intimacy and strictness."



— [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), THE SCARLET LETTER



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The Reverend would then write, and publish in Boston in 1676, what Fox elsewhere would term “Roger Williams’s ‘Book of Lyes,’” a book bearing the amusing title **GEORGE FOX DIGGED OUT OF HIS BURROWS** (reprinted in **PUBLICATIONS OF THE NARRAGANSETT CLUB**, Volume V, pages xx-xlv, Providence, 1872). When Fox and Burnyeat would reply to said “slandrous book” in a 65-page pamphlet, **A NEW ENGLAND FIRE BRAND QUENCHED**, Fox would seem not even to be sure exactly where the Reverend Williams, that famous “apostle of soul liberty,” was flourishing, as in this pamphlet he would refer to the Reverend as “a priest of



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New England (or some colony thereabouts).”

This place (called Providence) was about thirty miles from Rhode Island; and we went to it by water. The Governor of Rhode Island, and many others, went with me thither; and we had the meeting in a great barn, which was thronged with people, so that I was exceedingly hot, and in a great sweat; but all was well; the glorious power of the Lord shone over all; glory to the great God for ever!

After this we went to Narragansett, about twenty miles from Rhode Island; and the Governor went with us. We had a meeting at a justice's house, where Friends had never had any before. It was very large, for the country generally came in; and people came also from Connecticut, and other parts round about, amongst whom were four justices of the peace. Most of these people had never heard Friends before; but they were mightily affected with the meeting, and a great desire there is after the Truth amongst them; so that our meeting was of very good service, blessed be the Lord for ever!

The justice at whose house the meeting was, and another justice of that country, invited me to come again; but I was then clear of those parts, and going towards Shelter Island. But John Burnyeat and John Cartwright, being come out of New England into Rhode Island, before I was gone, I laid this place before them; and they felt drawings thither, and went to visit them.

*At another place, I heard some of the magistrates say among themselves that if they had money enough, they would hire me to be their minister. This was where they did not well understand us, and our principles; but when I heard of it, I said, "It is time for me to be gone; for if their eye were so much on me, or on any of us, they would not come to their own Teacher." For this thing (hiring ministers) had spoiled many, by hindering them from improving their own talents; whereas our labour is to bring every one to his own Teacher **in** himself.*

I went thence towards Shelter Island [so named because Nathaniel Sylvester, sole proprietor of this island at the eastern end of Long Island between Gardiner's Bay and Little Peconic Bay, had offered shelter to persecuted Friends from New England], having with me Robert Widders, James Lancaster, George Pattison, and John Jay, a planter of Barbadoes.

We went in a sloop; and passing by Point Juda [Judith] and Block Island, we came to Fisher's Island, where at night we went on shore; but were not able to stay for the mosquitoes which abound there, and are very troublesome. Therefore we went into our sloop again, put off for the shore, and cast anchor; and so lay in our sloop that night.

Next day we went into the Sound, but finding our sloop was not able to live in that water, we returned again, and came to anchor before Fisher's Island, where we lay in our sloop that night also. There fell abundance of rain, and our sloop being open, we were exceedingly wet.

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Next day we passed over the waters called the Two Horse Races, and then by Gardner's Island; after which we passed by the Gull's Island, and so got at length to Shelter Island. Though it was but about twenty-seven leagues from Rhode Island, yet through the difficulty of passage we were three days in reaching it.

The day after, being First-day, we had a meeting there. In the same week I had another among the Indians; at which were their king, his council, and about a hundred Indians more. They sat down like Friends, and heard very attentively while I spoke to them by an interpreter, an Indian that could speak English well. After the meeting they appeared very loving, and confessed that what was said to them was Truth.

Next First-day we had a great meeting on the island, to which came many people who had never heard Friends before. They were very well satisfied with it, and when it was over would not go away till they had spoken with me. Wherefore I went amongst them, and found they were much taken with the Truth; good desires were raised in them, and great love. Blessed be the Lord; His name spreads, and will be great among the nations, and dreadful among the heathen.

While we were in Shelter Island, William Edmundson, who had been labouring in the work of the Lord in Virginia, came to us. From thence he had travelled through the desert-country, through difficulties and many trials, till he came to Roanoke [not little Roanoke Island off the coast, but the extensive mainland adjacent to the Roanoke River], where he met with a tender people. After seven weeks' service in those parts, sailing over to Maryland, and so to New York, he came to Long Island, and so to Shelter Island; where we met with him, and were very glad to hear from him the good service he had had for the Lord, in the several places where he had travelled since he parted from us.

We stayed not long in Shelter Island, but entering our sloop again put to sea for Long Island. We had a very rough passage, for the tide ran so strong for several hours that I have not seen the like; and being against us, we could hardly get forwards, though we had a gale.

We were upon the water all that day and the night following; but found ourselves next day driven back near to Fisher's Island. For there was a great fog, and towards day it was very dark, so that we could not see what way we made. Besides, it rained much in the night, which in our open sloop made us very wet.

Next day a great storm arose, so that we were fain to go over the Sound, and got over with much difficulty. When we left Fisher's Island, we passed by Falkner Island, and came to the main, where we cast anchor till the storm was over.

Then we crossed the Sound, being all very wet; and much difficulty we had to get to land, the wind being strong against us. But blessed be the Lord God of heaven and earth, and of the seas and waters, all was well.



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ROANOKE



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Oh! how darest thou Roger Williams, publish such false lyes to the World, when thou knowest in thy Conscience, that G.F. had never any Writing, or Letter, or Proposals from thee; neither did he ever exchange a word with thee. The Lord God of Heaven knowes it, and the Deputy Governour knowes, that I received none of thy Writings or Papers or Proposals by him. Behold all sober people the foundation of this mans Attempt, the beginning of his work; and since the foundation of thy Book is a notorious lye, the building upon such a foundation of lyes is not like to be otherwise: which lyes thou hast made thy refuge; as throughout thy Book may be evidently seen. For except a man had sold himself to work falsehood, and make lyes; he could not have done more wickedly, and have uttered falser charges that though hast done. But the Lord God which knows them, and sees thy evil design in them, will sweep them away with the besom of Destruction, and clear his people from thy manifest false tongue....

But by this all may see the wickedness, that is in the Bottle of this R.W. by what does flow out of it in his Book, to wit, a malicious spirit against G.F. who was never concerned him by word or writing, much less did G.F. ever do him wrong. And yet he says, G.F. well knew, what Artillery he was furnisht with out of his own bald writings, (as he scoffingly calls them) &c. when never a word of this is true: though he presumes to present it to the King for Truth concerning G.F....

This also is an abominable falsehood, the Lord know it, a groundless untrue imagination of his own; for there was no such Agreement or Consultation. Is this man fit to write of Religion, that lyes? a vain man! What is he, and his designs, that they should require Consultations and Junctos? so let the honest Reader Judge, from whence R.W. had all these lyes, if not from his Father the Devil, who is out of Truth: but with the Truth is both his Father and he Judged.



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July: Friend [George Fox](#) visited [Rhode Island](#), staying with Governor Nicholas Easton. [Quakers](#) were just becoming the dominant group in that colony's government. Governor Easton, 11 of the 16 assistants, and perhaps seven of the 20 deputies were members of the Religious Society of Friends. Friend Nicholas Easton was the primary political leader there at this point, and the Reverend [Roger Williams](#) the primary spiritual leader. Friend George recorded that:

In New England there was an Indian king that said he saw that there were many of their people of the Indians turned to the New England professors. He said they were worse since than they were before they left their own religion; and of all religions he said the Quakers were the best.

Commenting on this, Jill Lepore surmises that this may be more than merely the “Quaker party line,” that although there is no extant record of such a visit, Friend John Easton of [Rhode Island](#) may have taken Friend George along on a visit to the sachem [Metacom](#) at [Mount Hope](#). Alternatively, she offers, Friend George may simply have become aware somehow of the sachem Metacom's rejection of the Reverend [John Eliot](#)'s proselytizing.

The conclusion Friend [George Fox](#) arrived at in his New World travels was that all humans did experience Christ's light, however this experience might be conceptualized in a given culture:

Now Jews, and the Turks, and heathen, and Indians, that do not nor will not profess and own Christ in the flesh, to be the Savior; if one come to speak to them of their evil deeds and words, and ask them if there is something in them that tells them, they should not speak and do so, or so wickedly? (for the light of Christ troubles and condemns them if they do evil), here they will confess to the light of Christ though they know not what it is....

But Fox did not come to America during this period just prior to the outbreak of “[King Phillip's War](#)” only to



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interrogate the indigenes. As mentioned above, he also came to deal with the intrusives, in particular with one intrusive, a Boston one named John Perrot. Fox wanted to counter the influence that was being exercised by Friend Perrot in Boston.



At the time Friend Perrot evidently was attempting to develop the [Quaker](#) insistence, that in matters of worship we ought to dispense with any form which might divide worshipers into opposing groups contemptuous of and intolerant of each other, to the point at which even the regularity of showing up on time for a silent meeting of worship, on First Day, was to be regarded as a “form” and discarded. [George Fox](#) sought to drive away such individuals, whom he characterized as “disorderly walkers.” And indeed, those Quakers who distrusted the growing levels of group control over individual conduct began to walk in other paths.



July 13, Saturday (Old Style): The Reverend [Roger Williams](#) wrote a letter, from [Providence, Rhode Island](#), challenging Friend [George Fox](#) to a debate. The debate was to concern fourteen propositions, seven of them to be debated at [Newport](#) and seven at Providence.



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July 26, Friday (Old Style): The Reverend [Roger Williams](#)'s July 13th letter challenging Friend [George Fox](#) to a debate reached its destination after Friend George had sailed. The English visitors who still remained in [Newport, Rhode Island, Friends](#) John Stubbs, John Burnyeat, and [William Edmundson](#), eagerly accepted the challenge. The debate in Newport would take place at the Friends meetinghouse over a 3-day period, that in Providence over a single day. (The occasion would not be well-mannered: Friend Henry Nichols would insist upon singing loudly, while Friend Ann Eaton would insist upon praying loudly, struggling to drown out the Reverend Williams's voice.) The Reverend would publish an account of this as THE FOX DIGGED OUT OF HIS BURROWES, and then the Quakers would blast back with A NEW-ENGLAND FIRE-BRAND QUENCHED.

Two of Friend [George Fox](#)'s American traveling companions, Friends John Burnyeat and John Stubbs, held a meeting in [Warwick](#) "where none had been before, and several were convinced.... And there we had to do with one Gorton and his Company, who were by other people there called Gortonians, but they called themselves Generalists. They were of the Opinion, All should be saved. But they were in reality Ranters, for in our Discourse, they would maintain, and say, No creaturely actions could be sin; and would have no whoredom, nor drunkenness, nor the like to be sin, but what was spiritual; the outward action was but creaturely. And thus in their filthy, unclean spirits, they, like the old Ranters, made merry over the reproof of God's Spirit. So from thence we came down again to Road Island, and there we spent some time." (I do not know whether the not-well-mannered meeting described above as having taken place in Providence, and the meeting that included Gortonians described above as having taken place in Warwick just south of Providence, constitute the same event described in different manners — or whether these were two separate occasions. We need to bear in mind that neither George Fox nor Roger Williams were present at this meeting, and that if [Samuell Gorton](#) was present, he was present as an aged man who had recently retired after sitting in the colonial legislature. We need to bear in mind also that Warwick was not a town in which there had ever been a [Quaker](#) meeting — in fact the Friends would not settle a meeting in Warwick until more than two decades subsequent to Gorton's death, in 1699, and the local meeting would not erect its 1st meetinghouse until about 1720.)



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September 7, Saturday (Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) returned from Rhode Island and Providence Plantations to Oyster Bay on Long Island:

PROVIDENCE

RHODE ISLAND

We got safe to Oyster Bay, in Long Island, which, they say, is about two hundred miles from Rhode Island, the seventh of the Sixth month, very early in the morning.

At Oyster Bay we had a very large meeting. The same day James Lancaster and Christopher Holder went over the bay to Rye, on the continent, in Governor Winthrop's government [Although Rye is now in New York, the boundary between New York and Connecticut was in dispute and at this time Rye seems to have been within Governor Winthrop's jurisdiction.], and had a meeting there.

From Oyster Bay, we passed about thirty miles to Flushing, where we had a very large meeting, many hundreds of people being there; some of whom came about thirty miles to it. A glorious and heavenly meeting it was (praised be the Lord God!), and the people were much satisfied.

Meanwhile Christopher Holder and some other Friends went to a town in Long Island, called Jamaica, and had a meeting there.

We passed from Flushing to Gravesend, about twenty miles, and there had three precious meetings; to which many would have come from New York, but that the weather hindered them.

Being clear of this place, we hired a sloop, and, the wind serving, set out for the new country now called Jersey. Passing down the bay by Coney [Rabbit] Island, Natton [Governor's] Island, and Staten Island, we came to Richard Hartshorn's at Middletown harbour [in New Jersey], about break of day, the twenty-seventh of the Sixth month.

Next day we rode about thirty miles into that country, through the woods, and over very bad bogs, one worse than all the rest; the descent into which was so steep that we were fain to slide down with our horses, and then let them lie and breathe themselves before they could go on. This place the people of the country called Purgatory.

We got at length to Shrewsbury, in East Jersey, and on First-day had a precious meeting there, to which Friends and other people came from afar, and the blessed presence of the Lord was with us. The same week we had a men's and women's meeting out of most parts of New Jersey.

They are building a meeting place in the midst of them and there is a monthly and general meeting set up which will be of great service in those parts in keeping up the gospel order and government of Christ Jesus, of the increase of which there is no end, that they who are faithful may see that all who profess the holy Truth live in the pure religion, and walk as becometh the gospel.

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The following was not in any sense a faith healing, but merely what for an isolated setting would reflect sound and sensible emergency medical practice:

While we were at Shrewsbury, an accident befell, which for the time was a great exercise to us. John Jay, a Friend of Barbadoes, who had come with us from Rhode Island, and intended to accompany us through the woods to Maryland, being to try a horse, got upon his back, and the horse fell a-running, cast him down upon his head, and broke his neck, as the people said. Those that were near him took him up as dead, carried him a good way, and laid him on a tree.

I got to him as soon as I could; and, feeling him, concluded he was dead. As I stood pitying him and his family, I took hold of his hair, and his head turned any way, his neck was so limber. Whereupon I took his head in both my hands, and, setting my knees against the tree, I raised his head, and perceived there was nothing out or broken that way.

Then I put one hand under his chin, and the other behind his head, and raised his head two or three times with all my strength, and brought it in. I soon perceived his neck began to grow stiff again, and then he began to rattle in his throat, and quickly after to breathe.

The people were amazed; but I bade them have a good heart, be of good faith, and carry him into the house. They did so, and set him by the fire. I bade them get him something warm to drink, and put him to bed. After he had been in the house a while he began to speak; but did not know where he had been.

The next day we passed away (and he with us, pretty well) about sixteen miles to a meeting at Middletown, through woods and bogs, and over a river; where we swam our horses, and got over ourselves upon a hollow tree. Many hundred miles did he travel with us after this.

To this meeting came most of the people of the town. A glorious meeting we had, and the Truth was over all; blessed be the great Lord God for ever! After the meeting we went to Middletown Harbor, about five miles, in order to take our long journey next morning, through the woods towards Maryland; having hired Indians for our guides.

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TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS



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October 9: Friend [George Fox](#) rode off the edge of the map into the uncharted mainland of the continent:

George Fox

I determined to pass through the woods on the other side of Delaware bay, that we might head the creeks and rivers as much as possible. On the 9th of the Seventh month we set forwards, and passed through many Indian towns, and over some rivers and bogs; and when we had ridden about forty miles, we made a fire at night, and lay down by it. As we came among the Indians, we declared the day of the Lord to them.

Next day we travelled fifty miles, as we computed; and at night, finding an old house, which the Indians had forced the people to leave, we made a fire and stayed there, at the head of Delaware Bay.

Next day we swam our horses over a river about a mile wide, first to an island called Upper Tinicum, and then to the mainland; having hired Indians to help us over in their canoes. [This crossing was presumably made just in front of what is now the city of Burlington.] This day we rode but about thirty miles, and came at night to a Swede's house, where we got a little straw, and stayed that night.

Next day, having hired another guide, we travelled about forty miles through the woods, and made a fire at night, by which we lay, and dried ourselves; for we were often wet in our travels.

The next day we passed over a desperate river [the Brandywine], which had in it many rocks and broad stones, very hazardous to us and our horses. Thence we came to Christiana River [Christiana Creek, formed from a junction of Red Clay and White Clay Creeks, joins the Delaware about two miles below Wilmington.], where we swam over our horses, and went over ourselves in canoes; but the sides of this river were so bad and wiry, that some of the horses were almost laid up.

Thence we came to New Castle [in Delaware], heretofore called New Amsterdam; and being very weary, and inquiring in the town where we might buy some corn for our horses, the governor came and invited me to his house, and afterwards desired me to lodge there; telling me he had a bed for me, and I should be welcome. So I stayed, the other Friends being taken care of also.

This was on a Seventh-day; and he offering his house for a meeting, we had the next day a pretty large one; for most of the town were at it. Here had never been a meeting before, nor any within a great way; but this was a very precious one. Many were tender, and confessed to the Truth, and some received it; blessed be the Lord for ever!

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October 16: Friend [George Fox](#) continued across a sector of the universe in which the only markers seemed to be the passings of the barriers of rivers, and the passings of the barriers of nights:

George Fox

The 16th of the Seventh month we set forward, and travelled, as near as we could compute, about fifty miles, through the woods and over the bogs, heading Bohemia River and Sassafras River [two of the many arms of Chesapeake Bay]. At night we made a fire in the woods, and lay there all night. It being rainy weather, we got under some thick trees for shelter, and afterwards dried ourselves again by the fire.

Next day we waded through Chester River, a very broad water, and afterwards passing through many bad bogs, lay that night also in the woods by a fire, not having gone above thirty miles that day. The day following we travelled hard, though we had some troublesome bogs in our way; we rode about fifty miles, and got safe that night to Robert Harwood's, at Miles River [now St. Michael's], in [Maryland](#).

This was the 18th of the Seventh month; and though we were very weary, and much dirtied with the bogs, yet hearing of a meeting next day, we went to it, and from it to John Edmundson's. Thence we went three or four miles by water to a meeting on the First-day following.

At this meeting a judge's wife, who had never been at any of our meetings before, was reached. She said after the meeting that she would rather hear us once than the priests a thousand times. Many others also were well satisfied; for the power of the Lord was eminently with us. Blessed for ever be His holy name!

We passed thence about twenty-two miles, and had a good meeting upon the Kentish shore [the shore of Kent County, [Maryland](#)], to which one of the judges came. After another good meeting hard by, at William Wilcock's, where we had good service for the Lord, we went by water about twenty miles to a very large meeting, where were some hundreds of people, four justices of peace, the high sheriff of Delaware, and others. There were also an Indian emperor or governor, and two others of the chief men among the Indians.

With these Indians I had a good opportunity. I spoke to them by an interpreter: they heard the Truth attentively, and were very loving. A blessed meeting this was, of great service both for convincing and for establishing in the Truth those that were convinced of it. Blessed be the Lord, who causeth His blessed Truth to spread!

After the meeting there came to me a woman whose husband was one of the judges of that country, and a member of the assembly there. She told me that her husband was sick, not likely to live; and desired me to go home with her to see him. It was three miles to her house, and I being just come hot out of the meeting, it was hard for me then to go; yet considering the service, I got a horse, went with her, visited her husband, and spoke to him what the Lord gave me. The man was much refreshed, and finely raised up by the power of the Lord; and afterwards came to our meetings.

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I went back to the Friends that night, and next day we departed thence about nineteen or twenty miles to Tredhaven creek [Tredhaven or Thirdhaven was farther down the Bay, where the boats were so thick it seemed like the Thames], to John Edmundson's again; whence, the 3d of Eighth month, we went to the General Meeting for all Maryland Friends. [This Yearly Meeting had been established in 1672.]

This held five days. The first three meetings were for public worship, to which people of all sorts came; the other two were men's and women's meetings. To the public meetings came many Protestants of diverse sorts, and some Papists. Amongst these were several magistrates and their wives, and other persons of chief account in the country. There were so many besides Friends that it was thought there were sometimes a thousand people at one of these meetings; so that, though they had not long before enlarged their meeting-place, and made it as large again as it was before, it could not contain the people.

I went by boat every day four or five miles to it, and there were so many boats at that time passing upon the river that it was almost like the Thames. The people said there were never so many boats seen there together before, and one of the justices said he had never seen so many people together in that country before. It was a very heavenly meeting, wherein the presence of the Lord was gloriously manifested. Friends were sweetly refreshed, the people generally satisfied, and many convinced; for the blessed power of the Lord was over all; everlasting praises to His holy name for ever!

After the public meetings were over, the men's and women's meetings began, and were held the other two days; for I had something to impart to them which concerned the glory of God, the order of the gospel, and the government of Christ Jesus.

When these meetings were over, we took our leave of Friends in those parts, whom we left well established in the Truth.

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November 10: Friend [George Fox](#) continued along the continental shoreline in a small boat, day after day and isolated settlement after isolated settlement:

George Fox

On the 10th of the Eighth month we went thence about thirty miles by water, passing by Crane's Island, Swan Island, and Kent Island, in very foul weather and much rain. Our boat being open, we were not only very much wet, but in great danger of being overset; insomuch that some thought we could not escape being cast away. But, blessed be God, we fared very well, and came safely to shore next morning. Having got to a little house, dried our clothes by the fire, and refreshed ourselves a little, we took to our boat again; and put off from land, sometimes sailing and sometimes rowing; but having very foul weather that day too, we could not get above twelve miles forward. At night we got to land, and made a fire; some lay by that, and some by a fire at a house a little way off. Next morning we passed over the Great Bay, and sailed about forty miles that day. Making to shore at night, we lay there, some in the boat, and some at an ale-house. Next morning being First-day, we went six or seven miles to the house of a Friend who was a justice of the peace, where we had a meeting. This was a little above the head of the Great Bay. We had been almost four days on the water, and were weary with rowing, yet all was very well; blessed and praised be the Lord! We went next day to another Friend's house, near the head of Hatton's Island, where we had good service amongst Friends and others; as we had also the day following at the house of George Wilson, a Friend that lived about three miles further, where we had a very precious meeting, there being great tenderness amongst the people. After this meeting we sailed about ten miles to the house of James Frizby, a justice of the peace, where, the 16th of the Eighth month, we had a very large meeting, at which, besides Friends, were some hundreds of people, it was supposed. Amongst them were several justices, captains, and the sheriff, with other persons of note. A blessed heavenly meeting this was; a powerful, thundering testimony for Truth was borne therein; a great sense there was upon the people, and much brokenness and tenderness amongst them. We stayed till about the eleventh hour in the night, when the tide turned for us; then, taking boat, we passed that night and the next day about fifty miles to another Friend's house. The next two days we made short journeys visiting Friends.

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GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

November 20: Friend [George Fox](#) continued along the continental shoreline in a small boat, day after day and isolated settlement after isolated settlement:

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

The 20th of the month we had a great meeting at a place called Severn, where there was a meeting place, but not large enough to hold the people. Diverse chief magistrates were at it, with many other considerable people, and it gave them generally great satisfaction.

Two days after we had a meeting with some that walked disorderly, and had good service in it. Then, spending a day or two in visiting Friends, we passed to the Western Shore, and on the 25th had a large and precious meeting at William Coale's, where the speaker of their assembly, with his wife, a justice of peace, and several people of quality, were present.

Next day we had a meeting, six or seven miles further, at Abraham Birkhead's, where were many of the magistrates and upper sort; and the speaker of the assembly for that country was convinced. A blessed meeting it was; praised be the Lord!

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FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

November 28: Friend [George Fox](#) continued along the shoreline of [Maryland](#) in a small boat, day after day and isolated settlement after isolated settlement:

George Fox

We travelled the next day; and the day following, the 28th of the Eighth month, had a large and very precious meeting at Peter Sharp's, on the Cliffs, between thirty and forty miles distant from the former. Many of the magistrates and upper rank of people were present, and a heavenly meeting it was. The wife of one of the Governor's council was convinced; and her husband was very loving to Friends. A justice of the peace from Virginia was convinced and hath had a meeting since at his house. Some Papists were at this meeting, one of whom, before he came, threatened to dispute with me; but he was reached and could not oppose. Blessed be the Lord, the Truth reached into the hearts of people beyond words, and it is of a good savour amongst them! After the meeting we went about eighteen miles to the house of James Preston, a Friend that lived on Patuxent River. Thither came to us an Indian king, with his brother, to whom I spoke, and found they understood what I spoke of. Having finished our service in Maryland, and intending to go to Virginia, we had a meeting at Patuxent on the 4th of the Ninth month, to take our leave of Friends. Many people of all Sorts were at it, and a powerful meeting it was.

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GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

December 5: Friend [George Fox](#) set sail across the bay, from [Maryland](#) to Virginia, on his way down through the swamps of the Virginia coast in the direction of Carolina:

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

On the 5th we set sail for Virginia, and in three days came to a place called Nancemond, about two hundred miles from Maryland. In this voyage we met with foul weather, storms, and rain, and lay in the woods by a fire in the night.

At Nancemond lived a Friend called the widow Wright. Next day we had a great meeting there, of Friends and others. There came to it Colonel Dewes, with several other officers and magistrates, who were much taken with the Truth declared.

After this, we hastened towards Carolina; yet had several meetings by the way, wherein we had good service for the Lord; one about four miles from Nancemond Water, which was very precious; and there was a men's and women's meeting settled, for taking care of the affairs of the Church. Another very good one also we had at William Yarrow's, at Pagan Creek, which was so large, that we were fain to be abroad, the house not being large enough to contain the people. A great openness there was; the sound of Truth spread abroad, and had a good savour in the hearts of people; the Lord have the glory for ever!

After this our way to Carolina grew worse, being much of it plashy, and pretty full of great bogs and swamps; so that we were commonly wet to the knees, and lay abroad at nights in the woods by a fire.

One night we got to a poor house at Sommertown [Somerton], and lay by the fire. The woman of the house had a sense of God upon her. The report of our travel had reached thither, and drawn some that lived beyond Sommertown to that house, in expectation to see and hear us (so acceptable was the sound of Truth in that wilderness country); but they missed us.

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FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

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December 21[?], Saturday (Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) arrived at Roanoke in what has become [North Carolina](#):

The next day, the 21[?]st of the Ninth month, having travelled hard through the woods and over many bogs and swamps, we reached Bonner's Creek; and there we lay that night by the fireside, the woman lending us a mat to lie on.

This was the first house we came to in Carolina. Here we left our horses, over-wearied with travel. Thence we went down the creek in a canoe, to Macocomocock [Chowan] River, and came to Hugh Smith's house, where the people of other professions came to see us (for there were no Friends in that part of the country), and many of them received us gladly.

Amongst others came Nathaniel Batts, who had been governor of Roanoke; he went by the name of Captain Batts, and had been a rude, desperate man. He asked me about a woman in Cumberland, who, he said he had been told, had been healed by our prayers, and by laying on of hands after she had been long sick, and given over by the physicians; and he desired to know the certainty of it. I told him we did not glory in such things, but many such things had been done by the power of Christ.

Not far from here we had a meeting among the people, and they were taken with the Truth; blessed be the Lord! Then passing down the river Maratick [Roanoke] in a canoe, we went down the bay Coney-Hoe, and came to the house of a captain, who was very loving, and lent us his boat, for we were much wet in the canoe, the water splashing in upon us. With this boat we went to the Governor's house; but the water in some places was so shallow that the boat, being laden, could not swim; so we were fain to put off our shoes and stockings, and wade through the water some distance.

The Governor, with his wife, received us lovingly; but a doctor there would needs dispute with us. And truly his opposing us was of good service, giving occasion for the opening of many things to the people concerning the Light and Spirit of God, which he denied to be in everyone; and affirmed that it was not in the Indians.

** Whereupon I called an Indian to us, and asked him whether when he lied, or did wrong to any one, there was not something in him that reprov'd him for it. He said there was such a thing in him, that did so reprove him; and he was ashamed when he had done wrong, or spoken wrong. So we shamed the doctor before the Governor and the people; insomuch that the poor man ran out so far that at length he would not own the Scriptures. We tarried at the Governor's that night; and next morning he very courteously walked with us himself about two miles through the woods, to a place whither he had sent our boat about to meet us. Taking leave of him, we entered our boat, and went that day about thirty miles to the house of Joseph Scott, one of the representatives of the country.*

There we had a sound, precious meeting; the people were tender, and much desired after meetings. At a house about four miles further, we had another meeting, to which came the Governor's secretary, who was chief secretary of the province, and had been formerly convinced.

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We note above Friend George's report of one Nathaniel Batts, who had formerly been Governor of Roanoke, "who goeth by the name of Captain Batts, who hath been a rude desperate man who hath a great command over the country, especially over the Indians." He also denominates this Roanoke resident as "The Old Governor," and reports that he moved "up and down among the people in the country," exercising a "great command over the country" despite the fact that he had formally retired from public life seven years before. The point of this is that it is very clear that in this area of the coast there had been an organized pre-colonial government, among a group of early settlers, of which we now know very little. (Presumably, the reason why we know so very little of this is, these early people had been racially integrated — when the later white overlords of Virginia and North Carolina came along, with their race-based system of labor, this early, racially integrated society would be gradually more and more marginalized and impoverished, and driven back into the swamps, and its records would be lost.)

Toward the end of December: Friend [George Fox](#) turned back from Carolina toward Virginia:

Having visited the north part of Carolina, and made a little entrance for Truth upon the people there, we began to return towards Virginia, having several meetings in our way, wherein we had very good service for the Lord, the people being generally tender and open; blessed be the Lord!

We lay one night at the house of the secretary, to get to which gave us much trouble; for the water being shallow, we could not bring our boat to shore; but the secretary's wife, seeing our strait, came herself in a canoe (her husband being from home) and brought us to land.

Next morning our boat was sunk; but we got her up, mended her, and went away in her that day about twenty-four miles, the water being rough, and the winds high; but the great power of God was seen, in carrying us safe in that rotten boat.

Upon our return we had a very precious meeting at Hugh Smith's; praised be the Lord for ever! The people were very tender, and very good service we had amongst them. There was at this meeting an Indian captain, who was very loving; and acknowledged it to be Truth that was spoken. There was also one of the Indian priests, whom they called a Pawaw, who sat soberly among the people.

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1673

January 9, Thursday (1672, Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) arrived back in Virginia — and notice that here again, as in the narrative of Mistress [Mary Rowlandson](#), we learn that the domestic mastiff of the era, although trained to tear apart native Americans on a racial basis, could nicely distinguish between them and any occasional



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weary soiled white traveler who happened to be approaching the home:

The 9th of the Tenth month we got back to Bonner's Creek, where we had left our horses, having spent about eighteen days in the north of Carolina.

Our horses having rested, we set forward for Virginia again, travelling through the woods and bogs as far as we could well reach that day, and at night lying by a fire in the woods. Next day we had a tedious journey through bogs and swamps, and were exceedingly wet and dirty all the day, but dried ourselves at night by a fire.

** We got that night to Sommertown. As we came near, the woman of the house, seeing us, spoke to her son to keep up their dogs; for both in Virginia and Carolina (living lonely in the woods) they generally keep great dogs to guard their houses. But the son said, "There is no need; our dogs will not meddle with these people." When we were come into the house, she told us we were like the children of Israel, against whom the dogs did not move their tongues. Here we lay in our clothes by the fire, as we had done many a night before.*

Next day we had a meeting; for the people, having been informed of us, had a great desire to hear us; and a very good meeting we had among them, where we never had had one before; praised be the Lord for ever! After the meeting we hastened away.

When we had ridden about twenty miles, calling at a house to inquire the way, the people desired us to tarry all night with them; which we did. Next day we came among Friends, after we had travelled about an hundred miles from Carolina into Virginia: in which time we observed great variety of climates, having passed in a few days from a very cold to a warm and spring-like country. But the power of the Lord is the same in all, is over all, and doth reach the good in all; praised be the Lord for ever!

We spent about three weeks in travelling through Virginia, mostly amongst Friends, having large and precious meetings in several parts of the country; as at the widow Wright's, where many of the magistrates, officers, and other high people came. A most heavenly meeting we had; wherein the power of the Lord was so great that it struck a dread upon the assembly, chained all down, and brought reverence upon the people's minds.

Among the officers was a major, kinsman to the priest, who told me that the priest had threatened to come and oppose us. But the Lord's power was too strong for him, and stopped him; and we were quiet and peaceable. The people were wonderfully affected with the testimony of Truth; blessed be the Lord for ever!

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January 30, Thursday (1672, Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) attempted to sail back across the bay from Virginia to [Maryland](#), but due to the weather they couldn't make it across and were forced to put ashore, still in the howling wilderness:

George Fox

Having finished what service lay upon us in Virginia, on the 30th we set sail in an open sloop for Maryland. But having a great storm, and being much wet, we were glad to get to shore before night; and, walking to a house at Willoughby Point, we got lodging there that night. The woman of the house was a widow, and a very tender person; she had never received Friends before; but she received us very kindly, and with tears in her eyes.

We returned to our boat in the morning, and hoisted our sail, getting forward as fast as we could. But towards evening, a storm rising, we had much ado to get to shore; and our boat being open, the water splashed often in, and sometimes over us, so that we were completely wet. Being got to land, we made a fire in the woods to warm and dry us, and there we lay all night, the wolves howling about us.

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February 1, Saturday (1672, Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) attempted again to sail back across the bay from Virginia to [Maryland](#), but due to adverse winds the party would have to put ashore again and again:

George Fox

On the 1st of the Eleventh month we sailed again. The wind being against us, we made but little headway, and were fain to get to shore at Point Comfort, where yet we found but small comfort. For the weather was so cold that though we made a good fire in the woods to lie by, the water that we had brought for our use was frozen near the fireside. We made to sea again next day; but the wind being strong and against us, we advanced but little. We were glad to get to land again, and travelled about to find some house where we might buy provisions, for our store was spent.

That night, also, we lay in the woods; and so extremely cold was the weather, the wind blowing high, and the frost and snow being great, that it was hard for some of us to abide it.

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February 3, Monday (1672, Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) finally made it back to Virginia, and found that the winter there was quite unseasonably cold and snowy (but at least there was some news of the rest of the world):

George Fox

On the 3d, the wind setting pretty fair, we fetched it up by sailing and rowing, and got that night to Milford Haven, where we lay at Richard Long's, near Quince's Island.

Next day we passed by Rappahannock River, where dwell many people; and Friends had a meeting there at the house of a justice, who had formerly been at a meeting where I was.

We passed over Potomac River also, the winds being high, the water very rough, our sloop open, and the weather extremely cold; and had a meeting there also, where some people were convinced. When we parted thence, some of our company went amongst them. We next steered our course for Patuxent River. I sat at the helm the greater part of the day, and some of the night. About the first hour in the morning we reached James Preston's house, on Patuxent River, which is about two hundred miles from Nancemond in Virginia.

We were very weary; yet the next day being the first of the week, we went to the meeting not far from there. The same week we went to an Indian king's cabin, where were several of the Indians, with whom we had a good opportunity to discourse; and they carried themselves very lovingly. We went also that week to a general meeting; then about eighteen miles further to John Geary's, where we had a very precious meeting; praised be the Lord God for ever!

After this the cold grew so exceedingly sharp, the frost and snow so extreme, beyond what was usual in that country, that we could hardly endure it. Neither was it easy or safe to stir out; yet we got, with some difficulty, six miles through the snow to John Mayor's, where we met with some Friends come from New England, whom we had left there when we came away; and glad we were to see each other, after so long and tedious travels.

By these Friends we understood that William Edmundson, having been at Rhode Island and New England, was gone thence for Ireland; that Solomon Eccles, coming from Jamaica and landing at Boston in New England, was taken at a meeting there, and banished to Barbadoes; that John Stubbs and another Friend were gone into New Jersey, and several other Friends to Barbadoes, Jamaica, and the Leeward Islands. It was matter of joy to us to understand that the work of the Lord went on and prospered, and that Friends were unwearied and diligent in the service.

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February 27, Thursday (1672, Old Style): “The commons not satisfied with the king, entered into new measures, and resolved not to pass the money bill till they procured a redress of grievances, and particularly a revocation of the declaration for liberty of conscience.”

BRITISH CHRONOLOGY

Friend [George Fox](#) continued his missionary efforts in Virginia:

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

The 27th of the Eleventh month we had a very precious meeting in a tobacco-house. The next day we returned to James Preston's, about eighteen miles distant. When we came there, we found his house had been burnt to the ground the night before, through the carelessness of a maid-servant; so we lay three nights on the ground by the fire, the weather being very cold.

We made an observation which was somewhat strange, but certainly true; that one day, in the midst of this cold weather, the wind turning into the south, it grew so hot that we could hardly bear the heat; and the next day and night, the wind chopping back into the north, we could hardly endure the cold.

Having travelled through most parts of that country, and visited most of the plantations, and having sounded the alarm to all people where we came, and proclaimed the day of God's salvation amongst them, we found our spirits began to be clear of these parts of the world, and draw towards Old England again. Yet we were desirous, and felt freedom from the Lord, to stay over the general meeting for the province of [Maryland](#), which drew nigh; that we might see Friends generally together before we departed.

Spending our time in the interim in visiting Friends and Friendly people, in attending meetings about the Clips and Patuxent, and in writing answers to cavilling objections which some of Truth's adversaries had raised and spread abroad to hinder people from receiving the Truth, we were not idle, but laboured in the work of the Lord until that general provincial meeting came on, which began on the 17th of the Third month, and lasted four days....

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June: The Dutch had been expelled from [St. Helena](#) during the previous month, and first Sir Richard Munden and then Richard Kelgwin had become Governor, but naval skirmishes with Dutch ships sailing homeward from the Cape continued. When 7 Dutch vessels were sighted a warning signal was sent to the fort. Shore batteries were discharged and the Dutch vessels sailed away into the night.

Hey for the good old days! The Reverend Thomas Olney, Jr., the pastor of the 1st [Baptist](#) Church in [Providence, Rhode Island](#) and a local politician, decried the new [Quaker](#) willingness to hold office in government, pointing out that “There was none of this in old time” — before Friend [George Fox](#) had arrived on the colonial scene and had recommended it.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

June 17, Tuesday (Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) wrapped up his missionary efforts in the New World:

Spending our time in the interim in visiting Friends and Friendly people, in attending meetings about the Clips and Patuxent, and in writing answers to cavilling objections which some of Truth's adversaries had raised and spread abroad to hinder people from receiving the Truth, we were not idle, but laboured in the work of the Lord until that general provincial meeting came on, which began on the 17th of the Third month, and lasted four days. On the first of these the men and women had their meetings for business, wherein the affairs of the Church were taken care of, and many things relating thereto were opened unto them, to their edification and comfort.

The other three days were spent in public meetings for the worship of God, at which diverse of considerable account in the government, and many others, were present. These were generally satisfied, and many of them reached; for it was a wonderful, glorious meeting, and the mighty presence of the Lord was seen and felt over all; blessed and praised for ever be His holy name, who over all giveth dominion!

After this meeting we took our leave of Friends, parting in great tenderness, in the sense of the heavenly life and virtuous power of the Lord that was livingly felt amongst us; and went by water to the place where we were to take shipping, many Friends accompanying us thither and tarrying with us that night.

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June 21, Saturday (Old Style): The group of [Quaker](#) missionaries, including Friend [George Fox](#), embarked for England and home after nearly two years of travel that had taken them from Barbados to Rhode Island, and along the uncharted continental coastlands. They took their passage at St. Leonard's Creek aboard the *Society of Bristol*, but then would be held up for days at Patuxent Point, [Maryland](#) by unfavorable winds.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Next day, the 21st of the Third month, 1673, we set sail for England; the same day Richard Covell came on board our ship, having had his own taken from him by the Dutch.

We had foul weather and contrary winds, which caused us to cast anchor often, so that we were till the 31st ere we could get past the capes of Virginia and out into the main sea. But after this we made good speed, and on the 28th of the Fourth month cast anchor at King's Road, which is the harbour for Bristol.

We had on our passage very high winds and tempestuous weather, which made the sea exceedingly rough, the waves rising like mountains; so that the masters and sailors wondered at it, and said they had never seen the like before. But though the wind was strong it set for the most part with us, so that we sailed before it; and the great God who commands the winds, who is Lord of heaven, of earth, and the seas, and whose wonders are seen in the deep, steered our course and preserved us from many imminent dangers. The same good hand of Providence that went with us, and carried us safely over, watched over us in our return, and brought us safely back again; thanksgiving and praises be to his holy name for ever!

Many sweet and precious meetings we had on board the ship during this voyage (commonly two a week), wherein the blessed presence of the Lord did greatly refresh us, and often break in upon and tender the company.

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July 28, Monday (Old Style): The group of [Quaker](#) missionaries, including Friend [George Fox](#), arrived back in merry Old England, the land where people treat one another real real nice.

George Fox

*When we came into Bristol harbour, there lay a man-of-war, and the press-master came on board to impress our men. We had a meeting at that time in the ship with the seamen, before we went to shore; and the press-master sat down with us, stayed the meeting, and was well satisfied with it. After the meeting I spoke to him to leave in our ship two of the men he had impressed, for he had impressed four, one of whom was a lame man. He said, "At your request I will."
We went on shore that afternoon, and got to Shirehampton. We procured horses and rode to Bristol that night, where Friends received us with great joy. In the evening I wrote a letter to my wife, to give her notice of my landing.*

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IMPRESSMENT

Long-gone hubby George began his letter to his wife, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox, with:



Dear heart, This day we came into Bristol, near night, from the sea; glory to the Lord God over all for ever, who was our convoy, and steered our course! who is the God of the whole earth, of the seas and winds, and made the clouds His chariots, beyond all words, blessed be His name for ever! He is over all in His great power and wisdom. Amen.



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Latter half of the year: [Friend George Fox](#) was back in merry Old England from his missionary labors in the New World, and was thus able to go to the faire, and was able to meet again his wife, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox, and a couple of her daughters (she had had eight children by her deceased previous husband: George, Margaret, Bridget, Isabel, Sarah, Mary, Susanna, and Rachel), plus Friend [William Penn](#), etc., etc.

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Between this and the fair, my wife came out of the North to Bristol to me, and her son-in-law, Thomas Lower, with two of her daughters, came with her. Her other son-in-law, John Rous, William Penn and his wife, and Gerrard Roberts, came from London, and many Friends from several parts of the nation to the fair; and glorious, powerful meetings we had at that time, for the Lord's infinite power and life was over all.

He participated with "E.H." (possibly Friend Ellis Hookes) in the preparation of a speller which contained doctrinal materials, entitled INSTRUCTIONS FOR RIGHT SPELLING AND PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR READING AND WRITING TRUE ENGLISH. Here are the materials that appear on pages 40 to 62:

Scholar. How many Offices has Christ in his Church? The Baptists and Teachers of the World tell us Christ has but three.

Master. Yes Child, he has many more than three.

1. His Priestly Office, when he offered up himself for the People in the whole World; and sprinkles the hearts and consciences of his People with his Blood, to cleanse them from dead Works, to serve the living God, and to offer up and present his Church without spot or wrinkle to God.

2. The Kingly Office is to subdue all the Enemies of man, the Devil & all his Works, and to subdue all his Enemies under his Feet, and to give forth the law of love, law of Life, law of Spirit, law of Faith; who is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

3. His Prophetical Office; Christ is a Prophet raised up like unto Moses, who is to be heard in all things, who speaks to you by his Light, Power, and Spirit; and opens unto you by his Power, Spirit, and Light, things to come.

4. Christ hath the Office of a Bishop, to over-see thy Soul, Spirit, and Mind, that thou dost not go astray from him, who is Light and Salvation.

5. He hath the Office of a Shephard, who put his Sheep forth out of the prison and Captivity of old Adam and the Serpent, out of the Jaws of Death and the Pit, wherein there is no Water, and



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the Grave of old Adam, and out of his Bryars and Thorns; and Christ goes before them as a Shepherd, and they know his Voice, and a stranger they will not follow, and he brings them to the Pasture of Life, and to the Waters and Springs of Life, where he feeds them and fills them abundantly; Christ doth, who is the Life.

6. And he hath the Office of Minister, to minister Grace and Truth unto thee, and Glory, and Faith, and the Heavenly Riches, and Light, and Power, and Strength.

7. He hath the Office of a Teacher, whom God hath anointed to preach (the Spirit of the Lord is upon him) to bind up the Broken-hearted, to open the eyes of the Blind, to set the Captive at liberty, and the Prisoner free, and to teach thee the way of Life, Salvation, Holiness, and Godliness, the way of the Redeemed, and the way of the Lord which is perfect, and the way of the Just, which is a shining Light, distinct from way of Unjust, which is Darkness.

8. He hath the Office of a Physician, to heal thee of thy Sicknesses and Infirmities, thy deafness and blindness, who is a Physician of value, Christ Jesus, &c.

9. He hath the Office of a Mediator and Interceder, who meditates and makes intercession for thee to God, that thou mayst pass to God through him, who is able to save to the utmost.

10. He hath the Office of a Captain of thy Salvation, who conquers the Devil and his Works, Hell, Death, & the Grave, who trains up and disciplines his Souldiers with the heavenly Armour, the Breastplate of Righteousness and the Helmet of Salvation and the Armour of Light, and shoes the feet with the preparation of the Gospel; and this Armour is proof of being tryed; and the Arms are, the Shield of Faith, the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God: and Christ trains up his Souldiers to keep their Ranks in Righteousness, in Godliness, in Holiness, in Truth, in Life, that they may stand against Death, and stand against Darkness, Unrighteousness, Unholiness, and the Power and Prince of it, but doth not wrestle nor war with flesh and blood, but with spiritual wickedness, the Rulers of Darkness in High places, &c.

And many more Offices, as thou readest the Scriptures, thou will see Child, as thou growest in Truth, that Christ hath; for Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and the Leader of people to God, who old Adam and the Serpent that led from God.

Schol. What is it that gives the knowledge of God? and where is it?

Mast. The Light which shines in the heart, it gives the knowledge of the Glory of God in the Face of Christ Jesus, 2 Cor. 4.

Schol. What brings Salvation?



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Mast. The Grace of God which hath appeared to all men, brings Salvation, Titus 2.11, which Grace teacheth us to deny ungodliness and worldly Lusts, that we should live soberly, and righteously, and godly in this present World.

Schol. What is the true Hope, from the Hypocrites?

Mast. The true hope is Christ in you, the hope of Glory, Col. 1, 27.

Sch. Who are them which seek that which comes down from above?

Mast. Them that be risen with Christ and dead with him, their affections are set on things above, and not on things on the earth.

Sch. What makes a man a Believer? and how cometh a man or woman to be a Believer?

Mast. Christ Jesus teaches thee how to believe, and what to believe in, John 12. 36. While you have the Light believe in the Light; so there are no true Believers, but who believe in the Light; so Christ teaches people to believe in the Light, which Light manifests all things; It manifesteth Christ to be its Saviour, its way, its Light, and to be its Mediator; for the light cometh from Christ, who is the Light that enlightens every man that comes into the World that all through him might believe, John 1.

Sch. What makes a Child of Light, and to come to have that honourable Name after God, who is Light?

Mast. By believing in the Light he becomes a Child of Light, and so Children of the day; and so there are no Children of the light, no Children of the Day; but first they believe in the light.

Sch. What is that which shall lead into all Truth?

Mast. It is the Spirit of Truth which must lead into all Truth.

Sch. Where is the Spirit?

Mast. Within.

Sch. What shall reprove the World of Sin, of their Righteousness, & of their Judgement.

Mast. It is the Spirit of Truth that leads the Saints into all Truth.

Sch. In what is God Worshipped?

Mast. He is worshipped in Spirit and in the Truth.

Sch. Where is this Spirit, and where is this Truth?

Mast. The Spirit is within, and the Truth is within, in the inward parts, by which Spirit God is known; and by the Truth the God of Truth is known.



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Sch. What is God?

Mast. God is a Spirit.

Sch. Where is the Church?

Mast. The Church is in God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, 2 Thes. 1.1.

Sch. What is the Church?

Mast. The People of God, which he hath purchased with his own Blood.

Sch. Was Christ's blood shed for all? and did he taste death for every man? and was he an offering for the sins of the whole World?

Mast. Yes, his blood was shed for all men, and he tasted Death for every man, &c. tho some trample the blood of the New-covenant under their feet, and deny the Lord Jesus that bought them.

Sch. Who is he that must instruct people?

Mast. Neh. 9. Thou mayst see how God gave his people his good Spirit to instruct them in the ways of Righteousness and Holiness, and in the way of the Lord, which is perfect.

Sch. What is the just man's Path? and what the unjust-man's path?

Mast. The path of the Just is a shining light, which shines more and more till the perfect day; but the path of the wicked is Darkness.

Sch. Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his ways?

Mast. By taking heed to the Word.

Sch. Where is this Word?

Mast. In the heart and in the mouth, to obey it, and do it, Rom. 10.

Sch. What is the good old way? and which is the new and living Way, and which of these ways must we walk in?

Mast. The good old way was the way among the outward Jews which they were to walk in; but the new and living way is Christ Jesus, which thou and all true Christians must walk in.

Sch. What was that Image of God that Adam was made in? was it from below or from above?

Mast. It was from above, from God, of his Image and Righteousness, likeness and holiness; the Image of God was not of the Earth from below.

Sch. What is meant of that Rib Eve was made of?

Mast. A Rib is a beam or a side-piece, which was part of the building of the whole creation, so she was called Woman because she was taken from man; for Eve signifies Living; and she was



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the Mother of all living, Gen. 2.

Sch. How many Faiths are there? and which is the true one?

Mast. There is one Faith, and the true Faith is that which works by love, and purifies the heart, and justifies thee, and saves thee, and gives thee Victory over that which separates thee from God, through which Faith thou hast access to God, in which Faith thou pleasest God, and hast unity with him, and them that please God.

Sch. How many Baptisms are there?

Mast. One.

Sch. Who is the Baptizer?

Mast. Christ; for John is decreased, and Christ is increased, that is the one Baptism that saves; he baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with Fire, and burns up the Chaff with unquenchable fire, who comes with his Fan, and thoroughly purges his Floor, and gathers his Wheat into the Garner.

Sch. What is the Wheat?

Mast. The Wheat is the Seed of God.

Sch. What is the Chaff?

Mast. The body of Death, and the body of the sins of the flesh, and the corruptions that must all be plunged down to the Fire.

Sch. What is the Jordan that John baptized in?

Mast. Jor. is a River, and Fan is Judgment; he dipt them in the River of Judgment.

Sch. What is the Ministers of Christ's Work?

Mast. Christ gave Gifts unto men for the Work of the Ministry, and their work was for the perfecting the Saints, and for the edifying the body of Christ, till we be all come to the unity of the Faith, the knowledge of the Son of God [Mark] and unto a perfect man, and unto the measures of the stature of the Fulness of Christ.

Sch. And are these Christ's Ministers?

Mast. Yes.

Sch. And what are the rest that do not bring People to this stature, such as toss People to and fro, and carry them with their cunning slights and craftiness of men, and lies in wait to deceive them?

Mast. Yes, they are them that bring People to no Stability, Ephes. 4.

Sch. What is the Scripture? Are they the Word of God?

Mast. The Scriptures signifie writings; the Scriptures of Truth



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are the Words of God; Christ's Name is called the Word in the Revelations; In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and God was the Word, John 1.

Sch. What is the Original of Sin?

Mast. Original is the Beginning; the beginning of Sin was the Devil.

Sch. And who destroys him?

Mast. Christ Jesus destroys the Devil and his works, and through Death destroys Death, and the Devil who has the power of Death; and the Seed of the Woman shall bruise the Serpent's Head.

Sch. What Seed was that?

Mast. Christ Jesus.

Sch. To bruise, how is that?

Mast. It is to break to pieces, to crush, to break into pieces and into powder his strength and power.

Sch. Master, the Star-gazers tell me, all Light comes from the Sun.

Mast. Read Genesis 1. there thou wilt see, there was Light and Day, and there was three days before the Sun was made.

Sch. What is the Church Fellowship?

Mast. It is the Gospel Fellowship.

Sch. What is the Gospel?

Mast. The Gospel it is the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth; so the Power of God (the Gospel) is everlasting.

Sch. What is the Cross of Christ.

Mast. The Cross of Christ is the Power of God, and this is foolishness to them that perish, and set up a wooden or a stone or iron Cross, or any other outward Cross.

Sch. What is the ministration of condemnation, which was glorious? And what is that administration that exceeds it in glory?

Mast. The Ministration of Condemnation was the Law that took hold upon the outward Actions of Men and Women; but the Ministration of Restoration that exceeds it in Glory is Christ, that takes away the Root of Sin, which the Fruits of Sin proceeded from, and the Law took hold upon the outward Action, which Christ takes away the Root of, and so makes the Root and the Branches holy, who destroys the Devil and his works, and bruise the Serpents head, Christ doth, by whom all things were made and created, who was glorified with the Father before the World began, and set up from everlasting to everlasting, the



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beginning and ending, the first and last.

Sch. Who is the Christian Sabbath or Rest?

Mast. Christ Jesus; he that believeth hath entered into his Rest and ceased from his own Works, as God did from his; and so Christ is the Rest by whom all things are made and Created, and there is Rest and Peace in him, but not in old Adam.

Sch. Is the Light sufficient for Salvation.

Mast. Yes, by believing in the Light, thou shalt be a Child of Light.

Sch. Who are true Christians?

M. Such as believe in the Light of Christ and are led and guided by Christ Jesus.

Sch. Why are the true Christians called Quakers in this Age?

Mast. It is in scorn and derision that they are so called, to render them and the Truth odious to the People, that so they might not receive the Truth and be saved. Yet quaking and trembling is no new thing; for thou mayst read of Quakers in the Scriptures, as in Heb. 12.21. Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake. And it is said, Son of man, eat thy bread with Quaking, and drink thy Water with Trembling. And when Daniel saw a Vision, a great quaking fell upon the men that were with him: And Habakkuk his Belly trembled, and his Lips quivered, Hab. 3.16.

Sch. Sure those that scoffingly call the true Christians Quakers, never read these Scriptures: for they prove very plain, that there were Quakers in the Primitive times: But why do the people called Quakers say Thee and Thou to a single person? Is that according to the Scriptures?

Mast. Yes, it is the proper Language to a single person, and according to the Scripture; God said Thee and Thou to Adam, and Adam said Thou to God; and people say Thee and Thou in their prayers; and it is the Pride in peoples Hearts that cannot take that Language themselves which they give to God: And God said Thee and Thou to Moses, and Moses said Thee and Thou to him again; and Jacob said Thee and Thou to Laban, and Laban said Thee and Thou to him again; and Jacob and his sons said Thee and Thou to each other, Gen. 43 to Chap. 49. And Jephtha, who was a Judge in Israel, did Thee and Thou his Daughter, and she did Thee and Thou her Father the Judge again, Judge. 11. And when Daniel and the three Children were before the King, upon Examination they said Thou to the King; and the Caldean did Thou the King, Dan. 3. And Paul did Thou King Agrippa: And many other Examples there be in Scripture; but these are sufficient; And Thee and Thou is the singular Number, and to be spoken to one, & You or Ye the plural Number, and to be spoken unto more than one.



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Sch. I am very well satisfied that Thee and Thou is the proper Language to a single Person, and You to more than one; but the People called Quakers will not put off their Hats, nor bow, nor give flattering Titles to People; what Scripture have they for that?

Mast. With God there is no respect of persons; and James said, if you have respect of persons you commit sin, and are convicted of the Law as Transgressors; and in Job, Elihu said, Let me not, I pray you, accept any mans person, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man; for I know not to give flattering Titles, in so doing my Maker would soon take me away. Job 32.21, 22.

Sch. They say the People called Quakers deny the Scriptures.

Mast. No, they own the Scriptures more than any People, for they walk in the Light of Christ Jesus, and by following him do witness the Scriptures fulfilled in them; and they who hate to be reformed, have nothing to do to speak of the Saints and holy men of Gods conditions mentioned in Scripture.

Sch. The People called Quakers do not call their Days and Months as other Professors do.

Mast. No, Professors and People are so far degenerated from Truth that they have lost the very form of sound Words used by the Primitive Christians.

Sch. How did the Primitive Saints call their days and months?

Mast. God made the World in six Days, and rested the seventh Day, and he called the Evening and the Morning the first Day, and the Evening and the Morning the Second Day, and the third Day, &c. And Christ rose on the first Day of the Week? and they came to the Sepulchre when the Jews Sabbath was ended, on the first Day of the Week, and upon the first Day of the Week the Disciples met together: And in Ex. 12.2. This month shall be unto you the beginning of months, it shall be the first Month of the year to you: And in Ex. 16. Moses writeth, the fifteenth day of the second Month, and the Scriptures say, the third Month, and fourth Month, &c.

Sch. Who invented those Names of Sunday, Monday, &c. and calling the Months March, April, May, &c.

Mast. The old Pagan Saxons in their Idolatry were the first that brought in the names of the Days after that manner, and these called Christians, have retained them to this day. The first Day of the week they worshipped the idol of the Sun, from whence came Sunday; The second Day of the week they worshipped the Moon, from whence came Moonday or Monday; the third day they worshipped the Idol of the Planets, which they called Tuisce, from whence came Tuesday; and from the Idol Woden came Wednesday; and from the Idol Thor came Thursday; and from the



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Idol Friga came Friday, and from the Idol Seatur came Saturday. And the Heathen called Mars the God of Battle, and from thence they called the first Month March: And Venus they called the Goddess of Love and beauty, and from thence they called the second Month April; and Maja a heathen Goddess called Flora; Flora and Cloris were called the Goddesses of Flowers; Unto Maja the heathen Idolaters used to sacrifice, from thence was the third Month called May; and upon the first day of the same Month they used to keep Floralia Feasts to the two Goddesses of Flowers (viz.) Flora and Cloris, and Flora was a Strumpet in Rome, that used on the first Day of that Month, to set up a May-pole before her Door, to entice her Lovers, from whence came May-poles to be first observed: And from the Heathens Goddess Juno is the fourth Month called June: And in honour to Julius Caesar a Roman Emperor, is the fifth Month called July: and the sixth Month took it Name August, in honour of Augustus Caesar; and September, October, November, and December are called from the Latines: And one Janus a King of Italy, was for his Wisdom pictured with two Faces, whom they honoured as God: and from this name Janus was the eleventh Month called January: And Saturnus, Pluto Februs, were called the Gods of Hell, whom the Heathens said, had the rule of the evil Spirits there, and from Pluto Februs, was the twelfth Month called February.

Sch. Who have been the Ministers and Intrusters of those People, that they are erred so from Scripture Example? Let me have some marks and signs by which I may know the Deceivers and false Prophets?

Mast. The marks the Scriptures give of Deceivers and false Prophets are these: I shall set them down in short, that thou maist remember them the better.

1. They are such as bear rule by their Means, Jer. 30. 31. Mat. 10. 19,20.
2. They are such as seek for their Gain from their Quarters, Isa. 56.
3. They seek for the Fleece and make a prey upon the People, Ezek. 34.1, 2, 3.
4. They are such as preach for Hire, and Divine for Money, Mic. 3.11.
5. They cry Peace so long as People put into their Mouthes; but when any come to see them to be Deceivers, and cannot put into their Mouths, nor give them Gifts, then they prepare War against them, Mic. 3. 5. Hos. 6. 9.
6. They run when the Lord never sent them, and prophesie Lies in his Name, Jer. 14. 14.
7. They stand praying in the Synagogues: They love the uppermost Rooms at Feasts, and the chief Seats in the Synagogues, and love



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Greeting in the Markets, and to be called of men Master, and they make them broad Philacteries on their Garments, that they may be taken notice of; for they do that they do to be seen of men, and are proud and covetous, and they come of Cain's Stock, for they are full of Envy, and are in Balaam's way, who was erred from the Spirit of God, and received the Wages of Unrighteousness, and so do they, 2 Peter 2, Jude 1.

8. They are such as sprinkle Infants, for which they have no rule in Scripture; and tell people it is an Ordinance of Christ, when it is but one of their own Inventions, and so are Lyars and Deceivers.

9. They tell people they shall never be free from Sin while they live here.

10. They are made Ministers by the Will of man, and men uphold them: if thou meetest with them and seeth those Fruits brought forth by them, then beware of them; for they have got on sheeps Clothing, but inwardly they are ravening Wolves.

Sch. How may I know the true Ministers?

Mast. I may give thee some Marks how to know them.

1. The true Ministers of Christ, as they have received the Gift of God freely, so they minister freely from the same, as good Stewards of the manifold Grace of God, and they do unto all Men as they would have all men do unto them.

2. They do not strive for Mastership, like the false Prophets; but are gentle unto all men, and apt to teach, patient in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves 2. Tim. 2.22 that so the Church may be edified.

3. The true Ministers have no mans person in admiration because of advantage, but are men of sorrows, dispised and rejected of men, as Christ was; and they are not made Ministers by the Will of man, but by Christ Jesus and are blameless as he, Stewards of God, not self-willed, nor soon angry, nor given to Wine, no Strikers, nor greedy of filthy Lucre, Tit. 1.7.

4. And the true Ministers work was, for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the Body of Christ: and the true Ministers were not bred up from years at the Colleges, as the Deceivers are now; but the Lord called Tradesmen to be Ministers: Moses was a Keeper of Sheep, and Jacob and David were Keepers of Sheep, and Elisha was a Ploughman, and Amos a Herdsman, and Peter and John Fisher-men, and Paul a Tent-Maker.

Sch. The People called Quakers are mocked, beaten, persecuted, and imprisoned; was it so with the People of God in former Ages?

Mast. Yes, the People of God were in all Ages mock'd, persecuted, imprisoned, and sufferers. Elisha the Prophet was mocked, and called Bald-head. And the Lord sent his Messengers, rising up



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betimes and sending, because he had compassion on his People; but they mocked the Messengers of God, and despised his Words and misused his Prophets, wherefore the Wrath of the Lord was against them, 2 Chron. 36.15. And David was as dispised of the people, they laughed him to scorn, they shot out their Lips, and shaked their Heads at him: And in Psal. 69. 12. David said, Sack-cloth is my Garment and I am become a Proverb to them, and I am the Song of the Drunkards. And Jer. 20. 8. Jeremiah said, I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me. And thou mayst read before, how he was persecuted, and put in the Dungeon. And David said, The wicked have waited for me, to destroy me, and they have laid a Snare for me. And Job said, I am as one mocked of his Neighbour: and said, The just and upright man is laughed to scorn. Job 12. 4. and said, Now I am their Song, yea, I am their By-word; they abhor me, and spare not to spit in my Face. And in Acts thou mayst read, how Herod the King stretcht forth his hand to vex some of the Church of Christ; and how he killed James and imprisoned Peter; and how Paul and Silas had their Cloaths torn off, and after they had received many stripes, they cast them into Prison, and a strict charge was given to the Gaoler to keep them safely, who thrust them into the inner Prison, and made their Feet safe in the Stocks: and above forty of the Jews bound themselves under a Curse, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. And in Acts 22, when Paul spake to the people, some of them cried, away with such a Fellow from the Earth; for it is not fit that he should live. And in Acts 24. For we have found this man a pestilent Fellow, and a mover of Sedition, and a Ring-leader of the Sect of the Nazarens: And Christ himself was derided by the Pharisees, Luke 16. And Paul said, Whoever will live Godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer Persecution, for it is through many Tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

“HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE” BEING A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN TIME (JUST AS THE PERSPECTIVE IN A PAINTING IS A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN SPACE), TO “LOOK AT THE COURSE OF HISTORY MORE GENERALLY” WOULD BE TO SACRIFICE PERSPECTIVE ALTOGETHER. THIS IS FANTASY-LAND, YOU’RE FOOLING YOURSELF. THERE CANNOT BE ANY SUCH THINGIE, AS SUCH A PERSPECTIVE.



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Latter half of the year: Having met his family again, Friend [George Fox](#) went to work to neutralize an opposition to his leadership that had begun in England during his long absence, an opposition which was under the leadership of Friends John Wilkinson and John Story.

George Fox

** I passed into Wiltshire, where also we had many blessed meetings. At Slattenford, in Wiltshire, we had a very good meeting, though we met there with much opposition from some who had set themselves against women's meetings; which I was moved of the Lord to recommend to Friends, for the benefit and advantage of the Church of Christ, "that faithful women, who were called to the belief of the Truth, being made partakers of the same precious faith, and heirs of the same everlasting gospel of life and salvation with the men, might in like manner come into the possession and practice of the gospel order, and therein be helpmeets unto the men in the restoration [of those who had gone astray], in the service of Truth, in the affairs of the Church, as they are outwardly in civil, or temporal things; that so all the family of God, women as well as men, might know, possess, perform, and discharge their offices and services in the house of God, whereby the poor might be better taken care of, the younger instructed, informed, and taught in the way of God; the loose and disorderly reprov'd and admonish'd in the fear of the Lord; the clearness of persons proposing marriage more closely and strictly inquired into in the wisdom of God; and all the members of the spiritual body, the Church, might watch over and be helpful to each other in love."*

After a visit at Kingston, I went to London, where I found the Baptists and Socinians, with some old apostates, grown very rude, having printed many books against us; so that I had a great travail in the Lord's power, before I could get clear of that city. But blessed be the Lord, his power came over them, and all their lying, wicked, scandalous books were answered.

FOX'S JOURNAL



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December 17, Wednesday (Old Style): After a visit to [Friend William Penn](#) in his home at Rickmansworth,



Friend [George Fox](#) went toward Swarthmore, accompanied by Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox and a couple





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of her daughters and the husband of one of those daughters, and found himself again taken under arrest.

At night, as I was sitting at supper, I felt I was taken; yet I said nothing then to any one of it. But getting out next morning, we travelled into Worcestershire, and went to John Halford's, at Armscott, where we had a very large and precious meeting in his barn, the Lord's powerful presence being eminently with and amongst us.

After the meeting, Friends being most of them gone, as I was sitting in the parlour, discoursing with some Friends, Henry Parker, a justice, came to the house, and with him one Rowland Hains, a priest of Hunniton, in Warwickshire. This justice heard of the meeting by means of a woman Friend, who, being nurse to a child of his, asked leave of her mistress to go to the meeting to see me; and she speaking of it to her husband, he and the priest plotted together to come and break it up and apprehend me.

But from their sitting long at dinner, it being the day on which his child was sprinkled, they did not come till the meeting was over, and Friends mostly gone. But though there was no meeting when they came, yet I, who was the person they aimed at, being in the house, Henry Parker took me, and Thomas Lower for company with me; and though he had nothing to lay to our charge, sent us both to Worcester jail, by a strange sort of mittimus.

Being thus made prisoners, without any probable appearance of being released before the quarter-sessions at soonest, we got some Friends to accompany my wife and her daughter into the north, and we were conveyed to Worcester. Thence, by the time I thought my wife would reach home, I wrote her the following letter:

DEAR HEART:

Thou seemedst to be a little grieved when I was speaking of prisons, and when I was taken.

Be content with the will of the Lord God. For when I was at John Rous's, at Kingston, I had a sight of my being taken prisoner; and when I was at Bray Doily's, in Oxfordshire, as I sat at supper, I saw I was taken, and I saw I had a suffering to undergo.

But the Lord's power is over all; blessed be His holy name forever!

G.F.

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Friend George had just been alerted that Mary Fox of Fenny Drayton, his mother, was in her last illness, and he had been during this trip north intending to visit her. His family members would travel on under the escort of a Friend who was a merchant in Bristol, England. His case would not come before the court until January 21, 1674 and then the mother would die with the son still imprisoned. This period in Worcester prison would, however, be his last imprisonment.



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1674

January 21: When Friend [George Fox](#) was brought before the court, some had the notion that the judges went all pale and that there was a pause during which the judges were reluctant to address him. Finally he was asked to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and refused, and was præmunired. At the next sessions of the court, in April, he would be granted a temporary liberty to travel to London and attend the [Quaker](#) yearly meeting, after which he would return to Worcester for a new trial which would end in the same old way.

About this time I had a fit of sickness, which brought me very low and weak in my body; and I continued so a pretty while, insomuch that some Friends began to doubt of my recovery. I seemed to myself to be amongst the graves and dead corpses; yet the invisible power did secretly support me, and conveyed refreshing strength into me, even when I was so weak that I was almost speechless. One night, as I was lying awake upon my bed in the glory of the Lord which was over all, it was said unto me that the Lord had a great deal more work for me to do for Him before He took me to Himself.

FOX'S JOURNAL

During this long imprisonment he would be offered a royal pardon but would refuse anything that might imply that he needed to be pardoned or that he had committed any wrong.

During this year he would be sending out his epistle entitled "Friends, — Seek the Peace of All Men":



Friends, — Seek the peace of all men; which peace is in Christ, which is a peace the world cannot take away. And blessed are the peacemakers, that make peace among the brethren and people; these shall have a blessing from the Lord, the king of peace; but wo be unto them that cause strife and offence. And all walk in the righteousness of Christ the Lord, over your own righteousness, and do, and act, and speak in his righteousness; then you act, and do, and speak, and walking that, in which you have peace, and then God will delight in you, and you will be loved of him, for he loveth the righteousness. And let it be below any of God's people to raise an evil report on his people, or any others, or the give both their ears to any one's report of his people or matter, till they have heard both parties; so that righteousness, and truth, and judgment, may be kept up, and not fall. And in your men and women's meetings, you are in and about the Lord's business, and not your own; and therefore let the lord be in your eyes, that all of you his presence, and power, and wisdom, and judgment do receive, to do, and act, and speak in. And this keeps all in his fear, to be careful of their words and doings, and keeps all solid, and virtuous, and sober; and the whatsoever is of a good report, and is decent and comely, and whatsoever is virtuous, and tends to virtue, and is lovely,



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that follow and cherish. And here your eyes are kept open, to see that nothing be lacking, and that you stand in that which shall never fall, in the power, and spirit, and seed Christ, who is the sure foundation, the rock of ages.
G.F.

His epistle entitled “In Everything Give Thanks to the Lord” also dates to this year:



Friends, - In everything give thanks to the Lord; for from him every good thing do you receive; for the apostle saith, 1 Thess. v. 18. “In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Jesus Christ concerning you;” and they that do not obey this doctrine, do not the will of God in Jesus Christ. And the apostle saith, “Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be met with thanksgiving.” etc. 1 Tim. iv. 4. And David saith, “At midnight I will rise to give thee thanks, because of thy righteous judgments,” Psalm cxix, 62. And David saith, “O give thanks to the Lord, for it is good, because his mercy endures forever.” Psalm cxviii. 1. So the Lord is worthy of all the thanks and praises, through Jesus Christ, who created all be Jesus Christ, to his glory and honour for evermore.
G.F.

February 18: Friend [George Fox](#) wrote to the Quakers in Barbados, challenging them in regard to their convenient racism:

“Send me over a black boy of your instructing, that I may see some of your fruits, and as I shall see, I shall make him a free man, or send him to you again.”

But they would not send him one of their [slaves](#), nor in fact would he expect them to — he was merely “jerking their chain,” so to speak:

“And as for sending a Negro to me (it is no matter) I did it to try them.”

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October 1, Thursday or thereabouts: Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox got an audience with King [Charles II](#), to plead for the release of her loyal husband who was unable to swear allegiance in the usual manner, but as it would turn out, the matter would get hung up on the technicality of whether or not being “pardoned” would involve an imputation of having done something wrong.



After this my wife went to London, and spoke to the King, laying before him my long and unjust imprisonment, with the manner of my being taken, and the justices' proceedings against me, in tendering me the oath as a snare, whereby they had præmunired me; so that I being now his prisoner, it was in his power, and at his pleasure, to release me, which she desired.

The King spoke kindly to her, and referred her to the Lord-Keeper; to whom she went; but she could not obtain what she desired, for he said the King could not release me otherwise than by a pardon, and I was not free to receive a pardon, knowing I had not done evil. If I would have been freed by a pardon, I need not have lain so long, for the King was willing to give me pardon long before, and told Thomas Moore that I need not scruple, being released by a pardon, for many a man that was as innocent as a child had had a pardon granted him; yet I could not consent to have one. For I would rather have lain in prison all my days, than have come out in any way dishonourable to Truth; therefore I chose to have the validity of my indictment tried before the judges.

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GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1675

[Friend George Keith](#)'s QUAKERISM **NO POPERY**, OR A PARTICULAR ANSWERE TO THAT PART OF JOHN MENZEIS, PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN ABERDEEN, (AS HE IS CALLED) HIS BOOK, INTITULED, **ROMA MENDAR**, WHEREIN THE PEOPLE, CALLED QUAKERS, ARE CONCERNED, WHOM HE DOTTH ACCUSE AS HOLDING MANY **POPISH DOCTRINES**, AND AS IF QUAKERISM, (SO HE NICK-NAMES OUR RELIGION,) WERE BUT **POPERY DISGUISED**.

Although it is possible that the dictation had begun in the previous year, we know that in this year [Friend George Fox](#) was dictating to his stepson-in-law, Thomas Lower, what amounted to an autobiographical record of the events up to this point in his life. (This is the manuscript which would for a great many years be considered to have been his "[Journal](#)," as recreated in this Kouroo project's infospace.) Please bear in mind, however, that this autobiographical effort of Fox's would actually be in no real sense a journal, since the recording of it was at no point contemporaneous with the living of it. We might better consider this under the rubric of a "self-presentation," and beware — no controls at all were in place to prevent the intrusion of corrective memories, and of course we all know how it is that stories tend to get better and better during the retelling of them. In that context, here is an email message from Fox's current biographer, the author of **FIRST AMONG FRIENDS**, H. Larry Ingle: "Fox began, certainly from the mid-1670s, to modify the documents from the past in a way that would place him in a good light. Going through what became the Swarthmore Manuscripts, he noted on many that they should be recopied, and presumably that some should be destroyed (we have none of those because his suggestions were carried out!). This practice continued, for the catalogue of his writings, done in the late 1690s after his death, revealed lots of letters and other materials that have never been found, leading some of us to conclude that they may well have been intentionally destroyed.... the manuscripts have been corrupted to support one particular point of view — that of those who proved to be the ultimate winners in the political warfare surrounding the Nayler, Perrot, Rogers, Wilkinson, and Story affairs. All this means that the suppositions of historians who have charged that the record was deliberately altered could have the air of accuracy about them. All of this also means that we should approach the materials we have with a lot of humility, more than some of us display on occasion."

From the journal that would be published by Friend William Edmundson in 1715, pages 109/110: The next Morning we took our Journey towards Maryland, accompanied with Robert Wade and another Friend : We traveled hard and late at Night, so came to William Southerby's at Saxifrax River. From thence we went among Friends on the Eastern Shore in [Maryland](#), where we had many precious heavenly Meetings with Friends and others, for the Worship of God, and Men and Women's Meetings to order the Affairs of the Church. A blessed Time we had together, to our mutual Comfort.

After some well-spent Time there in Truth's Service, I had Drawings to go over the Great Bay of Cheseapeak, to the Western Short to visit Friends, and Samuel Groom of London, Master of a Ship being there, sent his Boat and two of his Men to take me over ; that Night one of the Men was under much Trouble of Spirit, but we landed well early next Morning at the Cliffs. I



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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had many good Meetings on that Side of the Bay, and good Service several Ways, for there were some troublesome Spirits gone out from Truth, that were a great Exercise to honest true-hearted Friends, the Lord gave me Ability and Understanding to deal with them, and to set Truth and its Testimony over them, to the Joy and Satisfaction of Friends.

After some Time spent there, I went to the Eastern Shore again, and had many precious Meetings with Friends, then took my Leave in the Love of God, in order to go down the great Bay to Anamesy, to visit Friends there, accompanied with James Fletcher, and three other Friends to manage the Boat ; but meeting with very foul Weather, and contrary Winds, we were forced to put ashore in an Island, and pitch the Boat, having Sails spread for our Covering, we lay there all Night. Next Day, the Weather being very foul with Sleet and Snow and the Wind against us, we stood over the Bay to Patuxent River, and came to Benjamin Lawrence's House, who received us kindly ; we had a good Meeting there. After which the Wind turning somewhat fair, we took Boat and went on our Journey ; but it was very cold foul Weather, Sleet and Snow, and we were all that Day and most of the Night e're we got to the Place intended, which we obtained with much Difficulty.

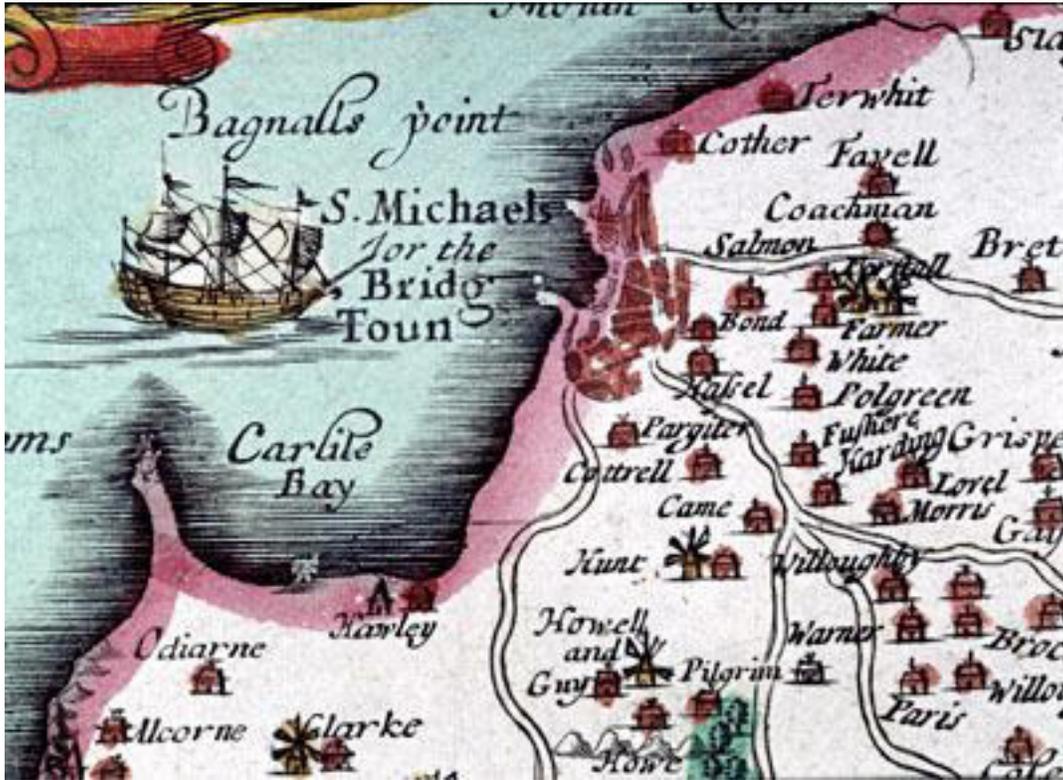
Friend [William Edmundson](#), who had visited Barbados with Friend [George Fox](#), returned to the islands to preach against whites holding blacks in "ignorance and under oppression." The white planters of Barbados uncovered what they considered to be evidence of a planned slave uprising. The Anglicans who controlled the Assembly passed a law to "restrain the too frequent wanderings and meetings of Negroes," and to forbid the island's "Quakers from bringing Negroes to their meetings," and to outlaw the instruction of black children alongside white children in Quaker religious schools. Also enacted was an ordinance specifically prohibiting any white person who had not lived for a full year in the islands from holding any religious communications with any black islander.

Faced with this reaction, the Quaker slaveholders of Barbados attempted to reassure their fellow white plantation owners, that there was nothing to fear in their softness and compassion for their black slaves. While it was true enough, that the [Quakers](#) tried to treat their slaves well, they pointed out that they were as eager as any other white men, to suppress the possibility of [servile insurrection](#). They pointed out how diligent they had been in "patrolling in our persons and horses" ever since the day of "the last wicked contrivance of the Negroes, which the Lord by his witness in the heart made known for the preservation of the island in inhabitants." Yes, these Quakers did not believe in war — but yes, these Quakers did believe in a strong and effective police presence! The serving class must be kept servile!⁸¹

81. Legally, there was a distinction between a slaveowner and a slaveholder. The owner of a slave might rent the custody and use of that slave out for a year, in which case the distinction would arise and be a meaningful one in law, since the other party to such a transaction would be the holder but not the owner. However, in this Kouroo database, I will ordinarily be deploying the term "slaveholder" as the normative term, as we are no longer all that concerned with the making of such fine economic distinctions but are, rather, concerned almost exclusively with the human issues involved in the enslavement of other human beings. I use the term "slaveholder" in preference to "slaveowner" not only because no human being can **really** own another human being but also because it is important that slavery never be defined as the legal ownership of one person by another — in fact not only had human slavery existed before the first such legislation but also it has continued long since we abolished all legal deployment of the term "slave."

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In this year Richard Ford prepared a map of the principle settled portion of the island of Barbados:



March 4: Friend [George Fox](#) was taken from Worcester prison toward the court in London.

George Fox

Thereupon, having first had the opinion of a counsellor upon it (Thomas Corbet, of London, with whom Richard Davis, of Welchpool, was well acquainted, and whom he recommended to me), an habeas corpus was sent down to Worcester to bring me up once more to the King's Bench bar, for the trial of the errors in my indictment. The undersheriff set forward with me the 4th of the Twelfth month.

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March 11: Friend [George Fox](#) was set at liberty not on the basis of any general precedent-setting judicial decision that it was illegal to imprison on a præmunire, but merely on some lamentable technical errors the national judges found in his provincial 1673 indictment.

We came to London on the 8th, and on the 11th I was brought before the four judges at the King's Bench, where Counsellor Corbet pleaded my cause. He started a new plea; for he told the judges that they could not imprison any man upon a præmunire.

Chief-Justice Hale said, "Mr. Corbet, you should have come sooner, at the beginning of the term, with this plea."

He answered, "We could not get a copy of the return and the indictment." The Judge replied, "You should have told us, and we would have forced them to make a return sooner."

Then said Judge Wild, "Mr. Corbet, you go upon general terms; and if it be as you say, we have committed many errors at the Old Bailey, and in other courts."

Corbet was positive that by law they could not imprison upon a præmunire. The Judge said, "There is summons in the statute."

"Yes," said Corbet, "but summons is not imprisonment; for summons is in order to a trial."

"Well," said the Judge, "we must have time to look in our books and consult the statutes." So the hearing was put off till the next day.

The next day they chose rather to let this plea fall and begin with the errors of the indictment; and when they came to be opened, they were so many and gross that the judges were all of opinion that the indictment was quashed and void, and that I ought to have my liberty.

There were that day several great men, lords and others, who had the oaths of allegiance and supremacy tendered to them in open court, just before my trial came on; and some of my adversaries moved the judges that the oaths might be tendered again to me, telling them I was a dangerous man to be at liberty.

But Chief-Justice [Sir Matthew] Hale said that he had indeed heard some such reports, but he had also heard many more good reports of me; and so he and the rest of the judges ordered me to be freed by proclamation. Thus after I had suffered imprisonment a year and almost two months for nothing, I was fairly set at liberty upon a trial of the errors in my indictment, without receiving any pardon, or coming under any obligation or engagement at all; and the Lord's everlasting power went over all, to His glory and praise.

Counsellor Corbet, who pleaded for me, obtained great fame by it, for many of the lawyers came to him and told him he had brought that to light which had not been known before, as to the not imprisoning upon a præmunire; and after the trial a judge said to him, "You have attained a great deal of honour by pleading George Fox's cause so in court."

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After March 11: Having been freed, Friend [George Fox](#) went about his business.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Being at liberty, I visited Friends in London; and having been very weak, and not yet well recovered, I went to Kingston; and having visited Friends there, returned to London, wrote a paper to the Parliament, and sent several books to them.

A great book against swearing had been delivered to them a little before; the reasonableness whereof had so much influence, that it was thought they would have done something towards our relief if they had sat longer. I stayed in and near London till the yearly meeting, to which Friends came from most parts of the nation, and some from beyond sea. A glorious meeting we had in the everlasting power of God.

The illness I got in my imprisonment at Worcester had so much weakened me that it was long before I recovered my natural strength again. For which reason, and as many things lay upon me to write, both for public and private service, I did not stir much abroad during the time that I now stayed in the north; but when Friends were not with me, I spent much time in writing for Truth's service. While I was at Swarthmore, I gave several books to be printed.

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1676

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle "To Friends at Dantzic" was issued during this year:



Dear Friends, – In the love of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, look above all your outward sufferings, and him that is out of truth, that makes you to suffer; and let nothing separate you from the love of God which you have in Christ Jesus, by whom all things were made: I say, let not the birth of the flesh, with all his carnal weapons, jails, and prisons, threats, or reproaches, move you, nor separate you from the love of God, nor from your foundation, the rock of ages, Christ Jesus: but feel the well of life springing up in you, to nourish the plant that God has planted in you, of his renown, that that may grow up within his hedge, his power, which will keep out the devil and all the venomous beasts, from entering into God's garden, or kingdom. And therefore let your faith stand in the Lord's power, which is your hedge and defense, and which is your keeper, and will keep you safe, that you need not be afraid of your enemy, your adversary; for the Lord's power is over his head, and you within his power, then nothing can get betwixt you and God; and in the power of the Lord is the city set upon his hill, where the light shines, and the heavenly salt is, and the lamps burning, and trumpets sounding forth the praise of God, of the eternal joy, in his eternal word of life, that lives, and abides, and endure forever. And so to the praise and glory of God you may bring forth fresh and green fruit, being grafted into the green tree that never withers. Oh! be valiant for God's glory and his truth upon the earth, and spread it abroad, answering that of God in every man and woman's conscience; knowing him that hath brought everlasting peace into the earth: so, the songs of salvation may be in your mouths; for it is said, "With the heart man believes, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation." So every true believer will confess to Christ his salvation, their way, light, and life, out of death and darkness; their prophet, to open to them; their shepherd, to feed them; and their bishop, to oversee them; their captain and commander, to command and to lead them; their counsellor, to counsel them; and their prise, who hath offered himself for them, and also sanctifies them, and offers them up to God: to whom be all praise and glory for ever. Amen. I wrote something to the magistrates, which is in print in England; which, if your have it not to give them, you may send into Holland, and let it be translated into your language, and given to them, and spread it up and down in your country. And as for the truth in this part of the world, and in America, it prospers, and spreads, and goes on; and by it many men and women are made God's free men and women, being redeemed from him that is out of truth, that



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they may serve God in the life of Christ Jesus, (out of the old life in Adam in the fall,) and so come to live in the heavenly unity, wisdom, love, and dominion.

So, in that love that bears all things, and keeps your hearts, minds, and souls up to God, through which you come to love God, and Christ, and one another; in that live and dwell.

G.F. Swarthmore, the 17th of the 3rd month, 1676

Friend Robert Barclay's attitude toward Quakers in the arts in this year, as translated into modern English: "It is not lawful for Christians to use games, sports, plays, comedies, or other recreations which are inconsistent with Christian silence, gravity, or sobriety. Laughter, sports, games, mockery, or jests, useless conversation, and similar matters are neither Christian liberty nor harmless mirth."⁸²

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Nicholas Easton died, bequeathing the sum of £20 "in country pay" and his home and the land on which it stood to the Newport [Friends](#) (possibly, some of the adjacent land may also have been acquired by purchase from the widowed Ann Easton). This repurposed structure probably served as the 1st permanent place of worship for the local Quakers (for instance, the 1672 debate between the Reverend Roger Williams and various Quakers in Newport had taken place in a Friends meetinghouse). The piece of land eventually would be used in 1699 for the [Great Meetinghouse](#) of the Friends.

Friend Nicholas also left "to the maintenance of the burial yard where his body lyes, one Barrell of pork, to be managed by Christopher Houlder."

Dutch traders were buying black slaves at 30 florins each in Angola and were selling 15,000 per year in the Americas at 300 to 500 florins each. In this year in [Newport, Rhode Island](#) the public friend [William Edmundson](#) became the first Christian of English extraction to categorize the holding of others in slavery as a "sin" (this had been a totalizing declaration which Friend [George Fox](#) had always avoided). –For this new totalizing conviction of his, Friend William would be at first shunned, and then excluded, from the fellowship of Friends.

INTERNATIONAL SLAVE TRADE

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1677

Spring: During this season Friend [George Fox](#) wrote from York to his wife, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox.

DEAR HEART:

To whom is my love, and to thy daughters, and to all Friends that inquire after me. My desires are that ye all may be preserved in the Lord's everlasting Seed, in whom ye will have life and peace, dominion and settlement, in the everlasting home or dwelling in the house built upon the foundation of God.

In the power of the Lord I am brought to York, having had many meetings in the way. The road was many times deep and bad with snow, our horses sometimes were down, and we were not able to ride; and sometimes we had great storms and rain; but by the power of the Lord I went through all.

At Scarhouse there was a very large meeting, and at Burrowby another, to which Friends came out of Cleveland and Durham; and many other meetings we have had. At York, yesterday, we had a very large meeting, exceedingly thronged, Friends being at it from many parts, and all quiet, and well satisfied. Oh the glory of the Lord that shone over all!

This day we have had a large men's and women's meeting, many Friends, both men and women, being come out of the country, and all was quiet. This evening we are to have the men's and women's meeting of the Friends of the city.

John Whitehead is here, with Robert Lodge and others; Friends are mighty glad, above measure. So I am in my holy element and holy work in the Lord; glory to His name for ever! Tomorrow I intend to go out of the city towards Tadcaster, though I cannot ride as in days past; yet praised be the Lord that I can travel as well as I do!

So with my love in the fountain of life, in which as ye all abide ye will have refreshment of life, that by it we may grow and gather eternal strength to serve the Lord, and be satisfied, to the God of all power, who is all-sufficient to preserve you, I commit you all.

G. F.

York, the 16th of the Second month [April] 1677.

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Later in the year: Friend [George Fox](#) returned to London for the [Quaker](#) yearly meeting, and then went down to Sussex to the home of Friend [William Penn](#), a house known as Worminghurst. And on from there....

George Fox

It pleased the Lord to bring me safe to London, though much wearied; for though I rode not very far in a day, yet, through weakness of body, continual travelling was hard to me. Besides, I had not much rest at night to refresh nature; for I often sat up late with Friends, where I lodged, to inform and advise them in things wherein they were wanting; and when in bed I was often hindered of sleep by great pains in my head and teeth, occasioned, as I thought, from cold taken by riding often in the rain. But the Lord's power was over all, and carried me through all, to His praise.

To the London Yearly Meeting many Friends came from most parts of the nation; and some out of Scotland, Holland, etc. Very glorious meetings we had, wherein the Lord's powerful presence was very largely felt; and the affairs of Truth were sweetly carried on in the unity of the Spirit, to the satisfaction and comfort of the upright-hearted; blessed be the Lord for ever!

After the yearly meeting, having stayed a week or two with Friends in London, I went down with William Penn to his house in Sussex, John Burnyeat and some other Friends being with us. As we passed through Surrey, hearing the quarterly meeting was that day, William Penn, John Burnyeat, and I, went from the road to it; and after the meeting returning to our other company, went with them to William Penn's that night; which is forty miles from London.

I stayed at Worminghurst about three weeks; in which time John Burnyeat and I answered a very envious and wicked book, which [Roger Williams](#), a priest of New England (or some colony thereabouts) had written against Truth and Friends. [Friend Fox did not meet the Reverend Williams in [Providence](#), but the [Rhode Islander](#) in 1676 wrote a book with the title GEORGE FOX DIGGED OUT OF HIS BURROWS. This reply by Fox and Burnyeat was a 65-page pamphlet entitled A NEW ENGLAND FIRE BRAND QUENCHED.]

When we had finished that service, we went with Stephen Smith to his house at Warpleton in Surrey, where we had a large meeting. Friends thereaway had been exceedingly plundered about two months before on the priest's account; for they took from Stephen Smith five kine (being all he had) for about fifty shillings tithes.

Thence we went to Kingston, and so to London, where I stayed not long; for it was upon me from the Lord to go into Holland, to visit Friends and to preach the gospel there, and in some parts of Germany. Wherefore, setting things in order for my journey as fast as I could, I took leave of Friends at London; and with several other Friends went down to Colchester, in order to my passage for Holland.

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Next day, being First-day, I was at the public meeting of Friends there, which was very large and peaceable. In the evening I had another large one, but not so public, at John Furly's house, where I lodged. The day following I was at the women's meeting there, which also was very large. Thence next day we passed to Harwich, where Robert Duncan, and several other Friends out of the country, came to see us; and some from London came to us there, that intended to go over with me.

The packet in which we were to go not being ready, we went to the meeting in the town, and a precious opportunity we had together; for the Lord, according to His wonted goodness, by His overcoming, refreshing power, opened many mouths to declare His everlasting Truth, to praise and glorify Him.

** After the meeting at Harwich we returned to John Vandewall's, where I had lodged; and when the boat was ready, taking leave of Friends, we that were bound for Holland went on board about nine in the evening, on the 25th of the Fifth month, 1677. The Friends that went over with me, were William Penn, Robert Barclay, George Keith and his wife, John Furly and his brother, William Tallcoat, George Watts, and Isabel Yeomans, one of my wife's daughters....*

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CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

August 25, Saturday (Old Style): [Friend George Fox](#) and Isabel, one of his wife's daughters, [Friend William Penn](#), [Friend Robert Barclay](#), [Friend George Keith](#) and his wife, [Friend John Furly](#) and his brother, [Friend William Tallcoat](#), and [Friend George Watts](#) went across the channel to Holland.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

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** ... when the boat was ready, taking leave of Friends, we that were bound for Holland went on board about nine in the evening, on the 25th of the Fifth month, 1677. The Friends that went over with me, were William Penn, Robert Barclay, George Keith and his wife, John Furly and his brother, William Tallcoat, George Watts, and Isabel Yeomans, one of my wife's daughters.*

About one in the morning we weighed anchor, having a fair brisk wind, which by next morning brought us within sight of Holland. But that day proving very clear and calm we got forward little, till about four in the afternoon, when a fresh gale arose which carried us within a league of land. Then being becalmed again, we cast anchor for that night, it being between the hours of nine and ten in the evening.

William Penn and Robert Barclay, understanding that Benjamin Furly was come from Rotterdam to the Briel to meet us, got two of the boatmen to let down a small boat that belonged to the packet, and row them to shore; but before they could reach it the gates were shut; and there being no house without the gates, they lay in a fisherman's boat all night.

As soon as the gates were opened in the morning, they went in, and found Benjamin Furly, with other Friends of Rotterdam, that were come thither to receive us; and they sent a boat, with three young men in it, that lived with Benjamin Furly, who brought us to the Briel, where the Friends received us with great gladness.

We stayed about two hours to refresh ourselves, and then took boat, with the Holland Friends, for Rotterdam, where we arrived about eleven that day, the 28th of the month. I was very well this voyage, but some of the Friends were sea-sick. A fine passage we had, and all came safe and well to land; blessed and praised be the name of the Lord for ever! Next day, being First-day, we had two meetings at Benjamin Furly's, where many of the townspeople and some officers came in, and all were civil. Benjamin Furly, or John Claus, a Friend of Amsterdam, interpreted, when any Friend declared. I spent the next day in visiting Friends there.

The day following, William Penn and I, with other Friends, went towards Amsterdam with some Friends of that city, who came to Rotterdam to conduct us thither. We took boat in the afternoon, and, passing by Overkirk, came to Delft, through which we walked on foot.

We then took boat again to Leyden, where we lodged that night at an inn. This is six Dutch miles from Rotterdam, which are eighteen English miles, and five hours' sail or travelling; for our boat was drawn by a horse that went on the shore.

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Next day, taking boat again, we went to Haarlem, fourteen miles from Leyden, where we had appointed a meeting, which proved very large; for many of the townspeople came in, and two of their preachers. The Lord gave us a blessed opportunity, not only with respect to Friends, but to other sober people, and the meeting ended peaceably and well. After it we passed to Amsterdam.

[In a conference a number of meetings were established:]

A monthly, a quarterly, and a yearly meeting, to be held at Amsterdam for Friends in all the United Provinces of Holland, and in Embden, the Palatinate, Hamburg, Frederickstadt, Dantzic, and other places in and about Germany; which Friends were glad of, and it has been of great service to Truth.

[Friend George Keith's wife and Fox's step-daughter Isabel Yeomans visited the Princess Elizabeth in Westphalia, with Fox sending along a personal note. This princess was the daughter of Frederick, Elector Palatine, and granddaughter of James I of England, a person of great spirituality who must also have possessed a considerable intellect, since she was a friend and correspondent of René Descartes. She had already met Friends William Penn and Robert Barclay, and frequently used her contacts to persuade King Charles, her uncle, or Prince Rupert, her brother, to get Friends released from prison in England and Scotland. Here is how she responded to Fox:]

DEAR FRIEND:

I cannot but have a tender love to those that love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to whom it is given, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for Him; therefore your letter and your Friends' visit have been both very welcome to me. I shall follow their and your counsel as far as God will afford me light and unction; remaining still your loving friend,

ELIZABETH.

Hertford, the 30th of August, 1677.

[At this point in time, in the struggle with Louis XIV, the dykes had been cut and much of the country was under water. The following happened in Groningen in East Friesland:]

One of the magistrates of that city came with us from Leeuwarden, with whom I had some discourse on the way, and he was very loving. We walked nearly two miles through the city, and then took boat for Delfziel; and passing in the evening through a town called Appingdalem, where had been a great horse-fair that day, there came many officers rushing into the boat, and being somewhat in drink, they were very rude. I spoke to them, exhorting them to fear the Lord, and beware of Solomon's vanities. They were boisterous fellows; yet somewhat more civil afterwards.

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FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Friend George Keith issued, at some point during this year, THE WAY CAST UP, AND THE STUMBLING-BLOCKES REMOVED FROM BEFORE THE FEET OF THOSE, WHO ARE SEEKING THE WAY TO ZION, WITH THEIR FACES THITHERWARD. CONTAINING AN ANSWER TO A POSTSCRIPT, PRINTED AT THE END OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS, THIRD EDITION, BY A NAMELESSE AUTHOR, INDEED NOT WITHOUT CAUSE, CONSIDERING THE MANY LYES AND FALSHOODS THEREIN, AGAINST THE PEOPLE, CALLED QUAKERS, WHICH ARE HERE DISPROVED, AND REFUTED; AND THE TRUTH OF WHAT WE HOLD TOUCHING THOSE PARTICULARS FAITHFULLY DECLARED, ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURES, with a Preface and Postscript by Alexander Skein, In this publication Friend George laid claim to again being a prisoner in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen.

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**



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September 27, Thursday (Old Style): In 1672, King Louis XIV had sent a French army of 120,000 to invade the Netherlands. Resistance to France is what brought [William, Prince of Orange](#) (who would become [King William III of England](#)) to power in the Netherlands.

Prince →



← **King**

The Dutch had been able to force the French army to withdraw in 1674, and later campaigns had been indecisive, so by this point King Louis had become weary of the affair. Friend Robert Barclay's "Epistle to the Ambassadors met at Nimeguen" (along with Friend [Georgius Fox](#)'s exhortatory "An epistle of love and friendly advice, to the ambassadors," translated into Latin as *Epistola hortatoria legatim magnatum Christianismi in praesentiarum pacis componendae gratiá Neomagi congressis*, which he would write in "Schotland ... den 22 dag van de maand die men noemt November 1677," and which would be printed) would be presented to the ambassadors of the King of France and those of the United Netherlands, with several other potentates. The belligerents in the Dutch War (1672-1678) were to meet at Nimeguen (now "Nijmegen") on the Waal River in the Netherlands province of Gelderland to sign a peace treaty. After this Friend Fox would



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travel into Germany:

George Fox

From him who is a lover of Truth, righteousness, and peace, who desires your temporal and eternal good; and that in the wisdom of God that is from above, pure, gentle, and peaceable, you may be ordered, and order all things, that God hath committed to you, to His glory; and stop those things among Christians, so far as you have power, which dishonour God, Christ, and Christianity!

G.F.

[Here is an incident from the trip into Germany.] *Being clear of Hamburg, we took leave of Friends there, whom we left well; and taking John Hill with us, passed by boat to a city in the Duke of Luneburg's country; where, after we were examined by the guards, we were taken to the main-guard, and there examined more strictly; but after they found we were not soldiers, they were civil, and let us pass.*

In the afternoon we travelled by wagon, and the waters being much out, by reason of heavy rains, when it drew towards night we hired a boy on the way to guide us through a great water we had to pass. When we came to it, the water was so deep, before we could come at the bridge, that the wagoner had to wade, and I drove the wagon.

When we were come on the bridge, the horses broke part of it down, and one of them fell into the water, the wagon standing upon that part of the bridge which remained unbroken; and it was the Lord's mercy to us that the wagon did not run into the brook. When they had got the horse out, he lay a while as if dead; but at length they got him up, put him to the wagon again, and laid the planks right; and then, through the goodness of the Lord to us, we got safe over.

After this we came to another water. Finding it to be very deep, and it being in the night, we hired two men to help us through, who put cords to the wagon to hold it by, that the force of the water might not drive it from the way. But when we came into it, the stream was so strong that it took one of the horses off his legs, and was carrying him down the stream. I called to the wagoner to pluck him to him by his reins, which he did, and the horse recovered his legs; and with much difficulty we got over the bridge, and went to Bremerhaven, the town where the wagoner lived.

It was the last day of the Sixth month that we escaped these dangers; and it being about eleven at night when we came in here, we got some fresh straw, and lay upon it until about four in the morning. Then, getting up, we set forward again towards Bremen, by wagon and boat.

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On the way I had good opportunities to publish Truth among the people, especially at a market-town, where we stayed to change our passage. Here I declared the Truth to the people, warning them of the day of the Lord, that was coming upon all flesh; and exhorting them to righteousness, telling them that God was come to teach His people Himself, and that they should turn to the Lord, and hearken to the teachings of His Spirit in their own hearts.

Next day, feeling a concern upon my mind with relation to those seducing spirits that made division among Friends, and being sensible that they endeavoured to insinuate themselves into the affectionate part, I was moved to write a few lines to Friends concerning them, as follows:

All these that set up themselves in the affections of the people, set up themselves, and the affections of the people, and not Christ. But Friends, your peaceable habitation in the Truth, which is everlasting, and changes not, will outlast all the habitations of those that are out of the Truth, be they ever so full of words. So they that are so keen for John Story and John Wilkinson, let them take them, and the separation; and you that have given your testimony against that spirit, stand in your testimony, till they answer by condemnation.

Do not strive, nor make bargains with that which is out of the Truth; nor save that alive to be a sacrifice for God, which should be slain, lest you lose your kingdom.

G.F.

Amsterdam, the 14th of the Seventh month, 1677.

After some time George Keith and William Penn came back from Germany to Amsterdam, and had a dispute with one Galenus Abrahams (one of the most noted Baptists in Holland), at which many professors were present; but not having time to finish the dispute then, they met again, two days after, and the Baptist was much confounded, and Truth gained ground.

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Sewell in his HISTORY OF FRIENDS writes that during the 5-hour discussion Galenus Abrahams, a prominent Mennonite, was insisting that “nobody nowadays could be accepted as a messenger of God unless he confirmed the same by miracle.”



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November 21, Wednesday (Old Style): Friends [George Fox](#) and [William Penn](#) and the others in the party returned from the continent to England. It would seem that during his absence on the continent there had been some opposition regarded as “unruly and troublesome,” during meetings at the home of his friend Thomas Ellwood at Hunger Hill near London.

Finding our spirits clear of the service which the Lord had given us to do in Holland, we took leave of Friends of Rotterdam, and passed by boat to the Briel, in order to take passage that day for England. Several Friends of Rotterdam accompanied us, and some of Amsterdam, who were come to see us again before we left Holland. But the packet not coming in till night, we lodged that night at the Briel; and next day, being the 21st of the Eighth month, and the first day of the week, we went on board, and set sail about ten, viz., William Penn, George Keith, and I, and Gertrude Dirick Nieson with her children.

We were in all about sixty passengers, and had a long and hazardous passage; for the winds were contrary and the weather stormy. The boat also was very leaky, insomuch that we had to have two pumps continually going, day and night; so that it was thought there was quite as much water pumped out as the vessel would have held. But the Lord, who is able to make the stormy winds to cease, and the raging waves of the sea calm, yea, to raise them and stop them at His pleasure, He alone did preserve us; praised be His name for ever!

Though our passage was hard, yet we had a fine time, and good service for Truth on board among the passengers, some of whom were great folks, and were very kind and loving. We arrived at Harwich on the 23d, at night, having been two nights and almost three days at sea.

Next morning William Penn and George Keith took horse for Colchester; but I stayed, and had a meeting at Harwich. There being no Colchester coach there, and the postmaster's wife being unreasonable in her demands for a coach, and deceiving us of it also after we had hired it, we went to a Friend's house about a mile and a half in the country, and hired his wagon, which we bedded well with straw and rode in it to Colchester.

I stayed there till First-day, having a desire to be at Friends' meeting that day; and a very large and weighty one it was; for Friends, hearing of my return from Holland, flocked from several parts of the country, and many of the townspeople coming in also, it was thought there were about a thousand people at it; and all was peaceable.

I stayed at Bristol all the time of the fair, and some time after. Many sweet and precious meetings we had; many Friends being there from several parts of the nation, some on account of trade, and some in the service of Truth. Great was the love and unity of Friends that abode faithful in the Truth, though some who were gone out of the holy unity, and were run into strife, division, and enmity, were rude and abusive, and behaved themselves in a very unchristian manner towards me.

But the Lord's power was over all; by which being preserved in heavenly patience, which can bear injuries for His name's sake, I felt dominion therein over the rough, rude, and unruly spirits; and left them to the Lord, who knew my innocency, and would plead my cause. The more these laboured to reproach and vilify me, the more did the love of Friends that were sincere and upright-hearted, abound towards me; and some that had been betrayed by the adversaries seeing their envy and rude behaviour, broke off from them.

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1678

June 26, Wednesday (Old Style): Having dealt with the “unruly and troublesome” opposition to him that had arisen during his absence on the continent of Europe, Friend [George Fox](#) went to London, participated in [Quaker Yearly Meeting](#), and then reported what had transpired by letter to his wife, Friend [Margaret Askew](#).



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Fell Fox.

About two weeks after I came to London, the yearly meeting began, to which Friends came up out of most parts of the nation, and a glorious, heavenly meeting we had. Oh, the glory, majesty, love, life, wisdom, and unity, that were amongst us! The power reigned over all, and many testimonies were borne therein against that ungodly spirit which sought to make rents and divisions amongst the Lord's people; but not one mouth was opened amongst us in its defense, or on its behalf. Good and comfortable accounts also we had, for the most part, from Friends in other countries; of which I find a brief account in a letter which soon after I wrote to my wife, the copy whereof here follows:

DEAR HEART:

To whom is my love in the everlasting Seed of life that reigns over all. Great meetings here have been, and the Lord's power hath been stirring through all. The Lord hath in His power knit Friends wonderfully together, and His glorious presence did appear among them. And now the meetings are over, blessed be the Lord! in quietness and peace.

From Holland I hear things are well there: some Friends are gone that way, to be at their Yearly Meeting at Amsterdam. At Embden, Friends that were banished are got into the city again.

At Dantzic, Friends are in prison, and the magistrates threatened them with harder imprisonment; but the next day the Lutherans rose, and plucked down (or defaced) the Popish monastery; so they have work enough among themselves.

The King of Poland received my letter, and read it himself; and Friends have since printed it in High Dutch. By letters from the Half-Yearly Meeting in Ireland, I hear that they are all in love there.

At Barbadoes, Friends are in quietness, and their meetings settled in peace. At Antigua also, and Nevis, Truth prospers, and Friends have their meetings orderly and well. Likewise in New England and other places, things concerning Truth and Friends are well; and in those places the men's and women's meetings are settled; blessed be the Lord!

So keep in God's power and Seed, that is over all, in whom ye all have life and salvation; for the Lord reigns over all in His glory, and in His kingdom; glory to His name forever, Amen.

In haste, with my love to you all, and to all Friends.

G.F.

London, the 26th of the Third month, 1678.

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1679

Friend [George Fox](#) would be spending almost the entire year in retirement at Swarthmore. He was evidently in a Thoreauvian mood, for he instructed his fellows in his and Burnyeat's A NEW-ENGLAND-FIRE-BRAND QUENCHED, BEING AN ANSWER UNTO A SLANDEROUS BOOK, ENTITLED; GEORGE FOX DIGGER OUT OF HIS BURROWS, &C., that "Christ never leads his people to disobey Just Laws, but to fulfil them (and Unjust Laws are to be obeyed at no times)." Quakers were to comport themselves within the secular society according to its established rules, while reserving the obligation that they had to disobey any regulations placed upon religious belief, and to disobey anything that conflicted with their consciences — and the final judgment as to whether government had intruded into such areas lay of course with them rather than with the government. Quakers were to disobey, not to resist, and they were then to patiently suffer the consequences of their disobedience:

"Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other."

This was the year in which Friend [George Fox](#) would write his epistle "To Friends In America, Concerning Their Negroes, and Indians":

All Friends, everywhere, that have Indians or blacks, you are to preach the gospel to them, and other servants, if you be true Christians; for the gospel of salvation was to be preached to every creature under heaven; Christ commands it to his disciples, "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, son, and holy ghost." And this is the one baptism with the spirit into one body, which plunges down sin and corruption, which hath gotten up by disobedience and transgression. For all have been plunged into sin and death from the life, for all died in Adam, then they have been all subjected by the evil spirit, which led them out of the truth into the evil; and therefore they must all be baptized into the death of Christ, and put on Christ, if they have life. And also, you must preach the grace of God all blacks and Indians, which grace brings salvation, that hath appeared unto all men, to teach and instruct them to live godly, righteously, and soberly: which grace of God is sufficient to teach and establish all true christians, that they may appear before the throne of grace. And also, you must teach and instruct blacks and indians, and others, how that God doth pour out his spirit upon all flesh in these days of the new covenant, and new testament; and that none of them must quench the motions of his spirit nor grieve it nor vex it; nor rebel against it, nor err from it, nor resist it; but be led by his good spirit to instruct them; and with which



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they may profit in the things of God; neither must they turn from his grace into wantonness, nor walk despitefully against the spirit of grace, for it will teach them to live soberly, godly, and righteously, and season their words. And also, you must instruct and teach your Indians and negroes, and all others, how that Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man, and gave himself a ransom for all men, to be testified in due time, and is the propitiation not for the sins of christians only, but for the sins of the whole world: and how, that he doth enlighten every man that cometh into the world, with his true light, which is the life in Christ, by whom the world was made. And Christ, who is the light of the world, saith, "Believe in the light, that you may become children of the light." And they that do evil, and hate the light (which is the life in Christ) and will not come to the light, because it will reprove them, and love the darkness more than the light; this light is their condemnation. And so, all must be turned from darkness to light, to believe in the light; and from the power of satan to God; and if they do not believe, they will be reproved, condemned, and judged ny Christ, who hath all power in heaven and in earth, given unto him, who will judge both the quick and the dead, and reward every man according to his works, whether they be good or evil. And therefore you are to open the promises of God to the ignorant, and how God would give Christ a covenant, a light to the Gentiles, the heathen, and a new covenant to the house of Israel, and the house of Judah, and the he is God's salvation to the ends of the earth; and how that the earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea; so that the glorious knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth. And the Lord said, "He knew that Abraham would teach and instruct his family, that they should learn to keep his laws and statutes after he was gone;" and Abraham did circumcise all his males, yea, them that he had bought with his money of any stranger. Now who are of faith, and walks in the steps of faithful Abraham, do preach up and instruct all their families in the circumcision of the spirit, that they may be circumcised with the spirit, which puts off the body of death, and the sins of the flesh, that is come up in man and woman by transgression; so that in the spirit they many serve and worship the true and living God; and so that ye all may come to enjoy the presence of the Lord in your families, and improve your talents that Christ hath given unto you; for David saith, that saw Christ in his new covenant, "Let all nations praise the Lord;" again, "Let the poor and needy praise thy name, And let all people praise thee, O God. And O ye servants of the Lord, praise the Lord; for the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. And all thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee, they shall speak of thy glory and of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." For the Lord saith, "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the



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same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles. And in every place incense shall be offered unto my name; and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts." And this heavenly incense, and offering in every place, is the spiritual offering in the new covenant; for the Jews were to offer but in one place, in the temple, in the old covenant, but in the new covenant their offering is in the holy temple of their hearts, in the spirit, with which they offer the pure, and holy, and acceptable sacrifice to God; with that spirit which God hath given them, they have a living sense of God their creator, and Father of all their mercies, who hath made them, and hath made all things for them, and redeems by his son Christ Jesus, to whom be praise, and hour, and thanks for evermore. So let all bow at the name of Jesus, to his power and light, and spirit, for they have bowed to the power of darkness, that foul and unclean spirit, who is out of truth, and in whom there is no truth. And therefore now all are to bow at the name of Jesus; for there is no salvation in any other name under heaven, but in the name of Jesus, whose name is above every name under heaven, who is the first born of every creature, and the first begotten from the dead, whom God now speaks to his people by, his son; and all are to hear him, the great prophet; and every tongue is to confess to christ Jesus, to the glory of God the Father, who is the first and the last, who bruises the serpent's head. And so through Christ Jesus man and woman comes again to God. All blessings and praises be the Lord God, through Jesus Christ, for ever and evermore. Amen.

G.F. Swarthmore, the 10th month, 1679

His epistle entitled "Concerning True Liberty" dates to this year:



And now, friends, you who are called into this glorious liberty of the sons of God, stand fast in it. And as the apostle saith, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use is not for an occasion to the flesh; but in love serve one another." Gal. v. 13. "As free, not using you liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God." 1 Pet. ii. For there were some, who while they promised themselves liberty, they themselves were servants of corruption. Such were like the dog and the sow, biting, rending, and vomiting, and wallowing in the mire; and as bad as the synagogue of the libertines that turned against Stephen. 2 Pet 11. and Acts vi. 9. And therefore the apostle was careful of the churches' liberty in Christ, when he said, "But take heed, lest this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak," etc. 1 Cor. viii. For the apostle was so careful and tender, that he would not have his true liberty judged of another man's conscience, etc. as you



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may see more at large in Cor x. And the apostle said, "False brethren come unawares privily, to spy out their liberty, which they had in Christ Jesus, that they might bring them into bondage; to whom we gave place by subjection, not for an hour, that the truth of the gospel might continue with you," to wit, the Galatians. Gal. ii. 4. And therefore he exhorts them to stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ Jesus hath made them free, etc. which is the duty of all true christians now, to stand fast in that glorious liberty, which Christ the heavenly and spiritual man, the second Adam, makes them free in; and in this they will have salt in themselves, to discern between the true liberty and freedom and the false, and know how to use their holy and spiritual liberty and freedom in Christ Jesus, to the praise and glory of God. So, friends, the Lord God almighty preserve you all, in the heavenly order of Christ Jesus, in his holy seed, life, and spirit, that all may live and walk in it, to the praise, and glory, and honour of God and Christ. Amen. G.F. The 3d of the 9th month, 1679

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled "To Suffering Friends In Prison At Bristol" also dates to this year:



Dear Friends, - With my love to all the prisoners and the faithful, as though I names them. It is the time now for all the faithful to keep in Christ their sanctuary, in whom you have all peace, rest, life, and salvation, and by the testimony of Jesus, and the blood of the Lamb, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life, before the foundations of the world they were they that did overcome, and did eat of the hidden manna, and had the new name. And therefore now is the time to keep the word of patience, and the testimony of Jesus; for they that keep the word of patience, the Lord will keep them in the hour of temptation, which will come upon the whole world, to try them which dwell upon the earth; for the word was before the world was, and the tempter; for all things were made by the word. And it is also the word of reconciliation, the word of power, the word of wisdom. and the word of life, and the word of salvation, by which people are reconciled to God, that are born again of the incorruptible seed by the word of God; and they feed and grow by the milk of the work, which lives, and abides, and endures for ever, which strengthens all the faithful, in all ages, in their afflictions, imprisonments, and sufferings; and it is the same to God's people now in this day of trial, to preserve all his people every where, in his spirit and power, faithful to himself; for, he that endures faithful to the end shall be saved. and Christ saith, "He that is ashamed of me before men, him will I be ashamed of before my Father, and his angels which are in heaven." And therefore it is good to confess



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*Christ before men, to be your priest, prophet, your shepherd,
your bishop. you way, your mediator, that makes peace betwixt
God and you; and be valiant for his glorious name and truth upon
the earth. And so with my love in the seed, in which you and all
nations are blessed.*

G.F. From Dolston, the 6th of the 10th month, 1683



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PALE WIND FLOWERS:
OR THE LITTLE PRISON MAID⁸³

'Let not anything straiten you when God moves.'—W. DEWSBURY, Epistle from York Tower, 1660.

'All friends and brethren everywhere, that are imprisoned for the Truth, give yourselves up in it, and it will make you free, and the power of the Lord will carry you over all the persecutors. Be faithful in the life and power of the Lord God and be valiant for the Truth on the earth; and look not at your sufferings, but at the power of God; and that will bring some good out of all your sufferings; and your imprisonments will reach to the prisoned that the persecutor prisons in himself.... So be faithful in that which overcomes and gives victory.'—G. FOX.

'Bread and Wine were the Supper of the Lord in the dispensation of Time, ... a figure of His death, which were fulfilled when He had suffered and rose again, and now He is known to stand at the door and knock, "If any man hear my Voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me," saith Christ. And we being many are one Bread and one Body and know the Wine renewed in our Father's Kingdom. Christ the Substance we now witness; Shadows and Figures done away; he that can receive it, let him.'—W. DEWSBURY.

83. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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PALE WIND FLOWERS: OR THE LITTLE PRISON MAID

I

'Dear grandfather will be wearying for me! We must not linger.' There was a wistful ring in the child's voice as she spoke. Little Mary Samm looked longingly towards a clump of wood anemones dancing in the sunshine, as she followed her aunt, Joan Dewsbury, through a coppice of beech-trees on the outskirts of the city of Warwick. It was a bright windy day of early spring in the year 1680. Mary was twelve years old, but so small and slight that she looked and seemed much younger. And now she wanted badly to gather some wood anemones. But would Aunt Joan approve? Would it be selfish to leave 'dear grandfather' longer alone?

Happily the older woman, who preceded little Mary on the narrow woodland pathway, possessed a kind heart underneath her severe, grey, Quaker bodice and stiff manner. She caught the wistful tone in the little girl's voice, and, turning round, noticed the wood anemones. Indeed, the wood anemones insisted on being noticed. Joan Dewsbury walked on a few steps further in silence; then, setting the heavy basket down on the trunk of a felled tree, 'No, Mary,' she said, 'in truth we must not linger; but we may rest a few moments. Also thou knowest thy grandfather's love of a posy in his prison. If I see aright, there are some pale windflowers blowing yonder, beside that old tree, though it is full early for them still. Here, give me thy basket, and hie thee to gather them. I will sit down and wait for thy return; and, if we hasten our steps hereafter, we shall not be much delayed.'

Little Mary Samm glanced up with a joyful smile. She had espied the few, first, faint windflowers as soon as she entered the wood; but, without her aunt's permission, it would never have entered her head to suggest that she might gather them. For Mary was a carefully trained (not to say primly brought up) little maiden of the seventeenth century, when children followed their elders' injunctions in all things, without daring to dwell on their own wishes. If Joan Dewsbury had been an artist she would have enjoyed watching the child's slim little upright figure stepping daintily over the rustling brown beech leaves, between the rounded trunks of the grey trees. The air was full of the promise of early spring. A cold blue sky showed through the lattice work of twigs and branches; but, as yet, no fluttering leaf had crept out of its sheath to soften, with a hint of tender



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green, the virginal stiffness and straightness of the stems. Grey among the grey tree-trunks little Mary flitted about, gathering her precious windflowers. She was clad in the demure Puritan dress worn by young and old alike in the early days of the Society of Friends. A frock of grey duffel hung in straight lines around her slight figure; a cape of the same material was drawn closely round her shoulders, while a grey bonnet framed the pensive face. A strange unchildlike face it was, small and pinched, with a high, narrow forehead and sharply pointed chin. There were no childish roses in the pale cheeks. A very faint flush of pink, caused by fresh air and unwonted exercise, could not disguise the curious yellow tinge of the skin, like old parchment that has been kept too long from the light of day. Only the tips of a few locks of light brown hair, cut very short and straight round the ears, were visible under the close, tightly-fitting bonnet.

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PALE WINDFLOWERS

'An ugly little girl, in perfectly hideous clothes,' modern children might have said if they had seen Mary Samm for the first time, looking down at her windflowers, though even then there was a hint of beauty in the long, curved, black eyelashes that lay quietly on the pale cheeks, and a very sweet expression hovered round the corners of the firm, delicate, little mouth. But no one who could have seen little Mary running back to her aunt with her precious flowers in her hand would have called her 'ugly' or even 'plain' any longer. The radiant light in her eyes transfigured the small, pinched face of the demure little being in its old-fashioned garments. Even critical modern children would have forgotten everything else, and would have exclaimed, 'She has the most beautiful eyes!'

What colour were her eyes? They were not blue, or black, or grey,



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or brown, or hazel, or green, or yellow. Perhaps they were in truth more yellow than anything else. They were full not only of sparkling lights but also of deep velvety shadows that made it difficult to tell their exact colour. Who can say the colour of a mountain stream that runs over a pebbled bed? Every stone can be seen through the clear, transparent water, but there are mysterious, shadowy darkneses in it also, reflected from the overhanging banks. Little Mary Samm's eyes were both clear and mysterious as such a mountain stream; while her voice,—but hush! she is speaking again, her rather shrill, high tones breaking the crisp silence of the March afternoon.

'Here is the posy, Aunt; will not dear grandfather love his pale windflowers, come like stars to visit him in his prison? Only these flower stars will not pass away quickly out of sight as do the real stars we watch together through the bars every evening.'

Joan Dewsbury took the bunch of anemones from her niece's cold fingers, laid it down carefully in Mary's rush basket and covered it with a corner of the cloth. Had she been a 'nowadays aunt' she might have thought that Mary was not unlike a windflower herself. The girl's small white face was flushed faintly, like the ethereal white sepals; there was a delicate, fragile fragrance about her as if a breath might blow her away, yet there was an unconquerable air of determination also in her every movement and gesture. But Joan Dewsbury was not a 'nowadays aunt'; she was a 'thenadays aunt,' and that was an entirely different kind. She never thought of comparing a little girl, who had come to take care of her grandfather in his prison, with the white, starry flowers that came out in the wood so early, holding on tight to the roots of the old tree, and blooming gallantly through all the gales of spring. Joan Dewsbury's thoughts were full of different and, to her, far more important matters than her niece's appearance. She rose, and, after handing Mary her small rush basket and settling her own larger one comfortably on her arm, the two started off once more with quickened steps through the wood. Neither the older woman nor the girl was much of a talker, and the winding woodland pathways were too narrow for two people to walk abreast. But when they came out on the broad grassy way that wandered across the meadows by the side of the smooth Avon towards the city walls, they did seem to have a few things to say to one another. They spoke of the farm they had visited, of the milk, eggs, and cheese they carried in their baskets. But most often they mentioned 'the prison.' Little Mary still seemed to be in a great hurry to get back to be with 'dear grandfather,' while her companion was apparently anxious to detain her long enough to learn something more of her life in the gaol.

'I could envy thee, Mary, were it not a sin,' she said once. 'Thou art a real comfort to my dear father. Since my mother died, gladly would I have been his companion, and have sought to ease



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his captivity, but the Governor of the gaol would not allow it.' 'Ay, I know,' replied Mary, in her clear, high-pitched voice. 'My mother told me that day at my home in Bedfordshire, that no one but a child like me could be allowed to serve him, and to live in the prison as his little maid.'

'Didst thou want to come, Mary?' her aunt enquired.

Mary's face clouded for a moment. Then she looked full at her aunt. The candid eyes that had nothing to hide, reflected shadows as well as light at that moment.

'No, Aunt,' she said, firmly and clearly, 'at the first I did not want to come. There was my home, thou seest; I love Hutton Conquest, and my mother, and the maids, my sisters. Also I had many friends in our village with whom I was wont to have rare frolics and games. When first my mother told me of the Governor's permission, I did not want to leave the pleasant Bedfordshire meadows that lie around our dear farm, and go to live cooped up behind bolts and bars. Besides, I had heard that Warwick Gaol was a fearsome place. I was affrighted at the thought of being shut up among the thieves and murderers. And—' She hesitated.

'Poor maid,' said her aunt, 'still thou didst come in the end?'

'In the end it was made clear to me that my place was with dear grandfather,' said the child in her crisp, old-fashioned way.

'My mother said she could not force me; for she feared the gaol fever for me. I feared it too. And it is worse even than I feared. At nights I hear the prisoners screaming with it often. Nearly every day some of them die. They say it is worse for the young, and I know my grandfather dreads that I may take it. He looks at me often very sadly, or he did when I first came. Always then at nightfall he grew sad. But, latterly, we have been so comfortable together that I think he hath forgot his fears. When the evenings darken, and he can no longer read or write, we sit and watch the stars. Then if I can persuade him to tell me stories of what he hath undergone, that doth turn his thoughts, and afterwards he will fall asleep, and sleep well the whole night through.'

'Thou art a comfort to him, sure enough,' her aunt answered. 'It is wonderful how much brighter he hath been since he had thee, though he hath never smiled since my mother's death. But thou thyself must surely grow tired of the prison and its bare stone walls? Thou must long to be back at play with thy sisters in the Bedfordshire meadows?'

'That do I no longer,' little Mary Samm made answer firmly. 'I love my sisters dearly, dearly,' she raised her voice unconsciously as she spoke, and a chaffinch on a branch overhead filled in the pause with an answering chirp, 'I love my mother too. Didst thou really say thou wert expecting her to visit thee right soon? My dear, dear mother! But I love my dear grandfather best of all, for he hath nobody but me to care for him. At least, of course, he hath thee, Aunt Joan,' she added hastily, noticing a slight shade pass over her aunt's face. 'And what should we



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do without thee to bake bread for us, and go to the farm to fetch him fresh eggs, and butter, and cheese, and sweet, new milk? He would soon starve on the filthy prison fare. See, I have the milk bottle safe hidden under my flowers.'

'Aye, thou wast ever a careful maid,' answered her aunt; 'but, tell me, hath the Governor indeed grown gentler of late, and hath he given my father more liberty, and a better room?'

'That he hath indeed. He patted my head this very morn, and said I might have permission to come out and walk with thee for the first time,' Mary answered. 'He saith, too, that the gaol is no place for a child like me, and that thou shalt come and see us in a se'nnight from now; then haply thou wilt bring my mother with thee! The room my grandfather hath now is small in truth, but he can lie down at length, and I have a little cupboard within the wall where I can also lie and hear if he needs me. Doth he but stir or call "Mary" at nights, ever so gently, in a moment I am by his side.'

'And canst thou ease him?' her aunt enquired.

'That I can,' answered Mary proudly. 'Often I can ease him, or warm his poor cold hands, or soothe him till he sleeps again, for he grows weaker after this long imprisonment.'

'Small wonder,' replied her aunt. 'If thou hadst seen the dungeon where they set him first-foul, beneath the floor, with no window, only a grating overhead to give him air. There were a dozen or more felons and murderers packed in it too, along with him, so that he had not enough room even to lie down. But there-it is not fit for a child like thee to know the half of all he hath undergone in the cause of Truth.'

'Dear, dear grandfather,' said Mary wistfully, 'yet he never complains. He says always that he "doth esteem the locks and bolts as jewels," since he doth endure them for his Master's sake.'

'Ay, and what was his crime for which he suffered at first in that foul place? Nothing but his giving of thanks one night after supper at an inn. His accusers must needs affirm this to be "preaching at a conventicle." Hist! we had better be silent now we have reached the town. I must leave thee at the gate of the gaol, and go on my way, while thou goest thine. Be sure and say to my dear father that I and thy mother will visit him as soon as ever the Governor shall permit.'

A few minutes later they stopped; Joan Dewsbury took the basket from her arm and gave it to her niece. 'Farewell, dear child,' she said cheerily, as the porter opened the tall portal of the prison; but her eyes grew dim as she watched the small figure disappear behind the heavy bolts and bars.

'She is a good maid, and a brave one,' she said to herself as she passed down the street between the timbered houses to her home. 'Yet she is not as other children are. For all the comfort she is to my dear father, I would fain think of her safe once more at home with her sisters. Right glad I am that her mother



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hath sent me word by a sure hand to say she cometh speedily to see of her condition for herself. The Governor is right, the gaol is no place for a child, nor is it the life for her either. She liveth too much in her own thoughts. This morn on our walk to the farm when I asked her wherefore she seemed sorrowful, she replied that she was "troubled in her conscience, that she thought she would not live long and wanted satisfaction from the Lord as to whither her soul would go if she were to die." Yet she sprang after those flowers as gaily as her sisters, and she saith always that she is well. If only she may keep as she is until her mother shall come.'

Shaking her head, and full of anxious thoughts, the kind woman pursued her homeward way. Over the cobble-stones and between the timbered houses with their steep gables and high-thatched roofs, she passed through the city until she came to her own small dwelling, William Dewsbury's home, where his daughter lived alone, and awaited his return.

II

Have you ever seen a ray of golden sunshine steal in through the thick blinds, heavy shutters and close curtains that try to shut it out? People may pull down the blinds and shut the shutters and draw the curtains, and do their very best to keep the sunshine away. Yet, sooner or later, a ray always manages to get in somehow. It dances through a chink here or a hole there, or steals along the floor, till at last it arrives, a radiant messenger, in the darkened room to say that a whole world of light is waiting outside.

In spite of her sombre garments, Mary Samm was like such a ray of sunshine as she stole into Warwick prison. No doors, bolts or bars could keep her out; and the gaoler seemed to know it, as he preceded her down the damp, dark, stone passages: the walls and floor oozing moisture, and the ceiling blackened by the smoke of many candles. The prisons of England were all foul, ill-smelling, fever-haunted places at that time; and hardly any of them was worse than Warwick gaol.

William Dewsbury had earned the esteem of his keepers during his successive imprisonments which lasted altogether for nearly nineteen years. He was privileged now to lie away from the other criminals, who were herded together in the main building. He had been given a small apartment that looked towards the river on the far side of a courtyard, called the sergeants' ward. There was even a pump in the centre of this courtyard from whence his granddaughter might fetch him water daily, and the old man and the child were now privileged to take exercise together in the fresh air;—a great solace in the weary monotony of prison life. The gaoler unlocked the door of this sergeants' ward, and then, putting into Mary's hand the key of her grandfather's apartment, he retraced his steps to the outer gate. Mary sped across the cobble-stones of the courtyard with joyful haste, unlocked the



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door, set down her baskets carefully, the big one first, the little one after it, and then, 'Grandfather, dear Grandfather,' she exclaimed, 'tell me, am I late? Hast thou missed thy little prison maid?'

The white-haired man, who was writing at a rough oak table, lifted his head as she entered. His face was worn and haggard; his eyes were sunken, but the smile that overspread his countenance, as he saw who had entered, was as bright as little Mary's own. Laying down his pen and pushing the papers from him, he held out his arms, and in another minute his granddaughter was clasped in his embrace.

It would be hard to say which of the two was the happier as she placed the precious windflowers in his thin, blue-veined hand and told him all she had seen and done. Joan's messages were given; and then, 'But what hast thou been doing, dear Grandfather?' Mary asked in her turn. 'Hast thou been writing yet another Epistle to Friends to encourage them to stand firm? I see thy name very clear and bold at the foot: "William Dewsbury." I love thy name, Grandfather! It reminds me of our summer flowers and berries at home in Bedfordshire and of the heavy dews that fall on them. Thy name is as good as a garden, Grandfather, in itself.'

'It is thou who shouldst be in a garden thyself, my little Mary,' William Dewsbury answered sorrowfully. 'It is sad to bring thee back within these gloomy walls, a maid like thee.'

'Nay, Grandfather, it is not sad! Thou promised me that thou wouldst never say that again! My work was shewn me plainly; that I was to come and care for thee, and fetch thee thy provisions. It is full early yet for supper, although the light is fading; canst thou not tell me a little tale while I sit on thy knee? Afterwards we will eat our meal, and then thou wilt tell me more stories yet, more and more, to shorten the dark hours till the stars are shining brightly and it is time to go to rest.'

'Thou hast heard most of my tales so often, dear Granddaughter, as we sit here these dark evenings, that thou dost almost know them better than I myself,' the old man replied.

'Yea, truly, I know them well,' answered Mary. 'Yet I am never weary of hearing of thy own life long ago. Tell me once more how thou wast brought off from being a soldier, and established in the path of peace.'

'Thou must have that tale well nigh by heart already, dear lamb,' the old man answered. 'Many a time I have told thee of my early days among the flocks, how I was a shepherd lad until I came to thine own age of twelve years. Thereafter, when I was thirteen years old, I was bound an apprentice to a clothmaker in a town called Holdbeck, near Leeds. He was a godly man and strict, but sharp of tongue. I might have continued in that town to this day. But when I was fully come to man's estate the Civil War between King and Parliament broke out all over the land. Loath was I to take up arms, having been ever of a peaceable



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disposition, but when wise men, whom I revered, called upon me to fight for the civil and religious freedom of my native land, it seemed to me, in my dark ignorance of soul, that no other course remained honourably open to me. I feared if I did not join the Army of the Parliament that had sworn to curb the tyranny of Charles Stuart, then upon my head would rest the curse of Meroz, "who went not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Thus I became a soldier, thinking that by so doing I was fighting for the Gospel—and forgetting that my Master was One who was called the Prince of Peace.

'Small peace, in truth, did I find in the ranks of the army of the Parliament—or indeed in any other place, until in the fulness of time it was made clear to me that I was but seeking the living amongst the dead, and looking without for that which was only to be found within.

'Then my mind was turned within, by the power of the Lord, to wait on His counsel, the Light in my own conscience, to hear what the Lord would say: and the word of the Lord came unto me, and said, "Put up thy sword into thy scabbard.... Knowest thou not that if I need I could have twelve legions of Angels from my Father": which Word enlightened my heart, and discovered the mystery of iniquity, and that the Kingdom of Christ was within, and was spiritual, and my weapons against them must be spiritual, the Power of God.

'It was on this wise that I came to join the Army of the Lamb, and of His peaceful servants who follow Him whithersoever He goeth.'

'But, Grandfather, explain to me, how couldst thou leave the Parliamentary army thou wert pledged to serve?'

'A hard struggle I had truly to get free. Yet I did leave it, for I was yet more deeply pledged to Him Who had said, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." At length my way was made more plain before me. I left the army and resumed my weaving. Thus I passed through deep baptizings of the Holy Ghost and of fire,—baptisms too deep for a child like thee to understand how they affected my soul.'

Mary nodded her head gently and said to herself, 'Perhaps I can understand already, better than my grandfather thinks. Have I not twice already in my young years been brought nigh to death? Even now death seemeth to me often not far away.'

'Wouldst thou then fear to die, Grandfather?' she added aloud.

'No more than a bird would fear to leave its cage and fly, were once the door but open,' the old man answered. 'But the door is still securely fastened for me, it seems; and since I had thee, my little bird, to share my captivity I am no longer anxious to leave my cage. I was younger by four years than thou art now, my child, when I lost my fear of the grave. It was on this wise. I was but a little lad of eight years old, mourning and weeping for the loss of my dear father, who had been taken from us. As



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the tears streamed down my cheeks, methought I heard a Voice saying: "Weep for thyself; thy father is well." Never since that day, Mary child, have I doubted for one moment that for those who go hence in peace, it is well indeed.'

'Dear Grandfather, there is a sad sound in thy voice,' said little Mary. 'It is too dark by this time to see thy face, but I cannot let thee be sad. How shall I cheer thee? Ah! I know! how could I have forgotten? My aunt charged me to say she hath news by a sure hand that my dear mother may be coming hither to visit thee and me before many days are over.'

'My daughter Mary is ever welcome,' said the old man dreamily, 'and in the darkness thy voice is so like to hers, I could almost deem she herself was sitting by my side. Already the young moon has disappeared behind the battlements of the castle. Yet I need not her silver light to tell me that thy hair is softer and straighter than thy mother's, and without the golden lights and twining curls that hers had when she was thy age.'

'The moon truly has left us, Grandfather,' Mary interrupted, springing from his knee. 'Yet what matters the darkness while we are close together? I can still see to get thy supper ready for thee. Thou must eat first, and then we will talk further, until it is time to go to rest.'

Deftly the little prison maid moved about the bare cell, drawing her grandfather's chair to the rough oak table. On this she arranged the loaf of bread and bottle of milk from her basket, setting them and the earthenware mugs and platters out on the white cloth, to look as home-like as possible. The anemones in the centre still glimmered faintly as if shining by their own light. The simple meal was a very happy one. When it was finished and the remains had been cleared away and carefully replaced in the basket for to-morrow's needs, the stars were looking in through the prison bars.

'Now, one more story, Grandfather,' said Mary firmly, 'just one, before we go to rest.'

'I love to see thy small white face shining up at me through the gloom,' the old man answered. 'I will tell thee of my first meeting with George Fox. Hast thou ever heard that story?'

The little prison maid was far too wary to reply directly.

'Tell it to me now, Grandfather,' she replied evasively, and then, to turn the old man's thoughts in the right direction, 'thou hadst already left the army by that time?' she hazarded.

'Ay, that I had,' answered Dewsbury. 'I had left it for several years, and a measure of Truth I had found for myself. Greatly I longed to proclaim it and to share my new-found happiness with others. But the inward Voice spoke to me clearly and said: "Keep thee silent for six full years, until the year 1652 shall have come. Then shalt thou find more hungering and thirsting among the people than at the present time." So "I kept silence even from good words, though it was pain and grief to me." Thou knowest, Mary, even while I was yet in the army, many and deep



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exercisings had I had in my spirit, and such were still my portion at times. About this time, by the providence of God, I chanced to hear of a young woman living in the city of York, who was going through a like season of sorrow and anguish regarding her immortal soul. After due deliberation, I found it in my heart to pay her a visit. I did this and went on foot to York. When I came into her presence, at once we were made aware of each other's conditions. No sooner did we begin to converse than we found ourselves joined together in deep unity of spirit. Her spiritual exercises answered unto mine own, as in water face answereth to face. Dost thou understand, child, of what I am speaking?'

'I follow not thy language always with entire comprehension, dear Grandfather,' answered Mary with her usual precise honesty of speech, 'but it appears to me thy meaning is clear. I think that this young woman must likely have been my grandmother?' William Dewsbury smiled. 'Thou art right,' he said, 'it was to be even so, in the fulness of time; that, however, was long after. Almost at once we became man and wife. There seemed no need to settle that between us. It had been settled for us by Him who brought us together. We knew it from the first moment that we saw each the other's face. Thy grandmother had in a measure joined herself unto the Anabaptists, therefore 'twas at one of their meetings that we were wed. The power of the Spirit was an astonishment unto them, and I have heard it said that never hath the Divine Presence been more felt in any assembly than it was that day. Thy grandmother resembled thee, my Mary, as thou wilt be when thou art a woman grown—when thou shalt be taller and rounder, and less slim and spare. Her eyes were darker than thine, and she had the same soft brown hair as thine, but with thy mother's golden threads in it, my Ann! Before she became my wife, she had been blessed with a plenty of this world's goods, but no sooner were we wed than her brother unjustly deprived her of her property. For myself, I cared not. Now that she was safely mine own, he was welcome to the land that should have been hers by right. Yet for her sake I strove to get it back, but in vain. Then did the enemy of souls reproach me for having brought her, whom I tenderly loved, into a state of poverty. In humiliation and lowliness of mind before the Lord, without yielding to the tempter, I desired Him to make me content to be what He would have me to be; and, in a moment, I was so filled with the presence of the Lord, that I was not able to bear the weight of the glory that was upon me. I desired the Lord, if He had any service for me to do, to withdraw, for I could not live; then I heard as it were a Voice say to me, "Thou art Mine, all in heaven and earth is Mine, and it is thine in Me; what I see good I will give unto thee, and unto thy wife and children."''

'Poor Grandfather, that was a hard pass for thee,' murmured Mary, smoothing the old man's coat sleeve. 'But did not a great



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joy follow close upon thy trouble?' she prompted, 'a great joy on a moonshine night, not a dark one like this?'

William Dewsbury's countenance kindled with fresh life and vigour. 'Yea, my child,' he answered, 'light did indeed illuminate us on that same moonshine night of which thou speakest, when we went, my Ann and I, to Lieutenant Roper's house to hear the Stranger preach. All our lives we had both been seeking, but now by the Power of the Lord, the time was come for us to find. We went to hear a Stranger. But no stranger was George Fox. Rather did we recognise him, from the first moment of that meeting, as the own brother of our souls. Up and down the length and breadth of the land I had journeyed, seeking for deliverance and for truth. Now, in my own county of Yorkshire, my deliverer was found. It was not alone the words he spake, though they were forcible and convincing, much more it was the irresistible Power of the Lord breathing through him that brought us to our knees. All men could see as they looked upon his goodly form, not then marred by cruel imprisonments and sufferings, that he was a man among ten thousand. But to me he was also a chosen vessel of the Lord; for power spoke through him, yea, to my very heart. I have told thee, Mary, of my long searchings after truth, and of those of my dear wife. There was no need to mention one of them to George. With the first words he spake it was clear to me that he knew them all, he could read our necessities like an open book. Well hath it been said of him that "he was a man of God endued with a clear and wonderful depth; a discerner of other men's spirits, and very much a master of his own." Our hearts clave unto him at once. We could scarcely restrain ourselves until the meeting should be at an end, to disclose our inmost souls unto him. Then at last, when all the multitude had departed, we watched Friend George set out on his homeward way. We followed him in all haste, my Ann and I, until we came up with him in a lonely field. The moon shone full on his face and on our seeking faces, revealing us to each other. At first he gazed on us as if we were strangers. For all we had longed ardently to tell him, we found no words. Only a long time we stood together silently, we three, with the dumb kine slumbering around us in the dewy meadows; we three, revealed to one another in the full light. Then at last we confessed to the Truth before him, and from him we received Truth again. There is no Scripture to warrant the sprinkling of a few drops of water on the face of a child and calling that Baptism; but there is a Scripture for being baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. That true essential Baptism did our spirits receive in very deed that night from God's own minister of His Everlasting Gospel. 'Thus, then and there, were we three knit together in soul; and the Lord's Power was over all.'

The old man's voice died away into silence. His thoughts were far off in the past. The loneliness of the prison was forgotten, little Mary knew that her evening's task was done. Very gently



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she flitted from his side, arranged his bed for the night, and then slipped, noiselessly as a shadow, into her little inner cell, scarcely larger than a cupboard. Here she undressed in the darkness and laid herself down on her little straw pallet on the floor. But she had brought the precious windflowers with her. 'They are so white, they will be like company through the dark night hours,' she said to herself, placing the glass close to her bed. Presently, through a tiny slit of window high up in the prison wall, one sentinel star looked down into the narrow cell. It peeped in upon a small white figure straight and slim amid the surrounding blackness of the cell, with 'dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane'; but Mary's eyes were wide open, her ears were listening intently for her grandfather's softest call.

Gradually the ray of starlight crept up the prison wall and disappeared; soon other stars one by one looked in at the narrow window and passed upwards also on their high steep pathways; gradually the eyelids closed, and the long dark lashes lay upon the white cheeks. Drowsily little Mary thought to herself, 'I am glad my mother will soon be here, but it hath been a very happy evening. Truly I am glad I came to help dear grandfather, and to be his little prison maid.'

Only one starry white windflower, clasped tight in her fingers through the long night hours, gradually drooped and died.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's *JOURNAL*, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'PALE WINDFLOWERS.'

See account of Dewsbury in 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM.' Also 'THE FAITHFUL TESTIMONY OF THAT ANTIENT SERVANT OF THE LORD, AND MINISTER OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL, WILLIAM DEWSBURY.' Also 'TESTIMONY TO MARY SAMM,' p. 348, same volume. The details given are as far as possible historical, but the setting, the walk, and the windflowers are imaginary. The prison scene is as far as possible historical. The Testimony to little Mary tells the sequel to her 'happy evening,' and a few paragraphs from it are given here.



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1680

By this point in time, in merry olde England, some 11,000 [Quakers](#) had been imprisoned, and 243 of them had died in prison. The letter that the committee of Friends had sent to King [Charles II](#) in 1660  was reprinted at this point, and in the reprinting, the following material was added:

Courteous Reader,

This was our testimony above twenty years ago; and since then we have not been found acting contrary to it, nor ever shall. For the Truth, that is our Guide, is unchangeable. And this is now reprinted to the men of this age, many of whom were then children; and doth stand, as our certain testimony against all plotting and fightings with carnal weapons. And if any, by departing from the Truth, should do so, this is our testimony in the Truth against them, and will stand over them, and the Truth will be clear of them.

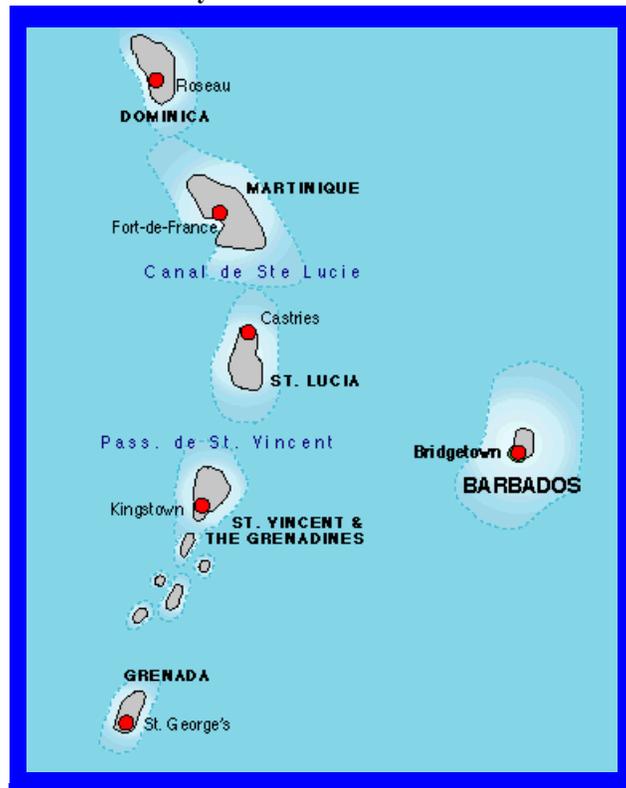


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According to Jon Butler's *AWASH IN A SEA OF FAITH*, during the period 1680-1760 in the English colonies in America, the white owners of blacks systematically expunged all traces of African religious systems, except for a few relics of particular rituals that were held onto in secrecy. In Barbados, because of their persistent attempts to include blacks in worship, Quaker planters were forbidden to assemble for religious meetings. Effectively, Friend [George Fox](#)'s efforts to intercede in the Barbados racial situation seemed to have been a failure, for although Friends there continued to meet for worship, they did so as all-white groupings, groupings that had in fact so many persecutions of their own to cope with and to mourn that they were unable or unwilling to intercede in the persecutions of racial and religious others. The new laws strengthened the hand of the Quaker "individualistic" (or, to use a modern term, "Libertarian") businessmen among them, who were eager to hide themselves behind the Quaker façade of soberness (*vide* Mr. Quaker Oats) **while yet participating fully in the profits of a slave economy.**



After spending the previous year in retirement at Swarthmore "in the North," Friend George's activity and travels begin anew. This decade would find him much of the time in "the South," in general around London, dealing with the movement led by Friends Wilkinson and Story in opposition to a settled system of government and discipline, and dealing with the Conventicle Act persecutions which had filled prisons and jails with Quakers.



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His treatment of Islam and of the *QUR'AN*—which evidently he knew rather well— was empathetic despite the fact that he would comment in his letter to the Great Turk in this year, that he had been deceived by [Mohammed](#).⁸⁴

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

After this I was moved of the Lord to visit Friends in some parts of Surrey and Sussex. I went to Kingston by water, and tarried certain days; for while I was there, the Lord laid it upon me to write both to the great Turk, and the Dey of Algiers, severally, to warn them, and the people under them, to turn from their wickedness, fear the Lord, and do justly; lest the judgments of God should come upon them, and destroy them without remedy. To the Algerines I wrote more particularly concerning the cruelty they exercised towards Friends and others, whom they held captives in Algiers.

At Hertford I met with John Story, and some others of his party; but the testimony of Truth went over them, and kept them down, so that the meeting was quiet.

It was on a First-day; and the next day being the men's and women's meeting for business, I visited them also, and the rather because some in that place had let in a disesteem of them. Wherefore I was moved to open the service of those meetings, and the usefulness and benefit thereof to the Church of Christ, as the Lord opened the thing in me; and it was of good service to Friends.

I had a meeting also with some of those that were gone into strife and contention, to show them wherein they were wrong; and having cleared myself of them, I left them to the Lord.

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AN UNDISTURBED MEETING⁸⁵

'It was impossible to ignore the Quaker because he would not be ignored. If you close his meeting-house he holds it in the street; if you stone him out of the city in the evening, he is there in the morning with his bleeding wounds still upon him.... You may break the earthen vessel, but the spirit is invincible and that you cannot kill.'—JOHN WILHELM ROWNTREE.

'Interior calmness means interior and exterior strength.'—J. RENDEL HARRIS.

'Be nothing terrified at their threats of banishment, for they cannot banish you from the coasts and sanctuary of the Living God.'—MARGARET FOX.

'Grant us grace to rest from all sinful deeds and thoughts, to surrender ourselves wholly unto Thee, to keep our souls still before Thee like a still lake; that so the beams of Thy love may be mirrored therein, and may kindle in our hearts the beams of faith, and love, and prayer. May we, through such stillness and hope, find strength and gladness in Thee O God, now, and for

84. There was a distinctive openness toward other faiths in early Quakerism, despite lapses, as may be seen for instance in Friend [John Woolman](#)'s visits among native Americans. How much of his own eclectic attitude [Henry Thoreau](#) would acquire from his study of [George Fox](#), simply has not yet been evaluated — because none of the scholars who might have done such an evaluation, who seem all to have been [Unitarian](#) Universalists, have as yet been competent in this area. (As yet, I have been unable to discover among these scholar-wannabees anyone for whom all Quakers were not indifferently the same.) Thoreau's attitude toward scripture would be remarkably similar to that of the [Quaker](#) poet of his era, Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#). A reading of Whittier's religious and Quaker-oriented poems would clearly demonstrate this congruence — and this of course is the path liberal Quakerism has trod since. Consider for instance a stanza from Whittier's poem "The Meeting":

I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then...
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay....

And in "Miriam" we find:

And I made answer: "Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,
We trace it not by school-boy maps,
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.
In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man...."



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evermore.'—*JOACHIM EMBDEN, 1595.*

*'For the soul that is close to GOD
In the folded wings of prayer,
Passion no more can vex,
Infinite peace is there.'*

EDWIN HATCH.

85. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. *A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS*. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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Quiet and lonely now stands the small old farmhouse of Drawwell, on the sunny slope of a hill, under the shadow of the great fells. To this day the old draw-well behind the house, which gives its name to the homestead, continues to yield its refreshing draught of pure cold water. 'It is generally full, even in times of drought, and never overflows.'⁸⁶ To this day, also, the 'living water,' drawn in many a 'mighty Meeting' held around that well in the early years of Quakerism, continues to refresh thirsty souls.

It was to Drawwell Farm that George Fox came with his hosts Thomas and John Blaykling, on Whitsun Wednesday evening in June 1652, at the end of Sedbergh Fair. From Drawwell he accompanied them to Firbank Chapel, the following Sunday forenoon. There, high up on the opposite fell, he was moved, as he says in his Journal, to 'sit down upon the rock on the mountain' and 'discourse to over a thousand people, amongst whom I declared God's everlasting Truth and word of life freely and largely, for about the space of three hours, whereby many were convinced.' More than once in after days, George Fox returned again thankfully to Drawwell, seeking and finding rest and refreshment for soul and body under its hospitable, low, stone roof, as he went up and down on those endless journeys of his, throughout the length and breadth of England, whereby he 'kept himself in a perpetual motion, begetting souls unto God.'

Many hallowed memories cling about Drawwell Farm,—as closely as the silvery mist clings to every nook and cranny of its walls in damp weather,—but none more vivid than that of the Undisturbed Meeting of 1665.

George Fox was not present that day. His open-air wanderings, and his visits to the home under the great fells were alike at an end for a time, while in the narrow prison cells of Lancaster and Scarborough he was bearing witness, after a different fashion, to the freedom of the Spirit of the Lord. George Fox was not among the guests at Drawwell. No 'mighty Meeting,' as often at other times, was gathered there that day. There was only a company of humble men and women seated on forms and chairs under the black oak rafters of the big barn that adjoins the house, since the living-room was not spacious enough to hold them all with ease, although their numbers were not much above a score.

The Master and Mistress of Drawwell were present of course. Good Farmer Blaykling, with his ever ready courtesy and kindness, looked older now than on the day, thirteen years before, when he and his father had brought the young preacher back with them from the Fair. He himself had known latterly what it was to

86. This paragraph is taken from E.E. Taylor's description of Drawwell.



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suffer 'for Truth's sake,' as some extra furrows on his brow had testified plainly since the day when 'Priest John Burton of Sedbergh beat John Blaykling and pulled him by the hair off his seat in his high place.' Happily that outbreak had passed over, and all seemed quiet this Sunday morning, as he took his place in the big barn. His wife sat by his side; around them were their children (none of them young), the farm lads and lasses, and several families of neighbouring Friends. But it chanced that the youngest person present, one of the farm lasses, was well into her teens.

'Surely it was the loving-kindness of the Lord' (motherly Mistress Blaykling was wont to testify in after years) 'that brought the ordeal only upon us, grown men and women, and not upon any tender babes.' The Meeting began, much like any other Meeting in that peaceful country, where Friends ever loved to gather under the shadow of the hills and the yet mightier overshadowing of the Spirit of God. The Dove of Peace brooded over the company. Even as the unseen water bubbled in the dark depths of the old draw-well close by, so, in the deep stillness, already some hearts were becoming conscious of—

'The bubbling of the hidden springs,
That feed the world.'

Soon, out of the living Silence would have been born the fresh gift of living speech....

When suddenly, into all this peace, there came the clattering of horses' hoofs along the stony road that leads to the farm, followed by loud voices and a pistol shot, as a body of troopers trotted right up to the homestead. Finding that deserted and receiving no answers to their shouts, they proceeded to the barn itself in search of the assembled Friends. The officer in charge was a young Ensign, Lawrence Hodgson, a very gay gentleman indeed, a gentleman of the Restoration, when not only courtiers but soldiers too, knew well what it was to be courtly.

He came from Dent, 'with other officers of the militia and soldiers.' Now Dent was a place of importance, in those days, and looked down on even Sedbergh as a mere village. Wherefore to be sent off to a small farm in the outskirts of Sedbergh in search of a nest of Quakers was a paltry job at best for these fine gentlemen from Dent. Naturally, they set about it, cursing and swearing with a will, to shew what brave fellows they were. For here were all these Quakers whom they had been sent to harry, brazening out their crime in the full light of day. By Act of Parliament it had been declared, not so long ago either, that any Quakers who 'assembled to the number of five or more persons at any one time, and in any one place, under pretence of joining in a religious worship not authorised by law, were, on conviction, to suffer merely fines or imprisonment for their first and second offences, but for the third, they were to be liable to be transported to any of His Majesty's plantations



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beyond seas.' A serious penalty this, in those days second only to death itself, and a terror to the most hardened of the soldiery; but here was a handful of humble farmfolk, deliberately daring such a punishment unafraid.

'Stiff-necked Quakers—you shall answer for this,' shouted Ensign Hodgson as he entered 'cursing and swearing' (so says the old account) 'and threatening that if Friends would not depart and disperse he would kill them and slay and what not.' 'You look like hardened offenders, all of you, and I doubt this is not a first offence.' So saying, the Ensign set spurs to his horse and rode up and down the barn, overturning forms and chairs, slashing at the women Friends with the flat of his sword, while some of the roughest of his followers poked the sharp points of their blades through the coats of the men, 'just to remind you, Quaker dogs, of what we could do, an' we chose.'

Amid all this noise and hurly-burly, the men and women Friends sat on in stillness as long as possible. Only when their seats were actually overturned, they rose to their feet and stood upright in their places. They were ready to be beaten or trampled upon, if necessary; but they would not, of their own will, quit their ground. Strangely enough, the wives did not rush to their husbands or cling to them; the men did not seek to protect the women-folk. They all remained, even the lads and lasses, self-poised as it were, one company still; resting, as long as they could, quietly, in the inward citadel of peace. In spite of all the hubbub, the true spirit of worship was not disturbed.

At last the soldiers, determined not to be baffled, came to yet closer quarters and drove their unresisting victims, willy nilly, before them from under the sheltering rafters of the barn. The Friends were roughly hustled down the steep hillside and driven hither and thither, but still the meeting was not interrupted, for their hearts could not be driven out from the overshadowing presence of God.

So the great fells looked down upon a strange scene a few minutes later,—a strange scene, yet one all too common in those days. A cavalcade of glittering horsemen with their flowing perukes, ruffles, gay coats, plumed hats, and all the extravagances of the costume of even the fighting man of 'good King Charles's golden days.' In the centre of this gay throng, a little company of Friends in their plain garments of homespun and duffel, moving along, with sober faces and downcast eyes, speaking never a word as their captors prepared to force them to their destination—the Justice's house at Ingmire Hall near Sedbergh. Now from Drawwell Farm to Ingmire is some little distance. The way is hilly, and the roads are narrow and rough. Bad going it is on those roads even to-day, and far worse in the times of which I write. Therefore the troopers quickly grew weary of their task, weary of trying to rein in their mettlesome horses to keep pace with the slow steps of their prisoners, weary, too, of even the sport of pricking at these last with their swords,



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to try to make them go faster.

They had barely reached the bottom of the slope when Ensign Hodgson, ever a restless youth, lost patience. As soon as he found his horse on a bit of level road, he called to his men, 'Halloo! here's our chance for a canter!—We'll leave the Lambs to follow us to the slaughter-house at their own sweet will.' Then, seeing mingled relief and consternation on the men's faces, he slapped his thighs with a loud laugh and said: 'Ye silly fellows, have no fear! No Quaker ever yet tried to escape from gaol, nor ever will. We can trust them to follow us in our absence as well as if we were here to drive them. Quakers haven't the wit to seek after their own safety.'

The audacity of the plan tickled the troopers. Following Hodgson's example, they, one and all, raised their plumed hats and, rising high in their stirrups, bowed with mock courtesy, as they took leave of their prisoners.

'Farewell, sweet Lambkins,' called out the Ensign, 'hasten your Quaker pace and meet us at the slaughter-house at Ingmire Hall as fast as you can, OR' ... he cocked his pistol at them, and then, dashing it up, fired a shot into the air. With wild shouting and laughter the whole troop disappeared round a turn of the road. 'To Sedbergh,' they cried, 'to Sedbergh first! Plenty of time for a carouse, and yet to arrive at Ingmire Hall as soon as the Lambs!'

Arriving in Sedbergh at a canter they slackened rein at a tavern and refreshed themselves with a draught of ale and an hour's carouse, before setting off to meet their prisoners at the Justice's house.

When they arrived at Ingmire Hall, to their dismay, not a Quaker was in sight. Sending his men off to scour the roads, Ensign Hodgson himself dismounted with an oath on Justice Otway's doorstep, and went within to inquire if the Quakers from Drawwell had yet arrived.

'The Quakers, WHOM YOU WERE SENT TO FETCH from Drawwell and for whose non-appearance you are yourself wholly responsible, HAVE NOT ARRIVED,' answered the Justice tartly, raising his eyebrows as if to emphasise his words. All men knew that good Sir John Otway was no friend to persecution; and gay Lawrence Hodgson was no favourite of his.

With a louder oath than that with which he had entered the house, the Ensign flung out of it again, and rode off at the head of his men—all of them discomfited by their vain search, for not a Quaker was to be seen in the neighbourhood. The 'Lambs' were less docile than had been supposed. After all, they had successfully managed to avoid the 'slaughter-house'; they must have retreated to Drawwell, if they had not even seized the opportunity to escape.

Back again along the road to Drawwell, therefore, the whole sulky company of horsemen were obliged to return, much out of humour. Cursing their leader's carelessness, as he doubtless



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cursed his own folly, they trotted along, gloomily enough, till they came to the bend of the road where the homestead comes in sight, and where they had taken leave of their prisoners. There, as they turned the corner, suddenly they all stopped, thunderstruck, pulling their horses back on to their haunches in their amazement.

The Lambs had not escaped! Though they had not followed meekly to the slaughter-house, at least they had made no endeavours to flee, or even to return to the sheepfold on the hillside above them. All the time that the soldiers had been carousing in the alehouse, or searching the lanes, the little company of Friends had remained in the very same spot where the soldiers had left them nearly two hours before.

And there they were still, every one of them;—sitting on the green, grassy bank by the wayside. There they were, quietly going on with their uninterrupted worship. Yes; out there, under the shadow of the everlasting hills, untroubled by the shadow of even a passing cloud of fear, the Friends calmly continued to wait upon God.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'AN UNDISTURBED MEETING.'

I first heard this story graphically told by Ernest E. Taylor. His intimate knowledge of the neighbourhood, and minute historical researches into the lives of the Early Friends in this district, made the whole scene vivid to his listener. In writing down my own account from memory, some months later, I find I have unintentionally altered some of the details, and have in particular allowed too long a time for the soldiers' carouse, and have substituted a troop of horse for militia. For these lapses from strict historical accuracy I alone am responsible; but it has seemed better to leave the story as it was written and to append the following note from the ancient MS. account of the sufferings at Sedbergh, to show exactly what did occur:

'1665. Friends being met at John Blaykling's at Drawwell, Lawrence Hodgson of Dent, an Ensign to the Militia, came into the meeting with other Militia men, cursing and swearing that if Friends would not depart and disperse, he would kill them and slay and what not. Then as Friends did not disperse they pulled them out of doors and so broke up the meeting. The Ensign thereupon went off, expecting Friends to have followed him, but they sat down and stood together at the house end [? and] on the hill-side. So the Ensign came back and with his drawn sword struck at several Friends and cut some in the hat and some in the clothes, and so forced and drove them to Sedbergh town, where after some chief men of the parish had been spoken with, Friends were let go home in peace.'—Sedbergh MSS. Sufferings.

It was of course the gathering together 'in numbers more than five' and 'refusing to disperse' that was at this time illegal and made the Friends liable to severe punishment. There is still a tradition in the neighbourhood that the Quakers were to be taken not to Ingmire Hall, but to the house of another Justice at Thorns.



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Winter: In the press of the great persecution of [Quakers](#), Friend [George Fox](#) began to serve more or less as a Parliament lobbyist.

George Fox

*I abode at London most part of this winter, having much service for the Lord there, both in and out of meetings: for as it was a time of great suffering among Friends, I was drawn in spirit to visit Friends' meetings more frequently; to encourage and strengthen them both by exhortation and example. The Parliament also was sitting, and Friends were diligent in waiting upon them, to lay their grievances before them. * We received fresh accounts almost every day of the sad sufferings Friends underwent in many parts of the nation. In seeking relief for my suffering brethren I spent much time; together with other Friends, who were freely given up to that service, attending at the Parliament-House for many days together, and watching all opportunities to speak with such members of either House as would hear our just complaints. Indeed, some of these were very courteous to us, and appeared willing to help us if they could; but the Parliament being then earnest in examining the Popish plot, and contriving ways to discover such as were Popishly affected, our adversaries took advantage against us (because they knew we could not swear nor fight) to expose us to those penalties that were made against Papists; though they knew in their consciences that we were no Papists, and had had experience of us, that we were no plotters.*

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BUTTERFLIES IN THE FELLS⁸⁷

'My concern for God and His holy, eternal truth was then in the North, where God had placed and set me.'—MARGARET FOX.

'I should be glad if thou would incline to come home, that thou might get a little Rest, methinks its the most comfortable when one has a home to be there, but the Lord give us patience to bear all things'—M. FOX to G. Fox, 1681.

'I did not stir much abroad during the time I now stayed in the North; but when Friends were not with me spent pretty much time in writing books and papers for Truth's service.'—G. FOX.

'All dear Friends press forward in the straight way.'—JOHN AUDLAND.

'Is not liberty of conscience in religion a fundamental?... Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it, ought to give it, having liberty to settle what he likes for the public.... This I say is fundamental: it ought to be so. It is for us and the generations to come.'—OLIVER CROMWELL.

87. Hodgkin, Lucy Violet. A BOOK OF QUAKER SAINTS. Illustrated by F. Cayley-Robinson. 1917. Variousy reprinted.



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Above all other Saints in the Calendar, the good people of Newcastle-upon-Tyne do hold in highest honour Saint Nicholas, since to him is dedicated the stately Church that is the pride and glory of their town. Everyone who dwells in the bonnie North Countrie knows well that shrine of Saint Nicholas, set on high on the steep northern bank of the River Tyne. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole North, is St. Nicholas. Therefore, in olden times, one Roger Thornton, a wealthy merchant of the town, saw fit to embellish it yet further with a window at the Eastern end, of glass stained with colours marvellous to behold. Men said indeed that Merchant Roger clearly owed that window to the Saint, seeing that when he first entered the town scarce a dozen years before, he came but as a poor pedlar, possessed of naught but 'a hap, a halfpenny, and a lambskin,' whereas these few years spent under the shadow of the Saint's protection had made him already a man of great estate. Roger Thornton it was who gave the Eastern window to the Church, but none know now, for certain, who first embellished the shrine with its crowning gift, the tall steeple that gathers to itself not only the affection of all those who dwell beneath its shadow, but also their glory and their pride. Some believe it was built by King David of Scotland: others by one Robert de Rede, since his name may still be seen carven upon the stone by him who has skill to look. But in truth the architect hath carried both his name and his secret with him, and the craftsmen of many another larger and more famous city have sought in vain to build such another tower. By London Bridge and again at Edinburgh, in the capitals of two fair kingdoms, may indeed be seen a steeple built in like fashion, but far less fair. One man alone, he whose very name hath been forgotten, hath known how to swing with perfect grace a pinnacled Crown, formed of stone yet delicate as lacework, aloft in highest air. Therefore to this day doth the Lantern Tower of St. Nicholas remain without a peer.

A Lantern Tower the learned call it, and indeed the semblance of an open lantern doth rise, supported by pinnacles, in the centre of the Tower; but to most men it resembles less a lantern than an Imperial crown swung high in air, under a canopy of dazzling blue. It is a golden crown in the daytime, as it shines on high above the hum of the city streets in the clear mid-day light. It becomes a fiery crown when the sun sets, for then the golden fleurs-de-lys on each of the eight golden vanes atop of the pinnacles gleam and glow like sparks of flame, climbing higher and ever higher into the steep and burnished air. But it is a jewelled crown that shines by night over the slumbering town beneath; for then the turrets and pinnacles are gemmed with glittering stars.



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That Tower, to those who have been born under it, is one of the dearest things upon this earth. Judge then of the dismay that was caused to every man, woman, and child, when Newcastle was being besieged by the Scottish army during the Civil Wars, at the message that came from the general of the beleaguering army, that were the town not surrendered to him without delay, he would train his guns on the Tower of St. Nicholas itself, and lay that first in ruins. Happily Sir John Marley, the English Commander, who was likewise Mayor of the Town, was more than a match for the canny Scot. And this was the answer that the gallant Sir John sent back from the beleaguered town: that General Leslie might train his guns on the Tower and welcome, if such were his pleasure, but if he did so, before he brought down one single stone of it, he would be obliged to take the lives of his own Scottish prisoners, whom the guns would find as their first target there.

Sir John was as good as his word. The Scottish prisoners were strung out in companies along the Tower ledges, and kept there day after day, till the Scottish Army had retreated, baffled for that time, and St. Nicholas was saved. Therefore, thanks to Sir John Marley and his nimble wit, the pinnacled Crown still soars up aloft into the sky, keeping guard over the city of Newcastle to-day, as it hath done throughout the centuries.

Little did the Friends, who came to Newcastle a few years after the Scotsmen had departed, regard the beauty of St. Nicholas or its Tower. They came also desiring to besiege the town, though with only spiritual weapons. The Church to them was but a 'steeple-house,' and the Tower akin to an idol. Thus slowly do men learn that 'the ways unto God are as the number of the souls of the children of men,' and that wherever a man truly seeketh God in whatsoever fashion, so he do but seek honestly and with his whole heart, God will consent to be found of him.

Yet though the Friends who came to Newcastle came truly to besiege the town for love's sake, not with love did the town receive them. 'Ruddy-faced John Audland' was the first to come, he who had been one of the preachers that memorable Sunday at Firbank Chapel, and who, having yielded place to George Fox, had been in his turn mightily convinced of Truth. 'A man beloved of God, and of all good men,' was John Audland, 'of an exceedingly sweet disposition, unspeakably loving and tenderly affectionate, always ready to lend a helping hand to the weak and needy, open-hearted, free and near to his friends, deep in the understanding of the heavenly mysteries.' Yet little all this availed him. In Newcastle as elsewhere he preached the Truth, 'full of dread and shining brightness on his countenance.' Certain of the townfolk gathered themselves unto him and became Friends, but the authorities would have none of the new doctrine, and straightway clapped him into gaol. There he lay for a time, till at last he was set free and went his way. After him came George Fox, when some thirteen years had gone by



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since Sir John Marley saved the Tower, and General Leslie had returned discomfited to Edinburgh. From Edinburgh, too, George Fox had come on his homeward way after that eventful journey to the Northern Kingdom, when 'the infinite sparks of life sparkled about him as soon as his horse set foot across the Border.' Weary he was of riding when he reached the gates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Yet 'gladdened' in his heart was he, for as he had passed by Berwick-upon-Tweed, the Governor there had 'shewn himself loving towards Friends,' and, though only a little Meeting had been gathered, 'the Lord's power had been over all.' As Fox and his companion rode through the woods and beside the yellow brown streams and over the heathery moors of Northumberland, they found and visited many scattered Friends whose welcome had made George Fox's heart rejoice. But no sooner had he entered the town than all his gladness left him, at the grievous tale the faithful Friends of Newcastle had to tell. Ever since John Audland's preaching had stirred the souls of the townsfolk, the priests and professors had done their best to prevent 'this pernicious poison from spreading.' Five Newcastle priests had written a book, entitled 'the Perfect Pharisee under Monkish Holiness,' in which they blamed Friends for many things, but above all for their custom of preaching in the streets and open places. 'It is a pestilent heresy at best,' they said (though they used not these very words), 'yet did they keep it to themselves 'twere no great harm, but we find no place hears so much of Friends' religion as streets and market-places.'

Yet even so their witness agreed not together. For while the priests accused Friends of too much preaching in public, a certain Alderman of the city, Thomas Ledger by name, put forth three other books against them. And his main charge was this—'THAT THE QUAKERS WOULD NOT COME INTO ANY GREAT TOWNS, BUT LIVED IN THE FELLS LIKE BUTTERFLIES.'

George Fox, hearing these things from the Friends assembled to greet him at the entrance to the town, was tried in his spirit, and determined that the matter should be dealt with, without more ado. The Journal saith: 'The Newcastle priests wrote many books against us, and one Ledger, an Alderman of the town, was very envious of truth and friends. He and the priests had said, "the Quakers would not come into great towns, but lived in the fells like butterflies." I took Anthony Pearson with me and went to this Ledger, and several others of the Aldermen, desiring to have a meeting among them, seeing they had written so many things against us: for we were now come, I told them, into their great town. But they would not yield we should have a meeting, neither would they be spoke with, save only this Ledger and one other. I queried: "Had they not called Friends Butterflies, and said we would not come into any great towns? And now they would not come at us, though they had printed books against us; WHO ARE THE BUTTERFLIES NOW?"

'As we could not have a public meeting amongst them we got a



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little meeting amongst friends and friendly people at the Gate-side. As I was passing by the market-side, the power of the Lord rose in me, to warn them of the day of the Lord that was coming upon them. And not long after all the priests were turned out of their profession, when the King came in.'

Thus did those same envious priests, who had accused Friends of living like butterflies in the fells, become themselves as butterflies, being chased out of the great town, and forced to flit to and fro in the open country. The Friends, meanwhile, increased on both sides of the river Tyne. In 1657 George Whitehead visited Newcastle, and was kindly received in the house of one John Dove, who had been a Lieutenant in the army before he became a Friend.

Whitehead, himself one of the 'Valiant Sixty,' writes:—'The Mayor of the town (influenced by the priests), would not suffer us to keep any meeting within the Liberty of the Town, though in Gate-side (being out of the Mayor's Liberty), our Friends had settled a meeting at our beloved Friend Richard Ubank's house.... The first meeting we then endeavoured to have within the town of Newcastle was in a large room taken on purpose by some Friends.... The meeting was not fully gathered when the Mayor of the Town and his Officers came, and by force turned us out of the meeting; and not only so, but out of the Town also; for the Mayor and his Company commanded us and went along with us as far as the Bridge over the river Tyne that parts Newcastle and Gates-head, upon which Bridge there is a Blew Stone to which the Mayor's Liberty extends; when we came to the stone, the Mayor gave his charge to each of us in these words: "I charge and command you in the name of His Highness the Lord Protector. That you come no more into Newcastle to have any more meetings there at your peril.'"

The Friends, therefore, continued to meet at the place that is called Gateside (though some say that Goat's head was the name of it at first), and there they remained till, after divers persecutions, they were at length suffered to assemble within the walls of Newcastle itself, upon the north side of the 'Blew Stone' above the River Tyne. Here, in 1698, they bought a plot of ground, within a stone's-throw of St. Nicholas, facing towards the street that the townsmen call Pilgrim Street, since thither in olden days did many weary pilgrims wend their way, seeking to come unto the Mound of Jesu on the outskirts of the town. And that same Mound of Jesu is now called by men, Jesu Mond, or shorter, Jesmond, and no longer is it the resort of pilgrims, but rather of merchants and pleasure seekers. Yet still beside the Pilgrim Street stands the Meeting-House built by those other pilgrim souls, those Quakers, whom the men of the town in scorn called 'butterflies.' And there, so far from flitting over the fells, they have continued to hold their Meetings and worship God after their own fashion within those walls for more than two hundred years.



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Before ever this had come to pass, and while the Quakers of Newcastle were still without an assembling place on their own side of the river, it happened that a certain man among them, named Robert Jeckel, being nigh unto death (though as yet he knew it not), was seized with a vehement desire to behold George Fox yet once more in the flesh, since full sixteen years had gone by since his visit to the town.

Wherefore this same Robert Jeckel, hearing that his beloved friend was now again to be found at Swarthmoor, dwelling there in much seclusion, seeking to regain the strength that had been sorely wasted in long and terrible imprisonments,—this man, Robert Jeckel, would no longer be persuaded or gainsaid, but set out at once with several others, who were like-minded and desirous to come as speedily as might be to Swarthmoor.

In good heart they set forth, but that same day, and before they had come even as far as unto Hexham, Robert Jeckel was seized with a sore sickness, whereat his friends entreated him to return the way he came to his own home and tender wife. But he refused to be dissuaded and would still press forward. At many other places by the way he was ill and suffering, yet he would not be satisfied to turn back or to stop until he should arrive at Swarthmoor. And thither after many days of sore travel he came.

The Mistress of Swarthmoor was now no longer Margaret Fell but Margaret Fox. Eight full years after the death of her honoured husband, Judge Fell, and after long waiting to be sure that the thing was from the Lord, she had been united in marriage with her beloved friend, George Fox, unto whom she was ever a most loving and dutiful wife. Therefore, when Robert Jeckel arrived with his friends before the high arched stone gateway that led into the avenue that approacheth Swarthmoor Hall, it was Mistress Fox, who, with her husband, came to meet their guests. Close behind followed her youngest daughter, Rachel Fell, the Seventh Sister of Swarthmoor Hall. She, the Judge's pet and plaything in her childhood, was now a woman grown. Seeing by Robert Jeckel's countenance that he was sorely stricken, Mistress Fox led him straight to the fair guest chamber of Swarthmoor, where she and her daughter nursed him with their wonted tenderness and skill, hoping thus, if it might be, to restore him to his home in peace. But it had been otherwise ordained, for Robert Jeckel, arriving at Swarthmoor on the second day of the fifth month that men call July, lay sick there but for nine days and then he died.

During his illness many and good words did he say, among others these: 'Though I was persuaded to stay by the way (being indisposed), before I came to this place, yet this was the place where I would have been, and the place where I should be, whether I live or die.'

George Fox, being himself, as I say, weakened by his long suffering in Worcester Gaol, was yet able to visit Robert Jeckel



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as he lay a-dying, and exhorted him to offer up his soul and spirit to the Lord, who gives life and breath to all and takes it again. Whereupon Robert Jeckel lifted up his hands and said, 'The Lord is worthy of it, and I have done it.' George Fox then asked him if he could say, 'Thy will, oh God, be done on earth as it is in heaven,' and he, lifting up his hands again, and looking upwards with his eyes, answered cheerfully, 'he did it.' Then, he in his turn, exhorting those about him, said: 'Dear Friends, dwell in love and unity together, and keep out of jars, strife, and contentions, and be sure to continue faithful to the end.' And speaking of his wife, he said, 'As to my wife, I give her up freely to the Lord; for she loveth the Lord and He will love her. I have often told my dear wife, as to what we have of outward things, it was the Lord's first before it was ours; and in that I desire she may serve the truth to the end of her days.' 'In much patience the Lord did keep him, and he was in perfect sense and memory all the time of his weakness, often saying, "Dear Friends, give me up and weep not for me, for I am content with the Lord's doings." And often said that he had no pain, but gradually declined, often lifting up his hands while he had strength, praising the Lord, and made a comfortable end on the 11th day of the fifth month, 1676.'

Thus did the joyful spirit of this dear friend at last take flight for the Heavenly Country, when, as he said himself in his sickness, 'Soul separated from body, the Spirit returning to God that gave it, and the body to the earth from whence it came.' Yea, verily; his soul took flight for the Heavenly Country, happier in its escape from the worn chrysalis of his weak and weary body than any glad-winged butterfly that flitteth over the fells of his own beloved Northumberland.



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HISTORICAL NOTES

Note.—The References throughout are to the Cambridge Edition of George Fox's JOURNAL, except where otherwise stated. The spelling has been modernised and the extracts occasionally abridged.

'BUTTERFLIES IN THE FELLS.'

See 'BYGONE NORTHUMBERLAND,' by W. Andrews. 'Piety Promoted,' i. 88-90. W.C. Braithwaite's 'BEGINNINGS OF QUAKERISM,' p. 373. 'THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN NEWCASTLE,' by J.W. Steel.



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1682

Friend [George Fox](#), who had for some time been lobbying the Parliament for better treatment of the Quakers as “no plotters,” and Friend [William Penn](#), sought opportunities to demonstrate the political innocence of our



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worship meetings.

George Fox

Sufferings continuing severe upon Friends at London, I found my service lay mostly there; wherefore I went but little out of town, and not far; being frequent at the most public meetings, to encourage Friends, both by word and example, to stand fast in the testimony to which God had called them.

At other times I went about from house to house, visiting Friends that had their goods taken away for their testimony to Truth; because the wicked informers were grown very audacious, by reason that they had too much countenance and encouragement from some justices, who trusting wholly to their information, proceeded against Friends without hearing them; whereby many were made to suffer, not only contrary to right, but even contrary to law also.

Now I had some inclination to go into the country to a meeting, but hearing that there would be a bustle at our meetings, and feeling a great disquietness in people's spirits in the city about choosing sheriffs, it was upon me to stay in the city, and go to the meeting in Gracechurch street upon the first day of the week. William Penn went with me, and spoke; and while he was declaring the Truth to the people, a constable came in with his great staff, and bade him give over, and come down; but he continued, declaring Truth in the power of God.

After a while the constable drew back, and when William Penn had done, I stood up, and declared to the people the everlasting gospel, which was preached in the apostles' days, and to Abraham; and which the Church in the apostles' days received, and came to be heirs of.

** As I was thus speaking, two constables came in with their great staves, and bade me give over speaking, and come down; but, feeling the power of the Lord with me, I spoke on therein, both to the constables and to the people. To the constables I declared that we were a peaceable people, who meet to wait upon God, and worship Him in spirit and in truth; and therefore they needed not to come with their staves amongst us, who were met in a peaceable manner, desiring and seeking the good and salvation of all people.*

Then turning my speech to the people again, I declared what further was upon me to them; and while I was speaking, the constables drew out towards the door; and the soldiers stood with their muskets in the yard.

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When I had done speaking, I kneeled down and prayed, desiring the Lord to open the eyes and hearts of all people, both high and low, that their minds might be turned to God by His Holy Spirit; that He might be glorified in all and over all. After prayer the meeting rose, and Friends passed away; the constables being come in again, but without the soldiers; and indeed, both they and the soldiers carried themselves civilly.

William Penn and I went into a room hard by, as we used to do, and many Friends went with us, and lest the constables should think we would shun them, a Friend went down and told them that if they would have anything with us, they might come where we were, if they pleased.

On First-day it was upon me to go to Devonshire-House meeting in the afternoon; and because I had heard Friends were kept out there that morning (as they were that day at most meetings about the city), I went sooner, and got into the yard before the soldiers came to guard the passages. But the constables were there before me, and stood in the doorway with their staves.

I asked them to let me go in. They said they could not, durst not; for they were commanded the contrary, and were sorry for it.

I told them I would not press upon them; so I stood by, and they were very civil.

I stood till I was weary, and then one gave me a stool to sit down on; and after a while the power of the Lord began to spring up among Friends, and one began to speak.

The constables soon forbade him, and said he should not speak; and he not stopping, they began to be wroth. But I gently laid my hand upon one of the constables, and wished him to let the Friend alone. The constable did so, and was quiet; and the man did not speak long. After he had done, I was moved to stand up and speak.

I then sat down; and after a while I was moved to pray. The power of the Lord was over all; and the people, the constables and soldiers put off their hats.

When the meeting was done, and Friends began to pass away, the constable put off his hat, and desired the Lord to bless us; for the power of the Lord was over him and the people, and kept them under.

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BETWEEN ANY TWO MOMENTS ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MOMENTS, AND BETWEEN THESE OTHER MOMENTS LIKEWISE AN INFINITE NUMBER, THERE BEING NO ATOMIC MOMENT JUST AS THERE IS NO ATOMIC POINT ALONG A LINE. MOMENTS ARE THEREFORE FIGMENTS. THE PRESENT



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MOMENT IS A MOMENT AND AS SUCH IS A FIGMENT, A FLIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION TO WHICH NOTHING REAL CORRESPONDS. SINCE PAST MOMENTS HAVE PASSED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND FUTURE MOMENTS HAVE YET TO ARRIVE, WE NOTE THAT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS ALL THAT EVER EXISTS — AND YET THE PRESENT MOMENT BEING A MOMENT IS A FIGMENT TO WHICH NOTHING IN REALITY CORRESPONDS.



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COME-TO-GOOD

'Flowers are the little faces of God.'—(A saying of some little children.)

'To the soul that feeds on the bread of life the outward conventions of religion are no longer needful. Hid with Christ in God there is for him small place for outward rites, for all experience is a holy baptism, a perpetual supper with the Lord, and all life a sacrifice holy and acceptable unto God.

'This hidden life, this inward vision, this immediate and intimate union between the soul and God, this, as revealed in Jesus Christ, is the basis of the Quaker faith.'—J.W. ROWNTREE.

'Here the pure mind is known, and the pure God is waited upon for wisdom from above; and the peace, which hath no end, is enjoyed.... And the Light of God that calls your minds out of the creatures, turns them to God, to an endless being, joy and peace: here is a seeing God always present.... So fare you well! And God Almighty bless, guide and keep you all in His wisdom.'—GEORGE FOX.



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COME-TO-GOOD

One more Meeting-house to visit; the last and the smallest of all. A Meeting-house with no story, except the story in its name. "Come-to-Good!" boys and girls from other counties will exclaim perhaps, 'whoever heard of such a place? Why did people not call it "Come-to-Harm," or "Ne'er-do-Weel," while they were about it?'

Cornish boys and girls know better. They will explain that in their far Western corner of England there has always been an idea, and a very good idea it is, that a name should really describe the place to which it belongs, and should tell the hearer something about its character. Thus it comes to pass that on one tidal river a certain creek, covered with salt sea-water at high tide, but showing only an expanse of muddy flats at low water, is called 'Cockles' Peep Out.' Another creek, near by, is known as 'Frenchman's Pill,' because some French prisoners were sent there for safety during the Napoleonic Wars. Then, too, a busy sea-port was once called 'Penny Come Quick,' with good reason; and another out-of-the-way place 'Hard to Come By,' which explains itself. Most romantic of all, the valley where King Charles's army lost a battle long ago is still known as 'Fine and Brave.' There, the country people say, headless ghosts of defeated Cavaliers may still be seen on moonlight nights riding up and down, carrying their own plumed-hatted heads under their arms. All over the county these story places are to be found. The more odd a Cornish name sounds at the first hearing, the more apt it will often prove, when the reason for it is understood.

Thus it is not strange that a lonely, shut-in valley, folded away between two steep hills, should be known as 'Come-to-Good,' since, for more than two centuries, men and women, and little children also, have 'Come to Good' in that remote and hidden place. There, surrounded by sheltering trees, stands the little old Meeting-house. Its high thatched roof projects, like a bushy eyebrow, over the low white walls and thick white buttresses, shading the three narrow casement windows of pale-green glass with their diamond lattice panes. The windows are almost hidden by the roof; the roof is almost hidden by the trees; and the trees are almost hidden by the hills that rise above them. Therefore the pilgrim always comes upon the Meeting-house with a certain sense of surprise, so carefully is it concealed;—like a most secret and precious thought.

The bare Cornish uplands and wide moors have a trick of hiding away these rich, fertile valleys, that have given rise to the proverb: 'Cornwall is a lady, whose beauty is seen in her wrinkles.' Yet, hidden away as it is, 'Come-to-Good' has drawn people to it for centuries. In all the country round, for



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generations past, one Sunday in August has been known as 'Come-to-Good Sunday,' because, on that day, the Friends assemble from three or four distant towns to hold their meeting there. And not the Friends only. No bell has ever broken the stillness of that peaceful valley, yet for miles round, on a 'Meeting Sunday,' the lanes are full of small groups of people: parents and children; farm lads and lasses; thoughtful-faced men, who admit that 'they never go anywhere else'; shy lovers lingering behind, or whole families walking together. All are to be seen on their way to refresh their souls with the hour of quiet worship in the snowy white Meeting-house under its thatched roof.

Many years ago, little Lois (whom you read about at the beginning of this book) was taken to Come-to-Good for the first time on such a Sunday, by her Grandmother. Even now, whenever she goes there, she still seems to see that dear Grandmother's tall, erect figure, in its flowing black silk mantle and Quaker bonnet, walking with stately steps up the path in front; or stooping for once—she who never stooped!—to enter the little low door. People who did not know her well, and even some who did, occasionally felt Lois' 'dear Grandmamma' rather a formidable old lady. They said she was 'severe' and 'alarmingly dignified,' and 'she says straight out just exactly what she thinks.' Certainly, she was not one of the spoiling, indulgent, eiderdown-silk-cushion kind of Grannies that some children have now; but Lois loved her with all her heart and was never really afraid of her. What stories she could tell! What wonderful stockings full of treasures Santa Claus brought down her chimneys on Christmas Eve to the happy grandchild staying with her! Lois loved to sit beside her 'dear Grandmamma,' and to watch her in her corner by the fire, upright as ever, knitting. Even on the long drive to Come-to-Good, the feeling of her smooth, calm hand had soothed the restless little fingers held in it so firmly and gently. The drive over, Lois wondered what would happen to her in the strange Meeting-house when she might not sit by that dear Grandmother's side any longer, since she, of course, would have to be up in the Ministers' gallery, with all the other 'Weighty Friends.' But, at Come-to-Good, things always turn out right. Lois found, to her delight, that she and the other boys and girls were to be allowed to creep, very quietly, up the twisty wooden stairs at the far end of the Meeting-house, and to make their way up into the 'loft' where four or five low forms had been specially placed for them. Lois loved to find herself sitting there. She felt like a little white pigeon, high up on a perch, able to see over the heads of all the people below, and able even to look down on the grave faces of the Ministers opposite. The row of broad-brimmed hats and coal-scuttle bonnets looked entirely different and much more attractive, seen from above, than when she looked up at them in Meeting at home. Then, when some one rose to speak, Lois liked to watch the ripple that passed over the heads beneath her, as



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all the faces turned towards the speaker. Or when everybody, moved by the same impulse, stood up during a prayer or sat down at its close, it was as fascinating to watch them gently rise and gently sit down again as it was to watch the wind sweep over the sea, curling it up into waves or wavelets, or the breeze rippling over a broad field of blue-green June barley. Lois never remembered the time when she was too small to enjoy those two sights. 'I do like watching something I can't see, moving something I can!' she used to think. To watch a Meeting, from the loft at Come-to-Good, was rather like that, she felt; though years had to pass before she found out the reason why.

Out of doors, when the quiet hour of worship was over, other delights were waiting. The small old white Meeting-house is surrounded by a yet older, small green burial-ground, where long grasses, and flowers innumerable, cover the gentle slopes. The soft mounds cluster closely around the walls; as if those who were laid there had wished that their bodies might rest as near as possible to the house of peace where their spirits had rested while on earth.

Further off the mounds are fewer; the grassy spaces between them grow wider; till it becomes difficult to tell which are graves and which are just grassy hillocks. Further still, the old burial-ground dips down, and loses itself entirely, and becomes first a wood, then frankly an orchard that fills up the bottom of the valley, through which a clear brown stream goes wandering.

Yet, midway on the hilly slope above, half hidden gravestones can still be discerned, among the grass and flowers; shining through them, like a smile that was once a sorrow. Small, grey, perfectly plain stones they are, all exactly alike, as is the custom in Friends' graveyards, where to be allowed a headstone at all, was, at one time, considered 'rather gay'! Each stone bears nothing but a name upon it and sometimes a date. 'Honor Magor' is the name carved on one of the oldest stooping stones, and under it a date nearly 100 years old. That is all. Lois used to wonder who Honor Magor was,—an old woman? a young one? or possibly even a little girl? Where did she live when she was alive? how did she come to be buried there? But there are no answers to any of these questions; and there is no need to know more than that the tired body of Honor Magor has been resting peacefully for nearly a century, hidden under the tangle of waving grasses and ever-changing flowers at Come-to-Good.

Ever-changing flowers? Yes; because the changing of the seasons is more marked there than at other places. For Come-to-Good lies so many miles from any town, the tide of life has ebbed away so far from this quiet pool, that, for a long time past, Meetings have only been held here four times in the year. Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Spring,—each season brings its own Sunday. Then, and for a week or two beforehand, the topmost bar of every wooden gate in the neighbourhood bears a modest piece of white paper



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announcing that 'a Friends' Meeting will be held at Come-to-Good on the following First Day morning, at eleven o'clock, when the company of any who are inclined to attend will be acceptable.' August Sunday brings deep, red roses tossing themselves up, like a crimson fountain, against the grey thatched roof. November Sunday has its own treasures: sweet, late blackberries, crimson and golden leaves, perhaps even a few late hazel nuts and acorns still hiding down in the wood. In February, the first gummy stars of the celandine are to be seen peeping out from under the hedge, while a demure little procession of white and green snowdrops walks primly up the narrow path to Meeting. The 'Fair Maids of February' seem to have an especial love for this quiet spot. But in May-ah! May is the best Sunday of all. In May not only is the whole valley knee-deep in grass and ferns and flowers and bluebells. There is something still better! In May the burial-ground is all singing and tinkling silently with fairy spires of columbines. Garden flowers in most other places, they are quite wild here. Purple and deep-blue and pale-pink columbines are growing up everywhere; each flower with its own little pairs of twin turtle-doves hidden away inside. Even white columbine, rarest of all, has been found in that magic valley. I am afraid Lois thought longingly, all through the silence on a May Sunday, of the nosegay of columbines she meant to gather afterwards. Directly Meeting was over, the children pelted down very fast from the loft. Numbers of little feet flew across the sunlit grass, while the elder Friends were walking sedately down the path to the gate.

'O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell,'

chanted the children as they frolicked about, forgetting that they had been stiff with sitting so long in Meeting, as they gathered handfuls of their treasures.

All too soon they would hear the call: 'Come, children! it is time to be going.' And then they would scamper back, their hands full of their dear dove flowers. No wonder they felt that in leaving this sunny spot they were leaving one of the happiest places on earth. If only they could stay there! If only some one could be enjoying it always! What a pity that on the forty-eight other Sundays of the year it should all be deserted, shut up and forsaken! There might be numbers of other wonderful flowers that nobody ever saw. There the old Meeting-house stays all by itself the whole year round, except on those four Sundays, even as a lonely pool of clear water remains high up on the rocks, showing that the great sea itself did come there once, long ago, flowing in mightily, filling up all the bare chinks and crannies. Will such a high tide ever come back again to Come-to-Good? Is that tide perhaps beginning to flow in, noiselessly and steadily, even now?

Some things look rather as if it might be; for new Friends'



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Meeting-houses are being built in crowded cities to-day where even the high tide of long ago never came. But then, in lonely country places like Come-to-Good, scattered up and down all over England, there are many of these deserted Meeting-houses, where hardly anybody comes now or only comes out of curiosity. Yet the high tide did fill them all once long ago, full to overflowing, when people met within their walls constantly, seeking and finding God.

The stories in this book about our 'Quaker Saints' show at what a cost these deserted places were won for us by our brave forefathers. They, with their health and their lives gladly given in those terrible prisons of long ago, gained for us our liberty to meet together 'in numbers five or more,' to practise a 'form of worship not authorised by law'; that is to say, without any prayer-book or set form of service being used.

Is our simple Quaker way of worship really worth the price they paid for it? Or is it merely a quaint and interesting relic of a by-gone age, something like the 'Friend's bonnet' that Lois' Grandmother wore as a matter of course, which now is never used, but lies in a drawer, carefully covered with tissue paper and fragrant with lavender?

Is our Quaker faith like that? Is it something antiquated and interesting, but of no real use to us or to anybody to-day? Or did these 'Quaker Saints' of whom we have heard, did they, and many other brave men and women, whose stories are not written here, really and truly make a big discovery? Did they, by their living and by their dying, remind the world of a truth that it had been in danger of forgetting? a truth that may still be in danger of being forgotten if quite ordinary, everyday people are not faithful now in their turn?

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**GEORGE FOX****FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

A FRIENDS' MEETING

Is it really and truly true, that where two or three humble human souls are gathered together in His Name, in the simplest possible fashion, without any priest, or altar, or visible signs to help them, yet our Lord is there? Can He be indeed among them still to-day? and will He be forever, as He promised? feeding them Himself with the true Bread of Life, satisfying their thirst with Living Water, baptizing their souls with Power and with Peace?—

Children dear, you must answer these questions for yourselves, fearlessly and honestly. No one else can answer them for you. The answers may seem long in coming, but do not be in a hurry. They will come in time, if you seek steadfastly and humbly. Only remember one thing, as you think over these questions. Even if this is our way, the right way for us, this very simple Quaker way that our forefathers won for us at such a cost, still that does not necessarily make it the right way for all other people too. God's world and God's plans are much bigger than that. He brings His children home by numbers of different paths, but for each child of His, God's straight way for that child is the very best.

The wise old Persians had a proverb, 'The ways unto God are as



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the number of the souls of the children of men.' Let us remember this, if we ever want to try to force other people to think about things exactly as we do. Let us remember, too, that rivalry and pride, that saying, or even thinking, 'My way is the only right way, and a much better way than your way,' is the only really antiquated kind of worship. The sooner we all learn to lay that aside, not in lavender and tissue paper, but to cast it away utterly and forget that it ever existed,—the better.

It is not a bit of an excuse for us when we are inclined to judge other people critically, to read in these stories that some of the early Friends did and said harsh and intolerant things. They lived in a much harsher, more intolerant age than ours. The seventeenth century, as we know, has been called 'a dreadfully ill-mannered century.' Let us do our very best not to give any one an excuse for saying the same of this twentieth century in which we live. Thus, in reading of these Quaker Saints, let us try to copy, not their harshness or their intolerance, but their unflinching courage, their firm steadfastness, their burning hope for every man; above all, their unconquerable love.

Remember the old lesson of the daisies. Each flower must open itself as wide as ever it can, in order to receive all that the Sun wants to give to it. But, while each daisy receives its own ray of sunshine thankfully and gladly, it must rejoice that other very different rays, at very different angles, can reach other flowers. Yet the Sun Heart from which they all come is One and the Same. All the different ways of worship are One too, when they meet in the Centre.

Therefore it is not strange that at little secluded Come-to-Good, where the blue doves of the columbines keep watch over the quiet graves, I should remember a message that came to me in another, very different, House of God—a magnificent Cathedral far away in South Italy. There, high up, above the lights and pictures and flowers and ornaments of the altar, half hidden at times by the clouds of ascending incense, I caught the shining of great golden letters. Gradually, as I watched, they formed themselves into these three words of old Latin:

DEUS ABSCONDITUS HEIC.

And the golden message meant:

'GOD IS HIDDEN HERE.'

That is the secret all these different ways of worship are meant to teach us, if we will only learn. Let us not judge one another, not ever dream of judging one another any more. Only, wherever our own way of worship leads us, let us seek to follow it diligently, dutifully, humbly, and to the end. Then, not only when we are worshipping with our brothers and sisters around us, in church, chapel, great cathedral, or quiet meeting-house, but also (perhaps nearest and closest of all) in the silence of our own hearts, we shall surely find in truth and with thankfulness that

GOD IS HIDDEN HERE.



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1683

June 28, Thursday (Old Style): In England, [Friend George Fox](#) participated in Quaker Yearly Meeting.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

I tarried in and near London, visiting Friends' meetings, and labouring in the service of the gospel, till the yearly meeting came on, which began on the 28th of the Third month. It was a time of great sufferings; and much concerned I was lest Friends that came up out of the country on the Church's service, should be taken and imprisoned at London. But the Lord was with us; His power preserved us, and gave us a sweet and blessed opportunity to wait upon Him, to be refreshed together in Him, and to perform His services for His truth and people for which we met. As it was a time of great persecution, and we understood that in most counties Friends were under great sufferings, either by imprisonments or spoiling of goods, or both, a concern was weightily upon me lest any Friends that were sufferers, especially such as were traders and dealers in the world, should hazard the losing of other men's goods or estates through their sufferings.

On the First-day following I went to the meeting at Gracechurch street. When I came there, I found three constables in the meeting-house, who kept Friends out; so we met in the court.

After I had been some time there, I stood up and spoke to the people, and continued speaking some time. Then one of the constables came, and took hold of my hand, and said, "You must come down." I desired him to be patient, and went on speaking to the people; but after a little time he pulled me down, and took me into the meeting-house.

I asked them if they were not weary of this work. One of them said, "Indeed we are." They let me go into the widow Foster's house, which joined the meeting-house, where I stayed, being hot.

When the meeting was ended, for one prayed after I was taken away, the constables asked some Friends which of them would pass their words that I should appear, if they should be questioned about me. But the Friends told them they need not require that, for I was a man well known in the city to be one that would neither fly nor shrink. So they went away, and I heard no further of it.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

[John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry for this day was in part as follows:



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Was borne about 3 in the Afternoone, my Grand-Daughter at Says Court, & Christned by the name of Martha Maria, by her two Grand-mothers, the Lady Stonehouse & my Wife &c: our Viccar Officiating: After the Popish-plot &c there was now a new (& as they call'd it,) Protestant-Plot discover'd, that certaine Lords, & others should design the Assacination of his Majestie & the Duke, as they were to come from New-Market, with a general rising of several of the nation, and especialy the City of Lond[on] disafected to the present Government &c: Upon which were committed to the Tower the Lord Russel, Eldest sonn of the Earle of Bedford: Earle of Essex, Mr. Algernon Sydnie, sonn to the old Earle of Licester; Mr. Trenchard, Hambden: Lord Howard of Eskrick & others; with Proclamation out against my Lord Grey, the Duke of Munmouth, Sir Tho[mas] Arme-Strong, and one Ferguson who had escaped beyond sea &c: of which some were said to be for the Killing of his Majestie, others for onely seasing on him, & perswading him to new Counsils, on pretence of the danger of Poperie, should the Duke live to succede &c: who was now admitted to the Councils, & Cabinet seacrets againe &c: Much deplor'd were my Lords Essex & Russell, few believing they had any evil Intention against his Majestie or the Church, & some that they were cunningly drawn in by their Enemies, for not approving some late Councils, & management of affaire[s], in relation to France, to Popery, to the prosecution of the Dissenters &c. They were discovered by the Lord Howard, & some false breathren of the Clubb, & the designe happily broken; since had all taken effect; it would in all appearance have indangered the Government to unknowne & dangerous Events: which God avert:





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I continued yet at London, labouring in the work and service of the Lord, both in and out of meetings; sometimes visiting Friends in prison for the testimony of Jesus, encouraging them in their sufferings and exhorting them to stand faithful and steadfast in the testimony, which the Lord had committed to them to bear. Sometimes also I visited those that were sick and weak in body, or troubled in mind, helping to bear up their spirits from sinking under their infirmities. Sometimes our meetings were quiet and peaceable; sometimes they were disturbed and broken up by the officers.

As I was speaking in the power of the Lord [on First-day at the Savoy], and the people were greatly affected therewith, suddenly the constables, with the rude people, came in like a sea.

One of the constables said to me, "Come down"; and he laid hands on me. I asked him, "Art thou a Christian? We are Christians."

He had hold of my hand, and was very fierce to pluck me down; but I stood still, and spoke a few words to the people; desiring of the Lord that the blessings of God might rest upon them all.

The constable still called upon me to come down, and at length plucked me down, and bade another man with a staff take me and carry me to prison. That man led me to the house of another officer, who was more civil; and after a while they brought in four Friends more, whom they had taken.

I was very weary, and in a great perspiration; and several Friends, hearing where I was, came to me in the constable's house; but I bade them all go their ways, lest the constables and informers should stop them.

After a while the constables led us almost a mile to a justice, who was a fierce, passionate man. After he had asked me my name, and his clerk had taken it in writing, upon the constable's informing him that I had preached in the meeting, he said in an angry manner, "Do not you know that it is contrary to the King's laws to preach in such conventicles, contrary to the Liturgy of the Church of England?"

There was present one — Shad (a wicked informer, who was said to have broken jail at Coventry, and to have been burned in the hand at London), who, hearing the justice speak so to me, stepped up to him and told him that he had convicted them on the Act of the 22d of King Charles the Second.

"What! you convict them?" said the justice.

"Yes," said Shad, "I have convicted them, and you must convict them too upon that Act."

With that the justice was angry with him, and said, "You teach me! what are you? I'll convict them of a riot."

The informer hearing that and seeing the justice angry, went away in a fret; so he was disappointed of his purpose.

FOX'S JOURNAL



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July 13, Friday (Old Style): *July 13, as I was visiting Sir Tho[mas] Yarbrow & Lady in Covent Garden, that astonishing newes of the Earle of Essex having Cut his owne Throat was brought to us, having now ben but three dayes prisoner in the Tower, & this happning on the very day & instant that the Lord Russel was on his Trial, & had sentence of death: This accident exceedingly amaz'd me, my Lord of Essex being so well know[n] by me to be a person of so sober & religious a deportment, so well at his ease, so much obliged to the King. It is certaine the King & Duke were at the Tower & pass'd by his Window about the same time this morning, when My Lord asking for a razor, he shut himselfe into a closet, & perpetrated the horrid fact: It was wondred yet by some how it was possible he should do it, in the manner he was found; for the wound was so deepe & wide, as being cut through the Gullet, Wind-pipe, & both the jugulars, it reached to the very Vertebrae of the neck, so as the head held to it by a very little skin as it were, which tack'd it from being quite [off]; The gapping too of the razor, & cutting his owne fingers, was a little strange, but more, that having passed the Jugulars he should have strength to proceede so farr; as an Executioner could hardly have don more with an axe, and there were odd reflections upon it: This fatal newes coming to Hicks-hall upon the article of my L[ord] Russels Trial, was said to have no little influenc'd the Jury, & all the bench, to his prejudice: Others said, he had himselfe upon some occasions hinted, that in case he should [be] in danger of having his life taken from him, by any publique misfortune, those who thirsted for his Estate, should misse of their aime, & that he should long since speake favourably of that D[uke] of Northumberland & some others who made away themselves: But these are discourses so very unlike his sober & prudent Conversation, that I have no inclination to credit them: what might instigate him to this develish fact I am not able to conjecture; since (as my Lord Clarendon his bro[ther] in Law, who was with but the day before assur'd me) he was then so very cherefull, & declared it to be the Effect of his innocence & loyalty: & most believe his Majestie had no severe intentions against him; however he was altogether inexorable as to my Lord Russell & some of the rest: For my owne part I believe the crafty & ambitious Earle of Shaftsbury had brought them into some dislike of the present carriage of matters at Court, not with any designe of destroying the Monarchy (which Shaftsbury has in Confidence & for unanswerable reasons, told me, he would support, to his last breath, as having seene & felt the miserie of being under [a] Mechanic Tyrannie &c) but perhaps of setting up some other, whom he might govern, & frame to his owne Platonic fancie, without much regard to the Religion establish'd under the Hierarchie, for which he had no esteeme: But when he perceiv'd those whom he had engag'd to rise, faile of his expectations, & the day past, reproching his Complices, that a second day for an Exploit of this nature, was never successfull, he gave them the slip, & got into Holland, where the fox died, three moneths before these unhappy Lords & others were discovered or suspected: Every creature deplored Essex, & Russell, especialy the last, as being thought to be drawn in on pretence onely of endeavoring to rescue the King from his present Counselors, & secure Religion, from Popery, & the Nation from Arbitrary government, now so much apprended; whilst the rest of those who were fled, especialy Ferguson & his gang, had doubtless some bloody designe, set up a Commonwealth, & turne all things topsie turvy; of the same tragical principles is Sidney &c: The whole Nation was now in greate Consternation, upon the late Plot & Conspiracy; his Majestie very Melancholic, & not stirring without redoubled Guards, all the Avenues & private doores about White-hall & the Park shut up; few admitted to walke in it: The Papists in the meane while very jocond, & indeede they had reason, seeing their owne plot brought to nothing, & turn'd to ridicule & now a Conspiracy of Protestants, as they cald them: The Turk*



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likewise in hostility against the German Emperor, almost Master of the upper Hungarie & drawing towards Vienna; on the other side the French (who tis believed brought in the Infidel) disturbing their Spanish, & Dutch Neighbours, & almost swallowed, all Flanders, pursuing his ambition of a fift [& Universal] Monarchy; & all this blood, & disorder in Christendome had evidently its rise from our defections at home, in a Wanton peace, minding nothing but Luxurie, Ambition, & to procure Mony for our Vices: To this add our irreligion & Atheisme, greate ingratitude & selfe Interest: the Apostacie of some, & the Suffering the French to grow so Greate, and the Hollanders so Weake. In a word we were Wanton, madd, and surfeiting with prosperity, every moment unsettling the old foundations, & never constant to any thing. The Lord in mercy avert the sad Omen; & that we do not provoke him farther, 'til he beare it no longer:

This summer did we suffer 20 French-men of Warr to passe our Chanell towards the Sound, to help the Dane against the Swede, who had [abandoned] the [French] Interest; we having not ready sufficient to guard our Coasts, or take Cognizance of what they did; so as though the Nation never had more, or better Navy, the Sea never had so slender a Fleete:

July 19, Thursday (Old Style): *George Prince of Denmark, who landed this day, came to Mar[r]y the Lady Anne daughter to the Duke: so I return'd home; having seen the young Gallant at dinner at Whitehall.*

July 20, Friday (Old Style): *Severall of the Conspirators, of the lower forme, were Executed at Tyburn-*

July 21, Saturday (Old Style): *And the next day was the Lord Russell decapitated in Lincolns in fields, the Executioner giving him 3 butcherly strokes: The Speech he made & Paper he gave the Sheriff, declaring his Innocence, the noblenesse of the family, the piety & worthynesse of the unhappy Gent[leman] wrought effects of much pitty, & various discourses on the plot &c:*

July 25, Wednesday (Old Style): *I went to Lond[on] saw againe Prince George, he had the Danish Countenance, blound; a young gent of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy; but reported Valiant, & indeede had bravely rescued & brought off his brother the K[ing] of Denmarke in a battaile against the Swede, when both those Kings, were engaged very smartly:...*

July 28, Saturday (Old Style): *Prince Geo: was married to the Lady Ann at White-hall: Her Court & household to be moduled just as the Dukes her fathers &c: & to continue in England:*

August 1, Wednesday (Old Style): *Came to see me Mr. Flamested the famous Astrologer from his Observatorie at Greenewich, to draw the Meridian for my Pendules &c:*

August 8, Wednesday (Old Style): *A Woman, who came from Lond[on] to speake with my Wife, was Arested for debt in my Hall, by one who pretended to be a Porter, & to deliver her a letter; but I rescued her from the Insolence &c:*

August 28, Tuesday (Old Style): *Died my sweete little Grand-child Martha Maria of Convulsion fitts, an extraordinary pretty & foreward child: Gods will be don: Came also this morning to take his leave of us his Grace the Archbishop of Yorke now preparing for his Journey: & reside in his Province.*

August 29, Wednesday (Old Style): *Was buried our Grand-child, amongst the rest of our sweete Infants in the Parish-Church:*



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September 3, Monday (Old Style): *I went (together with my Wife &c) to Chelsey, to see my Charge, the Daughters, and Children of my deare friends, the late V.Countesse Mordaunt: After dinner I walked to survey what had ben don as to repaires &c, by the Duke of Beaufort upon his late purchased house at [Chelsey], of which I had once the selling for the Countesse of Bristol: I found he had made greate alterations, but might have built a better house with the Materials & that cost: at my returne to our Company, I found the Countess of Monte Feltre, whose husband I had formerly known, & was a subject of the Popes, but Changing from his Religion, & become Protestant, resided here in England, & married into the familie of the Savells of York-shire: The Count (her late husband) was a very learned Gent[leman] a greate Polititian; a goodly man: she was accompanied with her Sister, exceedingly skild in painting; nor indeede did they seeme to spare for Colour on their owne faces: They had a greate deale of Wit, one of them especialy, who talked of a sparrow she had at home not inferior to Lesbias.*

September 9 (Old Style): *... My little Grand-Child was very ill all yesterday, so as we feared his life, 'til this day, that God was pleas'd to give us hopes:*

September 15, Saturday (Old Style): *Came to visite & dine'd with us Sir W: Godolphin and my sweete charge, little Francis: also his Unkle Henry & Aunt Boscawen: came also [to] visite me the learned Anatomist Dr. Tyson with some other fellows of our Society:*

September 18, Tuesday (Old Style): *I went to Lond[on] to visite & waite on the Dutchesse of Grafton now greate with Child, a most vertuous & beautifull Lady, & dining with her at my Lord Chamberlains met my Lo[rd] of St. Albans, now growne so blind, that he could not see to the taking his meate: It is incredible how how easy a life this Gent[leman] has lived, & in what plenty even abroad, whilst his Majestie was a sufferer; nor lesse, the immense summs he has lost at play, which yet at about 80 yeares old he continues, having one that sets by him to name the spot in the Chards: He eate & dranke with extraordinary appetite. He is with all this a prudent old Courtier, & much inrich'd since his Majesties returne.*

After dinner I walked to survey the sad demolitions of Clarendon house that costly & onely sumptuous Palace of the late L[ord] Chancellor Hydes, where I have often ben so cherefull with him, & so sad; hapning to make him a visite but the day before he fled from the angry Parliament, accusing him of mal-administration, & envious at his grandure, who from a private lawyer, came to be fatherinlaw to the Duke of York; &, as some would suggest, designing his Majesties marriage with the Infanta of Portugal, not apt to breede: To this they imputed much of our unhapinesse, & that being sole Minister & favorite at his Majesties Restauration he neglected to gratifie his Majesties suffering party, for the rewards he received of his richer, & disloyal subjects, who were the cause of our troubles: But perhapps as many of these were injuriously laied to his charge; so he kept the Government far steadier than since it has proved: I could name some others who I thinke contributed greatly to his ruine, The bouffones, and the Misses to whom he was an Eye sore: 'Tis true he was of a jolly temper, after the old English fashion; but France had now the ascendant, & we become quite another nation. The C[h]ancellor gon, & dying in Exile, the Earle his successor sold that which cost 50000 pounds building to the Young Duke of Albemarle for 25000, to pay his debts, which how contracted remaines yet a Mysterie, his sonn being no way a prodigal; some imagine the



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Dutchesse his daughter had ben chargeable to him; however it were, this stately Palace is decreede to ruine, to support the prodigious Wast the D[uke] of Albemarle had made of his Estate, since the old man died; so as selling it to the highest bidders, it fell to certaine inferior people, rich bankers & Mechanics, who gave for it & the ground about it 35000 pounds; who designing a new Towne as it were, & the most magnificent Piazza in Europ, 'tis said have already materials toward it, with what they sould of the house alone, more worth than what they paied for it: See the Vicissitude of earthly things: I was plainely astonish'd as at this demolition, so noe lesse, at the little armie of Labourers, & Artificers in levelling ground, laying foundations, & contriving greate buildings at an expense of 200000 pounds, if they perfect their designe:

September 19, Wednesday (Old Style): *I din'd at Mrs. Boscawens, visited Sir St: Fox:*

September 20, Thursday (Old Style): *did some buisnesse among the Lawyers, having a troublesome suite of an Accompt, with Mr. Pretiman my Wifes Unkle, pretending bills of Exchange not paied, during her Fathers Residence in France: This Controversie having now lasted for many Yeares, coming now to be defended by me, upon My Fa: in Laws decease, as executor in right of my Wife (whose land was engag'd, & Writings [kept] from us, on an imaginary debt) to put it to a final Issue, I was now to commence all a new; & for that end, did this day (among other Council) retaine Mr. North, brother to my L[ord] Keeper, & so referr the issue to the good providence of God, & return'd home to my house: Note, that by the way, I stepped in to a Gold-beaters work-house, who shewed me the wonderfull ductilitie of that spreading & oylie Metall: he said it must be finer than the standard; such as was old Angel gold: & that of such he had once to the value of 100 pounds, stamp'd with the Agnus Dei, & coyn'd at the time of the holy-War; which had ben found in a ruin'd Wall some where in the north, neere to Scotland: some of which he beate into leaves, & the rest sold to the Curiosi of Antiquities & Medails.*

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September 12, Wednesday (Old Style): In the early morning hours before battle, a mass was held for the commander-in-chief King Jan III Sobieski of the Holy League forces. Then the Turkish army that had been besieging the city of Vienna was defeated in battle.

[GERMANY](#)

On September 23d, Old Style, [John Evelyn](#) would report on this in his diary:



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September 23, Sunday (Old Style): ... *We had now the wellcome tidings of the K[ing] of Polands &c raising the siege before Vienna, which gave terror to all Europe, & uttmost reproch to the French, who 'tis believed brought him in, for diversion, that he might the more easilie swallow Flanders, & pursue his unjust conquests on the Empire &c, whilst we sate unconcerned, & under a deadly charme from somebody: There was this day a Collection for the rebuilding of New-Market Consum'd by an accidental fire, which removing his Majestie thence sooner than was intended, put by the Assassimates, who were dissapointed of their Rendezvous & expectation, by a wonderfull providence: This made the King more earnest to render Wi[n]chester the seate of his Autum[n]al field diversions of the future, designing a Palace there, where the antient Castle stood, infinitely indeede preferrable to New-Market, for Prospect, aire, pleasure, & provisions; The Surveior having already begun the foundations for a palace of 35000 pounds & his Majestie purchasing ground about it, to make a Parke &c: My right arme of late yeares becoming very cold & weakened, it passed now into my left, with paine, & such weakenesse, that I had little force left in it, yet without the least appearance of any thing outwardly:*





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October 4, Thursday (Old Style): ... *Following his Majestie this morning through the Gallerie, [I] went (with the few who attended him) into the Dutchesse of Portsmouths dressing roome, within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maides Combing her, newly out of her bed: his Majestie & the Gallants standing about her: but that which ingag'd my curiositie, was the rich & splendid furniture of this woman's Apartment, now twice or thrice, puld downe, & rebuilt, to satisfie her prodigal & expensive pleasures, while her Majestie dos not excede, some gentlemens Ladies furniture & accommodation: Here I saw the new fabrique of French Tapissry, for designe, tendernesse of worke, & incomparable imitation of the best paintings; beyond any thing, I had ever beheld: some pieces had Versailles, St. Germans & other Palaces of the French King with Huntings, figures, & Landscips, Exotique fowle & all to the life rarely don: Then for Japon Cabinets, Skreenes, Pendule Clocks, huge Vasas of wrought plate, Tables, Stands, Chimny furniture, Sconces, branches, Braseras &c, they were all of massive silver, & without number, besides of his Majesties best paintings: Surfeiting of this, I din'd yet at Sir Steph: Foxes, & [5] went contentedly home to my poore, but quiet Villa. Lord what contentment can there be in the riches & splendor of this world, purchas'd with vice & dishonor:*

October 31, Wednesday (Old Style): *Being determin'd to passe this winter in London with my family, by reason of many important affaires; I invited divers of my Neighbours to dinner: [it] was likewise my Birth-day & the 63d or greate Climacterical, to w[h]ich through Gods infinite goodnesse I was now arived, & for which his holy name be praised.*

November 11, Sunday (Old Style): *our Viccar proceedes: Afternoone at Greenewich the Curate on 51 Psal:7: - I visited Sir William Hooker: whose Lady related to us of a Child laied to sleepe, & [that] whilst the Nurse was a little absent, a Monkey had bitten out its Eyes, torne the face, & eaten the head into the braine: Those mischievous animals should not be kept by Ladies that have young children, this being the second accident of that nature I have ben told of, one of which happned in this Parish, a vile Monkey had killd a Nurse child in the cradle almost after the same manner; whilst the nurse went but out to draw a bucket of water: & what was most deplorable, it was the onely child remaining of one who had lost severall.*

November 17, Saturday (Old Style): *I came with my whole Family (except my little Grandson, & his Nurse & some servants to looke after the house) to be in London the rest of this Winter; having many important concernes to dispatch which I could not so well attend at home [& for the education of my daughters]: I tooke therefore the house of one of Mr. Dive's, in Villars streete in Yorke-buildings in the Strand.*



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1684

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled "To The Suffering Friends Of Dantzic":

Number CCCXCVI, Volume VIII, pages 254-255. Friends, with my love in the Lord Jesus Christ to you, who is your saviour and prophet, that God has raised up for you, to hear in all things; your shepherd, that has laid down his life for you, whose voice ye must hear, who will feed you in his living pastures of life, who is your priest, that offered himself for you, who sanctifies you, that he might present you to God: so is become your high priest, who is made higher than the heavens; so is a higher priest than the priesthood of Aaron, and all the priesthoods upon the earth, that are made by men below: for he is a high priest, made higher than the heaven. Heb. vii. And so, is the chief shepherd and bishop of your souls, to oversee you, that you do not go astray from God, who is your sanctuary, in whom you are preserved from the destroyer; who destroys the devil, the great destroyer, and his works, and bruises his head, and breaks his power: he, namely, Christ, is your saviour; in him you have rest and peace, salvation, and life eternal. Now, dear friends, we do hear and understand, that the magistrates have cast you into prison again in Dantzic; and that they have proffered you you liberty, upon condition that you would go away, or forsake your common meeting place, or divide yourselves into several little meetings. Truly, friends, we have had many of these proffers made to us within these twenty or thirty years, but we never durst make such bargains or covenants, to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as we sued to do; but did leave our suffering cause wholly to the Lord Christ Jesus, in whose name we were gathered, who has all power in heaven and earth given unto him: and the Lord at last did and hath tendered the hearts of many of our persecutors both in England and in other places; and therefore in the spirit and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is good to be faithful; who is God all-sufficient to support and supply you all in whatever you do, and strengthen you in all conditions. For if that should get little advantage upon you, and get you into weakness, it would not rest so, but get more upon you. And therefore it is good to stand fast in the liberty in Christ Jesus, the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, who hath made you free out of the snares, and bondage, and limitations of the wills of the sons of old Adam. And whereas the magistrates have alleged that Christ departed out of the coasts of Gadarenes upon their request, after he had cast the devils out of the possessed men (sic) and they entered into their swine, and run into the sea. this argument is of no weight, for you to go out of their coasts or city, who are settled citizens, and have wives and families; for Christ went





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up and down from place to place and preached; as he said, "The son of man hath not where to lay his head, though the subtle foxes had holes, and the high-flown fowls had their nests. "And would they take it kindly themselves, if the king of Poland, their protector, who is of a contrary profession, should use the same argument against to them, and say, begone, or else do not meet at your great public places of worship, but meet in small companies, or else to depart out of these coasts, as Christ did out of the coasts of the Gadarnees. And if you do not, then you are disobedient to Christ's example; as they do apply it upon you. and so, let them weight the matter and their argument with the just law of God, to do unto you as they would be done unto themselves. And now, dear friends, I desire, however, that you walk wisely, and gently, and lovingly, and meekly, and soberly to all the magistrates, and all people, that they may have no just occasion in any thing against you. for the good must overcome the bad, as the apostle says, "Overcome evil with good," and dwell in that love that can bear all things, and endure all things. And nothing can separate you from this love which you have in God through Jesus Christ. In this love build up and edify one another, that by it you may answer the good in all people, and spread his truth abroad, and be valiant for that upon earth. So in his holy, peaceable truth, and his seed Christ Jesus, in which all nations are blest, God almighty preserve and keep you to his glory. Amen. And now, dear friends, you that have stood such hard and cruel sufferings so long, for the Lord's name and truth, and could not be overcome by cruelty, take heed now lest you be overcome by fair words and flattery; for in that there is a greater danger.

G.F.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

May 31: Friend [George Fox](#) went again across the channel to Holland.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Now had I drawings in Spirit to go into Holland, to visit the Seed of God there. And as soon as the yearly meeting was over I prepared for my journey. There went with me from London Alexander Parker, George Watts, and Nathaniel Brassey, who also had drawings into that country.

We took coach the 31st of the Third month, 1684, and got to Colchester that night. Next day being First-day, we went to the meeting there; and though there was no notice given of my coming, yet our being there was presently spread over the town, and in several places in the country at seven and ten miles distance; so that abundance of Friends came in double-horsed, which made the meeting very large.

I had a concern and travail in my mind, lest this great gathering should stir up the town, and be more than the magistrates could well bear. But it was very quiet and peaceable, and a glorious meeting we had, to the settling and establishing of Friends both in town and country; for the Lord's power was over all; blessed be His name for ever!

Truly the Lord's power and presence was beyond words; for I was but weak to go into a meeting, and my face (by reason of a cold I had taken) was sore; but God manifested His strength in us and with us, and all was well. The Lord have the glory for evermore, for His supporting power!

It was the latter end of the summer when I came to London, where I stayed the winter following; saving that once or twice, my wife being in town with me, I went with her to her son Rous's at Kingston. And though my body was very weak, yet I was in continual service, either in public meetings, when I was able to bear them, or in particular business amongst Friends, and visiting those that were sufferers for Truth, either by imprisonment or loss of goods.

Many things also in this time I wrote, some for the press, and some for particular service; as letters to the King of Denmark and Duke of Holstein on behalf of Friends that were sufferers in their dominions.

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At this point Friend Fox wrote the Duke of Holstein, ending his letter with: "I entreat the duke to consider these things. I entreat him to mind God's grace and truth in his heart that is come by Jesus; that by his Spirit of Grace and truth he may come to serve and worship God in his Spirit and truth; so that he may serve the living eternal God that made him, in his generation, and have his peace in Christ, that the world cannot take away. And I do desire his good, peace, and prosperity in this world, and his eternal comfort and happiness in the world that is



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everlasting. Amen. G.F. London, 26th of the 8th Month, 1684.”

The yearly meeting coming on, I was much concerned for Friends that came up to it out of the country, lest they should meet with any trouble or disturbance in their passage up or down; and the rather because about that time a great bustle arose in the nation upon the Duke of Monmouth's landing in the West. [Charles II's bastard disembarked in Lyme in Devonshire in his attempt to secure the crown but would be defeated and captured at Sedgemoor on July 6, 1685.] But the Lord, according to His wonted goodness, was graciously pleased to preserve Friends in safety, and gave us a blessed opportunity to meet together in peace and quietness, and accompanied our meeting with His living, refreshing presence: blessed for ever be His holy name!

** Considering the hurries that were in the nation, it came upon me at the close of this meeting to write a few lines to Friends, to caution all to keep out of the spirit of the world, in which trouble is, and to dwell in the peaceable Truth.*

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1685

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle entitled "Concerning The Pure and undefiled Religion, That Was Set Up Above Sixteen Hundred Years Ago: Which All That do Own God And Christ Are To Walk In":



Dear Friends, you who profess the light, faith, grace, and spirit of Christ, and the pure undefiled religion before God the Father, are to keep yourselves unspotted from the world, and to bridle your tongues from evil words, which corrupt good manners; the light of Christ Jesus letteth you see the spots of the world; and the force of God will teach you to deny them; and the spirit of truth, if you be led by it, teacheth you to mortify and subdue them. And now friends, here is the pure and undefiled religion which the apostle in the primitive times did own, and which now we do own: this is pure religion, and is undefiled before God the Father, and to keep unspotted from the world. First. This religion is pure. Secondly. It is undefiled before God the Father. and that which is pure and undefiled before God the Father, if you live in it and obey it, it will keep you unspotted from the world, and so from the spots of the world: and that which keeps you from the spots of the world, will keep you from the body of death, and sins of the world; which you are made from, by the circumcision of Christ, by his spirit, and by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, are made free from the law of sin and death. And all such that follow the lust of the eye, the pride of life, and the lust of the flesh, which is not of the Father, but of the God of the world, that abode not in the truth, such are spotted with the spots of the world, and are proud, vain, lofty, scornful, high, and spotted with the world spots, and are void of the pure undefiled religion before God the Father. And take heed of malice, hatred, envy, wrath, rage, and fury; these are the spots of the world, who bear such fruits, contrary to the spirit of meekness, gentleness, kindness, tenderness, sobriety, love and mercifulness, which are the fruits of the pure spirit of God, which leadeth to the pure undefiled religion before God the Father. which is to visit the fatherless, and widows in their affliction and to keep unspotted from the world. This pure and undefiled religion keepeth in the purity of life and conversation; and this is above all, and keeps from all vain religions in the world; which pure and undefiled religion, it is the duty of all true christians walk in, by which they may be kept from the spots of the world, and this is the religion that was set up above sixteen hundred years ago, in the church of Christ; and happy had all Christendom, been, if they had kept to this pure and undefiled religion to this day, and they would not have made so many religions as they have done. But to this pure undefiled religion they must come again, if ever they come to the true religion; for none can make a better,



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than the pure undefiled religion, which was set up in the church, (in the apostles' days,) above sixteen hundred years ago; unto which all that profess christianity should be comformable; even to this pure undefiled religion which will keep them from the spots of the world, and then their religion will not be of the world. And this is the one pure undefiled religion that all christians should be of, which is from one God, the creator of all. so there is one God, the creator of all, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom all things were made and created, who is the one mediator betwixt God and man; even the man Christ Jesus; there is one body, and one spirit, even as you are called to one hope of your calling; and one God and Father of all, who is above you all, and in you all, and through you all; and there is one faith which Christ Jesus is the author and finisher of; and there is one baptism, and by one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, bond or free, must all drink into this one spirit of Christ, and so to keep the unity in the spirit, which is the bond of peace. For the apostle saith, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is non of his," Rom. viii. 9. for Christ saith in his prayer to his Father, "That they be all one, (meaning the true Christians,) as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that they may be one, even as we are one; I in the, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one;" to wit, the believers and followers of Christ. John xvii, 21,22,23. here you may see, God and Christ are one in them, so he prayeth, (that his people may be one,) in whom they have rest, life, peace, and salvation with God, through Jesus Christ. Amen. "Let your conversation or practice be without covetousness," etc. Heb. xiii. 5. "Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ." Philip. i. 17.

G.F. The 4th of the 2nd month, 1685

His epistle entitled "To Friends In The Ministry In Pennsylvania and New Jersey" dates to this year:



Dear Friends, - With my love to you all, and all the rest of Friends; I was glad to hear from you; but you gave me no account of the increase of truth amongst you, nor what meetings you have had amongst the Indian kings and their people abroad in the countries, and of your visiting Friends in New England, Virginia, and Carolina, nor of your travels and labours in the gospel; who have in all those countries, liberty to serve and worship God, and preach the truth. And I understand many have a desire to live in it, especially in Carolina; and you who travel now from Friends, to Friends thither, it is thought strange that you do not visit them; therefore I desire that you may all improve your gifts and talents, and not hide them in a napkin,



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*lest they be taken from you; and not to put your candle under a bushel, lest it go out; and not to be like the foolish virgins, which kept their name of virgins, but neglected having oil in their lamps. Such were not diligent in the work of God, nor in the concerns of the Lord, nor in their own particulars. And therefor my desires are, that you may all be diligent, serving the Lord and minding his glory, and the prosperity of his truth, this little time that you have left to live; and be not Adam in the earth, but use this world as thought you did not use it; for they that covet after this world, fall into divers snares and hurtful lusts. And therefore consider, that you are but sojourners here, that you may pass your time in the fear of God; and you being many, and having many of the Friends of the ministry, going over into those parts, you may be a hindrance one unto another, if you do not travel in the life of the universal truth, that would have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. And if you would have them come to the knowledge of the truth, let them know it, and where it is to be found. So I desire that you be valiant for it upon the earth, that you may give a good account unto God at the last with joy. So, I desire that all Friends in the ministry may see this in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. And so with my love to you all in the holy seed of life that reigns over all. Amen.
G.F. Enfield, the 30th of the 5th month, 1685*

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1686

March: Friend [George Fox](#) returned to London.

George Fox

*I came back to London in the First month, 1686, and set myself with all diligence to look after Friends' sufferings, from which we had now some hopes of getting relief. The sessions came on in the Second month at Hicks's-Hall, where many Friends had appeals to be tried. I was with these from day to day, to advise them, and to see that no opportunity was slipped nor advantage lost; and they generally succeeded well.
* Soon after the King was pleased, upon our often laying our sufferings before him, to give order for the releasing of all prisoners for conscience' sake that were in his power to discharge. Thereby the prison-doors were opened, and many hundreds of Friends, some of whom had been long in prison, were set at liberty.*

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March 15-May 16: [James](#), who had as yet not even undergone his coronation ceremony, rashly issued a warrant of Royal Pardon for all those of his subjects who were in prison under *præmunire* because of their unwillingness to attend the established church, or to swear the oath. More than 1,600 prisoners, about 1,500 of them [Quakers](#), would be venturing freely into the light of day — some for the first time in years. (It would be impulsive acts such as this one, entirely against the counsel of his powerful advisers, which eventually would bring about a “Bloodless Revolution” in which this James II would be deposed and would need to pass into exile overseas (tossing the Great Seal of England into the waters of the Thames as he departed).⁸⁸

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Some of those who had for many years been restrained in bonds, came now up to the yearly meeting, which was in the Third month this year. This caused great joy to Friends, to see our ancient, faithful brethren again at liberty in the Lord's work, after their long confinement. And indeed a precious meeting we had; the refreshing presence of the Lord appearing plentifully with us and amongst us.

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88. This “Order of Release” is presently in the Archives in Devonshire House in London. It is written on eleven skins of vellum, with a portrait of King James II at the top. We can see that the monarch included the Reverend John Bunyan in his warrant.



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1688

Paul Rycaut's edition of Richard Knolles's *THE TURKISH HISTORY*, issued by Randal Taylor in London, contained Alexander Ross's 1649 translation into English of a shabby French translation of *THE ALCORAN OF MAHOMET*. This would be the contemptuous venue in which many Englishmen and Americans who would learn of the *QUR'AN* of **Mohammed** would acquire what little information that they would acquire.



In his 1680 letter "To the great Turk and King at Algiers," Friend **George Fox** had quoted extensively from "your Alcoran," which evidently would have been this Alexander Ross translation of 1649. According to <http://www.islam101.com/quran/transAnalysis.htm>:

Apart from the Qadiyanis, Christian missionaries have been the most active non-Muslim translators of the Quran. As already noted, origins of this inglorious tradition may be traced back to the anti-Islamic motives of the missionaries. Small wonder, then that these ventures are far from being a just translation, replete as they are with frequent transpositions, omissions, unaccountable liberties and unpardonable faults. A very crude specimen of the Orientalist-missionary approach to the Quran is found in Alexander Ross's *THE ALCORAN OF MAHOMET TRANSLATED OUT OF ARABIQUE INTO FRENCH, BY THE SIEUR DU RYER...AND NEWLY ENGLISHED, FOR THE SATISFACTION FOR ALL THAT DESIRE TO LOOK INTO THE TURKISH VANITIES* (London, 1649). In translating the Quran, the intention of Ross, a chaplain of King Charles I, was: "I thought good to bring it to their colors, that so viewing thine enemies in their full body, thou must the better prepare to encounter ... his Alcoran." In the same rabidly anti-Islamic vein are the two appendices in the work entitled as (a) "A Needful Caveat or Admonition, for them who desire to know what use may be made of or if there be danger in reading the Alcoran" (pages 406-20) and "The Life and Death of Mahomet: the Prophet of the Turks and author of the Alcoran" (pages 395-405).



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September: Friend [George Fox](#) returned to London from recuperating in the country.

In the Seventh month I returned to London, having been near three months in the country for my health's sake, which was very much impaired; so that I was hardly able to stay in a meeting the whole time; and often after a meeting had to lie down on a bed. Yet did not my weakness of body take me off from the service of the Lord, but I continued to labour in and out of meetings, in His work, as He gave me opportunity and ability.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

October 17, Wednesday (7, Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) wrote a general epistle to English Friends about the fraught domestic political situation.

I had not been long in London before a great weight came upon me, and the Lord gave me a sight of the great bustles and troubles, revolution and change, which soon after came to pass. In the sense thereof, and in the movings of the Spirit of the Lord, I wrote "A general epistle to Friends, to forewarn them of the approaching storm, that they might all retire to the Lord, in whom is safety." [The army of William III, Prince of Orange, would be disembarking in England during the following month.] About this time great exercises and weights came upon me (as they had usually done before the great revolutions and changes of government), and my strength departed from me; so that I reeled, and was ready to fall, as I went along the streets. At length I could not go abroad at all, I was so weak, for some time, till I felt the power of the Lord to spring over all, and had received an assurance from Him, that He would preserve His faithful people to Himself through all.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

October 19, Friday (9, Old Style): Per the diary of [John Evelyn](#):



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*I return'd the 9th — A paper of what the Bishops advised his Majestie [was publish'd]
A [forme of] prayer, the Bishops were injoy[n]'d to prepare [an office] against the feared
Invasion.
A pardon published: Souldiers & Mariners daily pressed &c.*





FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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1689

Mid-March: Friend [George Fox](#) returned to London.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

About the middle of the First month, 1688-9, I went to London, the Parliament then sitting, and engaged about the bill for indulgence. Though I was weak in body, and not well able to stir about, yet so great a concern was upon my spirit on behalf of Truth and Friends, that I attended continually for many days, with other Friends, at the Parliament-House, labouring with the members, that the thing might be done comprehensively and effectually.

I remained at London till the beginning of the Ninth month [November 1690], being continually exercised in the work of the Lord, either in public meetings, opening the way of Truth to people, and building up and establishing Friends therein, or in other services relating to the Church of God. For the Parliament now sitting, and having a bill before them concerning oaths, and another concerning clandestine marriages, several Friends attended the House, to get those bills so worded that they might not be hurtful to Friends. In this service I also assisted, attending on the Parliament, and discoursing the matter with several of the members.

FOX'S JOURNAL



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1690

Friend [George Fox](#)'s epistle "To Friends, Captives At Macqueness":



Dear Friends, with my love to you all in the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom you have life and salvation, and rest and peace with God; and the Lord God Almighty with his eternal arm and power uphold and preserve you in Christ, in whom you have rest and peace, though in the world troubles; and though you be in captivity, from your wives and children, and relations and friends, yet the Lord is present with you by his spirit of grace, light, and truth. And so feel him at all times, and stand in his will; do not murmur nor complain, but stand still in the faith and power of God, that you may see your salvation. for by faith the Lord delivered his people out of Egypt by his power; and by faith Enoch and Noah were preserved, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and by faith the prophets were delivered out of many perils; and Daniel out of the Lion's mouth. And you see how the righteous were delivered by faith. Heb. xi. And it would be very well, if you that be captives and Friends, could have meetings as they had at Algiers, to the comforting and refreshing one another. And you may speak to your patrons of your meeting together to worship God that created heaven and earth, and made all mankind, and gives you breath, life, and spirit, to serve and worship him. And my desires are to the Lord, that you in his truth and power may answer the truth in all, both king, and prince, and Turks, and Moors, that you may be a good savour among them, and in them all; manifesting that your are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world: and a city set on hill, that cannot be hid: so that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, who is in heaven. And what do you know, but the Lord hath set you there to preach in life, and word, and good conversation? Therefore, while you are there, mind your service for God, who hath all things in his hand, and a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his providence. And Christ is the mountain that filleth the whole earth; and so you will feel him there. And therefore keep in the word of power, and in the word of patience, and the word of wisdom, that will give your dominion over all. Amen. G.F. London, the 25th of the 8th month, 1690

Postscript You may petition the emperor, or king, and your patrons, whose captives you are, that you may have one day in the week to meet together to worship and serve the great God (that made you) in spirit and truth. For you worship no representation, image, or likeness, neither in heaven nor in the earth, but the great God, who is Lord over all, both in heaven and in earth, and is manifest by his spirit in his people. [And you may state in your petition, that it is] from you, poor captives, who desire their good here, and their eternal



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happiness hereafter. And you may draw up a paper to this effect, and get it translated into their language, and send it to the emperor and his council, and your patrons: and set your hands to it with all speed, after the receipt of this.
George Fox

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Beginning of November: Friend [George Fox](#) again left London.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

I remained at London till the beginning of the Ninth month, being continually exercised in the work of the Lord, either in public meetings, opening the way of Truth to people, and building up and establishing Friends therein, or in other services relating to the Church of God. For the Parliament now sitting, and having a bill before them concerning oaths, and another concerning clandestine marriages, several Friends attended the House, to get those bills so worded that they might not be hurtful to Friends. In this service I also assisted, attending on the Parliament, and discoursing the matter with several of the members.

FOX'S JOURNAL



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1691

January 10, Saturday (1690, Old Style): The last entry in the journal of Friend [George Fox](#), accompanied with a letter to Irish Friends in their suffering during Ireland's civil war.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads 'George Fox' in a cursive script.

Not long after I returned to London, and was almost daily with Friends at meetings. When I had been near two weeks in town, the sense of the great hardships and sore sufferings that Friends had been and were under in Ireland, coming with great weight upon me, I was moved to write an epistle, as a word of consolation unto them.

FOX'S JOURNAL:

January 11, Sunday (1690, Old Style): Friend [George Fox](#) attended at Gracechurch Street Meeting and delivered a long sermon "opening many deep and weighty things," after which he offered prayer. Later in the day, when some Friends came to his room in White-Hart-Court, he told them he had "felt the cold strike to his heart, as he came out of meeting"; "yet," he added, "I am glad I was here (i.e., in the meeting). Now I am clear, I am fully clear!" Later, to other Friends who were visiting, he said: "All is well; the Seed of God reigns over all and over death itself. And though I am weak in body, yet the power of God is over all, and the Seed reigns over all disorderly spirits."

QUAKERS



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

January 13, Tuesday-14, Wednesday (1690, Old Style) night: On this night [George Fox](#) died during his sleep. His funeral would be well-attended, and the body would be interred near Bunhill Fields.



QUAKERS



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Here is Friend [William Penn](#)'s retrospective:

The Testimony of William Penn concerning that Faithful Servant George Fox.

The blessed instrument of and in this day of God, and of whom I am now about to write, was George Fox, distinguished from another of that name, by that other's addition of younger to his name in all his writings; not that he was so in years, but that he was so in the truth; but he was also a worthy man, witness and servant of God in his time.

But this George Fox was born in Leicestershire, about the year 1624. He descended of honest and sufficient parents, who endeavoured to bring him up, as they did the rest of their children, in the way and worship of the nation; especially his mother, who was a woman accomplished above most of her degree in the place where she lived. But from a child he appeared of another frame of mind than the rest of his brethren; being more religious, inward, still, solid, and observing, beyond his years, as the answers he would give, and the questions he would put upon occasion manifested, to the astonishment of those that heard him, especially in divine things.

His mother taking notice of his singular temper, and the gravity, wisdom, and piety that very early shone through him, refusing childish and vain sports and company when very young, she was tender and indulgent over him, so that from her he met with little difficulty. As to his employment, he was brought up in country business; and as he took most delight in sheep, so he was very skilful in them; an employment that very well suited his mind in several respects, both for its innocency and solitude; and was a just figure of his after ministry and service.

I shall not break in upon his own account, which is by much the best that can be given; and therefore desire, what I can, to avoid saying anything of what is said already, as to the particular passages of his coming forth; but, in general, when he was somewhat above twenty, he left his friends, and visited the most retired and religious people, and some there were at that time in this nation, especially in those parts, who waited for the consolation of Israel night and day, as Zacharias, Anna, and good old Simeon did of old time. To these he was sent, and these he sought out in the neighboring countries, and among them he sojourned till his more ample ministry came upon him.

At this time he taught and was an example of silence, endeavouring to bring people from self-performances, testifying and turning to the light of Christ within them, and encouraging them to wait in patience to feel the power of it to stir in their hearts, that their knowledge and worship of God might stand in the power of an endless life, which was to be found in the Light, as it was obeyed in the manifestation of it in man. "For in the Word was life, and that life was the light of men." Life in the Word, light in men, and life too, as the light is obeyed; the children of the light living by the life of the Word, by which the Word begets them again to God, which is the regeneration and new birth, without which there is no coming unto the kingdom of God; and which, whoever comes to, is greater than John, that is, than John's ministry which was not that of the kingdom, but the consummation of the legal, and opening of the gospel-dispensation. Accordingly, several meetings were gathered in those parts; and thus his time was employed for some years.



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In 1652, he being in his usual retirement to the Lord upon a very high mountain, in some of the hither parts of Yorkshire, as I take it, his mind exercised towards the Lord, he had a vision of the great work of God in the earth, and of the way that he was to go forth to begin it. He saw people as thick as motes in the sun, that should in time be brought home to the Lord, that there might be but one Shepherd and one sheepfold in all the earth. There his eye was directed northward, beholding a great people that should receive him and his message in those parts. Upon this mountain he was moved of the Lord to sound out his great and notable day, as if he had been in a great auditory, and from thence went north, as the Lord had shewn him: and in every place where he came, if not before he came to it, he had his particular exercise and service shewn to him, so that the Lord was his leader indeed; for it was not in vain that he travelled, God in most places sealing his commission with the conviction of some of all sorts, as well publicans as sober professors of religion. Some of the first and most eminent of them, which are at rest, were Richard Farnsworth, James Nayler, William Dewsbury, Francis Howgil, Edward Burrough, John Camm, John Audland, Richard Hubberthorn, T. Taylor, John Aldam, T. Holmes, Alexander Parker, William Simpson, William Caton, John Stubbs, Robert Widders, John Burnyeat, Robert Lodge, Thomas Salthouse, and many more worthies, that cannot be well here named, together with diverse yet living of the first and great conviction, who after the knowledge of God's purging judgments in themselves, and some time of waiting in silence upon him, to feel and receive power from on high to speak in his name (which none else rightly can, though they may use the same words), felt the divine motions, and were frequently drawn forth, especially to visit the publick assemblies, to reprove, inform and exhort them, sometimes in markets, fairs, streets, and by the highway side, calling people to repentance, and to turn to the Lord with their hearts as well as their mouths; directing them to the light of Christ within them, to see and examine and consider their ways by, and to eschew the evil and do the good and acceptable will of God. And they suffered great hardships for this their love and good-will, being often stocked, stoned, beaten, whipped and imprisoned, though honest men and of good report where they lived, that had left wives and children, and houses and lands, to visit them with a living call to repentance. And though the priests generally set themselves to oppose them, and write against them, and insinuated most false and scandalous stories to defame them, stirring up the magistrates to suppress them, especially in those northern parts, yet God was pleased so to fill them with his living power, and give them such an open door of utterance in his service, that there was a mighty conviction over those parts.

And through the tender and singular indulgence of Judge Bradshaw and Judge Fell, in the infancy of things, the priests were never able to gain the point they laboured for, which was to have proceeded to blood, and if possible, Herod-like, by a cruel exercise of the civil power, to have cut them off and rooted them out of the country. Especially Judge Fell, who was not only a check to their rage in the course of legal proceedings, but otherwise upon occasion, and finally countenanced this people; for his wife receiving the truth with the first, it had that influence upon his spirit, being a just and wise man, and seeing in his own wife and family a full confutation of all the popular clamours against the way of truth, that he covered them what he could, and freely opened his doors, and gave up his house to his wife and her friends, not valuing the reproach of ignorant or evilminded people, which I here mention to his and her honour, and which will be I believe an honour and a blessing to such of their name and family as shall be found in that tenderness, humility, love and zeal for the truth and people of the Lord.

That house was for some years at first, till the truth had opened its way in the southern parts of this island, an eminent receptacle of this people. Others of good note and substance in those northern countries had also opened their houses with their hearts to the many publishers, that in a short time the Lord had raised to declare his salvation to the people, and where meetings of the Lord's messengers were frequently held, to communicate their services and exercises, and comfort and edify one another in their blessed ministry.

But lest this may be thought a digression, having touched upon this before, I return to this excellent man: and for his personal qualities, both natural, moral, and divine, as they appeared in his converse with his brethren and in the church of God, take as follows.



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

I. He was a man that God endowed with a clear and wonderful depth, a discerner of others' spirits, and very much a master of his own. And though the side of his understanding which lay next to the world, and especially the expression of it, might sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice ears, his matter was nevertheless very profound, and would not only bear to be often considered but the more it was so, the more weighty and instructing it appeared. And as abruptly and brokenly as sometimes his sentences would fall from him about divine things, it is well known they were often as texts to many fairer declarations. And indeed it shewed beyond all contradiction that God sent him, that no arts or parts had any share in the matter or manner of his ministry, and that so many great, excellent, and necessary truths as he came forth to preach to mankind, had therefore nothing of man's wit or wisdom to recommend them. So that as to man he was an original, being no man's copy. And his ministry and writings shew they are from one that was not taught of man, nor had learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional or speculative, but sensible and practical truths, tending to conversion and regeneration, and the setting up the kingdom of God in the hearts of men, and the way of it was his work. So that I have many times been overcome in myself, and been made to say with my Lord and Master upon the like occasion, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent of this world, and revealed them to babes"; for many times hath my soul bowed in an humble thankfulness to the Lord, that he did not choose any of the wise and learned of this world to be the first messenger in our age of his blessed truth to men; but that he took one that was not of high degree, or elegant speech, or learned after the way of this world, that his message and work He sent him to do might come with less suspicion or jealousy of human wisdom and interest, and with more force and clearness upon the consciences of those that sincerely sought the way of truth in the love of it. I say, beholding with the eye of my mind, which the God of heaven had opened in me, the marks of God's finger and hand visibly in this testimony from the clearness of the principle, the power and efficacy of it in the exemplary sobriety, plainness, zeal, steadiness, humility, gravity, punctuality, charity, and circumspect care in the government of church affairs, which shined in his and their life and testimony that God employed in this work, it greatly confirmed me that it was of God, and engaged my soul in a deep love, fear, reverence, and thankfulness for his love and mercy therein to mankind; in which mind I remain, and shall, I hope, to the end of my days.

II. In his testimony or ministry he much laboured to open truth to the people's understandings, and to bottom them upon the principle and principal, Christ Jesus, the light of the world, that by bringing them to something that was of God in themselves, they might the better know and judge of him and themselves.

He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures. He would go to the marrow of things, and shew the mind, harmony, and fulfilling of them with much plainness, and to great comfort and edification.

The mystery of the first and second Adam, of the fall and restoration, of the law and gospel, of shadows and substance, of the servant and son's state, and the fulfilling of the Scriptures in Christ, and by Christ the true light, in all that are His, through the obedience of faith, were much of the substance and drift of his testimonies. In all which he was witnessed to be of God, being sensibly felt to speak that which he had received of Christ, and was his own experience in that which never errs nor fails.

But above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the fewness and fullness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony he knew, and lived nearer to the Lord than other men; for they that know him most will see most reason to approach him with reverence and fear.

He was of an innocent life, no busy-body, nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical: what fell from him was very inoffensive, if not very edifying. So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. He exercised no authority but over evil, and that everywhere and in all; but with love, compassion, and long-suffering. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to take or give offense. Thousands can truly say, he was of an excellent spirit and savour among them, and because thereof the most excellent spirits loved him with an unfeigned and unfading love.



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He was an incessant labourer; for in his younger time, before his many great and deep sufferings and travels had enfeebled his body for itinerant services, he laboured much in the word and doctrine and discipline in England, Scotland, and Ireland, turning many to God, and confirming those that were convinced of the truth, and settling good order as to church affairs among them. And towards the conclusion of his travelling services, between the years seventy-one and seventy-seven, he visited the churches of Christ in the plantations in America, and in the United Provinces, and 'y, as his following Journal relates, to the convincement and consolation of many. After that time he chiefly resided in and about the city of London, and besides the services of his ministry, which were frequent, he wrote much both to them that are within and those that are without the communion. But the care he took of the affairs of the church in general was very great.

He was often where the records of the affairs of the church are kept, and the letters from the many meetings of God's people over all the world, where settled, come upon occasions; which letters he had read to him, and communicated them to the meeting that is weekly held there for such services; he would be sure to stir them up to discharge them, especially in suffering cases: showing great sympathy and compassion upon all such occasions, carefully looking into the respective cases, and endeavouring speedy relief according to the nature of them; so that the churches and any of the suffering members thereof were sure not to be forgotten or delayed in their desires if he were there.

As he was unwearied, so he was undaunted in his services for God and his people; he was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath. His behaviour at Derby, Litchfield, Appleby, before Oliver Cromwell at Launceston, Scarborough, Worcester, and Westminster-hall, with many other places and exercises, did abundantly evidence it to his enemies as well as his friends.

But as in the primitive times some rose up against the blessed apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, even from among those that they had turned to the hope of the gospel, and who became their greatest trouble, so this man of God had his share of suffering from some that were convinced by him, who through prejudice or mistake ran against him as one that sought dominion over conscience; because he pressed, by his presence or epistles, a ready and zealous compliance with such good and wholesome things as tended to an orderly conversation about the affairs of the church, and in their walking before men. That which contributed much to this ill work, was in some a begrudging of this meek man the love and esteem he had and deserved in the hearts of the people, and weakness in others that were taken with their groundless suggestions of imposition and blind obedience.

They would have had every man independent, that as he had the principle in himself, he should only stand and fall to that and nobody else; not considering that the principle is one in all, and though the measure of light or grace might differ, yet the nature of it was the same, and being so they struck at the spiritual unity, which a people guided by the same principle are naturally led into: so that what is evil to one is so to all, and what is virtuous, honest, and of good report to one, is so to all, from the sense and savour of the one universal principle which is common to all, and (which the disaffected profess to be) the root of all true Christian fellowship, and that spirit into which the people of God drink, and come to be spiritually minded, and of one heart and one soul.

Some weakly mistook good order in the government of church affairs for discipline in worship, and that it was so pressed or recommended by him and other brethren; and they were ready to reflect the same things that dissenters had very reasonably objected upon the national churches, that have coercively pressed conformity to their respective creeds and worships: whereas these things related wholly to conversation, and the outward and (as I may say) civil part of the church, that men should walk up to the principles of their belief, and not be wanting in care and charity. But though some have stumbled and fallen through mistakes and an unreasonable obstinacy, even to a prejudice, yet blessed be God, the generality have returned to their first love, and seen the work of the enemy, that loses no opportunity or advantage by which he may check or hinder the work of God, and disquiet the peace of His church, and chill the love of His people to the truth, and one to another; and there is hope of diverse that are yet at a distance.

In all these occasions, though there was no person the discontented struck so sharply at as this good man, he bore all their weakness and prejudice, and returned not reflection for reflection; but forgave them their weak and bitter speeches, praying for them that they might have a sense of their hurt, and see the subtlety of the enemy to rend and divide, and return into their first love that thought no ill.



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And truly, I must say, that though God had visibly clothed him with a divine preference and authority, and indeed his very presence expressed a religious majesty, yet he never abused it, but held his place in the church of God with great meekness, and a most engaging humility and moderation. For upon all occasions like his blessed Master, he was a servant to all, holding and exercising his eldership in the invisible power that had gathered them, with reverence to the head and care over the body, and was received only in that spirit and power of Christ, as the first and chief elder in this age; who as he was therefore worthy of double honour, so for the same reason it was given by the faithful of this day; because his authority was inward and not outward, and that he got it and kept it by the love of God and power of an endless life. I write my knowledge and not report, and my witness is true, having been with him for weeks and months together on diverse occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature, and that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in this and in foreign countries: and I can say I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service or occasion.

For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man. A divine, and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making. I have been surprised at his questions and answers in natural things, that whilst he was ignorant of useless and sophisticated science, he had in him the foundation of useful and commendable knowledge, and cherished it everywhere. Civil beyond all forms of breeding in his behaviour; very temperate, eating little and sleeping less, though a bulky person.

Thus he lived and sojourned among us, and as he lived so he died, feeling the same eternal power that had raised and preserved him in his last moments. So full of assurance was he that he triumphed over death; and so even to the last, as if death were hardly worth notice or a mention: recommending to some with him the dispatch and dispersion of an epistle, just before written to the churches of Christ, throughout the world, and his own books; but above all, friends, and of all friends those in Ireland and America, twice over: saying, Mind poor friends in Ireland and America.

And to some that came in and inquired how he found himself, he answered, "Never heed, the Lord's power is over all weakness and death, the Seed reigns, blessed be the Lord": which was about four or five hours before his departure out of this world. He was at the great meeting near Lombard Street on the first day of the week, and it was the third following about ten at night when he left us, being at the house of H. Goldney in the same court. In a good old age he went, after having lived to see his children's children to several generations in the truth. He had the comfort of a short illness, and the blessing of a clear sense to the last; and we may truly say with a man of God of old, that "being dead, he yet speaketh"; and though absent in body, he is present in Spirit; neither time nor place being able to interrupt the communion of saints, or dissolve the fellowship of the spirits of the just. His works praise him, because they are to the praise of Him that worked by him; for which his memorial is and shall be blessed. I have done, as to this part of my preface, when I have left this short epitaph to his name: "Many sons have done virtuously in this day, but, dear George, thou excellent them all."



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To Friend Penn's retrospective as reprinted above, and to the general history published by Friend Sewal, we should add the observation that those who are the most closely associated with us in a movement may not be the best situated to observe our warts and blemishes, out of political affiliation. In that light, here is H. Larry Ingle, the most recent biographer of Friend George Fox, in regard to Gerard Croese's *The General History of the Quakers*, published in Latin in 1695 and in English in 1696:

“Croese had access to documents and people long since lost and did an extensive amount of research. The result, while erroneous in some places, is still better than Sewel's because he was not writing as an insider with a goal of defending the establishment. Sewel claimed that Croese got much of his information from him, but if he did, he certainly gave it a different twist. The Meeting for Sufferings was not please with Croese's book and tried to stop its publication, but they were unsuccessful. Both histories are useful, and neither should be overlooked, for both contain valuable information. My experience has been that, usually, those who write history from the inside tend to reflect the values and ‘take’ of those about whom they write. There's nothing wrong with this — in fact, that they write that way is understandably and often useful. But what they write must be balanced with the views of others. Croese did write as someone who did not accept the ‘truth’ of Quakerism. That fact made him neither right nor wrong, but it did give him a perspective that those who want to get at the total picture need to look at and consider. Let me cite one passage about Fox that I found quite perceptive, from Book II, p. 116:

‘[Fox] was moreover couragious. tenacious of his Opinion, and morose, so much confiding in his Person, Pain and Advice, that the thought nothing could be done rightly, or perfected without him, being desious every where to be present, and preside; and what happened to be done well, he laid claim to the glory of it, pretending Title to the Reward of the Praise of it all; and yet all this under colour of Simplicity and Humility. Pleasant and Bountiful to those that lov'd him, but bitter against others that were not of his Society, not only hurting 'em verbally, but really as fer as he could, and that sometimes not imprudently, but even immodestly and impudently too.’

Can anyone imagine Sewel writing candidly, and, I might add, so insightfully? Indeed, such balanced assessments were few and far between until more recent days. The point is that one should use both Sewel and Croese if one wants to get as close to the actual early Quakerism — the former for the view of those who wanted to defend the movement, the latter for those who wanted an outsider's comments. Sewel writes erroneously as well — indeed, given the state of histories of the day, one can reasonably expect that errors will appear in practically every writer, even the most careful. That does not mean that we should assume that one among so few writers is completely correct.”



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1694

[George Keith](#) had experienced even less success in England than in America, in persuading [Quakers](#) to leave their groups to follow him instead. In this year he was disowned by London Yearly Meeting. He issued his A FURTHER DISCOVERY OF THE SPIRIT OF **FALSHOOD & PERSECUTION** IN SAM. JENNINGS, AND HIS PARTY THAT JOYND WITH HIM IN PENSILVANIA; AND SOME ABETTORS THAT CLOAK AND DEFEND HIM HERE IN ENGLAND: IN ANSWER TO HIS SCANDALOUS BOOK, CALLED, *THE STATE OF THE CASE*. Also, his THE ARRAIGNMENT OF **WORLDLY PHILOSOPHY**, OR, THE FALSE WISDOM: ITS BEING A GREAT HINDERANCE TO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH; AND A GREAT ENEMY TO THE TRUE DIVINE WISDOM. Also, his A CHRONOLOGICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL AGES OF THE WORLD FROM ADAM TO CHRIST. AND FROM THENCE CONTINUED TO THE END OF THE WORLD, &c.

Friend [William Penn](#)'s wife, [Friend](#) Gulielma Maria Springett Penn, died. (He would, however, remarry.)

Friend [George Fox](#)'s journal was first published, with a preface by Friend [William Penn](#), in a composite, reconstructed version prepared by Friend Thomas Ellwood, at London: A JOURNAL OR HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, TRAVELS, SUFFERINGS, CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES AND LABOUR OF LOVE IN THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, OF ... GEORGE FOX, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN GREAT PEACE WITH THE LORD, THE 13TH OF THE 11TH MONTH, 1690.

JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX

This would until 1892 be the standard version. The problem is that Fox had not kept a journal in any sense in which we now think of such literary remainders, one of the sort kept for instance by [Waldo Emerson](#) or by [Henry Thoreau](#). Instead, what we have are a collection of approximately dated writings, many of which were dictated by Fox to whatever amanuensis happened to be handy. Thus it will be especially important for us, later, in considering Emerson's and Thoreau's readings of the Fox materials, to take fully into account the source editions which they were actually able to consult, and to take fully into account the "spin" which the editors of these source editions were placing upon the materials which they were presenting as if it had been a [JOURNAL](#).

(An attitude expressed, in this journal, toward Quakers in the arts: "I was moved to cry also against all sorts of Musick, and against the Mountebanks playing tricks on their Stages, for they burdened the pure Life, and stirred up people's minds to Vanity.")

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In late 17th-Century England, a dutch emigré, Egbert van Heemskerck, painted a series of pictures depicting Quaker meetings. These paintings were done in a genre known as "Sittenbild," characterized by the accuracy of their depiction of actual scenes, a genre now entirely replaced by the art of photography, but the artist's intention seems to have been at least in part satirical. We see, for instance, in many of the Quaker faces, that the eyes are rolled far upward to display the whites of the eyes.

There were two men of this name, and we know that one of these two was born in Haarlem in 1634, and we know that one of these two died in London in 1704. We are not certain, however, that either of these two



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datapoints actually pertain to the artist who painted the “Quaker Meetings” series.

These paintings were frequently copied, and when copied, it seems, their satiric content seems to have typically been enhanced rather than subdued in the necessary reprocessing done by the engraver.

The painting in which a woman is standing on a half-barrel is one of this series. This was an era in which the spectacle of a woman addressing a group would have been regarded as salacious. (Street whores sometimes dressed themselves up in Quaker costume in order to entice their prospective customers.)

In one of the paintings of this series, the artist depicted himself standing inside the painting with a palette, pointing at the Quakers and smirking for the benefit of three other gentlemen who are also looking at the Quakers.

None of these paintings were done for the Quakers, we can be sure, because at this time the Quakers very decidedly disapproved of all such artistic activities. For instance, here is George Fox:

And therefore all Freinds and People pluck down your Images, your Likenesses, your Pictures, and your Representations of things in Heaven, things in the Earth, and things in the Waters; I say pluck them out of your Houses, Walls and Signs, or other places, that none of you be found Immitators of his creator, whom you should Serve and Worship; and not observe the idle lazy Mind, that would go and invent and make things like a Creator and Maker.... For Mind, while man was in the Image of God, and his likeness, and the woman, they did not make any Likenesses, or Images of things in Heaven, or Earth, or Water. But when Man lost this Image of God, then they did begin to make such things, as the stock of *Nimrod*. ...and so afterward set them up by a Law, their Images and Likenesses to be worshipped.

In all likelihood, also, there would have been at the time no market for such paintings among those sympathetic with the Quakers.

A number of these paintings are now owned by individual Quakers, and by Quaker institutions, but in all cases in which we have been able to track the provenance of the painting, it had been acquired by the Quakers in a considerably later period rather than early.

Similar paintings were made of another religious group also in disfavor, the Catholics.



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1700

[George Keith](#) was being a busy little badger. His A NARRATIVE OF HIS PROCEEDINGS AT COOPER'S HALL IN BRISTOL, IN DETECTING THE ERRORS OF BENJAMIN COOL. Also, his A SNAKE IN THE GRASS CAUGHT AND CRUSHT. OR A THIRD AND LAST EPISTLE TO G. KEITH, BY TREPIDANTIUM MALLEUS. Also, his ACCOUNT OF A NATIONAL CHURCH, AND THE CLERGY. Also, his REASONS FOR RENOUNCING QUAKERISM. Also, his AN ACCOUNT OF THE QUAKERS POLITICKS. Also, his BRISTOL QUAKERISM EXPOSED. Also, his SERMON ON 2 COR. V. 14, 15. Also, his TWO SERMONS.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

It would have been in approximately this year Friend [George Fox](#)'s widow, Friend [Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox, issued an incendiary notice, eldering the [Quakers](#) for what she perceived to be their growing attention to outward uniformity and to rules imposed by their groups, and for their correspondingly diminishing attention to the Light Within.

But Jesus Christ saith that we must take no thought what we shall eat or what we shall drink or what we shall put on; but bids us consider the lilies, how they grow in more royalty than Solomon. But, contrary to this, we must not look at no colours, nor make anything that is changeable colours, as the hills are, nor sell them, nor wear them. But we must be all in one dress and one colour. This is a silly, poor gospel. It is more fit for us to be covered with God's eternal Spirit and clothed with His eternal Light, which leads us and guides us into righteousness; and to live righteously and justly and holily in this present evil world. This is the clothing that God puts on us, and likes, and will bless.





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1702

[Margaret Askew Fell](#) Fox died.



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1825

 [Thomas Carlyle](#)'s article "[Quakers](#)" in this year's volume of the [Edinburgh Encyclopædia](#) contained materials on George Fox which he would later incorporate into his [SARTOR RESARTUS](#).⁸⁹

"Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History," says [Diogenes] Teufelsdröckh, "is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its Celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing, — was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

"The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to 'drink beer and dance with the girls.' Blind leaders of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what were their shovel-hats scooped-out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on; and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God's Earth, — if Man were but a Patent Digester, and the Belly with its adjuncts the grand Reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather-parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna, had been heaped over that Spirit: but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to

89. The date of publication for this encyclopaedia is commonly given as 1830 but that was merely the date of issue of its last volume.



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be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.— 'So bandaged and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he, 'with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want, want! —Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light? Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather!'

"Historical Oil-painting," continues [Diogenes] Teufelsdröckh, "is one of the Arts I never practiced; therefore shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads-out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including Cast, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery, and World-worship, and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, and in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Ragfair, into lands of true Liberty; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!

"Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height; and, for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely if, as D'Alambert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns; and greater than Diogenes himself: for he too stands on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting aside all props and shoars; yet not, in half-savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth; valuing it rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a still Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that Tub; a temple from which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad: but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in Scorn but in Love."

George Fox's "perennial suit," with all that it held, has been



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worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries.... For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear.... Does [Diogenes] Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the "Mammon-god," and escaping from what he calls "Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair," where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently, - will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would [Diogenes] Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (**levelling** it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh!), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences, - be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather; and the high-born Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy: the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world; and so all the old Distinctions be re-established?



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1826

 November 16, Thursday: The great Quaker Schism had been initiated earlier in this month. Thus when Friend [Elias Hicks](#) presented a sermon at Chester, Pennsylvania, certain other Quakers were primed to discover it patently offensive:

Now my whole drift is, to gather the minds of the people to the light within, which is the same as the grace of God, the manifestation of the Spirit that reproveth for evil. It was this that Jesus recommended to his disciples, it was this light which George Fox preached – it is an emanation from God in the soul of man, by his power and Spirit; and he is every where, for in him we live, move, and have our being [Acts 17:28]... how reasonable and plain a case it is. Because as God has all power and comprehends all knowledge; so he is in our souls and ready to open all knowledge that will do us good; for he has all knowledge of good and evil. Man never brought into the world any knowledge; and he has no power to decide correctly. It is only through the efficiency of the divine light and life or grace of God, that he can decide. And this is given to every one to profit with. Now it is called Light, especially by us of this Society, who profess to be Christians. This is the foundation which George Fox came out upon – he directed them to "mind the light."

GEORGE FOX

At the conclusion of Friend Elias's sermon, first Friend Jonathan Evans, and following him Friend Isaac Lloyd, elders of the Pine Street Meeting in Philadelphia, rose in opposition and expressed evangelical sentiments about the atonement, mediation, and intercession of our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, accusing the traveling minister of supposing that this King of kings and Lord of lords before whose judgment seat every soul shall be arraigned **was a mere man who had perhaps come for Jews only:**

We do not conceive him to be a mere man; and we therefore desire, that people may not suppose that we hold any such doctrines – or that we have any unity with them.

JESUS

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day 16th of 11 M / Our Meeting was silent & a season of leanness to mee, as many have been of late. –

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



GEORGE FOX

FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1831

 1831: Publication of the WORKS of Friend [George Fox](#) in eight volumes:



Bring all into the worship of God. Plough up the fallow ground. Thresh and get out the corn; that the seed, the wheat, may be gathered into the barn; that to the beginning all people may come; to Christ, who was before the world was made. For the chaff is come upon the wheat by transgression. He that treads it out is out of transgression, fathoms transgression, puts a difference between the precious and the vile, can pick out the wheat from the tares, and gather into the garner; so brings to the lively hope the immortal soul, into God out of which it came. None worship God but who come to the principle of God, which they have transgressed. None are ploughed up but he who comes to the principle of God in him, that he hath transgressed. Then he doth service to God; then is the planting, wathering and increase from God. So the ministers of the spirit must minister to the spirit that is in prison, which hath been in captivity in everyone; that with the spirit of Christ people may be led out of captivity up to God, the Father of spirits, to serve him, and have unity with him, with the scriptures, and one with another. This is the word of the Lord God to you all, a charge to you all in the presence of the living God; be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations, wherever you come; that your life and conduct may preach among all sorts of people, and to them. Then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one; whereby in them ye may be a blessing, and make the witness of God in them to bless you; then to the Lord God you shall be a sweet savour, and a blessing.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1835

February 5, Thursday: Having completed his introductory lecture "Tests of Great Men" at Boston's Masonic Temple for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Waldo Emerson began the substance of his new "Biography" series of lectures with an account of Michel Angelo Buonaroti: on succeeding Thursdays he would deal with Martin Luther, John Milton, Friend George Fox, and Edmund Burke.



In Providence, Rhode Island, Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

5th day The Public & Private Meeting was large & a pretty good Meeting - Sophrona Page had the weight of Service in the Ministry & Mary B Allen appeared in Supplication

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

February 20, Friday, 1835: Waldo Emerson began reading Friend George Fox's A NEW ENGLAND FIRE BRAND QUENCHED reply to the Reverend Roger Williams, and looked again at Volume I of Friend William Penn's SELECT WORKS.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Charles Darwin recorded in his journal the earthquake that destroyed the city of Concepcion, Chile:

This day has been remarkable in the annals of Valdivia for the most severe earthquake which the oldest inhabitants remember.— Some who were at Valparaiso during the dreadful one of 1822, say this was as powerful.— I can hardly credit this, & must think that in Earthquakes as in gales of wind, the last is always the worst. I was on shore & lying down in the wood to rest myself. It came on suddenly & lasted two minutes (but appeared much longer). The rocking was most sensible; the undulation appeared both to me & my servant to travel due East. There was no difficulty in standing upright; but the motion made me giddy.— I can compare it to skating on very thin ice or to the motion of a ship in a little cross ripple. An earthquake like this at once destroys the oldest associations; the world, the very emblem of all that is solid, moves beneath our feet like a crust over fluid; one second of time conveys to the mind a strange idea of insecurity, which hours of reflection would never create. In the forest, a breeze



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moved the trees, I felt the earth tremble, but saw no consequence from it.— At the town where nearly all the officers were, the scene was more awful; all the houses being built of wood, none actually fell & but few were injured. Every one expected to see the Church a heap of ruins. The houses were shaken violently & creaked much, the nails being partially drawn.— I feel sure it is these accompaniments & the horror pictured in the faces of all the inhabitants, which communicates the dread that every one feels who has thus seen as well as felt an earthquake. In the forest it was a highly interesting but by no means awe-exciting phenomenon.— The effect of the tides was very curious; the great shock took place at the time of low-water; an old woman who was on the beach told me that the water flowed quickly but not in big waves to the high-water mark, & as quickly returned to its proper level; this was also evident by the wet sand. She said it flowed like an ordinary tide, only a good deal quicker. This very kind of irregularity in the tide happened two or three years since during an Earthquake at Chiloe & caused a great deal of groundless alarm.— In the course of the evening there were other weaker shocks; all of which seemed to produce the most complicated currents, & some of great strength in the Bay. The generally active Volcano of Villa-Rica, which is the only part of the Cordilleras in sight, appeared quite tranquil.— I am afraid we shall hear of damage done at Concepcion.

 February 26, Thursday: Having introduced his Masonic Temple Thursday-night audience to [Michel Angelo Buonaroti](#), [Martin Luther](#), and [John Milton](#), [Waldo Emerson](#) proceeded to introduce them to [Friend George Fox](#).

 March 5, Thursday: [Waldo Emerson](#) completed the 1st delivery of his “Biography” series of lectures for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge at [Boston](#)’s Masonic Temple, an offering of [Michel Angelo Buonaroti](#), [Martin Luther](#), [John Milton](#), [Friend George Fox](#), and [Edmund Burke](#) on successive Thursdays.





FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1836

 December 28, Wednesday: British colonists arrived on the mainland of South Australia to found a settlement at Holdfast Bay.

The independence of Mexico was recognized by Spain.

[Waldo Emerson](#) lectured at the [Concord Lyceum](#) on [Friend George Fox](#).





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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1838

 In a letter from James Caleb Jackson to Gerrit Smith: “*Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you. ’Jesus Christ—*” Clearly, these Come-Outers were purists.⁹⁰

COME-OUTISM

What the “Come-Outers” believed was that [slavery](#) was a much more ubiquitous situation than had been recognized. Any social institution which frustrated the human aspiration for spontaneity or impeded the directness of the governance of God over the human individual amounted to slavery. Perhaps the ultimate example of come-outism was the [Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: Joseph Smith](#) and his people moved from Kirtland, Ohio to Far West, Missouri. During this year and the next there would be a de-facto state of war in existence between the [Mormons](#) of Far West, Missouri and the other peoples of Missouri. However, by far the greatest concentration of Come-Outers who considered themselves as Come-Outers (200-300 persons) was on Cape Cod.⁹¹

90. Righteousness is a precious and limited commodity, and the way one obtains it is by taking it away from someone else. Much of the antebellum abolitionist/proslavery struggle among America’s whites was a struggle not over the quality of the lives of American black people (although that was a token in the game) but over the possession of righteousness. Northern whites sought to take possession of righteousness by denying it to Southern whites, who were painted with the pitch-pot of unrighteousness. Meanwhile, Southern whites sought to take possession of righteousness by denying it to Northern whites, who were painted with the pitch-pot of unrighteousness. Southern white painted Northern whites with the pitch-pot of unrighteousness by associating them with blackness, calling them “nigger lovers,” and “amalgamationists.” Northern whites painted Southern whites with the pitch-pot of unrighteousness by associating them with blackness, pointing out the sheer size of the Southern population of mulatto Americans, which was the result of countless semi-secret acts of amalgamation between the white slavemaster males and their female captives (such as, for one example, Sally Hemings). Equally, on both sides, in this struggle to seize the moral high ground, one’s religiosity became *defined* by one’s politics. In the north it would be considered by many white Americans to be impossible for one to be considered “religious,” unless one was against human slavery — an extreme manifestation of this was the “Come-Outers” centering on Cape Cod. Meanwhile, in the south, it would be considered by many white Americans to be impossible for one to be considered “religious,” unless one believed strongly enough in the righteousness of keeping the animal impulses under decent control by use of the tool of human enslavement.

91. These 200-300 Cape Cod Come-Outers were particularly under the influence of Jakob Böhme and [Friend George Fox](#).



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September 14, Friday: In the morning the [Harvard College](#) tutor in Greek, [Jones Very](#), began to inform his classes of his divine inspiration: “Flee to the mountains, for the end of all things is at hand.”⁹² According to a letter of a student, which had been posted to the student’s family **before** [Very](#)’s announcement of his inspiration:

[Very] bases all these instructions on the submission of our will to that of God: to adapt everything to that: to act, to speak, to move only as it is conformable to his will: then, when we have arrived at the degree of excellence, we shall see God; we shall be able to form ideas of him suitable to his nature and attributes; one glance into the works of Creation will afford us more instruction than a life of intense study of Greek and Latin, of arts and sciences: We are not to consider our bodies as our own, Mr. Very tells us, but as given us by God to be subservient to our souls; that is to say, to the influence of the spirit of God in us; and this is manifested in the conscience, which is His voice speaking to us, when we are doing our own will: he knocks, and too often is refused admittance: “he comes unto his own, and his own receives him not”: Now this is to be revolutionized. Whatever we are called upon to do, we must consider if it is God or our own evil desires which call on us to act thus: Conscience will tell us in a moment: and we must act accordingly: then God will take up his abode in us, and we shall feel his presence, which we cannot immediately do in our present state: Study is not to be a mechanical performance, but a duty imposed on us by the will of God, to render us better and happier: thus we must always consider it, without regards to marks of merit or demerit.

Very’s deportment on that infamous day was such as to make this student regret that the letter had already been posted. For, very clearly, something was going seriously awry in this inspiration business, and Tutor was self-combusting.

Later that day Very delivered an unscheduled address to the debating club at the [Divinity School](#), pointing out to them that while they were merely doing their own wills, he himself was “no longer a man.” It was the Holy Spirit which spoke to him and through him, and he was merely passing on what was being imparted to him, which was “eternal truth” insofar as he had become convinced that he was at least temporarily able to transmit it without altering it in any way.⁹³ That night one of the students who had been present at several of Very’s

92. Presumably this was a reference to the White Mountains in which [Very](#) had recently vacationed. No, maybe it was “flee to the mountain” that Very had hollered, and maybe it was a reference to the vicinity of solitary Mount Monadnock, which was closer than New Hampshire and at which the Narragansetts had taken refuge during the race riot known as “King Philip’s War.” Well, whatever.

93. Recent research into this Joan of Arc phenomenon suggests that it has something to do with unconscious “subvocalization,” in which the muscles of the voicebox exercise themselves without the blast of air which produces audible speech and in which the patient, instead of disregarding this phenomenon, for purpose of achieving a higher social status or for purpose of becoming the center of attention attempts to interpret what he or she is perceiving and ascribes it as a communication from holy authority.



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outbursts wrote in his diary that it was “very much as [Geo Fox](#) is represented to have done, and to have very similar views.” On the evening of the 14th, also, President Josiah Quincy, Sr. appeared at the dormitory room of [Charles Stearns Wheeler](#) to ask that he immediately assume responsibility for Very’s classes in Greek, and to describe Very as being in a state of “nervous collapse.”



Very’s discourse ... sounds surprisingly like a recast of Emerson’s Address. While Very colored the “instructions” with his own non-Emersonian diction and qualifications, and interpreted and applied Emerson’s remarks in a more literal and specific way than Emerson intended, the relationship is clear. This was Very’s less formal equivalent of the declaration of independence for man teaching, delivered to freshman students instead of Divinity School graduates.





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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Henry Thoreau advertised in the Concord Freeman, announcing the second term of the Concord Academy.

Concord Academy.
THE SUBSCRIBER opened his school for the reception of a limited number of pupils, of both sexes, on Monday, September the tenth. Instruction will be given in the usual English branches, and the studies preparatory to a collegiate course.
Terms—Six dollars per quarter.
HENRY D. THOREAU, Instructor.
Referees. { Hon. SAM'L HOAR.
 Hon. NATHAN BROOKS.
 Hon. JOHN KEYES.
 Rev. R. W. EMERSON.
 Concord, September, 14, 1838. [45]

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

6th day 14th of 9th M 1838 / Father Rodman was so low last night that I thought it best to stay in the house Anthony V Taylor being there to Watch with him - At about 35 minutes past one this Morning he breathed his last, his departure being so easy & calm that it was difficult to tell whether he was gone, or in a quiet sleep

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1846

An anonymous Philadelphia publication celebrated the lives of Christ, [Friend George Fox](#), [Friend William Penn](#), [Friend Robert Barclay](#), [Friend William Edmundson](#), [Friend Edward Burroughs](#), [Friend James Parnel](#), [Friends Francis Howgill and Hubberthorn](#), [Friend Isaac Penington](#), [Friend Richard Sellers](#), [Friends Mary Dyer](#) and [William Robinson](#) and [Marmaduke Stevenson](#) and William Leddra, [Friend William Coddington](#) of [Rhode Island](#), and [Friend Robert Hodgson](#):

**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:
JOSEPH KITE & CO., PRINTERS,
No. 50 North Fourth Street.
1846.**

**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.



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Upon the mount, and round Jerusalem,
He taught a purer, and a holier law,—
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,

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**GEORGE FOX****FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

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



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

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,



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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;



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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



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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,

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND GEORGE FOX****GEORGE FOX****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

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
Equiped for battle, Richard Sellers bore,
With a meek, Christian spirit, cruelties



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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,



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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
Felt 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



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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



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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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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1857

November: During the winter encampment of Captain Brown’s forces in the Iowa Territory, Charles Plummer Tidd “ruined” a [Quaker](#) girl (something about which the local Quakers do not like to speak) and the other members of the team needed to sneak him away from Springdale IA during the night. Nevertheless, the group was able



to obtain some recruits not overly impressed with the Peace Testimony of Friend [George Fox](#) from among the residents of this town, such as the brothers [Barclay Coppoc](#) and [Edwin Coppoc](#).



THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

(Charles Plummer Tidd would become one of the followers of “Shubel Morgan” who would return to Kansas in 1858 to raid into Missouri. He and John Edwin Cook would be particularly warm friends. He opposed the attack on Harpers Ferry but nevertheless would take part both in the raid on the planter Washington’s home and on the federal arsenal itself, escape, and make his way on foot toward the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. He and Owen Brown would find work and safety, under assumed names, on an oil well in the vicinity of Crawford County, Pennsylvania. He would visit Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada and take part in the planning for the rescue of [Aaron D. Stevens](#) and Albert Hazlett while the Mason



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Commission of the Congress was presuming that he had been killed in the fighting at Harpers Ferry. On July 19, 1861 he would be able to enlist under the name "Charles Plummer" and would become a 1st Sergeant of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteers. On February 8, 1862 he would die of fever aboard the transport *Northerner* during the battle of Roanoke Island, a battle he had particularly wished to take part in because ex-Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, the nemesis of the Harpers Ferry raiders, was in command of the Confederates. You may view Charles Plummer Tidd's grave as #40 in the National Cemetery in New Berne, [North Carolina](#).)



GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1860

New Year's Day: Charles Brace, a New York social worker, came to Concord carrying a copy of [Charles Darwin](#)'s just-published ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, which he had obtained from [Professor Asa Gray](#) of [Harvard College](#),



ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

his botanist brother-in-law, a correspondent of Darwin's. He, Bronson Alcott, and [Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) had dinner with [Henry Thoreau](#) and discussed the new theory. Thoreau had long been interested in the geographical distribution of plants and animals around Concord. Well read in the general subject, he had become skeptical of Professor [Louis Agassiz](#)'s certitudes about special creation and immutable species. Three days after the dinner, Thoreau would acknowledge the impact of Darwin's new theory on him by making an observation about an actual working mechanism of influence:

A man receives only what he is ready to receive, whether physically or intellectually or morally ... We hear and apprehend only what we already half know ... Every man thus tracks himself through life, in all his hearing and reading and observation and travelling. His observations make a chain. The phenomenon or fact that cannot in any wise be linked with the rest which he has observed, he does not observe.



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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Thoreau's "The Dispersion of Seeds" may profitably be read not only as a contribution to science, but also as a fable of dissemination. Behind the details of the presentation, we note Thoreau's insistent focus on natural fecundity. Starting, as Darwin started, from Thomas Robert Malthus's astonished observation that "the germs of existence contained in this earth, if they could freely develop themselves, would fill millions of worlds in the course of a few thousand years," Thoreau mentions Darwin's experiments. "I took in February, three table-spoonsful of mud," Darwin says, "from three different points, beneath water, on the edge of a little pond; this mud when dried, weighed only 63 ounces. I kept it covered up in my study for six months, pulling up and counting each plant as it grew; the plants were of many kinds and were altogether 537 in number; and yet the viscid mud was all contained in a breakfast cup!"

THE SCIENCE OF 1860

The seed had been a favorite metaphor of [Friend George Fox](#). Thoreau had inherited a copy of [Friend William Sewell](#)'s account of the founding of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) from his Quaker grandmother on his mother's side, [Friend Sarah Orrok Burns](#). Emerson had made a note about this: "George Fox's chosen expression for the God manifest in the mind is the Seed. He means the seed of which the Beauty of the world is the flower and Goodness the fruit." Thoreau's project was neither the same as Darwin's, nor as Malthus's — it was neither about speciation nor about population control, but about seed as apparent death, and as actual rebirth. In "The Dispersion of Seeds" Thoreau expands this. A plant is born again in every seed that sprouts. Every day is a day of creation because it is a day of rebirth. "The very earth itself is a granary and a seminary," offered Thoreau, "so that to some minds, its surface is regarded as the cuticle of one living creature."

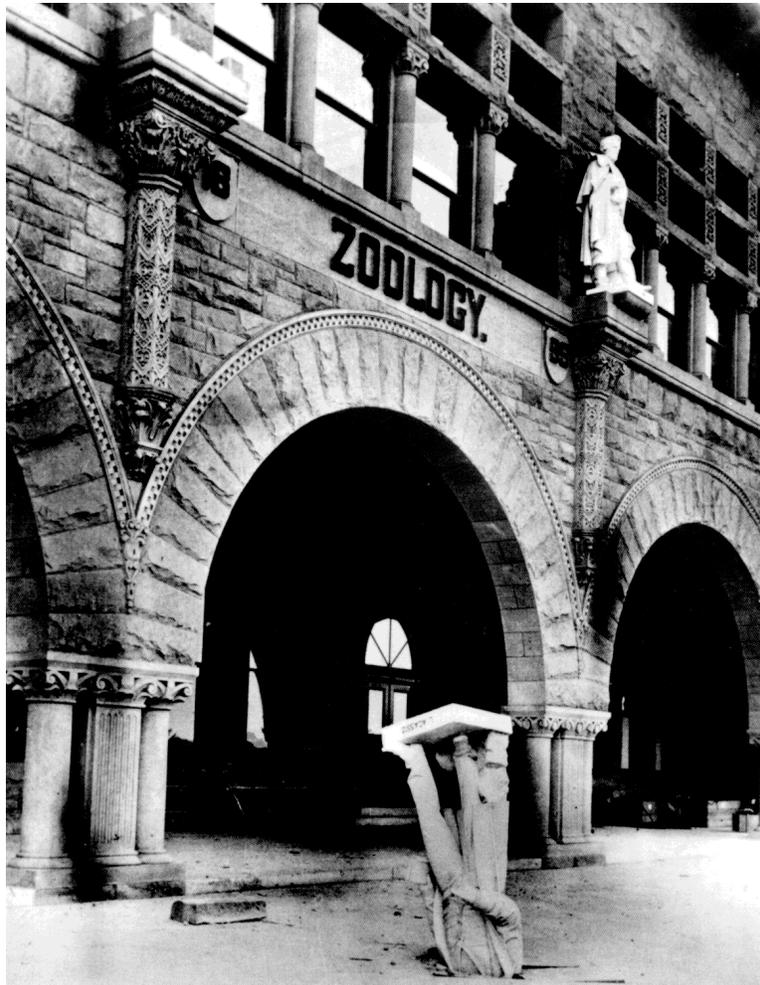


GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Thoreau studied *ORIGIN OF SPECIES* as soon as it arrived in America. [Charles Darwin](#) commented near the end of the book “Nothing at first can appear more difficult to believe than that the more complex organs and instincts have been perfected, not by means superior to, though analogous with, human reason, but by the accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the individual possessor.” This was an entirely new, non-Idealist reading of the Book of Nature, amounting in effect to the decision that nature was not a text at all. That finding has served ever since as a litmus-test to detect “essentialists,” that is, thinkers who regard the different species as immutable, distinct Ideas in the Mind of God. In the early days of 1860 [Waldo Emerson](#) and [Louis Agassiz](#) also would read this book, but both would flunk Darwin’s litmus-test for in the field of theoretical population ecology: neither were scientists at all, they were a metaphysician and a theologian.



**Louis Agassiz standing on his head and stacking BBs
(Don't try this at home)**

In particular [Louis Agassiz](#) needed to dispute [Charles Darwin](#) in order to retain his belief in the immutable



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inferiority of the Negro.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS



"Scientists have power by virtue of the respect commanded by the discipline. We may therefore be sorely tempted to misuse that power in furthering a personal prejudice or social goal – why not provide that extra oomph by extending the umbrella of science over a personal preference in ethics or politics?"



– [Stephen Jay Gould](#)
BULLY FOR BRONTOSAURUS
NY: Norton, 1991, page 429

There is no question but that Professor Agassiz of Harvard was one of the leading lights among American biologists. As such he was quite familiar with all the factual evidences concerning environmental change, variability, and hereditary modification upon which Darwin had been building his insights, but he held in addition that the organic world represented repeated interventions by a Supreme Being. These ordinary physical events upon which Darwin was relying, such as climatic and geologic change, and even glaciers, might indeed bring about extinctions, but nothing of this order could create a new species. Agassiz was ready to grant that the sequence in the fossil record from simple animals and plants in the ancient, deeper strata to the more complex, recent forms found near the surface represented a progressive development, but these different animals and plants did not arise as Darwin was supposing out of interactions between populations and external environmental changes. Agassiz maintained that organisms arose by a series of independent and special creations, there with no hereditary continuity whatever between the different types of organisms. Each species of plant and animal was a separate "thought of God" and what we saw as homologies or anatomical similarities were nothing more than "associations of ideas in the Divine Mind." [Thoreau](#), on the other hand, easily passed Darwin's test; what was said in ORIGIN was not only convincing but obvious. Rationality did not produce, but was the product of, nature. The subject did not originate the text. Here is a general analysis of the situation, from Adam Kuper's THE INVENTION OF PRIMITIVE SOCIETY: TRANSFORMATIONS OF AN ILLUSION (NY: Routledge, 1988), pages 44-6 (shown on a following page):

HDT

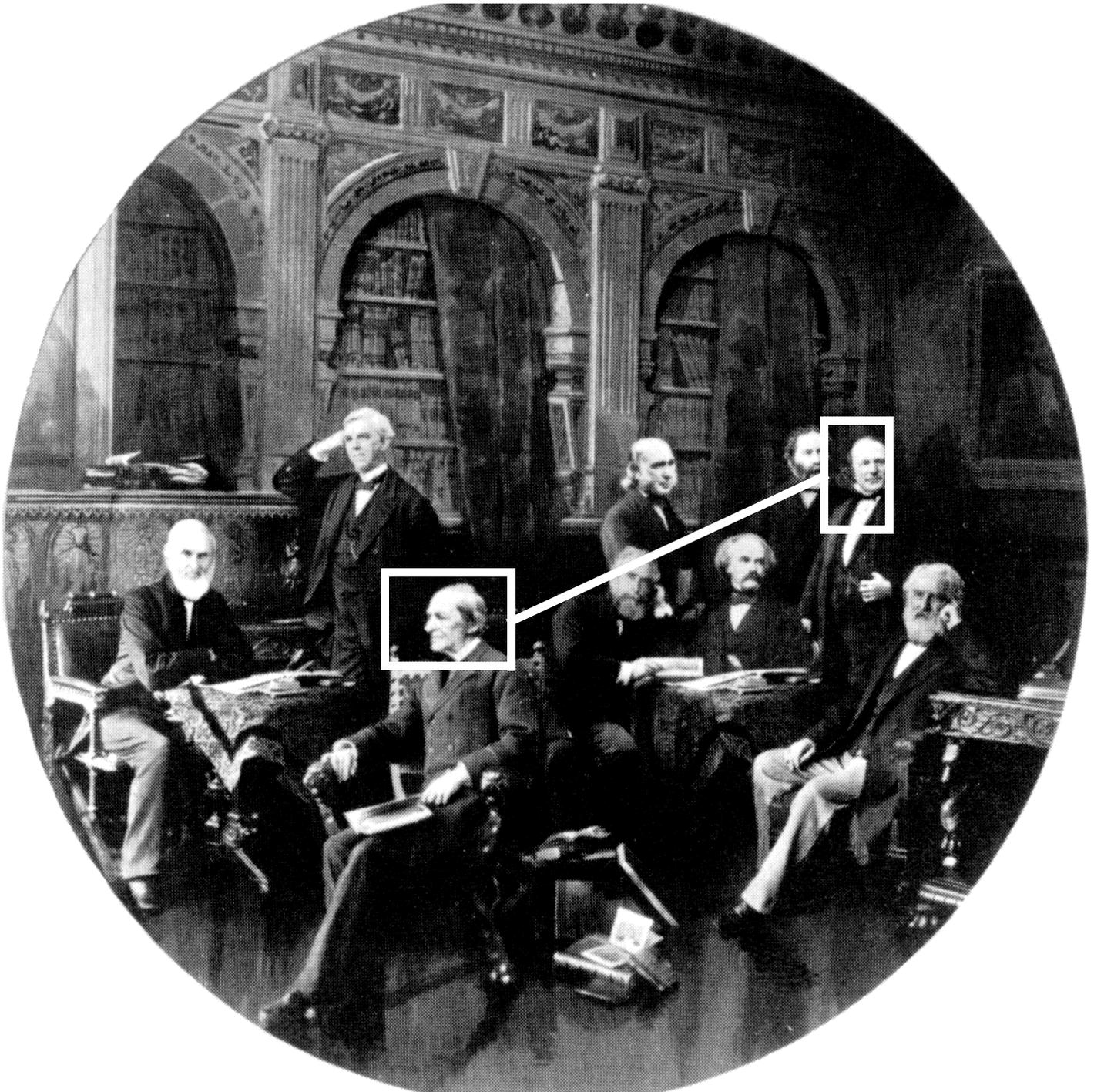
WHAT?

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Whittier-Holmes-Emerson-Motley-Alcott-Hawthorne-Lowell-Agassiz-Longfellow



FRIEND GEORGE FOX

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The northern Presbyterians in fact welcomed Darwin's witness with respect to one very sensitive political issue. This was the question of the unity of origin of the human species. They were up in arms against their southern Presbyterian brethren, who justified slavery on the grounds that God had created several distinct species of man, each with a particular destiny. During the Civil War an 'American school of anthropology' developed in the South which propagated this view. It drew the support even of Agassiz, the eccentric Lamarckian biologist of Harvard.

According to the northern Presbyterians, this 'polygenist' thesis was a denial of the truth, to which both the Bible and the [Declaration of Independence](#) bore witness, that all men were created equal. Darwin unequivocally supported the view that all the races were simply varieties of one species, with a common origin. This aspect of Darwinian theory was particularly stressed by [Asa Gray](#), Agassiz's rival at Harvard, and the leader of the American Darwinians.

On one vital matter, however, Darwin's views were unacceptable to many, indeed most, Christians. He posited the mutability of species and -despite his initial caution- it became evident that he believed man had evolved from non-human primate forbears. This theory of the transmutation of species was clearly irreconcilable with the Book of Genesis, but there were many respectable scholars who believed that it was also at odds with biological facts. A great number of mainstream biologists in the 1860s believed that the species were fixed. Agassiz's version of Cuvier's typology even allowed for the separate creation of each individual species. Morgan, a competent amateur biologist, sided with Agassiz on this issue. He wrote a naturalist's study of the American beaver (which won Agassiz's admiration) in which he strongly affirmed his faith in Cuvier and in the separate creation of the human species.

One could, however, believe that the species were fixed without having to believe that they were changeless. Agassiz and many of his colleagues might rule out 'transmutation', the change of one species into another; but they still believed that a species could develop along appropriate lines. Each species might realize an inner potential, which gradually unfolded.



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After [Louis Agassiz](#) had retraced the steps of Humboldt by visiting Brazil, he confided to [Waldo Emerson](#), according to Emerson's son's account, that the whole population of that country was "wretchedly immoral, the colours and features of the people showing the entire intermixing of all the races." Scientific racism recapitulates typology. We can learn from the same source that Professor Agassiz believed that, were he able to obtain enough live subjects to perform the requisite dissections, "hundreds, that is, of live subjects," he would be able to demonstrate that a baby elephant while *in utero* was a mastodon, and a baby tapir *in utero* a megatheron.⁹⁴

Thoreau once killed a cistudo for Professor [Louis Agassiz](#), and upon reflection was ashamed.

Scientific embryology recapitulates theology. While we might prefer not to entertain questions such as whether Thoreau should instead have killed [Louis Agassiz](#) for the cistudo: was the placing of such a man in a chair at Harvard College, an institution at that time primarily useful for the habilitation of the younger sons of businessmen, under conditions of primogeniture, as reverend divines, precisely the placing of such a mentality where it didn't belong, or was it precisely the placing of such a mentality where it did belong?

94. Have you heard that the initial script for the movie *Jurassic Park* had it as "*Park Agassiz*"?



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Those who thought in this way commonly conceived of the development of species on the analogy of the evolution of the embryo. The tadpole might become a frog, but that did not amount to a change of species. Indeed, ontogeny, the development of an individual, might recapitulate phylogeny, the history of a species. The term 'evolution' itself was generally used in this embryological sense until about 1880, and neither Darwin in *THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES* (1859) nor Morgan in *SYSTEMS* (1871) or *ANCIENT SOCIETY* (1877), used the word 'evolution' at all.

Agassiz's version of evolution assumed that the world had been designed by God. Particular species had been created in order to fit into particular ecological relations. They were, moreover, programmed to develop as the whole cosmological order itself progressed. Adaptation was a sign of planning rather than of selection. Agassiz was quite explicit that evolution was comprehensible only as the gradual unfolding of a divine plan. Species were incarnations of a divine idea. 'Natural history must, in good time, become the analysis of the thoughts of the Creator of the Universe, as manifested in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.'

Agassiz's theory of development was the biological equivalent of a common New England Calvinist belief that human history, since Christ, was a record of progress and moral improvement inspired by God, in which every group had its preordained rôle. This idealistic view was in stark contrast to the scepticism of Darwin or the pessimism of Malthus. 'I believe in no fixed law of development', Darwin had written in *ORIGIN*, and when Christian intellectuals attacked his 'materialist' theory they meant in particular his view that history is contingent, unplanned, without a goal, the product simply of random mutation and natural selection.

(See especially William Stanton, *THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS: SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDES TOWARD RACE IN AMERICA 1815-1859*, 1960. See Morgan, *THE AMERICAN BEAVER AND HIS WORKS*, 1868.. See Mayr, *AGASSIZ, DARWIN AND EVOLUTION*, 1959. The passage from [Louis Agassiz](#) is cited on page 171.)



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1922

January 14, Saturday: [Friend Elbert Russell](#)'s "The Quakerism of [George Fox](#)" appeared in the [Friends' Intelligencer](#).



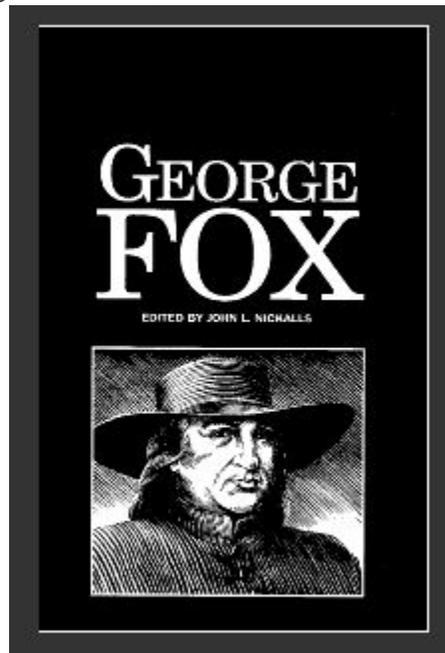
FRIEND GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1952

Caleb Basinger has OCR-scanned the 1952 John L. Nickalls edition of Friend [George Fox](#)'s "Journal," labeled THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX / A REVISED EDITION BY JOHN L. NICKALLS / WITH AN EPILOGUE BY HENRY J. CADBURY AND AN INTRODUCTION BY GEOFFREY F. NUTTALL / PHILADELPHIA / RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS / 1995 / ISBN 0941308-05-7 / PUBLISHED BY PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING OF THE [RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS](#) WITH PERMISSION OF LONDON YEARLY MEETING OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS / 1995 / © LONDON YEARLY MEETING / FIRST PRINTED, BEING PUBLISHED BY THE SYNDICS OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS 1952 / REPRINTED BY LONDON YEARLY MEETING WITH MINOR CORRECTIONS 1975 / REPRINTED BY PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING 1985 / OBTAINABLE FROM FRIENDS GENERAL CONFERENCE / 1216 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA 19107 / COVER ILLUSTRATION BY BOB DAHM / PRINTED BY GRAPHICS STANDARD, WEST CHESTER, PA, and has created a searchable electronic file that can serve as an aid for study in the printed-book edition and made this available to the Kouroo project to be placed online so that others who own this book may also utilize the electronic resource he has with his labor thus created — you will find it useful for searches to locate word usages in the absence of a concordance, and useful for locating particular passages in the text.



GEORGE FOX'S "JOURNAL"

[Friend Susan Gower Smith](#) became clerk of the [Durham](#) Friends monthly meeting in [North Carolina](#) (until 1957). [Friends David Tillerson and Susan Gower Smith](#) were instrumental in obtaining for the monthly meeting three adjacent parcels of land located on Alexander Street near Duke University's West Campus



GEORGE FOX

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

(a wooden structure would be relocated onto this plot).



Clerks of Meeting	
1943-1947	Edward K. Kraybill
1947-1948	William Van Hoy, Jr.
1949-1949	John de J. Pemberton, Jr.
1950-1951	Harry R. Stevens
1951-1952	John A. Barlow
1952-1957	<u>Susan Gower Smith</u>
1957-1960	Frances C. Jeffers
1960-1961	Cyrus M. Johnson
1961-1965	Peter H. Klopfer
1965-1967	Rebecca W. Fillmore
1967-1968	<u>David Tillerson Smith</u>
1968-1970	Ernest Albert Hartley
1970-1971	John Hunter
1971-1972	John Gamble
1972-1974	Lyle B. Snider (2 terms)
1974-1975	Helen Gardella
1976-1978	Cheryl F. Junk
1978-1980	Alice S. Keighton
1980-1982	John B. Hunter
1982-1984	Edward M. Arnett



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1984-1986	Calhoun D. Geiger
1986-1988	John P. Stratton
1988-1990	J. Robert Passmore
1990-1992	Karen Cole Stewart
1992-1995	Kathleen Davidson March
1995-1998	Nikki Vangsnes
1998-2000	Co-clerks J. Robert Passmore & Karen Cole Stewart
2000-2002	Amy Brannock
2002-2002	Jamie Hysjulien (Acting)
2002-2005	William Thomas O'Connor
2005-2007	Terry Graedon
2007-2009	Anne Akwari
2009-2012	Joe Graedon
2012-2013	Marguerite Dingman
2013-	Co-clerks Cathy Bridge & David Bridge



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1964

Sydney Carter's "[George Fox](#) Song":

1. There's a light that is shining in the heart of a man
A light that was shining when the world began
A light that is shining in the Turk and the Jew
A light that is shining, friend, in me and in you

Chorus: Old leather breeches and shaggy, shaggy locks
Old leather breeches and shaggy, shaggy locks
With your old leather breeches and your shaggy, shaggy locks
You are pulling down the pillars of the world, George Fox!

2. "With a book and a steeple and a bell and a key
They would bind it forever, but they can't," said he,
"For the book it will perish and the steeple will fall
But the light will be shining at the end of it all."

3. "If we give you a pistol, will you fight for the Lord?"
"But you can't kill the devil with a gun or a sword!"
"Will you swear on the Bible?" "I will not!" said he,
"For the truth is more holy than the book to me."

4. "There's an ocean of darkness and I drown in the night
'Til I come through the darkness to the ocean of light
You can lock me in prison but the light will be free
And I walk in the glory of the light," said he.



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1971

Jan de Hartog (1914-2002)'s novel *THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM: AN AMERICAN SAGA* offered us a [George Fox](#) whom modern-day liberal [Quakers](#) could love and admire. It seemed almost irrelevant that this was not a legitimate biography of the real historical Quaker founding father! The success of this effort would cause the author to commit several additional attempts at wishful pseudohistory: *THE LAMB'S WAR: A NOVEL* (1979) and *THE PECULIAR PEOPLE: A NOVEL* (1992).



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1972

Fall: [Kenneth L. Carroll](#)'s "Some Thoughts on [George Fox](#)'s Visit to America in 1672" ([Quaker History](#) 61, pages 82-90).

QUAKER HISTORY DOWNLOAD



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1994

A joint [Nobel Peace Prize](#) was awarded to Yasser Arafat, Shimon Peres, and Yitzhak Rabin.

[Friend Floyd Schmoe](#) had been a nominee for this year.

[THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY](#)

[Kenneth L. Carroll](#)'s "[George Fox](#) and America" in NEW LIGHT ON GEORGE FOX 1624-1691, PAPERS BY TWELVE BRITISH AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS, edited by Michael Mullett (York, England: Ebor Press, 59-68).



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1995

In his extreme age (his 79th year), without adequate editorial support or pre-publication review despite the fact that his memory was failing (he would die early in the following year), Professor Emeritus [Walter Roy Harding](#)'s annotated edition of [Henry Thoreau](#)'s [WALDEN](#) had been put out by [Houghton, Mifflin](#) Company, a trade-press publisher with more greed than good sense. The text of [WALDEN](#) that this publisher had sneaked into this volume, to accompany Professor Harding's notes, turned out to be far more corrupt than that of any edition previously published by [The Riverside Press](#), or for that matter by any publisher anywhere, and the commentary would have benefited from more review and analysis from any other Thoreau scholars — who would of course have been able and eager to pitch in under such circumstances. All in all, this was a fairly nasty sort of trick for a for-profit corporation to play on a helpless old man. This edition of Thoreau's [WALDEN](#) is so thoroughly corrupt a text as to excite awe, and as such it could not possibly have been seen by Walter prior to publication. It may well turn out to be the most corrupt [WALDEN](#) text every produced. This sort of egregiousness is particularly alarming in close proximity with a commentary which repeatedly waxes picky about printer errors in the 1854 first edition, errors which have long ago been set right and should long ago have been forgotten (such as the fact here placed on record that in the 1854 edition the word "occasionally" had in the chapter on "Visitors" been spelled "occcasionally"). Among the errors which one may detect upon a chance scan of the pages there are misspellings, omissions of punctuation, incorrect punctuations, absence of spaces, and so on and so forth.⁹⁵ On the following screen I will recite a few of the more obvious and egregious errors of this edition:

95. Fortunately, this edition has now been replaced by the superior work of Jeffrey S. Cramer, in *THOREAU'S WALDEN: A FULLY ANNOTATED EDITION*, put out by Yale UP during August 2004.



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- Page 7: the text should read “bones” rather than “hones”
- Page 44: Trinity Church did not burn, but fell into disrepair and (if my source is correct) was replaced between 1839 and 1846.
- Page 55: The 2nd Bank of the US building in Philadelphia is not Egyptian, but Greek Revival.
- Page 111: “tantivy” — Harding gives it as an adverb, “at full gallop,” which I think does not fit the context very well, even when rendered as his “fast flying.” The OED puts Thoreau’s “tantivy” under the noun definition, “a rapid gallop.” I have always assumed, however, that Thoreau meant by tantivy, a sound. This fits the sentence, “the tantivy of wild pigeons ... gives a voice to the air.” The OED provides two meanings of a tantivy as a sound.
- Page 163: the text should read “homœopathic” rather than “homeopathic”
- Page 171: the text should read “life” rather than “line”
- Page 216: In a context in which Walter is expostulating in the margin about the fact that in some editions an erroneous hyphen has been allowed by editors to creep into Thoreau’s word “recreate,” this text represents the word as “re-create”.
- Page 248: the text should read “pertinent” rather than “pertinent”
- Page 251: Presumably in Note 3, Thoreau’s “orchading” is a printer’s typo for “orcharding.”
- Page 277: In note 2, the philologist studied by Thoreau was Richard Trench, not Richard Trent. (Incidentally, in Note 4 on this page, referring to the “Waldenses,” it had been in the Lyon, France of the **12th Century** that Pierre Waldo attempted to live a life similar to the life of Jesus, and Thoreau surely would not have been referring to anything that was going on to the remote inheritors of this movement of the Holy Poor as of the **15th Century** in particular.)
- Page 42: “morning which” should be “morning: which”
- Page 120: The word “vale” should have a period after it.
- Page 120: adjust the length of the line ending “trivial words”
- Page 158: One of the right curlyquotes should be a left curlyquote.
- Page 199: there should be a space after the comma in “nobles,and”
- Page 226: the title of the Huber work speaks of “Mours” rather than “Moeurs” and of “Fourmis,” ants, not “Fournis.”
- Page 262: there should be a space after the period in “serenity.I”
- Page 288: Note 1 on this page refers the reader to a note 2 on page 292, and there is no such note.
- Page 312: Note 9 should specify “1838 to 1842” rather than “1839 to 1842.”

Harding unhelpfully glosses the following passage in [WALDEN](#) by supplied the irrelevant and false and



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demeaning disinformation that Friend [George Fox](#) had lived in a hollow tree:

Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree;
and then for morning calls and dinner-parties!
Only a woodpecker tapping.



This sort of gloss—even were it accurate and relevant, rather than false and demeaning—would do nothing much to enhance anybody’s rereading of WALDEN; it speaks not only to the low quality of some academic contributions today but also to the fact that a trade press like Houghton Mifflin will publish literally anything to turn a buck. We had cause to wonder how Harding might have acquired his strange notion that Friend Fox while in process of founding the [Quakers](#) had been living in a hollow tree. We were tempted to put this errant piece of nonsense down as a piece of Cavalier calumny casually passed along by a poor scholar by way of a mere unscholarly trade press—but in Book III, Chapter 1 of [Thomas Carlyle](#)’s [SARTOR RESARTUS](#) we can see how Harding might carelessly have acquired such a notion:

“I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World’s; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want, want! — Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light? Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather!”⁹⁶

Evidently Harding had been merely taking with blank uncomprehending seriousness a mere piece of fun that a 19th-Century British journalist and racist had once poked at the [Religious Society of Friends](#) in the pages of a literary magazine in 1834!

The only known reference for Carlyle’s conceit, so eagerly bought into by Harding, would be a passage in Fox’s writings in which he commented that “I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days; and

96. [Thomas Carlyle](#)’s source for this may well have been merely the following innocuous passage from [George Fox](#)’s description of his troubled adolescence, in his [JOURNAL](#):

But my troubles continued, and I was often under great temptations; and I fasted much, and walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and went and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself, for I was a man of sorrows in the times of the first workings of the Lord in me.

Needless to say, there is no connection whatever between this and [Thoreau](#)’s passage in [WALDEN](#), which [Walter Roy Harding](#) supposedly was in the process of elucidating:

Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping.



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often took my Bible, and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on.” That passage would of course be evidence merely for a practice of frequent retirement for private devotional meditation and prayer not at all uncommon in Fox’s day and age, and as such entirely innocuous, and definitely not material that would support any sort of derogation.

[Walter Roy Harding](#)’s jottings in this so-called “VARIORUM” edition of [WALDEN](#)⁹⁷ suffer from a fatal ambiguity as to the sorts of person who make up his audience. Is this an audience for whom the reading experience is to be further enriched, even enhanced, by the provision of connections to other cultural materials, or is this, very distinctly different, an audience for whom [Thoreau](#)’s offerings are to be “dumbed down” to the lowest common denominator?

An example of the former category above, material for an audience that is seeking the enrichment and enhancement of its reading experience, would be found in Harding’s pointing from certain unscribed quotations in the “Solitude” chapter to specific points in the FOUR BOOKS of [China](#). An example, by way of contrast, of the latter category above, dumbing WALDEN down to the lowest common denominator for an audience consisting of dunderheads, would be found in Harding’s glossing of Thoreau’s “With thinking ... friends sometimes” by means of the stupidly simplistic remark “Thoreau was constantly aware of the fact that he was never able to lose himself completely in any emotion.” Again, I find it utterly pointless for Harding to attempt to gloss a sentence such as this one from the “Solitude” chapter, “The farmer can ... form of it,” by an observation that in the 1st edition of 1854 an inappropriate comma had crept into the text after the word “remunerate” — especially when, in the previous paragraph of this utterly corrupt 1995 Houghton Mifflin reprinting, the word “dervish” has been misspelled as “dervis.” Again, why in this blue-eyed world does the contemporary reader need to be distracted, in a book that itself contains so many egregious printer errors, with the utterly irrelevant and inconsequential detail that in the 1st edition “occasionally” had been set into type by the printer as “occasionally”? And to whom —heaven help us— is it of use to be informed, alongside Thoreau’s remark “I have heard of a man ... believed to be real,” that Walter Roy Harding has “been unable to discover the source of this story”? —Is it somehow informative, to be apprised of the fact that even the most diligent citation-checker may sometimes fail to uncover the single source for a remark which clearly had been allowed to remain by its originating author in an indeterminate condition?

The marginal notations of this edition are sometimes quite poorly edited. For instance, in the context “in whose odorous herb garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables,” a marginal notation such as “Simples are medicinal herbs” would be considerably more straightforward than a cryptic remark such as “Medicinal herbs” alone.

At one point, Professor Harding seems to suggest that Thoreau had been prevaricating when he wrote that he lived a mile from any neighbor, lying because although he makes no mention of this in WALDEN, the families of the Irish laboring men who were creating the railroad embankments and tracks were still living along the tracks alongside the pond while he was in residence at the pond. However, Harding provided no evidence for his conceit that anyone was still living there in that temporary Irish settlement, nor has anyone we have contacted seen any evidence for this.

All in all, this edition is as flawed in execution as it was in conception.

97. An edition using such a name as “Variorum” should have been one citing textual variations between drafts of the manuscript, as Ronald Earl Clapper has done — but instead this is merely a garden-variety “Annotated” edition, mistitled.



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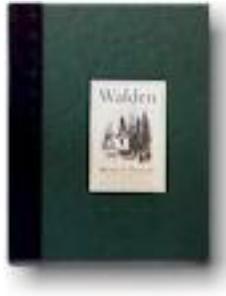
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One can find some excuse for the annotated edition of [WALDEN](#) that Philip Van Doren Stern prepared in 1970, because that volume was conceived and executed well prior to the invention of an adequate publication technology. But what is the excuse for such a retrograde maneuver as this one, as of 1995?

It has been a waste of publishing money, money which might have been much better allocated.

And the egregious error of this edition has compounded itself, for year after year, the good folks in Concord who purport to be today's representatives of Thoreau had been putting this crapulent edition out onto their shelves for sale to new generations of unsuspecting customers, at outrageous purchase prices — have, indeed, been **recommending** it to their unsuspecting newbie tourist customers!





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In an appendix to this “variorum [WALDEN](#)” volume, [Walter Roy Harding](#) offers a series of the more stupid and pointless and simplistic analyses of [Thoreau](#)’s parable of the hound, the bay horse, and the turtledove.

[WALDEN](#): In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. You will pardon some obscurities, for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men’s, and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature. I would gladly tell all that I know about it, and never paint “No Admittance” on my gate.

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

To anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but, if possible, Nature herself! How many mornings, summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! No doubt many of my townsmen have met me returning from this enterprise, farmers starting for Boston in the twilight, or woodchoppers going to their work. It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.



In this regard it is informative to consider two points:

- Each and every one of the numerous stupid and pointless and simplistic analyses of the hound/horse/turtledove paragraph included by Harding has the unfortunate effect of pre-emptively excluding and delegitimizing each and every other one of those analyses, as if the function of such literary detective-work were to capture a criminal rather than to reap from the reading of the text a



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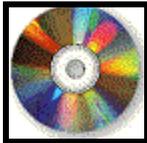
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spiritual benefit.

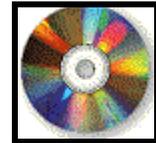
- It is clear that the function of Thoreau’s paragraph in the flow of his chapter, the function of his chapter in the agenda of his book, and the function of his book in our silly lives, have been entirely left out of consideration by these various commentators and annotators during more than a century and a half of speculative readings of this mysterious paragraph, in such manner as to suggest that for them, text and context have been situated in two entirely separated universes.

Harding was, of course, not a disinterested source — it was not per his agenda, for Thoreau’s passage about the lost hound, the lost bay horse, and the lost turtle-dove to receive any appropriately meaningful and important interpretation. For example, in 1958 he had predicted:



[It] will probably never be solved to everyone’s satisfaction.

— Walter Roy Harding and Carl Bode (eds.)
THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY
DAVID THOREAU. NY, 1958, page 749





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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: March 25, 2016



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ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



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



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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.