A Dreamer of Dreams

By Oliver Huckel

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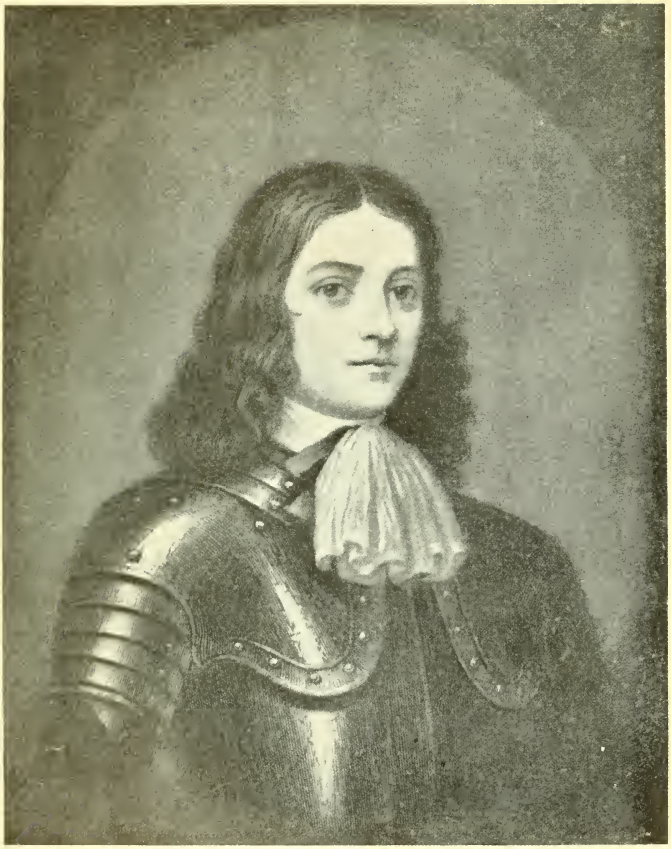

"The Portrait in Armor."
Engraved after the Painting in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS

BEING A NEW AND INTIMATE TELLING OF THE LOVE-STORY AND LIFE-WORK OF "WILL PENN THE QUAKER."

BY

OLIVER HUCKEL

An authentic narrative, freely arranged from the supposed journal of the fair Guli Springett, as found in an old oaken chest at Worminghurst, England.

Also somewhat added by Letitia Penn, Never before thus set forth in print.

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TO

ANN EDWARDS

AND

REBECCA MING:

MY QUAKER GRANDMOTHERS

Like two little doves in gray
  On the boughs of a greenwood tree,
My two Quaker grandmothers sit
  In my gay geneology.

The Cavalier struts in my heart,
  The Puritan tugs at my will,
But the Quaker faces say Peace,
  And passion and pride are still.

Dear faces of infinite calm,
  Ye have wrought a spell in my blood
That maketh the world seem wise
  And sweet with the sunshine of God.

O. H.

FOREWORD

What could an old journal found in an oaken chest at Worminghurst in England reveal to us? Could it make the past live? Could it bring us into a new appreciation of the lovely character of the fair Guli Springett who has been to so many of us only a name? Could it make us see the troubles and triumphs of Will Penn the Quaker in a new and human light,—so that we should feel that it was all worth while,—and glorious?

Look, then, into the pages of this journal,—fragmentary as it is. The pageantry of a great period of English history passes before us, and on the foreground two of the noblest of God's creations. We are again thankful for this brave new world that hath such goodly people in it.

Do you care whether it be veritable in every smallest particular? The great facts are there and all the world knows them. But the coloring, the human touches, the glintings of light, the fleeting smiles,—who is responsible for these chronicles of the passing mood but Life itself.

FOREWORD

My own heart has found a great joy in these pages,—and so I share them with you. I would feel craven to keep them to myself,—they do not belong to me, nor to the Quakers alone,—they are a part of the treasure of humanity,—the incomparable records of human faith and divine daring. They are yours,—if you will.

Has the dust been gathering in the old chest for more than two hundred years? Is the paper yellow and the ink faded? Love never dies. The chronicle is as sweet to-day as the day on which it was written,—the fragrance of the roses still lingers around the ancient packet of devotion. I only open the pages for you,—the characters of the drama of Life walk out to you,—for they are real, authentic, historic. Their blood still lives, their memory is still cherished in the hearts of kinsmen and lovers, their tender faith and undying hope still make luminous the pathway of the ages.

We have had biographies and histories galore. But we have not yet had enough of the fine wine of love, and the thrillings and throbbings of the exultant life. Better than any book is Life itself. Here it is, and as we shall close the pages at last, may we not say, "Thank God for human hearts!"

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INTRODUCTION

This journal of a romantic life, which I have the pleasure of presenting to the reader, will give, I hope, a new view of a character well worthy of grateful remembrance among the world's heroes and men of action. It reveals, as perhaps no other account of him has yet done, the human side of Will Penn the Quaker. The world has grown accustomed to call him "William" Penn in most dignified and solemn way and has taken for granted that it knew him. Yet often, the real man has been smothered by his piety and benevolence, while the great-hearted, tender, human man, full of blessed faults and loving failures and yet withal brave and true, has been left undiscovered. It will surely be well worth while, if this journal furnishes us a glimpse of a living, lovable man, and indeed a great one,—under the traditional broad-brim hat and the plain drab clothes.

It seems to me that this narrative will confirm the pleasant word that Dean Swift writes to Stella in 1710, saying that "he met at Mr. Harley's, Will

Penn the Quaker," and that they passed a lively evening "being exceedingly well entertained by one another." It will also confirm, I think, that recent sentence in a noble volume on "Our Philadelphia" by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in which she wisely says—"I defy anybody to do a little thinking while walking through the streets of Philadelphia and not be led to him, so for eternity has he stamped them with his vivid personality—not William Penn, the shadowy prig of the school history, but William Penn, the man with the level head, big ideas and the will to carry them out—three things that make for genius."

This is the view of the man that is coming to appreciation in these days. The real William Penn, as Mr. Sydney George Fisher said not long ago in an excellent biographical sketch of him—"though of a very religious turn of mind was essentially a man of action, restless and enterprising, at times a courtier and a politician, who loved handsome dress, lived well and lavishly, and although he undoubtedly kept his faith with the red men, Pennsylvania was the torment of his life. He came moreover of fighting ancestry and was himself a soldier for a short time. His life was full of contests, imprisonments and sufferings if

not of actual fighting and he lived during the most critical period of English history." All this I have vividly realized as I have been busy with the work of editing this journal. In these modern days we would call his life an intensely strenuous one, and it was lived on a background of English history unusually full of interest. This journal brings into its midst such fascinating characters as Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, John Locke the philosopher, Algernon Sidney, Pepys and Evelyn the diarists, such royalties as the merry monarch King Charles II, King James II, King William of Orange and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne. It gives glimpses of Peter the Great of Russia and of Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia. It pictures the London of the days of the Great Plague, the Paris in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, student days at Oxford two hundred and fifty years ago, and glimpses of Holland and Germany in that same period. It gives quaint glimpses of such famous religious characters as George Fox, the apostle of the Quakers; Thomas Ellwood, one of their scholars; Richard Baxter, the author of "The Saints' Rest"; and Anna Maria Van Schurmann, the most learned woman of Europe, the Star of Utrecht, in Holland. Besides all this, it tells at

first hand and in an intimate way the story of the founding of the Quaker province in America, and the great fight for religious liberty in England which preceded this "holy experiment" in the new world.

Perchance also this journal from the old chest at Worminghurst may lead to a fresh interest in the people called Quakers and the purpose and worth of their testimony to the world. It will remind us at least of the picturesque quality of their life. Who has written more delightfully of the Quakers than Charles Lamb in his "Essays of Elia," and how charming is the glimpse that we get of Robert Louis Stevenson's interest in the matter. Professor Edmund Gosse in a recent introduction to a new edition of William Penn's volume, "Some Fruits of Solitude," tells us how warm an admirer Stevenson was of this book. He says—"Stevenson met with the little volume at a critical moment of his own career in December, 1879, while he was wandering disconsolately in the streets of San Francisco, convalescent after a very dangerous illness, yet still 'somewhat of a mossy ruin,' and doubtful in what spirit to face the world again. To the exile, with his hopes re-excited, his spirits grown buoyant, his moral

fibers tightened by hardship and fear, the small book of Penn's maxims came with what seems a direct message from heaven. He was singularly moved by the book which he picked up on the stall of the San Francisco shop and the depth of his emotion was proved by the durability of his affection for the volume. Two years afterwards he gave that particular copy of the book to Mr. Horatio F. Brown with these words—'If ever in all my human conduct I have done a better thing to any fellow creature than handing unto you this sweet, dignified and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on with a wrench one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still—here it is.' And in a later letter to the same friend he says—'I hope if you get thus far you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not

have been in vain; for while, just now, we are so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living—no, nor recently dead—that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words.'

"Stevenson had intended to make this book and its author a subject of one of his critical essays. In February, 1880, he was preparing to begin it, but the sickness unto death of which he speaks in the letter above quoted, turned his thoughts in other directions; in April of the same year, he is still 'waiting for Penn,' but the great changes in his fortune and duty, of which we know, immediately intervened and carried him off to other latitudes and other work. He never found the opportunity to discourse to us about the book which he loved so much, but it has left an indelible stamp on the tenor of his moral writings. The philosophy of Stevenson as revealed to us from 1879 onwards is tinctured through and through with the honest, shrewd and genial maxims of Penn. Courage and common sense, a determination to win an honorable discharge in the bankrupt business of human life, a cheerfulness in facing responsibility, these were qualities which Stevenson possessed already, but which he was marvelously

to strengthen by commerce with 'Some Fruits of Solitude.' So the little Quakerish volume has a double claim upon us,—for itself so clean and sensible and manly a treatise and for its illustrious student and sedulous admirer, our admirable Robert Louis Stevenson."

A few words might be said here of the fair Guli Springett, the charming young wife of Will Penn the Quaker, and of whom this journal is such a new revelation. The portrait that we show of her in this volume is from a photograph of an old stipple engraving long in the possession of the family.

The miniature from which this stipple engraving was taken is said to have been painted during Penn's courtship, and shows her as a very attractive young woman. All that we learn of her life also reveals a rich endowment of domestic virtues and strength of character. The letters written by her that have been preserved disclose an excellent mind and a faithful and loving spirit. She was evidently a true companion and worthy helpmeet of her eminent husband.

Her full name was Gulielma Maria Springett. She was the daughter of a very gallant young Puritan officer, Colonel Sir William Springett who died during the siege of Arundel Castle, from

the reopening of a wound received at Naseby. He was the youngest officer of his grade in Cromwell's army. Two years after his death the widow married Isaac Pennington, son and heir of a famous Puritan Alderman in Cromwell's time, a member of the High Court of Justice for the king's trial, who had left to his son his comfortable estate at Chalfont St. Peters, in Buckinghamshire. This son and all the family soon became Quakers.

Perhaps the best description of the fair Guli's gifts and graces is given us by Thomas Ellwood, John Milton's friend, who lived as tutor at the Grange with the Penningtons. He says that she was "in all respects a very desirable woman, whether regard was to her outward person which wanted nothing to render her completely comely or to the endowments of her mind which were every way extraordinary." A fair fortune would also go with her. She had indeed many suitors of all ranks and conditions, but, as the excellent Ellwood tells us, "she bore herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded with the strictest modesty, that none were unduly encouraged nor could any complain of offense." He also speaks of her innocent, open, free con-

versation and of her abundant affability, courteousness, and the sweetness of her natural temper. Her own ancestry and training would doubtless breed in her a heroic quality, and also lead her to appreciate the heroism in such a character as William Penn.

It is related in Gibson's "Life of Penn" that Miss Springett had often seen and conversed with the great Puritan poet, John Milton, during her girlhood days and that she had written sometimes from Milton's dictation after he became totally blind.

She was about twenty-five years old when she married and as one writer says she had no superior among her sex in England for charms of person and mind. She was certainly helpful to her husband in the most trying period of his career and he and others bear eloquent tribute to her character and gifts.

What better testimony is there to the warmth of his affection and the nobility of his feelings than these words: "My dear wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts: and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy out-

ward excellencies, which yet were many—God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and that God's image in us was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest." She was certainly a gifted and remarkable woman, and this journal, I think it will be agreed, presents the strong and fine qualities of her beautiful character in a way in which they have never been presented before. We are grateful therefore for a deeper acquaintance with a rare nature, and we appreciate anew how much she must have meant to William Penn.

Of Letitia Penn, the daughter who completes this story, no authentic portrait is extant. She is described by a contemporary chronicler, the Quaker, Thomas Story, as "courteously carriaged and sweetly tempered in her conversation among us and also a diligent attendant at meetings." She is also described as "a large handsome girl closely resembling in countenance and complexion her father at her own age," that is, about twenty-

two, when these words were written. It is generally understood therefore that she must have been a young woman of rare beauty. Tradition has told us that her marriage to William Aubrey proved a misfortune, although it was a most romantic affair in itself. Aubrey turned out to be avaricious, exciting, suspicious, jealous and tyrannical. He became a harsh creditor in dealing with her father and an oppressive husband to her.

Two points I beg my readers to notice. As to all the dates in this narrative, I have taken the liberty of modernizing them in order to avoid confusion between the old style and the new style of chronology which changed in 1752, long after this narrative. According to the old style, March was the "first month" in the Quaker calendar, as in the usual calendar of that day, and September was the seventh month, October the eighth, as their names signified. Now, of course, September is ninth month. Kindly remember this to save discrepancy of dates.

The other point is the frequent use of colloquial rather than formal names. In this journal the term Quaker is used almost as often as Friend. It would seem that the writer had come rather to rejoice in that name which at the first had been

given in scorn. The journal also uses at times the abbreviated Christian names, such as Will, Guli, and Lettie. Those who know Penn's own letters will remember a similar usage on his part. It was always Guli, Tische for Letitia, or Johnny, Tommy or Dick. Such familiar speech occasionally gives a pleasant and informal flavor.

May I say this concerning the controversial subjects avoided. I have considered carefully in the course of my readings and investigations in the life of Penn, the things that have been said derogatory to him. The several aspersions of Macaulay have been fully refuted by later historians; the scandals hinted by Governor Byrd of Virginia are now known to be mere gossip of enemies; the remarks of Pepys have had their animus explained; while the controversies on the boundary question, when fully examined and investigated by an impartial commission of Maryland and Pennsylvania—as they have been done,—show Penn with honor and much judgment on his side. Nothing has been really proved against his character; and much in his favor by the sifting of time and fuller knowledge. So that this narrative is essentially confirmed even by the latest studies of historical evidence.

I think that those who have read carefully the life of William Penn must confess that it is a noble but pathetic career. Up to the time of his first coming to Pennsylvania, it furnishes many dramatic and inspiring episodes and is a wonderful picture. Penn at twenty-four is a splendid figure with a unique record of courage and achievement,—an imprisonment in the Tower and three remarkable books are his record to that date. After this time his life becomes more complicated and even pathetic in its mistakes and calamities. We feel that if he had only stayed in Pennsylvania from the time of that first visit how different things might have been, both for himself and for his province. We realize that his faith in King James II, like his faith in other men, especially his agents and deputies, was a strange but beautiful delusion. Nevertheless he had a wonderful career, he was steadfast and courageous all his life long for religious liberty and human rights, and his closing years like those of King Lear were full of deep pathos, tragical grandeur and yet a singular beauty.

During the generations since the beginning of their special testimony, say two hundred and fifty years, the Quakers have produced an apostolic

succession of noble and devout souls, such as Elizabeth Fry, John Bright, John G. Whittier and Lucretia Mott, and have done a splendid work in the cause of human betterment, especially prison reform, the abolition of slavery, and the advocacy of peace, but no single member of the society has ever done more illustrious work, nor achieved greater renown, than William Penn.

The journal as here given does not appear in its diary form with its numerous dates, for mere diaries oftentimes make tedious reading. I have taken the liberty in the editing, to omit many unimportant items and to put the connected story in chapter form with titles. It may thus make an easier and pleasanter narrative for the reader. I must give the assurance, however, that all the facts mentioned in this narrative together with names and dates have been carefully collated and verified, and may be considered substantially correct.

Any readers who may desire further light and more detailed information concerning many of the episodes referred to in this journal, I would refer to the five volumes of the select works of William Penn which are a valuable confirmation of facts herein given; also to the memoirs of the private and public life of William Penn compiled by

Thomas Clarkson; further, to the account of the Penns and the Penningtons by Maria Webb which contains many interesting family letters. In addition, they may find much in the various biographies of Penn by William Hepworth Dixon, Samuel M. Janney, John Stoughton, Sydney George Fisher, George Hodges and Augustus C. Buell.

May I add this final word: This journal, while true to facts, is only partial. It is frank and sincere, but of course is not always judicial statement with evidences pro and con. It is evidently only as one loving heart sees it, giving largely the human side of a great life from a sympathetic view. I have no doubt, that many of the opinions stated in this narrative can be debated. But that matters not. *Sometimes would you rather not hear a lover than a judge?*

A DREAMER OF DREAMS

CHAPTER I

THE GRANGE AT CHALFONT

TWENTY-TWO years old to-day—I can scarcely believe it—every day awakening more and more to the beauty and glory of life. I took a long walk to celebrate my birthday, and my friend Thomas Ellwood with me. We passed the beautiful quiet shrine of Jordans where our Meeting House stands, and we loitered for awhile under the old trees near our Friends' burial ground. Strange how many colored and bright were the wild flowers growing there in the abode of quiet and somber Friends, and how blithely and merrily the birds sang over those who in their lifetime set little store by music.

My journal has been my confidant for years. Yesterday [1] I looked it over for the records for

[1] The date of the beginning of this narratve is second month 10th, 1668.—*Editor.*

nearly ten years past and then hid it deep in my father's old secretary. But how many pleasant days the reading recalled. There was the day when I became fourteen, which was an epoch for me, for then my dear mother brought me my father's sword—he had died before my eyes saw the light—a gallant officer in Cromwell's army—and she told me to cherish it in his memory as a symbol of the sword of the Spirit. She also showed me a beautifully tinted miniature of him, very brave and noble. For more than twenty years now the good Isaac Pennington has been a father to me, tender and loving. We live here at the Grange at Chalfont, a pleasant place and a dear old vine-covered manor house, not far from London and near to the goodly Stoke Pogis church. I am a Friend, and so are all my people the Penningtons, but these are not easy days for us in England, for to be a Friend means to be called scornfully a Quaker, and to receive many hard criticisms. But we believe that we have the truth, and we will stand for it. There is another day recorded in my journal when Thomas Ellwood first came to be a tutor in the family at the Grange for the children and to read in the languages with me. That was the beginning of a new period intel-

lectual for me, for Thomas Ellwood was a most stimulating scholar, and I owe him so much for the way he has devoted himself to leading me in the classic fields of literature. He is like an elder brother to me, and accompanies me in all my horseback rides through the country and in all my forest journeys in search of new plants and ferns. He is seven and twenty, but seems so much older. He is also a member of our Society of Friends and is the son of a justice of the peace of Oxfordshire and a man of excellent parts. I confess that several times the thought has come to me how pleasant it would be to walk always with such a genial soul and splendid scholar. He is most attentive and friendly to me. Once I rallied him—"Friend Thomas, wilt thou never marry?" And he looked modestly at the ground and answered, "God only knows. Already do I care for one toward whom all my inclination goeth, but I do not yet dare to aspire to her, for she is far above me in station. I will be no fortune hunter, yet she is a fortune in herself. Sometimes I would speak," he continued, "but then my lips are held, for I feel that the Lord is reserving her for some one greater." He said no more, although I wondered what he really meant.

Another epoch of my life was writ in the old journal—near the end—a chance meeting with the young hero whose name and fame is now in all England, Will Penn the Quaker, who has given such a valued testimony for our faith both in meeting and in prison. I saw him only for a few minutes at the home of a Friend in London where I suddenly came in as he was visiting after meeting. But I shall never forget him, even if I never see him again. His eyes seemed to look into my soul. He is a prophet of God. I have dreamed of him many times since that meeting.

But what I must record now in my journal is something of the famous scholar and poet, John Milton, who has moved into our neighborhood and become the chief figure around which our life at Chalfont seems to revolve. He is a masterful man, a great soul, and his coming among us has been to me a wonderful intellectual awakening. He is a prodigy of learning, and speaks the ancient tongues of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin as easily as his own. It is said that he careth little for women folk, and hath had his own domestic troubles, but he has been most kind to me, and already his daughter Deborah and I have become most friendly.

Thus it was that John Milton came to us. It

was at Thomas Ellwood's suggestion that he came to Chalfont, for he had long been associated with the poet to whom he had been introduced by Doctor Paget, a physician of note in London, through the mediation of my step-father Isaac Pennington. John Milton had already become a gentleman of wide repute for learning through the scholarly world. He had filled a great public station in former times, having been Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell in the days of the Puritan Commonwealth, but was now living a private and retired life. For he had almost lost the sight of his eyes and depended largely on the help of his daughters to read and write for him at his dictation and also often had a scholar in addition to assist him in his work. So that Thomas Ellwood and the poet at once formed a genial friendship and the young Quaker scholar was accepted as his secretary, reading to him certain hours each day except First Day at his house in Jewyn Street in London. Seated together in the dining-room he read to the poet such books in the Latin tongue as were desired. Long he continued thus with his master both enjoying mutually the converse and the studies until the London air grew too heavy for Ellwood and he was fain to leave his studies in the

close city and come to us in the fair country in order to preserve life, and soon he was tutor to us all in the household of the Grange.

Now when the great plague came to London and every week the number of victims was increasing, John Milton determined to leave the doomed city and to seek refuge in the country. He had recourse to his former reader and friend Thomas Ellwood to find him out some cozy home in the wholesome neighborhood, where he himself lived, that he might bring his family hither. So with great delight my tutor took for the poet "a pretty box," as he called it, or as others might say a plain little cottage in Chalfont about a mile from us and thither he came and has stayed for several years as our honored neighbor.

Methinks this John Milton is a wonderful man, so rich in learning, so opulent in imagination, so humble in devotion, so beautiful in person and so cheerful and even mirthful in his manners. He has had forsooth his share of sorrows and even now is under the shadow of great calamity, but he keeps his uprightness and magnanimity and is deeply absorbed in his heavenly visions. In him I believe God has made one of his heroic and majestic men.

Yet he hath some strange ways. Deborah, his daughter, tells me that the other night about one of the clock she was roused by hearing her father give his three signal taps against the wall. Half dressed and with bare feet thrust into slippers she hastily ran in to him. He cried—"Deb, for the love of Heaven get pen and paper to set something down." She answered—"Sure, father, you gave me quite a turn, I thought you were ill." But she set to her task expecting some crotchet had taken him concerning his will. 'Stead of which out comes a volley of poetry he had lain a brewing till his brain was like to burst and so she in her thin night coat must needs jot it all down for fear it would ooze away before morning. At length with a sigh of relief, he said, "That will do. Good night, little maid!" and she crept off to her warm bed.[1]

Long ago he engaged my tutor, Thomas Ellwood, to be his reader and scholar in order to relieve his daughters of a portion of their task. One day Thomas Ellwood told me of a visit to his master Milton in which something exceeding interesting happened. He told me that after some

[1] I find that this incident is also told in "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell."—*Editor.*

common discourse had passed between them Milton called for a manuscript which he had been dictating to his daughters often at night, for since his blindness all days are equally night to him. Said my tutor—"He delivered it to me, bidding me take it home and read it at my leisure; and when I had done so, to return it to him with my judgment on it. When I came home and set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which is entitled Paradise Lost. After I had with the best of attention read it through I made master Milton another visit, and returned him the book with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it and I freely told him. Then after some discourse about it I said to him—'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost but what hast thou to say about Paradise Found?' He made no answer at first but sat some time and mused, then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the pestilence in London had gone and the city well cleansed had become safely habitable again he returned thither and when afterwards I went to wait on him there, he showed me the second poem in manuscript, called Paradise Regained, and in a pleasant tone he said to

me—'This is owing to you for you put it into my head by the question which you asked me at Chalfont, for before that I had not thought of it.' " [1] So my tutor Thomas Ellwood told me and often again while the poet was at Chalfont we went together to see the great man and to converse with him and also had permission from him to read aloud at the Grange certain beautiful passages from the heavenly epic which we admired greatly for its noble imagery and its majestic pictures. What glorious music also we enjoyed during those rare days at Chalfont. I was greatly fond of music and it was particularly the poet Milton's greatest delight. In his own little cottage and also at the Grange whither he often resorted with one or another of his daughters how many were our happy hours of poesy and song. The psalms of David in his sonorous voice again sounded forth in splendid paraphrases, he told us stories of the Puritan struggles in which he had played such a part and ofttimes he recited for us some noble lines from his "Comus," or his "Samson Agonistes," which oft I thought had much in it of his own life.

[1] Related also in somewhat similar way by Ellwood in his Memoir.—*Editor.*

To-day went over again to see the goodly John Milton. He is always clad in a sober gentle suit and I think his countenance is most beautiful to look upon. His hair is long and silky, falling over his shoulders. Formerly it was a lovely brown but is now streaked with gray, but is still fair to look upon. He is, as you may know, the son of a gentleman of Buckinghamshire and is excellently connected. His grandsire was a zealous Papist and disinherited John Milton's father for leaving the Roman church. The cottage where Milton lives is a simple homely little dwelling, part of a row with others. It has a white-washed parlor stocked with old oak. The poet usually sits in the low room to the left of the door with his leg over the armed chair as he dictates some of his poems or other writings to one of his daughters. There is a quaint garden which is as pleasant in its way as that of Ann Hathaway's at Shottery which I have visited. There is a sedate sweetness in all that John Milton says or does, and often he exclaims—"How good is our God to us in all His gifts." He told me once of a pleasant thing that the fair Mary Powell had once said to him, she that afterwards became his wife. They were talking of the herbs and simples in the hedges and

she said how pretty some of their names were and she thought that though Adam had named all the animals in paradise, perhaps Eve had named all the flowers. It was a pretty thought. Himself has quaint imaginations. Once, he told me, as he walked home at night in his younger days he fancied the angels whispering in his ears and singing over his head and that instead of going to his bed like a reasonable being, he laid down on the grass and gazed on the sweet pale moon till she set and then on the bright stars till he seemed to see them moving in a slow solemn dance to the word—"How glorious is our God!" And he told me that sometimes he knew surely that there were all about him, although he could not see them, spiritual beings repairing the ravages of the day on the flowers among the trees and grass and hedges, and he believed it was only the film that original sin had spread over his eyes that prevented him from seeing them.[1] It seemed rather uncanny, as he told me; it seemed to me like fairies and witches and ghosts. I liked it better when he recited for us that beautiful hymn on "The Nativity," of which I remember the lines:

[1] Also referred to in "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell."—*Editor*

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
  All meanly rudely wrapped in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize."

And also he read to us a sweet and solemn sonnet which he had just written on his blindness which I thought so beautiful that I begged a copy of it and here it is—

"When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
  'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,'
  I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
  Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait.' "

CHAPTER II

THE COMING OF WILL PENN

MOST delightsome were these days at the Grange with such goodly company as Thomas Ellwood, John Milton, and dear quaint Deborah whom I love for her gentleness and brightness.

And now to-day into this poetical and musical circle at Chalfont suddenly walked Will Penn the Quaker. I had only seen him once before for, oh, so short a time, but he had not forgotten me. I saw that at once. Again his deep eyes looked into mine and my heart thrilled. He had come down in haste from London to see my step-father Isaac Pennington about some important matters concerning our societies of Friends. It seemed to me from the very moment that his coming was a providence and directing of the Lord. Thomas Ellwood was there with us. John Milton was also present at the Grange at the time and he rose majestically to greet the Quaker hero, the son of

Admiral Sir William Penn, for we all honored his valiant stand for the truth, in his long imprisonment in the Tower of London from which he had issued such noble messages. As Will Penn greeted the Puritan poet, he also spake words of reverence and grateful praise for the poet's mighty sonnets, especially for the one on God's slaughtered saints.

Never have I seen two more noble looking men together—John Milton, warrior of the spirit, prophet of God, embodying all the learning, scholarship and spirituality of the Puritan people—a beautiful face, like a seer and saint of the Most High, and Will Penn, perhaps twenty years younger, but equally handsome, a serenity in his face, a daring courage and a beautifully religious intensity showing forth. My heart was assured as I looked into his face that he was a good man and a great man.

That night Will Penn told us of his months in jail for the cause of Christ, for we were all so interested in hearing of his recent adventures for God. Seven months in the Tower! And for being a Quaker and for standing up for his conscience, uttering his truth in a pamphlet called "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." As he told us

all so quietly and so bravely—how he had been arrested by Lord Arlington and sent to the Tower, unheard, uncharged, and uncommitted, because Arlington was hot in quarrel with his father the Admiral; how no bail was allowed; how his book, so spiritual and true, was called a blasphemous book; how he was kept a close prisoner with scanty fire in the depths of winter, with no privilege of seeing a friend or writing a letter, but treated as the blackest traitors were; how it was told him that he must either recant or die a prisoner and he had sent word to his father by his servant—"Thou mayst tell my father that my prison shall be my grave before I will budge a jot. I owe my conscience to no mortal man. I have no fear. God will make amends for all."

So he spake because of this. When his father heard that he had come out as a Quaker in Ireland he summoned him home to England. The Admiral was confined to the house with gout and was unable to walk. But he sat in an easy chair and talked matters over with his son. After a long discussion of the various beliefs and customs of the Quakers, his father said he could tolerate all the Quaker beliefs except that which denied the right of self-defense, and as for their outward

customs he objected to none except those which denied common courtesy. He said—"You may thee and thou whomsoever you please except the king, the Duke of York and myself. As for your hat you can be as boorish with it as you please, except in the house of your father who is a gentleman, and in the presence of the King and the Duke of York, your sovereign and his heir apparent. On all else which may be spiritual and of the inner conscience, I yield. But on these things which are affairs of outward gentleness and decency I will stand!" So the son asked until next day before he should decide and after hours of prayer for divine guidance he came back to his father and said that he must refuse to remove his hat for any man, and that he could not conscientiously use anything but the plain language, even though it be to his father or the King. His father was greatly disappointed and angry with him and reproached him in the words—"What can you think of yourself after being so well born and carefully trained up in learning and courtly accomplishments to fit you for the place of ambassador at a foreign court or minister of the government at home, that you should sink all in becoming a Quaker preacher and make your associations with

outcasts." But the son was firm. Later he told the Bishop who came to visit him in prison, that the Tower was the worst argument in the world to convince him, for, whoever was in the wrong, those who used force for religion could never be in the right.

As my young Quaker hero spoke so simply and so fervently of his life, I loved him for his brave deeds. He told us how all winter he sat in his dungeon and at last he was allowed the use of pen and ink, and took to writing as the prisoner's solace and there he wrote the first draft of his book in defense of Quaker ways and Quaker truth called, "No Cross, No Crown." Verily as he told his story I saw that although he had been bound in prison yet his soul was free; darkness might be in his dungeon, but the very light of heaven was in his heart. He told us also how he had become reconciled with his father. For after his imprisonment and the frank defense of his course, his father began to see that there was something heroic in the principles for which his son was standing. He began to be proud of him. The Admiral had had his troubles with the Navy Board and had resigned and retired with Lady Penn to Wanstead where for a time he was ill and

nigh to death. When this Quaker son had written another book in prison called "Innocency with her Open Face,"—for so advised Canon Stillingfleet of St. Paul's who had much converse with him in the Tower—it brought his release and His Majesty had sent word to deliver the prisoner up to his father. His father sent him for a time to Shangarry Castle in Ireland for some family business. But soon he hasted to Wanstead and was fully and tenderly reconciled to his father's heart. As he told his story to us, Thomas Ellwood and my step-father asked him questions here and there. I found such a resoluteness in his spirit, such a singleness of heart for the truth and only the truth that my whole soul was thrilled with admiration.

He stayed with us at the Grange that night. Both night and morning he opened up the Scriptures for us around the family altar and we waited upon God, the servants also being with us in our devotion.

I had spoken little to him on that first evening, but on the next morning being left a little while together in the great library overlooking the garden, while father was called to superintend some business of the farm, he began to speak to me of

some books, and of his life at Oxford in his student days. He told me of his studies at Christ Church College, of the famous Doctor John Owen, scholar and wit; of the wondrous preacher, Robert South, the orator of the University; and of John Locke, a noble scholar and philosopher of his college.

He said that at Oxford University he was entered at Christ Church as a gentleman commoner and a knight's son. His father wanted him to associate with gentlemen and to learn the manners of the aristocracy. It was however the year of the Restoration and the place was given over to follies and excesses. He says: "As I look back upon it now I can only describe it and the madness of it as hellish darkness and debauchery."

He said that affairs at Oxford deeply shocked his sensitive heart, for he was a gentle, serious country lad with a Puritan conscience. Things at the University were in confusion. The Puritans were being ejected from their places and in their stead intense Churchmen, with their cavalier habits, were coming in. They did many wild things to shock the Puritans—they amused themselves freely on the Lord's day, they patronized games and plays, they tippled and puffed tobacco,

and swore and swaggered in all the newest fashions, and his soul, as he told me, scorned this wanton and audacious merry making.

He told me of the quarrels of the Cavaliers and Puritans at Oxford, and of how he had first heard there a strange and earnest lay-preacher named Thomas Loe, a former Oxford student, who gave him the first awakening to the new doctrine of the gospel which George Fox was teaching. It stirred him through and through. It protested against all popish usages. It appealed for a return to apostolic Christianity.

"This Thomas Loe," he said, "was in prison in the town jail with forty other Quakers when I came to Oxford as a student, and when he was released and began preaching, it was the fact that he had suffered for his faith that first attracted me to him. I felt that he was an honest soul, however misguided. Perhaps the fact, also, that it was forbidden us to listen to such preaching attracted me even the more. It was while Thomas Loe was speaking one day to us students that he told of what George Fox was hoping to do in America for religious liberty. That thought fired my blood and gave me a real opening of joy." [1]

[1] Similar language is also used by Penn in his journal.—*Editor.*

He said that after this, he and other students neglected chapel for their own independent spiritual gatherings, and also refused to follow the new order for wearing the cap and gown in chapel which seemed to them a return to the surplices of Rome. He denounced these surplices as popish rags.

Yea, he and his friends went so far that they rose in rebellion and fell upon all the students who appeared in surplices and tore them from them. Not content with this, they thrust the gowns into the vilest pools that could be found, poking them to the depths with long sticks. Then came student riots in Peckwater Quad and he was arrested as a ring leader of the rebellious students and was expelled from the college. So ended, he said with a smile, his course at Oxford.

He left Oxford when he was eighteen years old. His father was very angry with him when he returned home after being banished from the college. He told me that he underwent very bitter usage from his father, being whipped and beaten and turned out of doors. But his father insisted that he should have a full scholarly course, so he sent him into France where he spent two years at the Protestant College at Saumur—the years which he would have passed at Oxford.

"My father evidently thought," he said, "that I had lived too much in the country and had too many queer notions and needed acquaintance with the wider world, so he determined that I should go abroad among the pleasant diversions of France to see life and to learn to behave like a gentleman and to be cured of my pious follies. It was the reign of Louis XIV when I traveled in France. Everything there was Roman Catholic, except now and then an oasis of liberal thought. One of these centers was at this Protestant College at Saumur which was a beacon light of Huguenot learning in France. I found that the great Amyraut was one of the most illustrious teachers in this institution and the faith that was taught there was beautiful and cheerful, full of human tenderness and domestic virtue. It seemed to me one of the best types of the Protestant faith, not aggressive, nor intolerant, nor defiant, but full of sweetness and refinement. Altogether it was an excellent thing for me to come into close contact with this beautiful Huguenot spirit. I staid here for nearly two years, mastering the French tongue, getting better acquainted with the writings of the early church fathers, and learning to revere my good teacher Amyraut with all the intensity of my nature. It

was pleasant there, he said, reading the classics and the fathers, pondering over the mysteries and problems of theology with these learned divines and revelling in the poetry, the language, and the history of France.

He told me that the Paris of those days was a very attractive city. He said, "I enjoyed exceedingly a long visit there. I traveled in company with certain persons of rank; I had plenty of money and high spirits and everything was new and attractive to me. One night in a Paris street I was assailed by some intoxicated gallant, and crossed swords with him and disarmed him. According to the rules I had a right to kill my assailant, but I declined to do so, and had much honor and fame thereby."

And much more he told about his travels, and his hopes and purposes.

How delightful to me was his friendly speech and sometimes while he spoke he looked so earnestly into my eyes.

He stayed with us the next night also at the Grange, but I saw little of him except as he told to all of us the story of the sufferings of Friends in various parts of England and Ireland and of the great work that was being done in the north of

England where the Lord had raised up stalwart defenders of our cause in the Fells of Swarthmore, and especially the saintly Margaret Fell, the mother of the household, who had become convinced, and stood out an earnest defender of the faith of the Quakers, and afterwards became the beloved wife of dear George Fox.

Somehow as he spoke of the Fells and of dear Margaret Fell, I thought what a noble thing it was to share in such goodly work. Thomas Ellwood had seemed unusually solemn as Will Penn was talking and looking at me. To-night in passing through the hall he stopped and spoke to me, saying that he opined that God was in all this doing, and might not this be the stranger for whom the Lord had reserved me. What strange fancies he has! For this noble stranger cannot think thus of me and yet he is one whom I believe my whole heart could love.

It was on the third day as I was seated in a rustic arbor of the garden knitting, that he came out, having finished business with father, and seated himself with me and began to talk of his dreams.

He told me that even in his boyhood, but especially while he was at Oxford in his student days, he began to dream that he should have a great

work to do for God, that some day a virtuous and holy empire free from bigotry and from the formalism of the State religion might be founded in that far off western world about which he was studying and which had so often formed a topic of conversation at his father's hearth. And when he found the same thought in Thomas Loe and George Fox, said he, "My mind discovered a real opening of joy."

And when after his two years in France, he had made journey through Switzerland and Italy, and had met Algernon Sidney, then in exile, he said that at once he had become his earnest pupil, and his faithful friend, and had learned from him the meaning and glory of a free state. He came back to England—smilingly he said—speaking French, wearing French pantaloons, carrying his rapier in the French style. "A very modish person," as his friend Mr. Pepys satirically remarked, "grown a fine gentleman—something of learning has he got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garb and affected manner of gait and speech." [1] But who will take Mr. Pepys' quaint speech too seriously? He told me that his father kept him busy after he returned from France, took

[1] Similar comment occurs in Pepys' diary.—*Editor.*

him to the official gallery at Whitehall, presented him to great persons, made him pay court visits and also placed him as a student in Lincoln's Inn to acquire some scraps of law, to prepare him for being a statesman. But then came the summer of the Great Plague in London and in those days of sickness and death God wrought a change in his spirit. He was driven to quiet meditation and his books, and the vanity of all things earthly came upon him. O those dreadful days of the Plague in London in the summer of 1665! The pestilence had begun late in May. He told me how he saw in Drury Lane two or three houses marked with red crosses upon their doors and the words, "Lord, have mercy," written there. And afterwards, many more such houses as day by day the plague grew worse. And soon there was no more studying at Lincoln's Inn, but he longed for the clean country.

What calamities has old London had! He said that scarce had the bells ceased tolling day and night for the incessant deaths from the Plague than the Great Fire swept the city. It began in Pudding Lane, and raged for nigh four days even to the Temple. Many houses were blown up by gunpowder and thus the fire was mastered.

Thousands were homeless, the river swarmed with boats and goods, and Moorfields was crowded by the multitudes. Many saw in these distresses the warning hand of God. But, said he, I wonder if, after all, there may not be blessing in such troubles, even as the Scriptures promise us.

These things drove him, as he told me, to the green fields for safety and refreshment of spirit, and soon after his father sent him over to his estate in Ireland, to the merry Duke of Ormond, at Dublin, and to Shangarry Castle, the family estate of the Penns. Here, as he told me, he was made Clerk of the Cheque at Kinsale Harbor and encouraged to enter His Majesty's service. He became a soldier and won great praise in a fight against the mutineers at Carrickfergus. He said he longed to become Captain Penn and to command the company of foot at Kinsale. He even committed the vanity of having his portrait painted in a coat of shining steel. But his father did not encourage him in his desire to be a soldier; he intimated that he should keep out of the army. What really his father had in mind, as he afterwards learned, was that he should become a statesman and succeed him in the peerage which was about to come to him under the title of Lord

Weymouth. Surely there was divine direction in this matter of his not becoming a soldier at this time. Thus was he directed. One day he heard that his old friend, Thomas Loe, who had so stirred him in his Oxford days, was to preach in Cork near by. He heard it in the shop of a woman Friend in that city where he had gone to procure some articles of clothing. They spoke together of Thomas Loe and he said, if he only knew where that preacher was, if it were a hundred miles off, he would go to hear him again. She told him he need not go so far for Thomas Loe had lately come thither and would be at meeting the next day. So he went to the meeting and when Thomas Loe stood up to preach he was, as he said, "exceedingly reached and wept much."

This was a crisis in his life. Every word seemed to come straight to his soul. Thenceforth there was no more perplexity, he had made definite decisions. It was at this time—as he said afterwards—that "the Lord visited me with a certain sound and testimony of his eternal word through Thomas Loe."

He had gone to hear him, wondering whether he would be as deeply moved as he had been in his student days. The preacher gave out his text—

GULI SPRINGETT, PENN'S FIRST WIFE.

From an old stipple engraving after the original painting on glass, in possession of descendants of Henry Swann, of Dorking, England.

"There is a faith that overcomes the world and there is a faith that is overcome by the world"—this and the message that followed seemed to him to come straight from Heaven to his heart. It was a vision of the truth and a call to duty such as had never come to him before—it seemed as if the Lord stood by and beckoned him. All his being rose up in response. That night (he said) I became a Quaker, and willing to be known as one of them and willing to suffer with them.

As to the rest, he said: "God has given me these dreams to reveal my life and my work to me. I have given myself to him and I will follow whither the Spirit shall lead. To-day I want to tell thee of another dream, for all through these years in prison and out, he has given me a longing for a helpmeet. I dreamed of such an one while I was in the Tower, of one who should share my cross and my crown, of one who in herself was innocency with her open face. I thought in symbols of human as well as of divine affection. When I beheld thee at the very first, I knew that the Lord had led me to thee. Three days have I noted thee and sought the Lord for direction. And he has given me a command to love thee. For me has he reserved thee, that thou

shouldst be unto me a companion and a helpmeet in all the work that our God hath for us. Thou art the fulfillment of my heart's dream and desire. May the Lord put it into thy heart to answer the right words."

And what could I do with that handsome youth, that valiant hero of the faith, that prophet of the truth of God there before me pleading? Had not this son of Admiral Penn revealed his strength of soul by giving up court, wealth, position, and honor for the sake of the people called Quakers? Surely his imprisonment was in God's providence for it had given him the inspiration and the leisure to write great books and to make our cause known to mankind. It was the testimony of a martyr and a message of a prophet. Was it not a noble achievement for a young man of twenty-four to have become a leader of his faith and a writer of three books that will live since they are so full of the living truth of God? I was proud of his achievements in the Lord. The Spirit was surely leading him.

Had he not done noble things that stir my soul, was he not scholar and soldier of the Lord, already having borne a valiant testimony to his conscience and to his faith? And here he was

pleading to me for loving comfort and for spiritual coöperation in his great life work, in the fulfillment of his splendid dreams.

As I looked at him then, he was as handsome a youth as I ever beheld—fresh-faced, rosy-lipped, his hair parted in the middle and his long cavalier locks reaching to his shoulders. There was a serious-mindedness showing in his face which indicated strong character. His eyes had an intense earnestness. They had a determined look in them settled and steady, but at the same time there was in them a soft and lustrous gentleness. Surely there is character noble and heroic in this man, both in ideals and action, and surely also, a bold and courageous spirit and temper that will bear all trials and difficulties with a serene and cheerful composure and an unswerving faith.

I sat silent for awhile, meditating and waiting for the divine light. Then I looked again quietly into his deep eyes and earnest face. What was I, to withhold help in such a time? What was I, to withstand the manifest leading of the Lord?

So I put my hands into his, as I answered, "Be it unto me even as thou wilt!"

CHAPTER III

THE VISION AT WANSTEAD

TO-DAY Will has been telling me of his boyhood days.

He said that he scarcely remembered the little house close to the Tower of London and just under the wall, where he had been born. But he told me much of his boyhood life in the pretty village of Wanstead in Essex and of his schooldays there and at Chigwell. He felt it as a good omen, he said, that he, who was now all for peace and was determined to be all his life for peace, was born in the midst of civil war of that great Puritan Revolution that brought in the Puritan Commonwealth and Oliver Cromwell as lord protector of the rights and liberties of the people of England. Said he was only five years old when King Charles was beheaded. This was while they were living at Wanstead where they dwelt until he was twelve. Said he loved to hear the Puritan disputes in the village, for Wanstead was a hot bed

of new ideas. They were earnest against forms and ceremonies, he said, and he had his first ideas of human rights and spiritual liberty from them. His father was away all this time on sea duty, and Will was busy with his Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Told me of his mother, Lady Penn, who, he said, is a most kind and loving mother, but a merry one withal. She is the daughter of John Jasper, an English merchant of Rotterdam, and she is stout and handsome with many of the sprightly ways that she had learned in the Dutch city. She bubbles over with humor and is far livelier than his father, the Admiral, who, he says, is usually rather stern.

Said he loved the quietness of the green country around the village of Wanstead, where he used to make his prayers in old Wanstead Church, which was devotedly Puritan. The chief men in the place were stern set against any Popish innovations and were ready to punish every offender against the true reformed Protestant religion.

Told me this story: "In my childhood days in company with my father, the Admiral, and the sprightly Mr. Pepys, I saw the King. Mr. Pepys had on his velvet coat and my father wore his uniform with much gold lace. We had a good room

in Cornhill with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well as the King rode by in procession. The streets were new gravel and the fronts of the houses hung with carpets, with ladies looking out of all the windows, and so glorious was the show with gold and silver that sometimes we were not able to look at it, our eyes being so overcome." [1]

"My father," he said, "was captain in the navy when I was born—he was only twenty-one years old then; two years later, he was made rear-admiral for Ireland, and by the time I was ten years old he had become vice-admiral of the English fleet. Was a wonderful man."

"The year of my birth," he said, "was the year when the famous battle of Marston Moor was fought and I was only a year old when the battle of Naseby was won and Cromwell proclaimed the victory of the people. I was only four years old when the stubborn King Charles Stuart was beheaded at Whitehall. I grew up under the influence and spell of Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans."

"My mother," he told me, "is English and not Dutch, as some have imagined, because she was born in Rotterdam. She is the daughter of an

[1] An account of this event is also given in Pepys.—*Editor.*

English merchant, settled there as a resident partner of a London trading house and is entirely English in ancestry.

"My father's title at the age of thirty was the highest rank that a sea-going officer could attain—that of Vice-Admiral of England, inferior only to the Lord High Admiral, who was a member of the cabinet and not a sea-going officer."

I was amused at the qualifications which Will told me the deed of gift prescribed for his school at Chigwell, where he studied Latin and Greek, together with ciphering and casting up accounts. Its master must be, as the deed said, "a good poet, of a sound religion, neither papal or Puritan, of a good behavior, of a sober and honest conversation, no tippler, nor haunter of ale houses, no puffer of tobacco, and, above all, apt to teach and severe in his government." Said that the atmosphere of Chigwell School was truly severe. Among other things the articles commanded—"Of reading there should be none but the Greek and Latin classics; no novelties, fictions, nor conceited modern writings." So that from such schooling, under such a master, he could afterwards always say—"I was bred a Protestant and that strictly."

Told me how when the expedition against Spain had failed, both the leaders of army and navy—his father was the latter—had their commissions taken away from them by the angry Cromwell and they were thrown into dungeons in the Tower to meditate for a while on their failure "to singe the Spaniard's beard." It was a sad misfortune for the Admiral and his family. Although this incarceration in the Tower did not last long, and although he was reinstated after a time in his rank and emoluments, yet the tribulation while it lasted deeply impressed the mind of the boy and gave him a new idea of the uncertainties of fortune. He was an impressionable lad, and shortly afterwards had his strange vision in his room at Wanstead.

This was the vision. One day when he was not eleven years old a very wonderful dream came to him. Sitting in his room, he told me, he was surprised by a strange feeling in his heart, and there came a new and glorious radiance into his chamber. These were his very words:

"It was when I was about eleven years old that I had my first dream, waking dream, or vision, and it seemed to me as a heavenly experience. I was suddenly surprised with an inward comfort and

as I thought an external glory in the room which filled me with religious emotion and I had the strongest conviction of the being of God and of a conscious sense of him and that the soul of man was thus capable of enjoying communion with him. I believed also that the seal of a divine mission had been put upon me at this moment, and that I had been awakened and called to a holy life."

He loved to talk of this vision. He said he felt such a joyous emotion in his soul and he seemed surrounded by such a soft and holy light. It seemed like a visitation from on high. All that it meant he could not say, but he was exalted by the sudden joy and awed by the sacred light, and somehow he was sure that the Lord had come near to him and anointed him for service.

Somehow I believe that all his life he lived in the light of the glory of that early vision at Wanstead, so often did he refer to it. From that hour I am sure something deep and holy in purpose came into his life.

But now the clouds seem to be gathering around the great Cromwell's head. He had been offered a crown by his Parliament, but had sternly refused it, for he knew that the crown could not

sustain his waning power. Marston Moor, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester could not repeat their victories. The spirit of Praise-God Barebones still lived, but it was dying. So Cromwell lived the remainder of his life, beetle-browed and defiant, fighting against disease and fighting against the inevitable, like an old hero in his last battle. When soon afterward he died, the Puritan power in England came to an end and the Restoration brought back King Charles II. This was when Will was about sixteen years old, in 1660, as he told me, and was just about to begin studies at Oxford.

CHAPTER IV

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

METHINKS it is as Will Shakespeare has somewhere said in his dramas—the course of true love never did run smooth, for it was not long after what I have written that the enemies of the truth again sought revenge against my dear Will. While he was staying with us at Chalfont (for he often came now and stopped at the Grange) he was constantly and earnestly studying the Catholic question, although he had often meditated on it since his student days at the French College at Saumur. He had many Catholic friends, and he had learned to distinguish between the disciples and the doctrines. Besides being tolerant toward the Catholics, he was no less kindly disposed toward the Puritans, although many of these, the disbanded hosts of Cromwell, were still hot against monarchy and against the established Church. Time and again we talked it all over together, and he feels as I do, that we

must stand constantly and firmly for liberty of conscience and free worship alike for Catholics, Puritans, Quakers, and all honest religious people.

Parliament has now again renewed the Conventicle Act which makes it a crime for any company of religious people to meet together for worship other than according to the order of the established Church of England. The penalty is heavy fine or imprisonment or transportation.

And now he writ a pamphlet which I greatly liked, called "A Caveat Against Popery." It was a plea for religious toleration in an age that so much needed it. It stirred up enemies and again his daily haunts were watched, and as he went to the Quaker meeting in Grace Church Street and arose to address the meeting, a sergeant and picquet of soldiers entered the room.

As he took off his hat to pray in the midst of his preaching they came forward and took him, and they also arrested an old soldier of the commonwealth, Captain William Mead. They marched the prisoners to the Lord Mayor, and when Will Penn, for conscience' sake, refused to doff his hat, the Mayor threatened to send him to Bridewell and have him flogged, even though he was the son of an Admiral.

This was the charge preferred—that "they tumultuously did assemble and congregate themselves together to the disturbance of the King's peace and to the great terror of his liege people and subjects"—which charge, of course, was all untrue, for they were the most quiet and peaceable of people. The Mayor committed both of the prisoners to the Black Dog, a sponging house in Newgate Market, where they must await their trial at the Old Bailey. From this prison he wrote to me and to his father. His letter told how he gloried in his sufferings for principle, but regretted so deeply that for the time he must be separated from me. Nor was I allowed to see him.

Now when the trial came off in the Old Bailey, I was there and watched and listened with a deep grief but also with a glowing pride. I need not record what I saw and heard. It is all written down in full elsewhere—all the accusations and contentions, the questions and answers. It was a famous trial with great men and ten justices in charge—the Recorder, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and twelve citizens of London as a jury. First, they demanded that he take the oath of allegiance. But he refused to take this or any oath.

He said it was against his conscience, for Christ said, "Swear not at all." Equally was it against his conscience to take up arms at all. But they insisted on the oath, the judge saying, "I vow, Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman. All the world must allow that; and you have a plentiful estate. Why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a people? I must send you to Newgate for six months." And my lover bravely answered, "I would have thee and all men know that I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for, and able to sustain those that are afflicted for its sake. Thy religion persecutes, mine forgives. I desire God to forgive you all that are concerned in my commitment."

As to the accusation that they were armed and disturbers of the peace, they pleaded not guilty, but I remember my noble Will explaining proudly at this trial, "We confess ourselves so far from recanting or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, to pray or to worship God that we declare to all the world, we believe it to be our indispensable duty to meet constantly on so good an account, nor shall all the powers on earth be able to prevent us." Were not these brave

words? He stood there as an Englishman contending for our ancient laws, rights and liberties. He was fighting valiantly for every man's rights of conscience.

The prisoners were sent to "the Hole" in Newgate, the vilest place in any jail in England. The jury then deliberated, but would not bring in a verdict of condemnation, and the judge sent them out again and again, and locked them up without meat, drink, fire, or tobacco. Said the judge, "We will have a verdict by the help of God or you shall starve for it." Three times they brought in the same verdict until the judge cried, "Would that the Inquisition might be brought to England to settle such fellows." Again were they locked up and suffered from hunger and thirst in the utterly foul chamber. Some said they must give way or die, but they nobly held out. These jurors fought as my lover did, for freedom of conscience and for the rights of jurors. They were prepared to die but never to betray the cause of right. Again were they called out but their verdict was, "Not guilty." Then in anger the judge fined the two prisoners and the twelve jurymen for contempt of court and sent all of them to Newgate. From his dreary prison

every day my lover writes to me full of tenderness and affection and trusting in God for the justice of his cause.

I must also tell this incident, which has a bearing. Thomas Ellwood and I are most excellent friends, even though I have given myself to Will Penn instead of to him. He has confessed to me, that for a long time he had been devotedly attached to me, although he had never allowed himself to indicate it in any way. He says that he was more than careful, because there were those who were constantly suspicious that he was seeking me and perhaps my fortune. He told me that he had scarcely hoped to win me, who was so far above him, but that he loved to be near me and serve me, and that when our friend Will Penn had come, he had seemed to know in his heart that this was he for whom I had been reserved. And his heart gave consent. Thomas Ellwood will always be to me a brother and a counselor. I feel that I can rely on him in every time of need, and especially in these days when my dear Will is in prison.

Not long ago Thomas Ellwood accompanied me from Chalfont to my Uncle Springett's in Sussex. We went by way of London and as we were going

out by the Tunbridge road we were set at by some of the Duke of York's rude fellows. They tried to snatch me off my horse by the waist, but Thomas Ellwood whipped them off most vigorously once and again. So we rode to Tunbridge and beyond the Wells, and got safe to Uncle Springett's house, and told him all our danger and trouble. But the journey home was uneventful and safe.

Now as Will served his time in the Tower, his father saw that his son's religion gave him courage and serenity in the midst of misfortune. He appreciated the heroic spirit manifested, perhaps he saw his own obstinate will in his son. Yet whatever it was, he was not as indignant as before, and seemed to give him even something of admiration.

But scarcely was my dear lover delivered from the prison when his father, who had been steadily declining in health, grew greatly worse. Will hastened to Wanstead and found his father on his deathbed. Deeply moved in spirit, "Son William," he murmured, "I am weary of the world. The snares of life are greater than the fears of death. Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. Bury me near my mother; live all in love; I pray God will bless

you all." So he died, eleven days after the trial at Old Bailey, forgiving and approving his son. I wish that I had known the great admiral. I was soon to know him as his son's promised bride, but his sickness came and prevented. I tried to comfort my dear Will as best I could, and oft he resorted to our home, and oft our letters carried by the post brought heart-felt messages.

How quaint the inscription which Will wrote for his father's tombstone and had carven thereon. Part of it reads—"With a gentle and even gale, he arrived and anchored in his last and best port, at Wanstead in the County of Essex the 16 of September, 1670, being then but forty-nine years and four months old." Thus had the mariner reached the desired haven, but it seemed a short life, although a remarkable one.

After Admiral Penn was dead, his enemies again sought to harm my lover. Again they assailed him because he would not take an oath. They arrested him at Wheeler Street Meeting as he arose to address the meeting, and carried him to the Tower and lodged him in a dungeon. He was condemned to six months' imprisonment.

It is a great sorrow and trial for me to have my lover thus kept from me in prison again, but he

was so brave about it that it made me brave. He felt that he was bearing testimony to the truth and thus honoring Christ, and I rejoiced with him.

But O! my woman's heart did so miss him. And O! the uncertainty of it all! Will he ever be released? Will we ever be together again? "As the Lord will," is my constant solace, but again my heart murmurs, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Nevertheless, I try to keep a brave front. I write to him full of hope and courage and I go about the daily duties as if all were well.

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So for these six long months he was kept in Newgate jail. But besides his noble, loving letters to me, which I have saved in the strong black box, while he was in prison at this time he also wrote no less than four wonderful pamphlets full of light and testimony. One was called "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience," which I have read with great joy, so nobly was it writ. Another was "Truth Rescued from Imposture." And the two other are called, "A Postscript to Truth Exalted," and "An Apology for the Quakers." And scarcely had he been released from prison than the call of duty came again. And what was I to resist duty?

To-day Will came to me for a great concern was on his mind to bear testimony in Holland and in Germany. He said that even while he was in prison the Macedonian cry had come to him in a vision. So I encouraged him and said, "Go and the Lord be with you, but come back soon." With a loving greeting he was gone. As his duty seemed to direct him, he went straight to some Dutch towns where, through William Caton and others, the principles of the Friends had already made some way. He went first to the free city of Embden for he could speak the low Dutch pretty well. His meetings were held at the house of Dr. Haesbert, who was greatly impressed by the new teachings and became a strong Quaker champion in Holland. A goodly society was soon formed there. Then he went into parts of Germany, making acquaintance with Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine and of some of her friends, the Labadists, the followers of the famous Jean de Labadie, who had once been a Jesuit, but was now a Protestant mystic. He met other religious communities on this visit, some from England, who were members of the great Puritan party waiting to sail for America, and others who were being persecuted and driven out of their

homes in Germany because they followed liberty of conscience. With all these he took counsel and became to them a friend and apostle of the true faith.

He wrote to me how his heart was stirred as these exiled people talked of America, the land of promise, how many ship loads had already set sail, how some accounts had already come back of the beauty and fertility of the new country. His letters were enthusiastic concerning these devout and sturdy people. I could see he was dreaming again his great dream of founding a free state in the depths of the virgin wilderness, where every man should have his full right and liberties and be able to worship God according to his conscience.

"But first of all, my dream of thee must be fulfilled," he wrote. "I pray God my journeyings may soon be ended and that I may be again with thee." And so prayed I, for these days of our courtship had been mostly in absence—in prison and in journeying, by land and by sea. Yet I knew his heart was always with me.

Suddenly one day I heard the sound of a horse on the road to Chalfont, the gate of the Grange opened, and my lover clasped me to his heart with the words, "Thank God, I am here, and to stay!"

CHAPTER V

A QUAKER WEDDING

I HAVE always wondered how in the midst of his busy and heroic life, so full of religious controversy, so earnest and continuous in preaching, so troubled with court trials and imprisonments, came this ray of light in the darkness, this fair romance of love, this sweet touch of human tenderness in which it was my happiness to have such a beautiful part.

It was at King's Farm at Chorley Wood, near the little village of Ammersham, that we two stood in a select and quiet company of grave and ancient Friends, and with prayer and joining of hands, we took each other and were united in marriage. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of mind we were, in which we sensibly felt that the Lord was with us, and was joining us together.

We were married in the beautiful springtime. I shall never forget the sweetness and the so-

lemnity of those days. We used for our wedding agreement nearly the same beautiful words that were used when George Fox and Margaret Fell, our dear friends, were married. We love this ancient custom where, having several times to Friends propounded our intention of joining together in honorable marriage in the covenant of God, we then in a public meeting appointed for the purpose took each other before witnesses and the elders of the people, even as Laban appointed a meeting at the marriage of Jacob and as a meeting was appointed on purpose when Ruth and Boaz took each other, and also as it was in Cana, where Christ and his disciples went to a marriage. So in the everlasting power and covenant of God and through the assistance of the Lord, we made our solemn declarations in the presence of God, his angels, and that holy assembly.

Very cordially had the consent and approbation of Friends been given to our marriage, so the Friendly ceremony took place quickly fourth month 4th, 1672,[1] at Chorley Wood, at a farmhouse called King's, where meeting was being kept. This quaint old farmhouse was probably a hun-

[1] This date was originally written second month, as will be seen in this marriage agreement, for April was then so called in the old style.—*Editor.*

dred years old; timber-framed with curious windows; the large room where the marriage took place was quaint and old-fashioned. The certificate of our marriage, which I sacredly cherish, runneth thus:

"Whereas, William Penn of Walthamstow, in the County of Essex, and Gulielma Maria Springett, of Penn, in the County of Bucks, having first obtained the good will and consent of their nearest friends & relations, did in two publick Monthly Meetings of the people of God called Quakers, declare their intention to take each other in Marriage, & upon serious and due consideration were fully approved of the said Meetings, as by several weighty testimonies did appear.

"These are now to certifie all persons whom it doth or may concern that upon the fourth day of the second month in the year one thousand six hundred seventy two, the said WILLIAM PENN and GULIELMA MARIA SPRINGETT did, in a godly sort & manner (according to the good old Order and practice of the Church of Christ) in a publick Assembly of the People of the Lord at King's Charle-wood in the County of Hertford, solemnly and expressly take each other in marriage, mutually promising to be loving, true and faithful

to each other in that relation, so long as it shall please the Lord to continue their natural lives."

And in testimony to our marriage, nearly fifty of the good Friends present signed with us, among them Thomas Ellwood.

It was with joyous but tearful eyes that we signed the certificate. Many Friends who signed with us, both men and women, bore loving testimony that there was a sense of the power and presence of the living God manifested in that still and earnest assembly at our wedding. On two white palfreys we rode to our new home at Rickmansworth, about six miles from Chalfont, for we would not disturb Lady Penn in the home at Wanstead.

O these dear days at our little home at Rickmansworth—a continual and blessed honeymoon. The spring and summer went joyously. Nothing could beguile my loving husband from his quiet home—no flattery of princes nor attacks of foes. These were days of perfect repose and peace. He told me again and again that he had never known such rest of mind and heart. His father had left him a plentiful estate—only a life interest being reserved for Lady Penn. His, therefore, was the whole of a large property, the plate, the house-

hold furniture, the money (not much less than sixteen thousand pounds still owed to his father the Admiral by the government), the family lands in England and in Ireland, the family claims in Spain and in Jamaica, and he was left as sole executor of all. Besides this there is something that I brought as dowry—the estate of Wormingshurst, which some day we may occupy as our own. Surely he is a wealthy man with his income of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Is it not a responsibility to use it well, to do much good and to live most honorably? And so he accepts it.

Yet what a temptation it is for him to become just a quiet country gentleman and to cultivate the paternal acres in peace and happiness. This he would do, had he not felt the divine leading in his soul to greater work and I know that it is my part to inspire and aid him to do the Lord's manifest will.

So forth we go on the Lord's work, sometimes for weeks together, traveling and telling those who will listen the truth which has come to our hearts. I ride with him from town to town as he preaches the message of the Quaker faith. I sit at his side as he writes his pamphlets and books. No less than twenty-six works and many of them

long ones came from his pen in these happy years. He wrote on the "Christian Quaker," and on "England's Present Interest." His whole purpose, as he clearly set it forth, is to preserve the ancient rights and liberties of the people, to gain entire freedom in matters of faith, and to endeavor to promote the growth of true and practical religion. All this work keeps him happily at home in the intervals of traveling, and it is a beautiful time, for we talk over all these things to be said and written and we have so many hours of sweet communion. There are many letters also to be written to our friends and especially on behalf of suffering Quakers who were constantly being haled to prison for conscience' sake.

I rejoice in the sweet nature and pure-heartedness of my dear husband. Once when he was on trial Sir John Robinson said: "You have been as bad as other folks." But my husband cried: "When and where? I charge thee tell the company to my face." And when Robinson answered, "Abroad and at home, too," my husband stoutly replied, "I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with ever having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word,

much less have I ever made it my practice. I speak this to God's glory who has ever preserved me from the power of those pollutions and that from a child begot an hatred in me towards them."

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To-day I set out many strange trays of colored flowers. I hope they will prosper and grow brightly.

Yesterday I enjoyed very much a debate which my husband held here at Rickmansworth with Richard Baxter, the learned author of "The Saints' Rest." This eminent divine had asserted that he found many Quakers around Rickmansworth, "because Mr. W. Penn, their captain, dwelleth there and keepeth them continually stirred up." So he challenged my husband forthwith. They debated in public from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, the great crowd going without dinner to listen to the disputation, but not much was settled.

After this debate neither seemed able to surrender, although they had both talked so long and vehemently. Indeed my husband had enjoyed the exercise so much that he offered Baxter a room in his house that they might argue together every day.

I love my pretty garden here, and all the out-door life. To-day I planted hollyhocks and sun-flower and some trailing vines. And my dear husband so enjoys the country air and fare. For dinner to-day eggs, bacon, roast ribs of lamb, spinach, potatoes, savory pie, Brentford pudding, and cheese cakes.

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Day by day we love Nature more, and also Nature's God.

We rejoice in all the light that has come to us. We are most earnest and happy Quakers, and thoroughly believe in our great principles.

I know the Quakers are not the first people to seek to restore primitive Christianity. Many have tried earnestly before our day, but in vain have they struggled against the corruptions of the Church. I have read the story of the Friends of God in the thirteenth century and of the hope and faith of Mystics, Pietists, Quietists, Brethren of the Common Life, and others who have sought for God in their own peculiar ways. Yes, and there were the Waldenses of Italy and the Albigenses of Southern France. And then we do not forget those separating and seeking people called the Familists, the Seekers, the Antinomians, and the

Anabaptists, who have sought each most earnestly to revive a spiritual life in a dying church, but I believe that we Quakers have come nearest to original Christianity in its most ancient and simple form—the Christianity as it existed in the early days of the apostles before the Church had converted the great empire of Rome and in return had been woefully corrupted by it.

The dear George Fox stayed with us to-day, and told us some interesting stories. He gave us an account of his visit to Oliver Cromwell. He had been brought by Captain Drury to the Mermaid at Charing Cross and lodged there. Everywhere I went, he said, I warned people of the day of the Lord. One morning Captain Drury brought me to the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in the morning before he was dressed. When I came in, I was moved to say, "Peace be to this house," and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God. I spoke much to him of truth, and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. As I spoke he several times said that it was very good, and it was truth. 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 I and thou were but an hour of the 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. 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 I would not eat of his bread nor drink of his drink. When Cromwell heard of it, he said, "Now I see there is a people risen whom I cannot win either with gifts, honors, offices, or places, but all other sects are peoples I can."

He also told of his last visit to the prison where that strange prophet of God, James Naylor, was, who had such a singular delusion.

It was in Exeter jail, dear George Fox said, that I spoke to James Naylor, but his mind was dark. I admonished him in love, but he was set in his ways, and resisted the power of God. You may know that James Naylor was one of the earliest to receive the truth that I declared, and he manifested at the first extraordinary gifts of wisdom and power in preaching. But soon he

was assailed by spiritual pride and the snare of silly admiring women. One day, under a strong delusion, he rode into Bristol on horseback, his followers leading his horse, and the women spreading their scarfs and handkerchiefs before him, and the whole company shouting hosannas, and some kissed his feet, and he allowed it. He did this, he confessed, as a symbol of Christ, who liveth in him. But the hearts of all true Friends were grieved. The country was scandalized, and Parliament took the matter up. James Naylor was accused and condemned as a blasphemer. I tried to save him as others did, but naught availed. He was put in the pillory, in the Palace yard, Westminster, whipped by a hangman through the London streets, his tongue was bored through with a hot iron, and his forehead branded with a letter B. Then they took him back to Bristol and he was driven through that city on horseback, with his face backward, publicly whipped, and then kept in prison at hard labor. I am glad to say that James Naylor fully repented in prison, and was delivered from his great delusion, and just before his death, in 1660, he spoke these remarkable words—so beautiful that I record them in love—which I have heard from several who lis-

tened to them: "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 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 own 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!" Thus died my friend and follower, James Naylor—only forty-four years old—a wonderful man, a gifted

soul, but a warning to all against the perils of spiritual pride. He was one who came up out of great tribulation but at last entered into a holy life.

So spake dear George Fox to us, and I thought as I listened how strange and cruel it is that for delusions of belief, or for strange opinions, a man should be so persecuted as was the unfortunate James Naylor. I rejoiced that I was numbered with a people who have never persecuted for opinion's sake.

Dear George Fox is our chief apostle in the new faith. He is, as I see him, a strong character and yet most lovable withal. He had little education and yet he preaches like a prophet. His father was a weaver and he himself as a boy was a sheep-herder and is now a cobbler. When he was about nineteen the Spirit seized upon him. "I fasted much," he said, "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 heard him say—"I was a man of sorrows in the time of the first working of the Lord in me. Though my exercises and troubles were very great, yet were they not so con-

tinued but that I had some intermissions and was sometimes brought into a wonderful heavenly joy that I thought I had been in Heaven itself."

Such is dear George Fox who has become the prophet of our faith. He has made himself a suit of leather and preaches wherever he goes the strong truths that God put into his soul. He rejects all the forms of religion he finds around him. He wanders all over England; he is stoned by mobs and imprisoned by magistrates, but gradually many begin to be drawn to him and to feel that much of what he teaches is the truth. They feel the wonderful power and spirit of the man, as I do—the courage and force of his character and the homely beauty of his words.

George Fox is, as I feel, a zealot for the Lord, a giant in bodily strength, a huge-muscled, strong-voiced preacher of the open air, mighty in mental boldness and moral courage. He is a strange genius, an uneducated people's prophet, a seer of visions, a worker of miracles, a hot-headed iconoclast and yet at the same time a tender soul and a lovable nature. His apostolic mission is to preach freedom of conscience, equal access for every soul to the inner life of God, and that to every man comes his own personal revelation of

the truth which he must follow as he follows God. I think George Fox has a command of language that is miraculous—words seem to pour forth from his lips with a fervor and eloquence that always command attention and often touch the heart, and when lately he found that he needed Latin and Greek in his work he studied these and also Hebrew, and conquered them. And he was not yet thirty years of age when he did this. I admire him greatly.

George Fox makes his living as a cobbler and his leather coat and breeches make him free of fashions and tailors and also enable him better to stand the hard usage which he constantly receives. He is a rough prophet, as it seems to me, according to the order of Amos the herdsman of Tekoa. He is a man of the plain people as most of the prophets and apostles were, but he has keen eyes and deep vision. He astonishes and awes me.

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What we Friends stand for, as I have written before in this journal, is very simple. I repeat,—we are trying to restore the primitive spirit and usage of the Church of Christ. We are trying in all things to be guided by the inner light which we believe is Christ revealed to every man and

we will not bow to any outward authority or tradition in spiritual things. We will not take oaths, for the Scriptures command us—"Swear not at all." Our men will not remove their hats in deference to royalty or nobility or any man, for we consider all men equal and we uncover our heads only unto God. We use the plain language, "thee and thou," without titles of rank for we believe that all else savors of vanity and foolish fashion. We do not love churches, or rituals, or sacraments, for we see that these things have so often blinded men to true religion. We believe in worshiping God according to the dictate of our own conscience without form or ceremony, but in worshiping sincerely in spirit and in truth. And for these simple principles of primitive Christianity —as I have tried to state them, and as I have heard our ministers preach them—already we have greatly suffered. Yet our testimony has gone on.

One letter I remember we sent to Justice Fleming who was an old friend of ours and had been so kind to me when I visited at his home years before in Westmoreland. We heard that even he had been harsh to the Quakers as a magistrate, and we wrote a strong letter of remonstrance. I

was so pleased with my dear Will for concluding it in these courtly and beautiful words—"However different I am from other men concerning religion, I know no religion which is worth anything that destroys courtesy, civility and kindness."

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Here at Rickmansworth in the midst of this happy thought and happy work, the Lord sent us some of His best gifts. Four children were born to us. Our first, Gulielma Maria, lived only a few weeks and was buried at Jordans. Then came a beautiful gift of twins, William and Margaret Mary, who also were taken early and are sleeping under the trees of Jordans. Finally came my dear boy Springett, who still lives and promises so much with his strong little body and his bright eyes and heavenly smile.

As I first clasped this dear baby boy to my breast, we called the child Springett after my heroic father. Now we looked through the lovely southern shires for a permanent home. None seemed to us so charming as our own estate of Worminghurst in Sussex, a high and healthful spot with a park and fine forest, and the air kept fresh and sweet by the wind from the nearby sea.

So we removed hither, and soon grew to love it dearly. Here on this noble Sussex down we nursed our dear little Springett and dreamed noble dreams.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW ARCADIA

"WHAT a charming woman my young wife is," said my dear husband to me this morning with a smile and a kiss. And these words have abided with me all the day like a benediction.

Our house at Worminghurst is a long, irregular two story building, part wood and part brick, with a roof of old tiles that have lost their color and are curiously variegated with green and yellow moss. The eaves are full of birds' nests built in them, and much honeysuckle grows up to the roofs, and there are great and little gables and huge chimney stacks. There are pretty casements and many charming lattice windows. My chamber is sweet with lavender and the hangings are also white and pretty. We have a beautiful great meadow, full of king's cups and blue bells and there are hawthorn hedges. Sheep are in the fields, bees in the honeysuckle and a little rippling rivulet

flows continuously along the edge of the lawn. It is delightful here in the warm sun, and we have such pure air, with the scent of the meadow-sweet and the new mown hay. And listen! the lambs bleating and the larks singing their morning hymn.

My dear Will has a strong body and wholesome appetite for which he always thanks God. He has never had any illness, but is thoroughly sound and vigorous in heart and life, and can endure all sort of hardships, imprisonment, pestilential dungeons, and adventurings into disease with impunity. He is of a sanguine habit, always cheerful and hopeful which brings him comfortably through many a hard time of anxiety and disappointment.

My husband loves the ancient classics as I do, for I studied them so long and pleasantly with Thomas Ellwood, my tutor, who, as I have mentioned, was the scholar and amanuensis of John Milton. I love to help Will to find the quotations and citations from the ancient classics with which he adorns many of his books and pamphlets.

Perchance you may know that he does not sell his books, but prints them at his own expense and gives them away to whomsoever may wish to read them. He has never made a penny from his

books but considers them as part of his ministry, for he would serve the Lord, not merely by word of mouth but also by the printed page, which sometimes, as he says, may go further and last longer than the breath of his lips.

I think my husband loves theology and philosophy more than he likes business. Often he is not as careful in money affairs as I could wish and he trusts people so generously and implicitly that sometimes he is grossly deceived.

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To-day gathered a handful of cherries for baby, who is growing finely and walking. He loves to steal into the dairy and dip his fingers into the cream. I have a new dress—brown taffeta, garded with black velvet and all in a studied and rich plainness. Had a happy time to-day preparing cakes, sweet meats and fruits for the little company to-morrow night.

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My husband told me to-day of one who has meant much in his life, the noble soul and heavenly-minded Edward Burrough, who was a friend of George Fox and had ended his days in Newgate about 1662, a prisoner and martyr of the truth. These were some of the stories that he

told me which he had learned from the dear George Fox himself. One evening Edward Burrough was passing near a place where some persons were amusing themselves by wrestling with each other, and he observed a strong and dexterous man who had thrown three opponents and was now challenging in vain a fourth to enter the lists with him. Then Burrough himself stepped forth into the ring. The wrestler was greatly surprised to see before him a young man of a composed and solemn demeanor instead of the usual countenance of his own class, and he wondered what kind of combat was about to take place. Burrough made no effort to wrestle, but he spoke to the wrestler with such sweetness and power that he pierced him to the heart, and won the admiration and attention of all the multitude about him, for this Edward Burrough was a breaker of stony hearts and was sometimes called the son of thunder.

Another story was this. He said that the funeral of Oliver Cromwell was being solemnized with very great pomp, and on this very day, Edward Burrough came riding into London, not knowing anything of what was going on. As he reached Charing Cross, he beheld a great multitude thronging exceedingly, the streets being filled

as far as he could see, and an abundance gazing from the windows, and upon the balconies and housetops. There were also guards of horse and foot, that stopped him and told him that he might not pass that way.

At length he perceived an image of Cromwell richly adorned, being carried by the funeral procession toward Westminster, and the sight of this image was like an arrow that pierced his breast. It seemed to him like idolatry to honor a mere man thus, and he was filled with the indignation of the Lord. "Alas, for him," said he, "who was once a great instrument in the hands of the Lord to break down many idolatrous images! Have they now made a costly image of this man himself? And his soldiers and the multitudes of London gazing upon it and doing it reverence?" He attempted to ride through the guards and the multitude to give his testimony against it, such was his zeal, but they drove him back.

My husband liked exceedingly what Edward Burrough wrote concerning the testimony of Friends when he said, "Oh, Lord God everlasting, do thou judge our cause! Do thou make it manifest in thy due season to all the world that we are thy people; that we love thee above all; that we

fear thy name more than all; that we love righteousness and hate iniquity, and that we now suffer for thy holy name and for thy honor and justice and for thy truth and holiness! Oh, Lord, thou knowest we are resolved to perish rather than to lose one grain thereof."

It was a constant inspiration to my husband that Edward Burrough had once said to his bosom friend, Frances Howgill, "I can freely go to the city of London and lay down my life for a testimony of that truth which I have declared through the power and spirit of God."

But I think my dear husband most often referred to and most deeply loved the stirring words of Edward Burrough's latest hours, when, after enduring the fiercest kind of persecution that was raging against the poor Quakers, and after eight months of miserable prison life in Newgate, he exclaimed in deep devotedness of soul—"I have preached the gospel freely in this city and will give up my life for the gospel's sake, and now, oh, Lord, open my heart and see if it be not right before thee. Thou hast loved me when I was in the womb, and I have loved thee faithfully in my generation." Edward Burrough, he told me, was only eight and twenty when he died in New-

gate, but he left on all who knew him a wonderful impression of the holy boldness of his heart, and the uncorruptible singleness of his soul in the cause of Truth. He was a prophet of the Lord, recorded in the Book of Life, among those of whom the world is not worthy.

One of my husband's interesting pamphlets recently written, is called, "A Brief Examination of Liberty Spiritual." It takes up the matter of how the inner life should be followed and whether persons in their private capacity ought not to submit their revelations to the church in its collective capacity before setting forth and holding too strenuously to their own particular views. He believed that this would be a guard against fanaticism and strange doctrine and practice, and would tend to determine more clearly the mind of the Spirit. It seemeth also to me that this is exceedingly valuable.

Will talks even better than he writes—as I often say—although his writings are sententious and weighty. But many times in his conversation there is a wit and humor which he rarely allows to find place upon his written page. His sermons and pamphlets are more diffused than his talk, which is sharp and quick. Sometimes it

seemed to me that his written discourse savors too much of the habitual generalities which so many scholars and divines of our day use in their formal discourses.

In his ordinary speaking there is a geniality and a bluff heartiness that makes him a most pleasant and agreeable companion. He has seen so much of the world in his travels, he has known so many famous people and he is so interested in life that he talks with much knowledge and with vigorous spirit.

My husband wore his sword for some time after he became a Quaker. Once he consulted George Fox concerning the matter who said—"I advise thee to wear it as long as thou canst." Some time afterward George Fox saw that he wore it no longer and asked him—"William, where is thy sword?" And he simply answered—"I have taken thy advice; I wore it as long as I could."

He never wears the extreme Quaker dress, but always his garments are simple and becoming as those of a sensible well-born gentleman should be.

Some think that he has excess of levity of spirit, but to me it seems merely a sober cheerfulness. Some think that he is facetious in conversation, and our good Dean Swift says that he talks very

agreeably and with great spirit. As for me he is just my merry and handsome gentleman with the heart of a prince and the soul of a prophet of God.

I always think that my husband does much in refining and systematizing the Quaker truth. Dear George Fox is much inclined to visions and miracles and often rhapsodizes, but my husband inclines not to these things, but to strong sense and sober reason and he puts all his stress upon the simple faith of the Friends and its harmony with the primitive Christianity of the first three centuries. George Fox is the prophet of the new movement, but my husband to my mind is the apostle and scholar to give it wider scope and standing among thinking people.

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It is wonderful what absolute faith Will has in our Quaker gospel and how he feels sure that God will use us to save the world. I remember a part of a letter which he wrote to the vice-chancellor of his old university at Oxford who is now engaged in persecuting the Quaker students. My husband was truly indignant and wrote in strong words—"Shall the multiplied oppressions which thou continuest to heap upon innocent people for their peaceable religious meetings, pass unre-

garded by the eternal God? Dost thou think to escape His fierce wrath and dreadful vengeance for thy ungodly and illegal persecution of his poor children? I tell thee, no. Better were it for thee hadst thou never been born. Poor mushroom, wilt thou war against the Lord and lift up thyself in battle against the Almighty? Canst thou frustrate his holy purposes and bring his determination to naught? He has decreed to exalt himself by us and to propagate his gospel to the ends of the earth?" I always love my dear Will's boldness in calling that eminent personage "poor mushroom." It is such human anger, but I love even more his vision of the mission of us Quakers as he says in those closing words so confidently: "God has decreed to exalt himself by us and to propagate his gospel to the ends of the earth."

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And now in these days dream after dream seems to become reality, and it is a joy to me to see how quickly the good Lord leads us on. Will told me that his thoughts first turned toward America when he was a boy and his father had won victories for England in the Island of Jamaica. According to naval usage his father ought to have

received a large estate from that conquered island. We think that perhaps it may come yet for the Admiral's claims against the government are still unsettled. Often at Wanstead and in the Navy Gardens where they also lived the New World had often been talked over. While he was at Oxford the projects of a new Oceana or Utopia had vividly come to his fancy. At the yearly meetings of his own religious society the settlement of Friends in Jamaica, or New England or on the Delaware had been frequently discussed. The journey he had made recently into Holland and Germany had aroused the gathering enthusiasm of the years. At Amsterdam, at Leyden, in the cities of the middle Rhine, his imagination had been stirred by stories that he had heard from those who had crossed the Atlantic.

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And now, as he came to me to-day he told me that he had become a trustee of a new settlement in the New World, the province of West Jersey. The region between the Hudson and the Delaware had been given to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. They sold it to two Friends and when it became financially involved on their hands,

they turned it over to trustees. He was asked to become a trustee and really to manage and settle the affairs of this province. It seems that some colonists have come from New Haven and have made a Puritan settlement on the Passaic River which they called Newark, hoping to make it a place of refuge for the oppressed and to establish there the covenant of grace in Puritan ways; while the Quakers, at least the few who have reached there, have established a small colony in the west of the province in a fertile and pleasant spot on the Delaware which they call Salem, the city of peace.

I hear that John Fenwick, one of the Quaker agents, purchased the tract for the settlement called Salem in West Jersey for the following gifts to the Indians—30 match-coats, 20 guns, 30 kettles, 1 great kettle, 30 pair of hose, 20 fathoms of duffels, 30 petticoats, 30 narrow hoes, 30 bars of lead, 15 small barrels of flour, 70 knives, 30 axes, 70 combs, 60 pair of tobacco tongs, 60 pair of scissors, 60 tin-shaw looking-glasses, 120 awl-blades, 120 fish hooks, 2 grasps of red paint, 120 needles, 60 tobacco boxes, 120 pipes, 200 bells, 100 Jew's harps and 6 ankers of rum. This is so curious that I have recorded it.

How deeply interested in the province of West Jersey has my dear husband become, and how many are our good talks together and how frequent the trips to London to consult with friends! Not only has he in mind Sir Thomas More's Utopia and Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia but he has studied well the writings of Algernon Sidney and believes in the free government of Pericles and Scipio. He knows also the new constitution which the philosopher John Locke has made for the new province of Carolina and it has impressed him greatly. Above all, George Fox, prophet and apostle of our faith, has helped to give him vision of things unseen and also a passionate belief in individual men and their worth and rights. Besides, as I have already written, Will was brought up under the sturdy influences of the Puritans in his boyhood days and has breathed with his earliest breath the strong desires for liberty and justice for all men. He longs to see in America what seems at present impossible in England—a religious and fraternal commonwealth where human rights are respected and cherished and where spiritual life and growth are encouraged and inspired by absolute freedom of worship. Might not this new province of West Jersey into whose interests the

Lord has thrust him become the fulfillment of his dream?

So he works enthusiastically on this project, settling the tangled affairs of the province as wisely as possible and giving up the portion called East Jersey to the agents of Sir George Carteret for the sake of peace. For the rest of the province he has made a noble constitution and seen to its adoption, securing the rights of civil and religious liberty and justice for all, just what he would have in England to-day if he should have his own way. He has also organized emigration and sent out two hundred and thirty Quakers in the good ship *Kent*.

A strange incident, he told me, happened just as this vessel was about to sail. The ship was moored high up in the Thames. At the hour of her departure the emigrants went on board accompanied by their friends, and the master of the ship was just on the point of weighing anchor amid the tears and embraces of relatives about to part forever when a gilded barge was seen to be gliding over the smooth waters toward them. Some one in princely attire hailed them and asked them the name of the ship and whither bound. Being answered, he asked if all the emigrants were Quakers.

They answered yes, and he gave them his blessing and pulled away. It was the King.

Other ships soon followed, and Friends began another town in West Jersey which they called Burlington. Here in the forest under a sail cloth—as we have heard by letters—they assembled for their first religious meeting. The Indians soon came from their hunting grounds and found the new strangers were men of peace, with presents for them as brothers, and purses to pay instead of muskets to force. "You are our brothers," said the Sachems when they had heard their proposals, "and we will live like brothers with you. We will have a broad path for you and us to walk in. If an Englishman falls asleep in this path, the Indians shall pass him by and say he is an Englishman, he is asleep, let him alone. The path shall be plain. There shall not be in it a stump to hurt his feet."

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So comes the news to us in our fair new home at Worminghurst. It is a pleasant home here. To-day we had curds and cream and such luscious strawberries from our own beds. We have a fish pond here at Worminghurst. It is a pleasure oftentimes to throw crumbs to the fishes and watch

them, as they come to the surface of the water. All is so beautiful in our gardens on this Sussex down and yet we also rejoice in the Lord's blessing on this new Arcadia in the New World. Some day perchance we may see this wondrous land—mayhap as beautiful as our own—perchance we may live there where (the most beautiful thing of all) men are brothers and worship is free and justice shall be given to all men.

CHAPTER VII

THE PLEASANT DAYS AT WORMINGHURST

THIS morning I spent in the garden bower with the bees buzzing in the hives near me. It is a pleasant music in my ears. What kindly gifts do these cheerful bees oft give us for our supper—delicious new honey in the comb. How good it is with the bread hot from the oven.

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I wonder where my husband received his deep religious turn, for his father and mother were neither of them over-inclined to religion. Sometimes he tells me with a smile that it doubtless comes from an old monk of the Abbey of Glastonbury in Somersetshire who was an ancestor of his. For when the monasteries were dissolved under Henry VIII, this monk was granted some of the Abbey land, and married, and became his family progenitor. More seriously he says, "I am religious because the Lord has chosen me and

Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Society of New York City.

THE ROOM AT KING JOHN'S FARM, CHORLEYWOOD, IN WHICH WILLIAM PENN MARRIED GULIELMA SPRINGETT.

called me to his service." And this is true for although he has the heroism and the indomitable will of his father, and the genial cheerful temperament of his mother, yet there is in him also that marvelous spiritual power and fervor which comes only and directly from the Lord.

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These preaching journeys which we take together are a joy to us both. On one of these journeys we visited twenty-one towns in twenty-one days. The Lord sealed our labors and travels according to the desire of our souls, with his heavenly refreshment and living power, and the Word of life reached so many and so consoled our own hearts that we returned with the blessings of peace which is a reward beyond all earthly treasure.

How pleasant and seemly all the duties of my station. I love to travel with my husband as he goes preaching the message of truth. I love to consider the poor and go among them, reading to one, and carrying food and medicine to another, and helping all of them as I can. Such simple ways and means as I have seem to bring to them blessing, and to me pleasure.

I love all natural and wholesome things. I love to hear the village children at play. All

sounds of human merriments, innocent and gay, are to me the sweetest music.

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This is our usual course of life here in the country at Worminghurst, and I find it simple and wholesome and full of refreshment. We rise about seven in winter, and five, sometimes earlier, in summer, and first of all as soon as dressing is over, we read a chapter of the Bible together, talking a little of the truths which it brings to us, and then a season of silence before the Lord, sometimes broken by a brief audible prayer. Our breakfast at eight or earlier is a good wheaten loaf, fresh butter and eggs and a large jug of milk with sometimes a rasher of toasted bacon. Often I am out in the garden before breakfast to pick a posy to lay on my dear husband's plate. After breakfast until noon I look after my maids and the household stores, and oftentimes have a chance for my needlework. We dine at twelve o'clock, always on simple wholesome dishes, dressed with neatness and care, and ending with cheese and pippins.

There is a short season of devotion before every meal. This is somewhat longer just before dinner when some portion of the Bible is read aloud,

together with chapters from the "Book of Martyrs," or from the writings of Friends. After tea, at five, the servants come to us and give an account of their doings during the day and receive their orders for the morrow. We always tell them that they are to avoid loud discourse and troublesome noises in the house; that they are not to absent themselves without leave; they are not to go to any public house but upon business; and they are not to loiter or enter into unprofitable talk, while on any errand.

From six to eight, many friends and visitors come to see us and oftentimes we have music—somewhat different from many Friends—with a light supper afterwards. Then some reading from the fine old classics, or some religious poetry, and a chapter from the Bible and prayer, and a happy day is ended.

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My friend Thomas Ellwood hath married Mary Ellis (1669), and taken up his abode at Hunger Hill, not far from Beacon's Field, here in our Chalfont region. He hath lately writ a poetical "Directions to My Friend Inquiring the Way to My House" which is so pleasant that I copy it.

"Two miles from Beaconsfield upon the road
To Amersham, just where the way grows broad,
A little spot there is called Larkin's Green,
Where on a bank some fruit trees may be seen;
In midst of which, on the sinister hand,
A little cottage covertly doth stand;
'Soho!' the people out, and then inquire
For Hunger Hill; it lies a little higher,
But if the people should from home be gone,
Ride up the bank some twenty paces on,
And at the orchard's end thou may'st perceive
Two gates together hung. The nearest leave,
The furthest take, and straight the hill ascend,
The path leads to the home where dwells thy friend."

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And now my dear husband feels the loving hand of God upon him to go forth into further apostolic labors and especially to visit and counsel again with the seekers after truth in the Netherlands and Germany.

It is five full and happy years since we have been married. Our little Springett blesses the home with his bright life and is a healthy boy and my own health is excellent. So I will bid my husband go with my blessing and visit again those needy fields of the Dutch and Rhenish towns where he had been six years before. The Friends there are now being severely persecuted and others in Germany are anxiously inquiring the way to

the light. A beautiful and tender letter from the Princess Elizabeth especially impresses me. She also seeks for further light. I remember that she is the daughter of Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine and King of Bohemia, and she also has the honor of being grand daughter to our own King James the First. If this eminent lady desires the truth and would come into the full light, how much might she not effect for the poor persecuted Quakers of her realm.

So I will send my dear Will away for this three months' journey and a wonderful journey I am sure it will be. Much I will doubtless learn from his loving letters to be sent to me by every post, and much more by word of mouth in those long twilight talks which we will have together after he comes back.

Have learned also that this Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia lived with her mother, the Queen of Bohemia, at the Hague for some years and was intensely interested in all lines of knowledge. Court life is distasteful to her, but she seeks the acquaintance of thinkers, poets, scientists and theologians. She is a high-spirited and intellectual woman with an uncommon taste for good books and for pleasant adventures. Am told that

sometimes to break the monotony of life she has dressed up as a woman of the peasant class and with a sister or friend embarked on a passenger boat to Haarlem, Delft, or Leyden to see the world in unconventional ways. The Frenchman Descartes bears testimony that he found Princess Elizabeth exceedingly sympathetic and he was so impressed by her mental capacity and power of concentration that at her invitation to teach her to think, he gave her a course of mental training in methodical fashion and also dedicated to her his book on the principles of philosophy. It is to this excellent woman already famous that my husband is to make pilgrimage and I hope will find her intensely interested in all that he can tell her of the Quakers and spiritual things.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VISIT TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

I LEARN, from my dear husband's letters to me, that as he had planned he sailed from Harwich on fifth month 22nd, 1677.[1] With him was our chief apostle, the dear George Fox, and our learned friend Robert Barclay and other friends, making a goodly and apostolic company. A great parcel of Quaker books and tracts they took with them in the French, Dutch and German tongue. On the ship's deck they held meetings and some of the passengers and sailors were deeply touched. When they drew near to land, so eager were my husband and Robert Barclay to disembark that although it was near nightfall they stepped into a small boat and went ashore, hoping to hold an evening meeting at Brill. But the sun went down before they reached the city, the gates were closed and that night they had to sleep in a fisher-

[1] This was May, originally third month in the old style.—*Editor.*

man's boat. In the morning they went to Rotterdam and held meetings immediately. George Fox must needs be interpreted sentence by sentence to the people but my dear husband could speak in the Dutch tongue plainly to the people for he had studied it years before. Many other meetings were held in towns on the way to Amsterdam, especially at Leyden and at Haarlem. And their journey seemed a triumph of the gospel.

At Amsterdam they held many meetings and forwarded the work and discipline of Friends. And at this city also hearing of the sufferings of Friends in Dantzig in Poland my husband was desired to draw up a petition to the King of Poland, the noble Sobieski, which he did, quoting to him a saying of King Stephen, one of his royal ancestors, who said of himself—"I am a king of men, but not of consciences; king of bodies, not of souls."

The great event of this journey, however, as his dear letters tell, were the conferences with the Princess Elizabeth. While George Fox remained with the Friends at Amsterdam, my husband and Robert Barclay went on to Herwerden where the Princess Elizabeth kept her court. She received them with courtesy and affection. They stayed at

an inn in the town, but visited the court of the Princess daily. Often they began a conference at seven in the morning and continued until eleven o'clock. Then after a midday meal they came again at two and continued until seven, and after tea with the Princess they sometimes continued until ten or eleven at night. She was eager to know all and was hungry for the truth of God. These were blessed times in the Lord. The servants and strangers were also invited to these meetings and many were convinced of the truth. Even at the inn where my husband lodged, the innkeeper and some of the other guests were deeply touched by his words. One afternoon when the Princess had with her the Countess of Hornes and her sister, and a French lady of quality, they eagerly asked for an account of my husband's personal religious life and experience from the first, and he told them the story beginning with his boyhood days. He talked nearly the whole afternoon but was only half done at supper time. The Princess bade him remain with her and her special friends, and after supper begged him to go on with his experiences which he did until nearly eleven o'clock at night. They seemed strangely moved by the story.

The next day being First day they held a meeting with the Princess and her family at two o'clock in the afternoon. It proved a wonderful time. At its close, as my dear husband told me, the Princess came to him and took him by the hand and drawing him aside told him of the sense of the power and presence of God she had felt in the meeting. Suddenly she stopped and turning herself to the window she broke forth with great emotion and sobs—"I cannot speak, my heart is full —" clasping her hands to her heart. My husband spoke to her softly of the sympathy and compassions of the Lord, and after a time of silence she asked him earnestly—"Will you not come hither again? Pray come here as ye return out of Germany." Surely she is near the kingdom of God.

The next morning Robert Barclay set out to join dear George Fox at Amsterdam, while my husband and George Keith journeyed in an open wagon to Frankfort. It took them a week along bad roads and through heavy rains. Here they met some noble disciples of the gospel, such as Franz Pastorius, and to them my husband opened his heart concerning his dream of a free and Christian State in America, urging them to go

hither if God opened a way. And here also he wrote a wonderful general epistle to the churches of Jesus throughout the world. Somehow he felt that the whole world was his field and that God was sending him to this work as truly as he sent the early apostles, and he wrote—"My friends and brethren, God hath laid upon you and us whom he hath honored with the new beginning of his great work in the world, the care both of this age and of the ages to come, that many may walk as they have us his followers for examples, yea the Lord God hath chosen you to place his name in you. The Lord hath intrusted you with his glory that you might hold it forth to all nations and that the generations unborn may call you blessed."

I love to read again and again his fervent hope for this great land of Germany and I pray the Lord that it may come to pass in God's own good time. This is his hope—"I must tell you (he said) that there is a breathing, hungering, seeking people solitarily scattered up and down this great land of Germany to receive the testimony of light and life through us, and our desire is that God will put it into the hearts of many of his faithful witnesses to visit this country, where he hath a great seed of people to be gathered, that his work

may go on in the earth till the whole world be filled with his glory."

The travelers passed up the Rhine and through the city of Worms and then to Kirchheim and Mannheim. Down the river they went again to Cologne, all the while holding meetings and thence to Mulheim to visit the Countess of Falkenstein who was deeply interested in the new truth, but here a strange incident befell them. On their arrival at Duysburg near Mulheim they sought out Dr. Mastricht and told him that they sought an interview with the Countess of Falkenstein for whom they had a letter of introduction from the Princess Elizabeth. He told them that they were fortunate, for that very day the young Countess had left her father's castle and would spend the day across the river at her clergyman's home and there she would doubtless be glad to see them. They set out to make the visit and were about to cross the river when her father the Count of that region with his attendants came from the castle and noticing they were foreigners by their dress, he sent one of his retinue to inquire who they were, what they wanted and whither they were going. They replied that they were Englishmen traveling through the country. The messenger told them

that they were in the presence of the Graf von Falkenstein. But they firmly refused to give him the usual courtesy of uncovered head, and he was angry at what he considered a disrespect and ordered them out of his estates and dominion. It was already dusk, but the Count's men conducted them into a thick forest and left them to find their own way. The road being unknown to them they wandered for a long time and at length came to a city but its gates were shut and no sentinel replied, so they laid down outside the walls. At three o'clock in the morning they got up stiff with cold and walked about till five, comforting each other with assurance that a great day for Germany was at hand. After the Cathedral clock struck five the gates were open and they gained the shelter of an inn. They had failed to see the young Countess but they received from her a message by the hand of her page. My husband also wrote to the Count, her father, a letter of rebuke and appeal and in that letter (which I have in his own hand as he copied it) he wrote these words which I cherish greatly. They were an answer to the Count's scornful words—"We want no Quakers here." He told the Count what a true Quaker is in these words—"A true Quaker is one that trem-

bleth at the word of the Lord, that worketh out his salvation with fear and trembling, and all the days of his appointed time waiteth in the light and grace of God; one that taketh up the daily cross that he may do the will of God manifested to him by the light of Jesus in his conscience and according to the precepts and examples in the Holy Scriptures of truth laid down by Jesus and his followers for the ages to come; one that loveth his enemies rather than feareth them, that blesseth those that curse him and prayeth for those that despitefully treat him. O that thou wert such a Quaker! Then would temperance, mercy, justice, meekness, and the fear of the Lord dwell in thy heart and thy family and thy country." No one, to my mind, has told so much truth about us in such few words.

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Another incident of this journey was a singularly interesting visit to Jean de Labadie's company at Wiewart where they had an interview with Ivon the present pastor and with the famous Anna Maria Van Schurman, a woman learned in philosophy and languages among the greatest in Europe.

This noble woman is considered eminent as

artist, scholar and saint. She was born and lives in Holland and from her native city is called the Star of Utrecht. She counts among her friends the greatest scholars of her day and is visited by royalty. She speaks Latin, Greek, French and Italian and writes Hebrew and Syriac and has published an Ethiopian grammar. She is a friend of the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia and she is really the prophetess of the religious order of the Labadists in the community where Jean de Labadie is the prophet.

This servant of God, Jean de Labadie, is, as it seems to many and to me, one of the most remarkable men of his day. He was born in 1610 and was educated at the Jesuit College and became a famous preacher in that order, but later he became a mystic and a Protestant and a preacher at Geneva, from thence he was called to Middelburg in Holland and again repeated his extraordinary success as a gifted preacher and obtained a large following, among them, as we said, the famous Anna Maria Van Schurmann, but his preaching became too liberal for the Calvinistic faith and he withdrew and founded a religious community. It was this community that my husband visited; although he said that he did not

thoroughly approve of de Labadie, thinking him somewhat visionary, but the people themselves (he said) in many of their ideas most surprisingly resembled the Quakers, for they are seeking the primitive church and the apostolic spirit of faith and life.

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Finally they made another visit at Herwerden, the court of the Princess Elizabeth, before they left Germany. They had supper with the Princess and the Countess. They described this meal as a true supper, the hidden manna being manifested and the Lord's spiritual presence, even in the breaking of bread. On First day, meetings were held both morning and afternoon and there were wonderful revelations of grace. The next day the young princes, nephews to Princess Elizabeth, came to visit her and my husband had a long religious talk with one of them, the Count of Donau. All the company were deeply touched by this visit and its ministration. My husband felt, he told me, that the Princess Elizabeth was overwhelmed by divine grace and felt the Lord nearer to her than ever before; while the Countess reiterated in a tone of deep conviction—"Il faut que je rompe"—(I must break away, that

is, I must leave the Church). He felt that she would be obedient to the heavenly vision. In a letter to the Countess written shortly after, he gave her this counsel which I keep by me as exceedingly beautiful and true: "Wouldst thou overcome the enemies of thy soul's peace, and enjoy the delightful presence of the Lord with thee? Then keep nothing back, let nothing be withheld that he calleth for. Be thou like the poor widow of old, who gave more into the treasury than all the rest, because they reserve the greatest part to themselves, but she gave all that she had. O blessed are they who make no bargains for themselves, who have no reserves for self, neither consult with flesh and blood, nor in any sense conform to the least ceremony, but submit their wills in all things to the Lord. Read the mystery of life. I speak not of deserting or flinging away all outward substance but that thy heart may make God its treasure and never in anything of this lower world rest short of Christ, the eternal rest of all those of faith."

And still another passage I admire greatly in a further letter to her. It is about "The Plant of Paradise," and runneth thus, and may well be the desire of every Friend—"I earnestly desire that

thou mayst be more than conqueror, through the workings of the divine love in thy soul. Blessed are they who hold their fellowship in it. It is pure, harmless, patient, fervent and constant. It cometh from God and leadeth all who receive it unto God. It can lay down its life for its friends; it will break through all difficulty and hath power to conquer death and the grave. This transcendeth the friendship of the world and its kindness is inviolable. Our purest faith worketh by this love. It trusteth him in the winds and in the earthquakes, in the fire and in the waters; yea, when the floods come in even unto the soul, this despondeth not, neither murmureth. My dear friend, let this noble plant of paradise grow in thy heart. Wait upon the Lord that he may water it and shine upon it and make an hedge about it that thy whole heart may be replenished with the heavenly increase and fruits of it."

He said as they talked with Princess Elizabeth and her friend the Countess, all deeply interested in the spiritual discussion of heavenly things, suddenly they heard the rattling of a coach and their discourse was interrupted by the announcement a little later of the coming of callers. The Countess fetched a deep sigh, crying out—"O the

cumber and intanglements of this vain world! They hinder all good." As she spoke thus, said my husband, I looked steadfastly in her face and replied—"O come thou out of them!"

Would God that she might come out, and so become the champion of the Quakers in Germany. But now my good husband's journey and work in Germany must end. For he is needed in England. On the voyage home from Rotterdam to Harwich he encountered a violent storm, and was at sea three days and three nights. The rain fell in torrents, the wind was dead set against them, the vessel sprang a leak and the crew labored at the pump night and day but could scarcely keep the hold from filling. At last he reached Harwich and leaving dear George Fox and the others to follow in a coach, my husband mounted the best horse he could find and hastened toward home. He had to stop at London in the service of the truth, but as quickly as he could he was off to Sussex and I heard the gallop of his horse afar off on the road. O how gladly we welcomed him at Worminghurst! He had only been gone three months, but it seemed like three years before I saw his loving face again, and heard his kindly voice praising the Lord for bringing us to-

gether again in safety and in peace. Little Springett crowed at the sight of him and he kissed the darling boy again and again. We had a sweet meeting together and our hearts were full of joy.

CHAPTER IX

FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

SPENT the day in London. Always love to hear the strange street cries of—"Come, buy my green herbs! Old shoes for some brooms! New milk and curds from the dairy! Calf's-liver, tripe, and hot sheep's-feet!" Went to the noble Minster where King Harry Seventh's chapel is. Also to St. Paul's Cathedral. And the field of Finnsbury where they are practicing archery.

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Why are we called Quakers? Some take it from the fact that our preachers tremble or quake as they speak. Others say that it is from the trembling or quaking which their speech compelleth in those who hear them. One old Cromwellian soldier says, "I was struck with more terror by the preaching of James Naylor, the Quaker, than I was at the battle of Dunbar." But however the word comes, it surely means that our spirit

is earnest and fervent and certainly different from any easy or comfortable religion.

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I love that portrait of my dear Will, which hangs over the mantel here in our drawing-room at Worminghurst. 'Twas painted in Ireland when he was to be a soldier. He is clad in steel—strange garments for a Quaker—with lace at his throat. His dark hair is parted in the middle and hangs down in cavalier fashion over his shoulders. His eyes are large and clear and lustrous, with depth of intensity in them. His face is strong and serious, showing character and purpose. I am so proud that my soldier is now a soldier of peace with only the sword of the Spirit.

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And now for two years come strange leadings of the Lord, and my dear husband is much in the King's Court in London, and is often called Papist or Jesuit, but in spite of all misrepresentations and opposition he is unceasing in his labors for liberty of conscience in England. Nor did he despair until at last he was most grievously disappointed in his hopes for England by the case of Algernon Sidney. But let me tell the story.

Liberty of conscience has been my husband's

chief desire for years. This is his great contention in all his struggles—the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conviction without interference by the State. He has found one powerful friend to sustain him in this fight, namely the Duke of York, brother to the reigning monarch, and through his encouragement he is much at court. The Duke of York, it is true, is a Catholic and has married a Catholic wife and is interested in getting an act of religious toleration because it would include Catholics as well as Quakers, but such would also benefit Puritans and Presbyterians, for they are all under the same restrictions and condemnations at this time as dissenters and non-conformers.

In order to further the cause there must be many weighty advocates of this desired religious tolerance and upon my husband as a man of standing and a leading Quaker was put the task of securing good and strong supporters of this new measure. So he became a courtier, a frequenter of the galleries at Whitehall and a companion of the wits and ministers and favorites of the royal court. He lived in intimacy with the Duke of Ormande, a famous Catholic, and with Bishop Tillotson, an equally famous Protestant. Among his friends

also were the Duke of Buckingham, who forwarded his cause, the Earl of Shaftsbury, the Marquis of Halifax, and others equally great and noble. How often was I regaled with the sayings and doings of these famous people, by my dear husband in the quiet of our home.

It must be remembered that my husband was not a candidate for any office nor did he seek for himself any honor or emolument that the court could give. He was thus in a very independent position and sought only justice for all men, relief for his persecuted brethren, and the true welfare of the whole realm.

The cause was advancing finely and new friends were being gained every day many and powerful, when suddenly from a clear sky burst a great storm. It was called the Popish Plot and was invented, or largely so, by one named Titus Oates, a despicable man, once a minister of the Church of England until his dissolute life caused him to be expelled. Then he became a Roman Catholic until he was removed from their ranks on account of his evil ways. Finally he asserted that he had discovered a secret plot of Rome against England. He said that the King was to be murdered and every Protestant was to

be massacred and a French army was to land and conquer England. The rumor spread like wildfire, and England was just in the suspicious temper to believe it. Immediate steps were taken for defense. Even the King, since he was a Catholic, was suspected of implication in the plot. The Catholic nobles were threatened and soon my good husband, because he had been so untiring in his efforts for religious tolerance, was now vehemently called an emissary of Rome and was accused of being in the pay of the Pope. All the good work that he had been doing for years for liberty of conscience and religious toleration now seemed to be swept away in the flood of suspicion. How strangely the work for God's truth is oftentimes blocked.

But still my brave husband would not give up nor be discouraged, no matter how much was said against him or how bad the outlook. He knew his integrity and he knew also that his cause was just. It was not until this next event, that I shall tell of, that he seemed really for a time to lose heart. He had a friend high in position and high in his esteem for whom he hoped great things. He was the noble Algernon Sidney, of that gifted race of Sir Philip Sidney, who wrote the wonderful

work called "Arcadia." In the civil war Algernon Sidney had made for himself an honored name for wisdom in council and for valor on the field. But since the Restoration he had lived abroad for many years as an exile rather than give up his republican principles. Now he had come back to England to be present at his father's deathbed, and his friends—among them my husband—had persuaded him that it was his duty to remain in England and help forward the political reforms needed in the state. Many of the old Puritan Commonwealth men flocked to him and besought him to uphold the great Puritan traditions. So he consented to stay, and to stand on behalf of Guilford for a seat in the House of Commons. My husband did everything he could for him, writing one address to the Quakers, another to the Protestants of every denomination, and still a third on England's great interest in the choice of a new Parliament. Algernon Sidney was frequently with us at Worminghurst during these days, and a most excellent gentleman he was. My husband had him in mind when he wrote: "The man for England should be able, learned, well affected for liberty; one who will neither buy his seat nor sell his services; he must be free from suspicion of being a

pensioner on the court; he should be a person of energy and industry, free from the vices and weaknesses of town gallants; a respecter of principles but not of persons; fearful of evil but he should be courageous in good; a true Protestant; above all a man unconnected by office and favor with the court."

And my dear Will although he disliked politics and all the disorders and uncharitableness of elections, now entered heartily into the political fight for his friend Sidney. He canvassed electors for him, and made liberal speeches, quoting the great charters of our liberty. It seemed to me, as to many others, a hazardous thing to champion thus the political career of a statesman and a soldier who had borne arms against the reigning house of Stuarts and was known as a most radical republican. But my husband was willing to endure any hazard for a friend and any peril for what he believed was a righteous cause. Naturally the royalist party stirred up a violent opposition against Algernon Sidney. When Will spoke on the hustings some one always cried, "Do not listen to him—he is a Jesuit." And Sidney himself was often publicly accused of being a Regicide. All kinds of election practices were

used—bribery and intimidation. Yet in spite of the dishonest work of the royalist party Sidney received a majority of the votes. Then on the technical plea that he was not a freeman of the town of Guilford, his poll was refused and all the election work became worthless. How deeply troubled was my dear husband as he came home that night, at the profligacy and unfairness of the royalist party, at the indifference of so many electors as to results, and at the shameful abuse heaped upon the noble Sidney because he had liberal convictions and an earnest regard for the future welfare of England. He sat down that night and wrote to Sidney counseling him to keep up the fight for his rights and saying, "Thou hast embarked thyself with them who seek and love and choose the best things and the multitude must have no weight with thee. It is the right that shall conquer at last." A petition was sent to the House of Commons but resulted in nothing. My husband then persuaded Sidney to stand for Brambar within five miles of Worminghurst and we enlisted all our friends for him, but the royalists again made active opposition and set up his own brother, Henry Sidney, against him. The election was a hot one, but Algernon received the cast-

ing vote. He was about to take his seat to serve his country with his great gifts when a court intrigue again canceled his election. This second disappointment greatly depressed my husband. It was one of the rare times when I saw him lose heart. He saw now little hope for England, for it seemed to him to be utterly ruled by evil cabals and steeped in corruption. I comforted him as best I could, but all he would say was, "God pity England. There is no hope in England. The deaf adder cannot be charmed."

CHAPTER X

THE HOLY EXPERIMENT

THIS morning something that has long been in my husband's mind and on his heart comes to light. "I will ask the King for land in America and will leave England," he says. "I will found a state where honest men shall rule and justice shall be done and where all men shall be free." And I rejoiced in his dream.

Now would he realize what he had planned as we often dreamed of it together—a new and holy experiment in freedom. He would lead forth a colony of God-fearing citizens to enjoy those rights and liberties that the evil passions and the cruel injustice of the old world deny them. This new world is to be a refuge for the oppressed for all nations. There shall be no privileged classes. Justice shall be equally and wisely administered. Yea, there shall be freedom of conscience, equal rights, and brotherly love for all. We will treat the Indians, the natives of the soil, as brothers.

This new state and government shall be conducted in the spirit of the primitive gospel of Christ. Did some of our friends call it poetry and romance, chivalry and vision? It seemed to us the plain common sense of the Lord's revelation—a sincere attempt to forward the kingdom of God on the earth. It was simply to bear witness to our honest faith in Christ's teaching as a means of practical living.

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My husband is now thirty-three years old when he really awakes to his great mission and feels that he must now do his God-given work. His first venture in the new world was, as we said, as the founder of West Jersey and he became the lawgiver for it. Was not this the preparation for his still greater work to come later?

A great code was this law for West Jersey. Some who have read it over call it the foundation of all free government by the people, such as we believe is bound to come in the future. Among its provisions are universal and unqualified suffrage, perfect freedom of conscience and complete religious equality before the law, and that all and every person in the province shall be forever free from oppression and slavery. There

was much more also wise and excellent, but these three things especially appeal to me and also these words with which my husband sent to them his constitution—"In the fear of the Lord, and in true sense of his divine will we try here to lay foundations for after ages to understand liberty as Christians and as men, that they may not be brought into bondage but by their own consent. We put all power in the people."

He told me that at length he realized that the Quakers must have a colony in America and that the hour was now ripe and that the Lord will bring his early dreams to pass even as he had commissioned him to do his will, for said he, "The Puritans have gone to Massachusetts Bay and the Romanists to Maryland for refuge, and the Quakers must also seek peace in the new world. There is no hope in England, nor is there much in America under present conditions unless we go to ourselves. For Massachusetts has whipped the Quakers at the cart's-tail and some of them she has hung on Boston Common. There is no peace there. Nor among the Romanists of Maryland or the bigoted churchmen of Virginia, who determine to have their own way. If we would have a land of peace, we must have our very own province

as dear George Fox also counseleth. He has told me of the region along the Delaware and the Susquehanna. A thought from God has come to me —Will not the King grant that region to me in payment of his great indebtedness to my father, thus he might discharge his debt, increase his British colonies and at the same time rid himself of multitudes of Quakers who seem to trouble his government. So shall I put the matter before him." And so it fell out.

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Many days have passed since I last wrote. But now he has petitioned the King for a grant of land in lieu of the great sums of money—some sixteen thousand pounds—which is still due him as part of the heritage from his deceased father, the Admiral. He told me that a large portion of this sum was a loan which the Admiral Penn had made to the King in a time of emergency, and the other portion of it was unpaid salary still due the Admiral, for the King is scandalously negligent in money affairs and spends prodigally upon his own pleasure. He has designated to the King the region that he especially desires—the unsettled territory that stretches north from Lord Baltimore's province and runs west from the Delaware

River. As soon, however, as the news of his project is learned there is opposition from the royalist party. They denounce it as a scheme to put into practice dangerous doctrines both for the state and the church. Even his friend, the Duke of York, is at first unfavorable to the new project. Finally now after many months King Charles II, who is always destitute of money, is persuaded that this will be an easy way to pay the large debt against the crown and also be a good thing to rid the kingdom of a vast multitude of Quaker malcontents. So the grant is made and a charter prepared and on third month 4th, 1681,[1] the King has set his signature to the document and the great dream of the holy experiment begins to be realized. My dear husband spoke to me when this fact was accomplished—"God hath given it to me in the faith of the world. He will bless it and make it the seed of a nation."

Thus the King made him the grant and was glad to be rid of his debt. My husband agreed on his part as a feudal subject to render every year to the king two skins of beaver and a fifth part of all the gold and silver found in the ground;

[1] This was March which was written first month in the old style.—*Editor.*

and to the Duke of York his feudal acknowledgment was to be one rose at the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. It seemeth to me there is a pleasant combining of sentiment, business, and religion in all these transactions.

My dear husband and I look with deep emotion at the great document itself, written on scrolls of strong parchment in the old English script, each line underscored with red, the borders emblazoned with devices, the top of the first sheet showing a portrait of King Charles himself. We read the writing most carefully, and as we do so, there arises to our mind's eye a sense of that great world beyond the sea and a vision of all the people who shall flock thither in God's own good time. We see in the flesh all those whom it shall be our mission upon earth to bring out of darkness into light. Dear Will quotes this Scripture for he feels that it is Christ who is leading us on—"Behold my servant whom I uphold—to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house. Sing unto the Lord a new song, ye that go down to the sea!"

Again and again my dear husband told me that this grant of land was to him a sacred trust from

the Lord. He accepted it not as a personal estate but as a religious possession to be held for the good of humanity, for the advancement of the cause of religious freedom and the kingdom of God. He wanted to serve God's truth and people and to set up an example to the nations in this holy experiment that he had undertaken. He was offered six thousand pounds for a monopoly in the trade of the province but he refused because he had determined to do all things equally between all parties, aiming at justice and righteousness and the spreading of the truth rather than his own gain.

"I would not abuse God's love," he said, "nor act unworthy of his providence and so defile what came to me clean. No, let the Lord guide me by his wisdom and preserve me to honor his name and serve his truth and people that an example and standard may be set up to the nations."

He told me again about his "opening of joy" concerning America while he was at Oxford, just after the time when Thomas Loe had first touched his heart by his preaching. When he saw how life and religion might start afresh in the virgin forest of America, it filled him with a deep emotion and gladness. He seemed to see how the

Lord would permit him to lead forth multitudes of persecuted people to liberty and happiness, to deliver them from prison and sickness and heavy burdens, and to bring them into the freedom and peace of the primitive and pure gospel of Christ. The vision for many a day stirred his soul with deepest feeling.

Ah, how he did love to talk with me concerning his holy experiment, as he called it. Yes, he would establish a refuge for the people of his faith and all faiths. There would be absolute religious liberty and tolerance for all faiths. He would prove that this was not only right and Christian, but profitable and advantageous in every way. He would show that government could be carried on without war and without oaths. He would convince the world that a pure and holy religion could be maintained without an established church, without a hireling ministry, without creeds and ceremony and without any persecution for religious opinions. He would show how a people could live happily together in the ways of justice and brotherhood, and have all the arts and refinements of life and all the prosperity of commerce. He wanted to prove that the literal gospel of Christ was practical, as well as spiritual,

full of sound sense as well as divine revelation. As he talked his face glowed with a radiance. Surely it was a great and heroic experiment to which God was leading him. It was a divine vision of light and truth. He seemed to me as he spoke a prophet of the Highest, a voice crying in the wilderness of the world and summoning the people to better things, a Moses leading out into a promised land.

This is a great day for us at Worminghurst. We rejoice together at the way which the Lord is leading us. Dear Will is full of the spirit of the Scriptures, and one word I remember he quoted as a prophecy which on this day was being fulfilled—"By the greatness of thine arm, they shall be as still as a stone, till thy people pass over, O Lord, which thou hast purchased." But while we rejoice there is also in my heart some sadness, for alas! it means that we must soon leave our sweet home in Sussex and go forth into the unknown wilderness beyond the sea. Nevertheless, we still feel that the Lord will go with us.

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To-day we took a cold dinner at the edge of a woods, taking it with us in a basket. We sat under a great tree where we could see the squirrels

play, the children gathered acorns and played in the grass, while my husband read to me from a book of poems by that excellent scholar and poet, our friend, John Milton.

CHAPTER XI

THE SYLVAN COUNTRY

TOGETHER my good husband and I are studying over the strange maps of the new world, trying to determine just where to put the settlements and eagerly reading all that we can find concerning the climate and the products, from the relations and accounts given by various explorers and travelers. Our good friend George Fox has also told us much, for he had already been to America holding meetings there even in Lord Baltimore's province and it was partly his project and counsel that had determined my husband to ask for the region along the Delaware and the Susquehanna. My husband had fixed upon the name New Wales for his territory because the Penns had come originally from Wales, but the secretary to the royal council is a Welshman and objects strenuously to having this province of the Quakers (whom he despises) called after his native land. My husband then proposed the name Syl-

Reproduced from Buell's "William Penn," through the courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PENN, FATHER OF WILLIAM PENN.

From the portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

vania, which we had spoken of together, this word meaning a sylvan country or forest land. This is acceptable, but King Charles, who loves a double meaning to words, prefixed the name Penn to it, out of compliment to his old friend the Admiral, he said, and so it was written Pennsylvania in the patent. When he learned of it my husband said, "I fear it may appear a piece of vanity if this principality be called by my name." So he offered twenty guineas to the secretary to have it changed, but all in vain.

Perhaps after all there may be a goodly meaning in it all; for Sylvania means woodlands, and Penn is the Welsh for high or head, as Pennanmoire in Wales and Pennrith in Cumberland are names for high lands, so our new province being a pretty high and hilly country its name may be taken to signify the high woodlands. As we look over the maps and read about this new world, surely our sylvan country appears a goodly land. It stretches inland even across the Alleghanies towards the banks of the Ohio River and northward to Lake Erie and southward to Lord Baltimore's province, although there the boundary lines have not been yet exactly determined. Our new country seems to be as large as all England. We

are told that much of the land is hilly and green with woods. The Indians hunt elk and deer over its plains and smoke the pipe of peace. It is a rich and fertile land with hardly an English settler there and only a few Dutch and Swedish farmers along the lower Delaware. We hear of brooks and streams that run down its valleys and glens, breeding myriads of duck, curlew, and other water-fowl. We hear of wild game and venison superior to any in England; of fish in abundance, shad, perch, trout, and eels; and oysters, crabs, cockles, and other shell-fish. We hear of fruits that grow in wild profusion, grapes, peaches, plums, and strawberries, while the eye is charmed with the foliage and forest flowers. We hear of great forests of oak and walnut, pine, cedars, and poplars. Such is the country, a goodly land, a wondrous land, that is now ours to use for the blessing of men and the glory of God. Yes, surely God will bless it and make it a blessing to the nations.

I cannot tell in detail about the constitution of this new province, but it is all written down and is as wise and noble as the best minds in England could frame. It is to be a better commonwealth than even the Puritans had devised, for theirs is

a theocracy severe and intolerant; ours is to be a democracy, kindly, just, and brotherly.

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To-day there visited us one Samuel Shattock of New England, who told us of the sufferings of Friends in Boston in America. As early as 1656 two Friends, one Mary Fisher, and the other Anne Austin, arrived by ship at Boston, for at that time no orders had been issued against their coming to New England. Yet such had been the noise made against them in England that when it was learned that some Quakers had arrived on the ship, officers were sent on board who searched their belongings and took away from them a hundred Quaker books. They ordered the captain to keep the women as prisoners on board the vessel, and the city council ordered the books burned in the market-place by the public hangman. Soon after the women were brought ashore and committed to prison. They were examined whether or not they practiced witchcraft, and many indignities were offered to them. After five weeks' imprisonment, the master of the vessel was put under a bond of a hundred pounds to carry them back to England, and not to permit any persons to speak to them whilst on board ship. Such was the welcome

which the first Friends received at Boston from a people who themselves for conscience' sake had left old England and come to America.

Samuel Shattock also told us of the still severer treatment which Friends had received on their second appearance there, for some of our people still felt impelled by the Spirit to visit the inhospitable city. Boston had now framed an act which was aimed directly at the Friends—"against that pernicious sect commonly called Quakers, lately risen"—so ran the document—"who by word and writing have published and maintained many dangerous and horrid tenets, and do take upon them to change and alter the received laudable customs of our nation, in giving and receiving civil respect to equals or reverence to superiors; whose actions tend to undermine the civil government and also to destroy the order of the churches. So they ordered that every person of the cursed sect of the Quakers should be apprehended without warrant and committed to close prison without bail, and being convicted to be of the sect of the Quakers shall be banished upon pain of death."

He told us that the first two martyrs to this cruel order were William Robinson, a London merchant, and Marmaduke Stevenson, a country-

man of Yorkshire. These came to Boston in September, 1659, and William Robinson being considered as the more intelligent was made an example of, being severely whipped, and this was done by his being stripped on the open street, his hands put through the apertures of the carriage of a great gun while the jailer held him and the hangman gave him twenty stripes with a three-fold cord-whip. Still another Quaker at this time, named Mary Dyar, of Rhode Island, was banished on pain of death, but they all three returned and were again imprisoned, and Governor Endicott spoke to them severely, for he had thought that whipping, imprisoning, and cutting off their ears, he said, would be sufficient. Now he spoke to them, "Since ye will not obey the law, harken to your sentence of death." He was answered by Stevenson, "If you put us to death, you will bring innocent blood upon your own head." Mary Dyar replied, "The will of the Lord be done," and being ordered to prison again, she said, "Yea, joyfully I go."

The day of their execution was the twenty-seventh of October in the afternoon. They were led to the gallows by two military officers, accompanied by a band of about two hundred armed

men, besides many horsemen. A drummer was appointed to march before the condemned persons, to beat the drum especially when any of them attempted to speak to the multitude. It was said that there were glorious signs of heavenly joy visible in the countenances of these holy martyrs as they walked hand in hand to the place where they were to suffer, and Mary Dyar said, "This is to me an hour of the greatest joy," adding that no eye could see, no ear could hear, no tongue could utter, no heart could understand the sweet refreshings of the spirit of the Lord which she then felt. Robinson's last words were, "I suffer for Christ in whom I live," and Stevenson made his last utterance, "This day shall we be at rest in the Lord." The two men died first, and our good friend Mary Dyar, seeing her beloved friends hanging dead before her, also stepped up the ladder, and the rope was put around her neck and her face covered with a handkerchief, when suddenly a cry was made, "Stop—for she is reprieved." And so she was, through the intercession of her son. She was sent back to Rhode Island, but later the impulse, as she believed, from God came upon her to bear testimony once more in Boston, and she visited it again in 1660.

Once more she was arrested. Governor Endicott again pronounced sentence upon her, and she answered, "I came in obedience to the will of God, to have you repeal your unrighteous laws and to bear witness against you." The Governor asked her if she were a prophetess, but when she began to speak, he ordered her to be led forth to her execution. The band of soldiers attended her, the drums beat on every side, so that none might hear her speak; she walked for nearly a mile, with the multitudes on every side to the place of execution. She said, "In obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in His will I abide faithful to death." So did this noble-minded woman bear witness to the truth, and contentedly laid down her life. Others also suffered in like manner.

Samuel Shattock, who told us all these things, was an inhabitant of New England, but had become a Friend and had been banished on pain of death if ever he returned thither. And yet he it was who took the mandamus from King Charles in 1661 that stopped Governor Endicott from further persecutions of Friends, and brought a wonderful delivery.

It is strange to me that such things as these could ever have happened in the New World, to

which all had gone for religious freedom. Some day may God plant a province there where naught shall reign but the kindness and love of the Gospel.

This new province of ours, as we said, is to be a democracy, Christian and hospitable to all religions and to all men. Algernon Sidney comes to our home at Worminghurst and he and my husband work long on every part of it, striving to make it yet better than our friend John Locke's excellent constitution for Carolina. Every phrase employed is tested and carefully considered. The two law-givers work together like brothers over this ideal constitution for the new world. Methinks we owe much to the fine political genius of Algernon Sidney but just as much, I believe, to the sound common sense, the practical wisdom and the broad Christian spirit of my dear husband. One thing stands out most prominently—this state is to be founded on absolute religious tolerance—the fullest liberty in any of the colonies. We are aware that the Massachusetts Bay colony has proclaimed religious liberty for the Puritans but has expelled the Quakers and the Baptists, and we know that Lord Baltimore's province has issued an edict of toleration, but this is only for Trinitarians and condemns to death

any who dare to doubt or speak unfavorably of the doctrine of the Trinity. Now in our new colony of Pennsylvania we shall insist and proclaim that there shall be forever absolute religious liberty and toleration for all religious beliefs—all men shall be free to worship as they please without let or hindrance—all men shall be free and equal in the eyes of the law—all men of all creeds or colors shall be esteemed brothers and shall be treated as such. Is it not a goodly dream?

In all my husband's thought, the great fundamental, as he calls it, is this (I write it in his own words): "In reverence to God, the Father of light and spirits, the author as well as the object of all divine knowledge, faith, and workings, I do for me and mine, declare and establish for the first fundamental of the government of my province, that every person that doth and shall reside there shall have and enjoy the free profession of his or her faith and exercise of worship towards God, in such way and manner as every such person shall in conscience believe most acceptable to God." This was the central article of the twenty-four in his constitution, and surely signifies a real advance in the matter of civil and religious

liberty over any colony or government now existing.

I love the letter he sent to the Indians, at the very beginning, by our cousin Markham. This passage in it delights me: "Now the great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world and the king of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein; but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbors and friends, for the great God hath made us not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together in this world."

. . . . . .

As we study over the map we decide that we want a chief city, at the point where the two rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill, come together. We have talked over a name for this city and I think it was I who suggested that pleasant name, Philadelphia, which means the city of Brotherly Love, after that ancient city in Asia Minor which we read about in the Book of Revelation. The significance of the name appeals to us greatly, for this is our ideal and our dream.

It is beautiful to see Will's enthusiasm, for he

is as happy as a boy as he is planning his city of Brotherly Love. He hopes that it may always be a city of justice and religion and kindly dealings, always be a wholesome and beautiful city. He said, "Let every house be placed in the middle of its plat, so that there may be ground on each side for gardens, or orchards, or fields; that it may be a green country town which will never be burnt and always be wholesome." As for me, I want somewhere near the city but perhaps a little way up the river a quiet manor house with plenty of ground about it, somewhat like this dear estate of Worminghurst where we had been so happy. We grow so enthusiastic as we plan it all out that I become eager to go to this new land of happy promise and of fairest hope.

. . . . . .

Played awhile to-day on the spinnet which I love.

CHAPTER XII

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

THIS morning I went out on my white palfrey down the blackthorn lane and gathered a great bunch of tiger lilies for my dear Will. He loves flowers and I love to gather them for him. I do not always gather flowers that have fragrance, but I like those that are full of beauty and poetic meaning. The other day I brought a lap-full of flowers with such rustical names as sauce-alone, ragged-robin, sneezewort, cream-and-codlins, and jack-in-the-hedge.

. . . . . .

My heart is sore to-day, for at last we have decided that at present the voyage is not for me and the children, and that my dear husband must go alone, but he tells me that it is only for a short time. He will go and look over the country and prepare the homestead and before we realize it he will be back again to take me and the children to our new home. Springett is growing nicely and

little William and Letitia are doing well. But my own health is somewhat delicate and my husband feels that I ought not to be subjected to the rigor of that long voyage across the Atlantic or the exposure to a new climate and unknown conditions until some preparation has been made. So I have had to yield to this decision, but O! I do so long to go with him.

Already as soon as the grant was made, he had sent forth our cousin, Colonel William Markham, to take possession of the territory in his name, to inform the settlers and the Indians of his peaceful and friendly coming, and to adjust the boundary line with Lord Baltimore. Two vessels have already sailed from the Thames, called the *Amity* and the *John Sarah*, and another called the *Bristol Factor* from the Avon at Bristol. These carried many Quakers. Other emigrants are soon to set forth—a German company from Frankfort and from other points. Fifteen thousand acres have been bought by Franz Pastorius for a German colony, and at Bristol a commercial company organized under the name of the Free Society of Traders is full of promising plans.

I am also glad to learn that certain disputes as to the grant are now well nigh settled and are

largely in our favor, giving us a still greater strip of land on the Delaware River front toward Cape Henlopen. My husband is full of anticipation for the voyage, really excited by his long hope for good fortune, and the near realization of his dreams. He has the promise of an excellent printer, William Bradford of Leicester, to go out with him, taking his presses, and this is a great comfort for my husband does love to write and print pamphlets and books as a part of his work for God. He is also engaging skillful manufacturers of wool and other staples to migrate with him for he expects to make his province a manufacturing center. The Royal Society, which has recently elected him a member, has requested him to make full observations on points of scientific interest and transmit them to England.

It is the good ship *Welcome* which is to take him to America. It is already in the Downs—a stately bark of three hundred tons burden. Already about a hundred well-to-do men and women have promised to go with him on the voyage. The passage will last from six to fourteen weeks, according to conditions of wind and weather. May it be short and prosperous!

I have jotted down here a list of some of the

comforts that have been put on board for the particular use of my husband and his servants. There were thirty-two fowls, seven turkeys, eleven ducks, two hams, a barrel of China oranges, a keg of sweetmeats, a keg of rum, a pot of tamarinds, a box of spices, ditto of dried herbs, eighteen cocoanuts, a box of eggs, six balls of chocolate, six dried codfish and five shaddock, six bottles of citron water, four bottles of madeira, five dozen of good ale, one large keg of wine, and nine pints of brandy. There was also much solid food in the shape of flour, sheep, and hogs.[1] So that forsooth they are not likely to starve on shipboard. And I made sure also that he had a goodly wardrobe for himself and that the ship carried the furniture for our new home, especially the carved doors and window frames for the manor. So that all would be ready for us by the time he comes for us.

While we were hurrying these preparations it grieved us exceedingly to learn that my husband's loving mother, Lady Penn of Wanstead, had suddenly died. She was a tender and affectionate mother, of a very merry and sprightly disposition,

[1] I find a similar list authenticated for another Quaker voyager of that day.—*Editor.*

and this sorrow was a great blow to him. His mother had come very near to his heart and had often pleaded for him even in the days when his father was angry with him for becoming a Quaker. This present bereavement affected him deeply. For many days he seemed as one stunned and was unable to bear the light of day, so heavy and overwhelming was his grief.

This calamity seemed to make sadder the heavy bereavement of his leaving me—even for the few months that it might be. The unknown perils of the voyage depressed him. The hour of farewell appeared a very dark one to him. He left me and the little ones to the care of Lady Springett, Thomas Ellwood and other faithful friends, but he had a very heavy heart.

I went down with him to see the good ship *Welcome* on ninth month 1st, 1682.[1] The vessel lay off Deal. There were many pale and anxious faces among these two hundred emigrants. It was a busy time and a noisy place with the litter of bags and boxes, the rolling of barrels, the noises of sheep and ducks and the shouts of the sailors. We had time on shipboard only for a few quiet

[1] This date originally reads seventh month, which is the old style and etymologically September.—*Editor.*

words and a tender farewell and then the *Welcome* weighed anchor and passed the Foreland with a light breeze. And so farewell to my lover and my lord for many weary months, and for many of these voyagers farewell to England forever.

Just before sailing he had put into my hands a packet and when I returned to Worminghurst I opened it in the quiet of my own room. It was a written farewell for me and our children. It touched my heart deeply that he should think so much of us. It was so full of wise and noble counsels and so tenderly conceived and nobly written. It was his loving testament for our guidance in case Providence should take him from us on this long and perilous voyage. I have treasured every word of it, but in this journal I shall transcribe but a few of the gracious and noble sentences. These paragraphs touched me deeply:

"My love, which neither sea nor land nor death itself can extinguish, or lessen towards thee most endearingly, will visit thee with eternal embraces and will abide with thee forever and may the God of my life watch over thee and bless thee.

"My dear wife, remember thou wast the love of my youth and much the joy of my life; the

most beloved as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thine outward excellencies which yet were many. God knows and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making and that God's image in us was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.

"My dearest, I recommend to thy care our dear children abundantly beloved of me as the Lord's blessings and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. I would rather they were home-lovers and honest than finely bred as to outward behavior, yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in their behavior—an accomplishment worthy of all praise."

Here also are some other things I love in this farewell letter:

"Be diligent in meetings for worship and busi-

ness, and let meetings be kept once a day in the family to wait upon the Lord, and, my dearest, to make thy family matters easy to thee, divide thy time and be regular; it is easy and sweet. Cast up thy income and see what it daily amounts to and I beseech thee to live low and sparsely till my debts are paid.

"Let the children be bred up in the love of virtue and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. Let them be carefully taught. For their learning be liberal, spare no cost. Agriculture is especially in my eye; let my children be husbandmen and housewives; it is industrious, healthy, honest and of good example.

"I do charge you, my dear children, before the Lord God, and the holy angels, that you be lovely, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live the lives yourselves, you would have the people live."

These words concerning his love for me I most tenderly cherish in my heart:

"My dear children, be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honor to you; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, industry, humanity, virtue and good understanding—qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honor and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and as your father's love and delight; nay, love her too for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors, and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfulest acts of service to you in your infancy as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you before the Lord, honor and obey, love and cherish your dear mother.

"So farewell to my thrice beloved wife and children—yours, as God pleaseth, in that love which no waters can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains forever."

Thus ran some of the noble sentences from his farewell letter to me and as I sat and read it there in my room I thought—"Was ever woman more tenderly beloved? was ever marriage more conse-

crated by the heavenly spirit? was there ever a nobler soul than this dear husband of mine who now says farewell to England and to his loved ones at Worminghurst?"

CHAPTER XIII

THE VOYAGE OF THE WELCOME

TODAY by another returning ship, the *Bristol Factor*, I have had the first news of the voyage of the *Welcome* and my dear husband's safe and prosperous arrival in the New World. Loving letters came from him full of thanksgiving to God for his gracious care and telling of his welcome at the Swedish town of Upland. He also enclosed a copy of a diary of the voyage kept by Thomas Pearson.[1] It tells that my husband was a good sailor and says that he knew the art of navigation fully as well as the master of the ship, for it had been taught him by his father the Admiral, long before he went to Oxford.

There was one thing in this diary of the voyage that distressed me, although my husband made no mention of it in his letters. It tells how a fortnight after sailing a pestilence of small-pox broke out on board and twenty-seven of the passengers

[1] Only a few fragments of this log have been preserved.—*Editor.*

died and many more were ill. For more than two weeks the pestilence scourged the ship. But my dear husband was most pitiful and courageous. He gave care and stores from his own supplies without stint. He had never had the disease but nevertheless he went freely among those who were stricken. By day and by night he sat with them in their cabins speaking words of comfort to them, giving medicines and consoling the dying.

It was a sorrowing time. The poor women folk were frightened by the woeful pestilence. They had a horror of it. They knew not who nearest and dearest to them might be the next victim. Nearly every night a shrouded and shotted body would be dropped over the ship's side into an ocean grave with the prayers of all and many tears. It looked for a time as if the whole company might fall on death here in the ocean. The crew grew rebellious, for several of them were already disaffected toward the Quakers at starting, and now felt that this calamity was a punishment on the pernicious people. I hear that they even talked of a mutiny to seize the Quaker captain and his friend William Penn and fling them overboard or send them adrift, so that the ship might find its luck again. My husband wrote me that

often he saw their angry looks and heard their muttered words, but he went on serenely, doing his duty and being kinder to all than ever. These are the very words of the diary of Thomas Pearson—"The good and cheerful conversation of Governor Penn was most advantageous unto all the company; and he manifested singular care in contributing to the necessities of the many who were sick of the small-pox on board. Though never having had the disease himself and being therefore subject to its contagion, he attended the cots and hammocks of those prostrated without fear, trusting all in the mercy of the Lord." Surely God's perfect love had banished fear from his heart.

Altogether there were one hundred and sixteen souls who sailed on the *Welcome*, all Quakers except three Huguenots. There was one child born on shipboard but many boys and girls as well as some grown up people died on this fatal voyage, some say in all fully thirty. For there were two things which helped to increase the sickness—the crowded condition of the cabins and the want of fresh provisions. Yet all that could be done for the sick was done.

Once, he said, only once did his heart fail. For

in the midst of the pestilence came a heavy storm and for a day and a half were they locked under the hatches. It was a terrible experience for these people in their sickened and weakened condition. But, he said, he went apart and alone in a cabin he lifted his prayer to God and soon the storm ceased and the sun broke, and there was a great calm. On First day he held on deck a meeting for all—there were tears for the dead and prayers for the living and the hearts of several of the rebellious sailors were touched and before the voyage ended all but one had come to the knowledge of the truth.

I need not tell of some disputes on this voyage, for it seems that a few narrow and small souls were of the company. Some thought more of themselves than of the others, and some desired the loaves and fishes rather than the bread of life. But God was wonderfully present, and over-ruled all unholy plans and designs, and brought the company at last into sweetest accord. I believe it was my husband's faith and loftiness of purpose that brought them into unity.

The voyage as the diary told was nearly eight weeks—about fifty-two days, and aside from the sickness and sadness of the fatal two weeks, all

was pleasant and prosperous. The weather was mostly fair. Governor Penn was the life and light of the ship. Often he discoursed to them concerning the plans of the new colony, and on First days he spoke unto them the everlasting word of truth. Many of those of the *Welcome* were to be leaders of affairs in the province and day by day they counseled together how they might best serve humanity and honor God.

There were some of those on board who were somewhat fearful as they drew near to the end of the voyage and faced the unknown perils of the new land and the Indians. Many of them had heard terrible tales of the cruelty of the Indians, of raids and massacres in other colonies, especially Virginia and Massachusetts, and some wondered after all, whether it might not be risking too much to go absolutely unarmed into the wilderness of Pennsylvania with only the gospel of peace. They brought their fears and misgivings to my husband and he reassured them; he was confident, he said, that the Lord would be with them, for God had given him these dreams of the New World, and was leading him in all his ways.

On tenth month 22nd, 1682,[1] they made the

[1] This date was originally written eighth month which was the old style for October.—*Editor.*

capes of the Delaware and all rejoiced at the sight of land. Three days more and the *Welcome* came to anchor off the port of New Castle, the most important village on the Delaware. Here my husband landed and a general holiday was made in his honor by all the people, young and old, Dutch, English, Swede and German. They crowded to the landing place to welcome one who came not merely as Governor but as a friend to all. Next day he called the people together in the Dutch Courthouse and went through the formal custom of taking possession by receiving turf, twig, earth and water as a symbol in the ancient feudal way. He told the people who listened in profound silence that he came as the Lord had led him; that from his early youth he had nursed this dream of founding a free and godly colony in which the people should rule themselves in fullest liberty of conscience and fullest civil rights for every man. They listened with wonder and delight, and had but one request, namely that he should stay among them and rule among them in person. He promised to do all that he could for them and so took his leave.

Then he sailed further up the river in the *Welcome*. The river grew more and more beautiful,

the landscape was rich with the charm of wooded shores and large creeks tempting exploration. Soon they came to the Swedish village of Upland where our cousin Colonel Markham was awaiting him, and now at this village he was within his own province of Pennsylvania. So here they cast anchor and my husband was the first to land on tenth month 27th, 1682.[1] He rejoiced greatly. This spot marked his first foot-steps in his new province and I believe it will be memorable forever. Just after he landed he turned to his companion Thomas Pearson and spoke—"Providence has brought us safely here; thou hast been the companion of my toils; what wilt thou call this place?" And Thomas Pearson answered after a moment's thought—"Let it be called Chester in remembrance of the city whence I came." And so henceforth was it called.

So here ends the voyage of the *Welcome* and here my dear husband sees with his own eyes the free and sacred soil of his new commonwealth. It was an event worthy of remembrance. It was the first actual realization of his dream. He told me in a letter that as he leaned on the prow of the *Welcome* coming up the river his heart was full

[1] This notable date was originally written eighth month, which is October in the old style.—*Editor.*

of great joy and devout thanksgiving. This beautiful river, this wonderful land was to be his future home and the home of the oppressed of all lands. It was the Lord's doing and was marvelous in his eyes. As he beheld for the first time what he called "the new-blown garden" of Pennsylvania, he quoted to himself those words of the ancient scripture—"Thy God bringeth thee into a goodly land of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills—a land whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayst dig brass."

As I read his letters to me and Thomas Pearson's log book of the voyage even in our quiet home at Worminghurst I seemed to see it all. I beheld my dear husband at the vessel's prow as he came up the river to the fair haven of his dream—I knew the thoughts that were surging upon him, the tumult in his heart, the wondrous exaltation in his soul because of the consummation of this great and glorious day and as I rejoice with him, my thoughts and my love fly swiftly across the broad Atlantic to that fair land of promise soon to be our home.

According to his letters, my dear husband is greatly pleased with his new land. He writes me that the air is sweet and clear and the heavens

serene. Trees, fruits, and flowers grow in great abundance, especially a great red grape and a white kind of muskadul out of which he hopes to make a good wine. The ground is fertile. Another sentence from that letter sent to the Indians before he went to America, I may quote here. It is so beautiful in spirit. He said—"The great God who is the power and wisdom that made you and me, incline your hearts to righteousness, love and peace. This I send to assure you of my love and to desire you to love my friends; and when the great God brings me among you I intend to order all things in such a manner that we may all live in love and peace one with another which I hope the great God will incline both me and you to do. I seek nothing but the honor of his name and that we who are his workmanship may do that which is well pleasing to him. So I rest in the love of God that made us." Now that he has come to them and has seen them, he writes that these Indians are tall, straight, and well built, walking with a lofty chin. They are mostly the Susquehannas and the Delawares. They seem to him light of heart with strong affections, and the most merry of creatures that live. Though they are under a dark

night in things relating to religion, yet he says they are believers in God, whom they call the Great Spirit and they believe in the future life. "I bless the Lord," he writes in a letter, "I am very well and much satisfied with my place and portion. O how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and persecutions of woeful Europe!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE TREATY UNDER THE ELM

ANOTHER batch of letters has just reached me by a returning ship. My dear husband has left Chester and gone up the river to the site of his new City of Brotherly Love. He was rowed up the river in a great barge with three pairs of rowers, passed old Tinicum where the Swedish Governor once lived until they came to Wicaco, a small Swedish settlement at the junction of the two great rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and here as all agreed was the right location for the new city. Already the year before upon the banks above the Swedish settlement a clearing had been made by Colonel Markham in anticipation of their coming and here a log tavern had been built by a settler, named John Guest which was called The Sign of the Blue Anchor. It stood on a knoll about twenty feet above high tide with a small cove or harbor flowing into the river south of it. There were also

some nine other houses already built and occupied to the northward of it. This was the first landing place, and here the new city of Brotherly Love began.

But the most interesting thing to me in these letters is the account of the treaty with the Indians made under the great elm tree at Shackamaxon which in the Indian tongue means the place of kings. First of all he became acquainted with these children of the forest. He won their confidence by his easy manners and familiar speech with them. Old Captain Cockle was the interpreter for him. Will walked with the Indians and sat with them on the ground to watch the young men dance. He joined in their feasts and ate their roasted hominy and acorns. They gave him an Indian name—the Delaware Indians call him Mignon, but he liked the name the Iroquois gave him, Onas. And when they had their sports of running and leaping, the great Onas entered the lists and beat them at some of their own games, whereat the younger warriors were full of delight.

You must understand that as my husband had given directions, our cousin Colonel Markham had already made a treaty of peace and amity with

the natives and had purchased a goodly share of land. He had explained to them before my husband came all his peaceful intentions towards them; he had told them that he would not take a single foot of their hunting ground but would buy it from them with their full consent. He would never allow any of his people to wrong them or cheat them of fish or wild game, or beaver skins. He would treat them as brothers. So the Indian sachems had given a wampum belt to the young Colonel and had replied—"We will live in peace with Onas and his children as long as the sun and moon endure." And the land for Philadelphia had then been purchased by him from the Indians and also a site for our manor on the Delaware.

A letter tells me the odd way in which they sometimes surveyed the land they needed. The agreement with the Indians for one tract was that it should extend as far as a man could walk there and back in three days, that is a day and a half each way. So my husband with several friends and a party of Indians began one day in November at the mouth of the Neshaminy. In a day and a half they arrived at a point about thirty miles distant at the mouth of a creek which they called Baker's from the name of the man who first

reached it. Here they marked a spruce tree. They walked at leisure, the Indians sitting down sometimes to smoke their pipes and the white men to eat biscuit and cheese and drink a bottle of wine.

He has written us wonderful descriptions of the Indians, very long and full of interest. One thing that especially interested me was that he feels from his study and observation that they are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He writes—"They are generally tall, straight, well-built, and of singular proportion; they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin. Their skin is swarthy. Their eye is little and black, not unlike a straight-looked Jew. I have seen as comely European-like faces among them of both sexes as on your side the sea. Their language is lofty, yet narrow, but like the Hebrew in signification, full. I am ready to believe them of the Jewish race, I mean of the stock of the lost tribes of Israel and that for the following reasons: First, these tribes were directed in the Old Testament to go to a land not planted or known. In the next place, I find them and their children of so lively resemblance and countenance that a man would think himself among the Jews of Dukes

Place or Berry Street in London when he seeth them; but this is not all, for they agree in religious rites. They reckon by moons, they offer their first fruits, they have a kind of feast of tabernacles, they are said to lay their altar upon twelve stones, besides many other things similar to the ancient tribes of Israel."

Now since the Governor himself had arrived, a great treaty was to be made with these Indians to renew the former promises of peace with Colonel Markham and to form an enduring league with the Indian chiefs and warriors. Thus, as I understand it from the letters, was the way in which the great treaty was made under this famous elm on the banks of the Delaware. It was a noble tree one hundred and fifty years old, and often had the Indian warriors of the friendly tribes met there in the olden times to smoke the calumet of peace, long before the white people had come to those shores. The letters say that it was a most beautiful spot for a solemn conference. Behind was the great forest of cedar, pine and chestnut, while in front the noble river rolled its majestic waters even to the Atlantic. To this great meeting came the Indians in full feathers, their bodies painted yellow, red and blue. The chief sachem

was Taminent. The Indians were of the Delaware and Susquehanna tribes of the Lenni Lenape which signified the original people and included many tribes speaking the dialects of the Algonquin language. The northern regions were held by the Iroquois who were banded together in a confederacy of the Six Nations. These warriors who were gathered at Shackamaxon on the Delaware were noble-looking men, tall and straight. The older sachems sat on the right and left, the middle-aged warriors ranged themselves in the form of a crescent around them, and the younger men formed a third or outer semi-circle. Of the white people present there were Colonel Markham in the uniform of an English soldier, Thomas Pearson, the chronicler of the voyage, a great company of Quakers in their sober suits, member of the council and others, some Swedes in the uniforms of the army of Gustavus Adolphus, some sailors and a few Dutch settlers. And in the center of the whole group my dear husband, Governor Penn himself, as he was now called, in his best long coat and full slashed trousers and a profusion of ruffles, white sleeves and a handsome figure I know. He is just thirty-eight years old now, light and graceful in form and as one of his

friends has written of him "the handsomest best-looking, lively gentleman that I know," and I may myself add, just as true and noble as he is handsome.

Well, as soon as all were seated and the pipes lighted, smoked, and passed from one to the other, the oldest Indian sachem announced that they were prepared to hear and consider his words. Then my husband arose and spoke to them in the language of nature. Only a little can I put down here of what he said. "The Great Spirit," he told them, "who ruled in the heaven to which good men go after death, who made them all out of nothing and who knew every secret thought that was in the heart of white man or red man, knew that he and his children had a strong desire to live in peace, to be their friends, to do no wrong, but to serve them in every way. As the Great Spirit was the common Father of them all, he wished them to live together not merely as brothers and the children of a common parent, but as if they were joined with one head, one heart, one body together; that if ill was done to one all would suffer; if good was done to any all would gain. He and his children," he went on to say, "never fired the rifle, never trusted to the sword; they met the red men on the broad path of good faith and good

will, they meant no harm and had no fear." He then read the treaty of friendship and explained its clauses. He asked them to tell their children of this league and chain of friendship "that it might grow stronger and stronger and be kept bright and clean without rust or spot, while the waters ran down the creeks and the rivers, and while the sun and the moon and the stars endured." Then he laid the scroll of the treaty of peace and friendship on the ground and the chief sachem and others spoke for their people, receiving the proposal and promising peace, while all the warriors together shouted in accord: "We will live in peace with Onas and his children as long as the sun and moon endure." I am so glad that we have made friends with these Indians, for thus we believe God wants us to do, to have these people of the forest as our brothers and to teach them both by word and deed the blessed gospel of the love of God.

There has come to my reading an account of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the settlement at Plymouth with Captain Miles Standish and his little army going against the Indians of Wessagussett. I am grateful to God that we can begin our colony with peace and friendship with our Indian brothers. So may it ever be!

CHAPTER XV

THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

WAS there ever kindlier thought, or greater justice and kindness manifested in the founding of a city than this city of our hopes and dreams? Not only has the land been bought from the Indians but also on their own terms from the Swedes who had first settled on it. So all is clear. And the city just as we had it in mind in England, just as we planned it at our home in Worminghurst, fair and perfect in our minds before it was seen by mortal eye, before a single brick or stone was laid, now begins to be staked out and to take visible shape—its streets, its houses, its wharves, its open spaces. This city does not grow up haphazard as so many cities have done, but it was first born in thought and spirit as that fair city in the Book of Revelation is said to have descended from heaven.

It is to be a great square, nearly equal on all sides as were the measurements of the heavenly

city. It is to have two noble spaces along the rivers lined with trees. These are to be connected by a broad way a hundred feet wide called High Street lined with trees and at right angles from the center of this is to be another great street, Broad Street, and at the crossing of these two streets in the center of the city is to be a public square of ten acres and in the middle of each of the four quarters of the city, there are to be other public squares of eight acres each for the comfort and recreation of all forever. All streets parallel to these great streets are to be fifty feet wide and all houses are to stand apart with rustic porches and trailing vines. For we have planned to make this City of Brotherly Love not an old-world city of bricks and stones and hard streets, but a sylvan city, a green country city, cool to live in and pleasant for the eyes.

And so my dear husband writes me it is being staked out by his trusty surveyor, good Thomas Holme, and the colonists are eager to purchase and set up dwellings. One of the first things my husband is looking after, he says, is a school for the children. Even before the pines had been cleared from the ground he began to build a school and to set up a printing press. William Bradford, his

printer, had brought all things necessary, including ink and sufficient paper. The first school was opened in twelfth month, 1683, with Enoch Flower as teacher. It is held in a little house formed of pine and cedar planks; these were the charges—"To learn to read four shillings a quarter; to write six shillings; boarding a scholar, to wit, diet, lodging, washing and schooling, ten pounds the whole year."

My husband has for a dwelling a brick house on Front Street facing the river in the center of a lot south of High Street and here the early meetings of the council are held. It was only a modest dwelling, for our real home is to be outside the city at the manor on the Delaware. Many people, he tells me, live in huts or caves by the river while their houses are being built. Some of the letters to me tell of curious things. One day he saw a woman sitting at the door of her cave and allowing a snake which she had tamed to share her bowl of porridge with her, calling the snake by pet names. Another woman was told by her husband to prepare dinner while he worked on the house, and she went home not knowing where the meat for the dinner was to come from, but when she reached the cave she found her cat had caught and brought

in a rabbit, and this she took for the dinner and served as she would an English hare. Some of the German emigrants were also living in these caves. My husband writes that he was amused to see the motto which the learned Franz Pastorius has set up over the door of his abode—"*Parva domus, sed amica bonis. Procul este profani.*" [1] The dwellings go up rapidly, the men work with a will. Within a few months eighty houses and cottages are ready. My husband writes that already the place has become very beautiful and homelike and especially delightful in its new atmosphere of liberty and peace. Some have written me, how truly pleasant they think it is to see my dear husband moving among the people at his new city, suggesting plans and helping them as a real father with his people.

I am much pleased at a friend's description of my husband as he is living at present in Philadelphia and doubtless what the letter says is just and true. It reads—"He is most hospitable to high and low alike, never without a friend or two at meals and his house is always filled with sojourning guests. All that he possesses is at his

[1] Perhaps we may translate: "Small is my dwelling, but friendly to all good folk. Let others stay far off."—*Editor.*

neighbor's service—horses, vehicles, barge, or any utensil. His conversation is wholesome to the spirit and gives refreshment to the mind. He loves wit, and is fond of a jest, so that it be decorous and chaste. His habit is to dispose of business, public and private, in the forenoon. The rest of the day he uses for walks about the town to view improvements and to advise the people. Sometimes he goes off to Pennsbury for several days. In dispatch of business he is quick to the point and likes not small disputings or petty bargains. Rather than submit to such he either terminates the matter at once or yields to the importunity of the other party. Altogether he is a most excellent and friendly man and greatly thought of by the whole colony." [1] Such words as these are very pleasing to me and refreshing to my heart.

[1] Similar words are quoted in contemporary documents.—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XVI

OUR MANOR OF PENNSBURY

O WHEN will my dear husband come back to take me with him! The weeks and the months have lengthened far beyond what I thought, but he writes that it takes longer than he himself expected and that he is making all things ready and will soon come for me.

He writes that in the City of Brotherly Love he has reserved equal lots for each of his three dear children and also that he has kept a goodly estate of a thousand acres of the best land in the province for the use and profit of dear George Fox.

But what especially delights me is that which he tells me he has planned for me in our new home on the river. The ground has been bought from the Indians and was a place of ancient Indian royalty, with the arms of the river almost bent and encircling around it. It consists of more than eight thousand acres and we have called it Penns-

bury. We had planned the house together and by our directions our cousin Colonel Markham has begun to build it for us. It stands on a gentle eminence and will be two stories high, built of brick with roof of tiles. The front of the manor house is sixty feet facing the Delaware, the upper windows, he tells me, commanding beautiful views. The depth is forty feet. There are out houses on each wing in pleasant fashion. There is also a large and handsome porch and stone steps. We are to have a spacious hall running the length of the house to entertain famous guests and to receive the Indian sachems. The rooms are arranged in suites and are to have folding doors and wainscots planed from English oak. We have already sent from England the oaken capital for the porch, decorated with the carving of a vine and bunch of grapes.

We have planned also all the furnishings and some have already gone by ship—high-backed carved chairs and spider tables of the finest oak for me, and leather chairs for my husband; cushions and curtains of satin, camlet, damask and striped linen; a sideboard with a full service of silver, cups and tankards, bowls and dishes, tea-pots, salt-cellars and silver forks; blue and white china,

a complete set of Tonbridge ware, a great quantity of table clothes and napkins—in fact all that my heart could wish.

And the gardens. O, how we loved to talk about the gardens! We will make them the wonder of the colony—lawns, shrubberies and flower beds on all sides, a broad walk lined with poplars to the river's brink and a flight of stone steps and terraces to the water, and the most beautiful wild flowers to be found in the country and everywhere stately old forest trees. And then for traveling—a family coach, a light calesh and a sedan chair, and for the river a splendid barge of six oars. This will be our home, our beautiful home, in the happy new world. My dear husband writes me that it is almost ready, and I am full eager to go to this paradise by the flowing river.

He writes in letters to me that he has already traveled through much of the wilderness and has wandered along the banks of the Susquehanna and as far as Conestoga. He has lived much with the Indians, partaking of their simple fare and asking them many questions through a Swede named Svenson who knows their language, having been born at Upland on the Delaware and knowing the Indians well since his boyhood. Some-

times he lodges with the Indians in their huts of bark, but if he finds that these are not cleanly, he uses his own tent which he takes along. The Indians seem very fond of him and are always crowding around him, bringing game and fish and wild fruits and berries.

My husband is such a great lover of nature. We love country life in England, so much more than city, and on this first voyage to America, he writes in his letters about the trees and the plants, the climate and the woods and the many open spaces that have been old Indian fields. He tells me of the elks, the wild turkeys, pheasants, ducks, snipes, and curlews in vast numbers, the large oysters that they found near the bay shore and the fine shad and other fish which they caught in the river.

CHAPTER XVII

CALLED BACK TO ENGLAND

SUCH bad news I have had to write to my loving Will for I am sadly ill and have been for some time, and I do want my dear husband to come back. I think my letters will hasten his coming. Things are going awry here in England. Our friend Algernon Sidney has perished on the block; Shaftsbury and Essex are in prison; persecutions are raging and thousands of Quakers are lanquishing in bonds. Oh, that my dear husband were here! He could do so much for us. No one in England can so help our poor Quakers in their distress.

But what will also hasten his return, I believe, is the dispute with Lord Baltimore. Will writes me that it is imperative that he come soon in person and present his claims to the King. May that "soon" be very soon!

Some of his letters to me tell of his meeting and conference with Lord Baltimore in Maryland. It

must have been a notable and dignified scene there in the wilderness. Lord Baltimore had writ to him very grand letters like an emperor. I know my husband's answers were plain and blunt. Lord Baltimore (as the letters tell me) was arrayed in his finest garments and had a large retinue with him. They met on the West River in Maryland near the capital at St. Mary's. They talked long over the boundary matter but could not settle it, and referred it all back again to the king and his council, and so parted amicably. On this visit, my husband crossed Chesapeake Bay to the eastern shore and held a meeting of Friends on the Choptank.

My husband's letters explain to me the boundary matter that he and Lord Baltimore have still in dispute. He says that in the beginning he made a geographical error of about seventeen miles in his location of a southern boundary. This was due to the official map which he used which showed the fortieth parallel, as stipulated in his grant, running much further south than it really does and as they discovered by later maps. They had used Captain John Smith's map instead of the newer Dutch chart of the Delaware or the still later map made by Augustine Herrman. It

was an error of latitude involving a quarter of a degree or about fifteen to seventeen geographical miles, but it seems very difficult to adjust the matter with Lord Baltimore. Yet the dispute may have its uses. Perhaps it may bring my dear husband the more speedily to England—and to me.

. . . . . .

Margaret Fox during this time was exceeding kind to me. As she stayed with us she told me, among other things, of the way in which she was led to link her life with dear George Fox in marriage in 1669. She was mistress of Swarthmore Hall and her husband Judge Fell had been dead eleven years. This marriage with dear George Fox, she said, was one of sincere affection and respect, and it was because, as she told me, "we both felt that thus we could be more often together without comment and also to strengthen mutually our work for the truth that we Friends preach." The manner of it, she told me, was as follows: "After we had discoursed the matter together, dear George Fox told me that if I was also satisfied with the accomplishing of it now, I should send for my children which I did. When they had come, dear George Fox asked my daughters and my sons-in-law if they had anything against it or

for it, and they all severally expressed their satisfaction therewith. Then he asked me if I had fulfilled my husband's will to my children. I answered that the children knew that I had, whereupon he asked them whether if their mother married they should lose by it, and he asked me very earnestly whether I had done anything in lieu of it which might answer to the children. The children said very quickly that I had fulfilled all that was in their hearts and desired me to speak no more of it. He told them that he was plain and would have all things done plainly, and that he sought not any outward advantage to himself in this, but only the progress and prosperity of the cause of Truth. We took each other in marriage, she continued, in the Friends' Meeting-house at Broad Mead, Bristol, in which city he happened to be at the time while I was on a visit to one of my married daughters residing there, and then we went together to Oldstone, where taking leave of each other in the Lord, we parted, betaking ourselves each to our several services. I went homewards to the North and dear George Fox passed on in the work of the Lord as before." So Margaret Fox told me the story. I think she is one of the loveliest and most wonderful of women;

she is beautiful to look upon and of a marvelous mind. She hath a spirit and courage most persevering and undaunted, well worthy of the dear and great George Fox.

While I was most desperately ill some weeks ago I wrote to ask our good friend Thomas Ellwood to come over and help direct my husband's business here. And this he was most ready to do for he was always friendly and lived not far from Worminghurst, but at that very time he had a singular trouble of his own. It seems that a book of his which had been circulating in the neighborhood had got into the hands of Sir Benjamin Tichborne, a stupid justice of the peace who thought it dangerous. Ellwood was about to go before the magistrates to own his book and take the blame when the messenger from me arrived, telling of my desperate illness. It was likely that he would be detained from coming, but going to the magistrates he acknowledged the book and then showed them my note. Immediately (as he told me) "I observed a sensible alteration in the magistrate, and when I had done speaking, he said he was very sorry for Madame Penn's illness of whose virtues and worth he spoke very highly, but not more highly than was her due," he added.

Then the magistrate told him that for my sake he would do what he could to further Thomas Ellwood's suit if he pledged his word to appear when called upon which he was glad to do. So he was allowed to leave and got to Worminghurst that day, and was of real help in our affairs.

. . . . . .

Now I have heard that the brig *Endeavor* has cast anchor at Shoreham and that my dear husband is on board. I think I shall feel well enough to go down and meet him at the port. It will be a goodly medicine to see his face once more.

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Yes, I have been able to go. I met him at our Sussex port and I was so joyful to see him. As we held each other in loving embrace, once more we thanked God.

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What happy days we are having now at Worminghurst! How he does romp with the children —Springett, little Will and Lettie! They have all grown amazingly and he is so delighted to be with them again.

He told us more at this time about the beautiful City of Brotherly Love which is building up so

rapidly and of our wonderful new home of Pennsbury manor by the flowing Delaware. He delighted to talk about the fruits and the flowers, the birds and the fishes and especially of his friends the Indians. He told us that just before he came back to England, he summoned the chiefs of all the Indian tribes in his vicinity to Pennsbury and concluded with each tribe a separate treaty of peace. He told them that he was going beyond the seas for a little while, but would return to them again if the Great Spirit permitted him to live. He begged of them to drink no more firewater and forbade his own people to sell them brandy and rum. He counseled with them about the ways of honest trade and husbandry, and he obtained from them a new promise that they would live at peace and amity with each other and with the white men, his friends and children.

Especially does he love to talk to us of his new city of Philadelphia. His hopes and dreams seem all centered in it. And now when so much is dark and discouraging in England he feels that this happy city will become more and more a refuge to all the weary and oppressed, a place of brightness and hope, a haven of safety and peace. He has left faithful commissioners in charge of af-

fairs, headed by Thomas Lloyd, for our cousin Colonel Markham is now in London. I love to read over and over the parting letter that he wrote and sent from shipboard to this dear city of his heart. It breathes such wisdom and affection. Could any one else have penned kindlier words than these with which the letter ends—"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service and what travail has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee that thou mayst stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by his power!"

CHAPTER XVIII

A QUAKER AT THE KING'S COURT

ASKED myself why do I keep this journal? Is it because my mother always kept a journal likewise and my grandmother Lady Springett before her and I follow in their steps? Or is it for a solace and joy for my own soul, or perchance, to furnish pleasant reading for my children in after days and a testimony to God's leading in my life?

. . . . . .

When my husband left Philadelphia he fully expected to be back there again within a year, taking me and all his family with him and all the household goods endeared by association or otherwise worth the cost of transport.

But strange things have happened in England, or, as I ought to say, the Lord has singularly opened the way for new work for us.

Last night (second month, 1685) the news came to us that King Charles II has breathed his

last. My dear husband had been to see him and the Duke of York at New Market a short time before. They had received him most kindly and assured him that justice should be done about his boundary dispute with Lord Baltimore. I cannot say that I am sorry to see this reign of King Charles ended. It has been a time of sadness and shame, for vice and folly have reared their heads in the highest places. The highest rank so-called of the nobility has been filled with rakes and wantons. The honor of the country has been sold. The enemies of freedom and faith have triumphed. Persecutions have raged throughout the land. Only yesterday my husband counted up the families that have been ruined in this reign because of their political and religious opinions and there were more than fifteen thousand, while not less than four thousand of those that were cast into jails have died.

And now a new King has come in quietly, our old friend the Duke of York, who is to be called King James II. Fortunately he is well disposed toward my good husband and he has often asserted that he is in favor of religious toleration.

The condition of the Quakers is perhaps in their worst plight at this time. It seems a duty

therefore for my husband to use his friendship and influence at the court to mitigate the condition of these suffering people. He knows that King James is in favor of religious toleration because such a law would include papists as well as Quakers, and the King himself is a faithful member of the Papist church, although sworn as monarch to defend the Protestant faith in England. Let us pray God that this new reign may be peaceful and prosperous and bring many good things to God's people.

. . . . . .

Yes, I am sure it will be so. I write this later note to say that my dear husband has waited upon the King at Whitehall to remind him of his good will toward the cause of religious freedom and to beg his assistance toward freeing the suffering Quakers and others who are in jail. The King was most affable with him and talked with his old cordiality and frankness. When my husband asked relief for the poor Quakers who were even then lanquishing in the prisons of Marshalsea, Newgate and the Gatehouse, the King took him into his private closet where they remained in talk a long time. The King said that he could not

make any definite promise to help until he had first fixed the day and arranged for his coronation. But the King was even better than his word. Almost immediately he caused all religious persecution against our people to cease. He opened the prison gates to every person who was confined there for refusing to take oaths of allegiance. Twelve hundred Friends obtained their freedom by this act of royal justice.

But there is still great work to do. The laws against the Friends and other religious people still exist although tempered by the King's mercy and at any time they may be put into rigorous execution. The ecclesiastical party is still strong and violent and threatens new plans of retaliation in the House of Commons. So that my husband now feels that Providence has placed him near the throne and in favor with the King for a great work of mediation and mercy to all distressed religious people and to obtain real justice and religious liberty for England.

My husband can be severe when he deals with rogues. He told me how he dealt with the Earl of Arran. Sir Robert Stuart of Coltness had been in exile as a Presbyterian and on his return he found that on some pretext the Earl of Arran had

From "The Family of William Penn," by Howard M. Jenkins.

FOUR OF WILLIAM PENN'S GRANDCHILDREN.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The picture shows the children of Thomas Penn—Juliana, Louisa Hannah, John, and Granville.

seized and was in possession of his land and castle. Sir Robert brought his case to my husband, for him to intercede with the King, but he went directly to Arran and said—"What is this, friend James, that I hear of thee? Thou hast taken possession of Coltness's castle. Thou knowest it is not thine." Then Arran tried to explain—"That estate I paid a great price for. I received no other reward for my expenses and troublesome embassy to France except this estate." Then my husband looked him in the eye sternly and said—"All very well, friend James, but of this assure thyself that if thou dost not give me this moment an order on thy chamberlain for two hundred pounds to Coltness to carry him down to his native country, and a hundred a year to subsist on till matters are adjusted, I will make it as many thousands out of thy way with the King." And the duke knew he meant what he said and complied immediately.

At many a company now-a-days we meet the genial and witty Samuel Pepys. He is the lover of music and fashion, but he has an unsavory reputation as a purveyor of gossip and is thought to be somewhat untruthful. He loveth to turn foolish tales as a sweet morsel under his tongue. I avoid

him as much as possible but my husband is always courteous to him.

It may reveal the good nature of King James and his genial attitude to my husband to relate that one day at audience my husband kept his hat on, seeing which the King promptly took off his own, explaining—"It is the custom here for only one man to wear his hat." Thus the King, although a follower and a devotee of etiquette, is always prone to indulge my husband whom he dearly loves, both for his father's sake and for his own. Truly he is a most agreeable gentleman.

At this time, on account of court business, we have to live in London. So my husband has rented Holland House from the Earl of Warwick, and our life, I fear, becomes rather more expensive than we had expected, for we must keep a coach and four, and have other luxuries. The house is large and commodious and we have many visitors. A constant stream of people, Americans, Quakers, and others seem to come continually to my husband for help, since they know that he has great influence with the King. There are times when as many as two hundred, I should say, are in attendance at his door. Among others

whom he has helped, my husband interceded for his friend, the philosopher, John Locke, then in exile. He secured his pardon from the King, but Locke refused to accept it. He also stood by the city merchant, Henry Cornish, who was accused of treason. He also stood by Elizabeth Gaunt, a true hearted woman and a brave one, who had been condemned for sheltering traitors who had fled for refuge to her house. He stood by her and comforted her even as she was being executed.

Truly these are hard and bitter days in England, because of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and Judge Jeffreys' terrible slaughter in revenge has made the land bloody and most sad. My husband has been going hither and yon, trying to stem the tide of the bloody vengeance, but he can do only a little. He wrote to me yester— "About three hundred were hanged in divers towns in the west and a thousand are to be transported. I begged twenty of the King to be sent to my colony. Elizabeth Gaunt, burned at Tyburn, for the high treason of hiding a refugee in her house, died most composedly and fearless, for she felt she suffered in God's cause. I saw her die," he said, "she laid the straw about her for burning her speedily and behaved herself in such

a manner that all who saw her were moved to tears. She was surely God's martyr for that religion which we all love." Hundreds of others he helped in various ways.

All this time he was following steadily his deep and strong sense of duty and was working at the great task of gaining religious liberty for England. Constantly by speech and writing he was trying to influence public opinion. The chief obstacle was the ignorance and bigotry of court and parliament and he strove earnestly to bring them to the right views for an enlightened policy. He wrote his pamphlet called "Persuasion to Moderation" as a means of public education. It was an able and learned history of the good effects of toleration as it had been tried in other places and cities and in other times. It was particularly addressed to the King and the council, and aroused much interest. From the King it brought another act of mercy by which thousands of prisoners were released from jail. But the harsh laws were still in force and to change those laws and make them right and just was the aim of the friends of toleration. At length at the suggestion and persuasion of his friends the King determined to use what he thought was his royal right even without the ad-

vice or consent of Parliament and he issued (on fourth month 4th, 1687) a gracious "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience." It was in itself a wise and noble measure, and although some doubted whether the King on his own authority had the right to do it, yet all friends of toleration hoped that it would stand. I know that my husband thought that now his great work was accomplished and that his happy dream for England was about to come true.

My husband has won over many excellent and noble men for his cause. For you may understand that he knew the most learned men in England and many of them intimately. He was born and bred among the noblest people of England, and lived freely and equally with them. He is an intimate with kings and princes. He has traveled much in foreign lands, in France, in Italy, in Holland and in Germany. But at the same time he loves the lowliest people and is affable and friendly with the humblest and the poorest.

My own convictions of the worth of my dear Will's labors is confirmed by a letter recently received by an English friend from a Dutch scholar defending my husband from the aspersions which some people are now making against him. This

Dutch scholar knows him well, and thinks it strange that any English people should traduce him. He writes—"At such a time no auxiliary could be so valuable as a friend at court, possessing the unshaken confidence of the King. William Penn is now greatly in favor with the King. The King loves him as a personal and confidential friend and imparts to him many of his secrets and counsels. He often honors him with his company in private, discoursing with him of various affairs and that not for one but many hours together, and often delaying to hear the best of his peers who at the same time are waiting for an audience. Lately one of these being envious and impatient of delay and taking it as an effront to see the other more regarded than himself, adventured to take the freedom to tell his majesty that when he met with Penn he thought little of his nobles. The King made no other reply than that Penn always talked frankly and well and he heard him willingly. Penn being so highly favored thus serves the Quakers, and all those of religion, by any reasonable office that he can."

O, how Friends have been persecuted in England for their religion for almost forty years from the time of the civil war to the present! Thou-

sands of them have been despoiled of their property, other thousands have been confined in lonesome prisons and more than five thousand have died from disease and exposure to ill treatment in these imprisonments. King Charles II has released about four hundred Quakers from prison and King James II has set free about thirteen hundred of them, but hundreds more were neglected and left to die in their dungeons. I thank God that these martyrs of the faith have borne a clear testimony, their sufferings have not suppressed the faith but rather increased it, for their heroism and strength of character have proved a powerful witness for the truth of God.

I do not hold that we Friends have been blameless. We have sometimes entered too eagerly into violent controversies with others and some of our people have been over zealous in entering churches to interrupt services and stop sermons by their urgent testimony. They have even at times gone to excesses in bearing testimony in unseemly ways, but their earnestness and sincerity have been their excuse. They were fools for Christ's sake.

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To-day my dear husband went to visit a par-

ticular dear Friend for the last time. He told me how tender was his parting with this Friend Thomas Loe for he was with him at his death. Taking him by the hand, he said, Thomas Loe spoke thus—"Dear heart, bear thy cross, stand faithful for God and bear thy testimony in thy day and generation, and God will give thee an eternal crown of glory that none shall ever take from thee. There is not another way, bear thy cross, stand faithful for God."

This Thomas Loe, who has meant so much in Will's life, belonged to a well-to-do family of Lichfield. He was, as I was told, a Presbyterian and had been sent to Oxford University when he was about seventeen, but at the beginning of his third year at Oxford he was arrested for his religious opinions and expelled and soon afterwards became a preacher. He was a gifted minister and scholar of our faith. Indeed he was the first to preach our faith in the Gaelic language. The principal field of his labors was Ireland. He was a polished and effective speaker and was also strong in pathos, appealing to the sympathy of his hearers. When Will first heard him he had come back to preach at Oxford and again had been thrust into prison, and on his release Will listened

to him as he spoke to the students and it was an epoch in his life.

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But to come back to to-day. My husband is sure of the honesty of King James, for he has been true to the trust which his father the Admiral has reposed in him and he has been most frank and earnest and repeated in his assertions of belief in religious tolerance. So that my husband is blind to all his faults and has an implicit faith in him. The King also seems to be personally very fond of him and believes in his sincerity and honesty of purpose. They are in fact, true and loving friends.

Yet even in the midst of all these struggles and triumphs, he knows the vanity and uncertainty of it all and he longs to go to America. But he is in too deep with the King to get out. He feels that the Lord has thrust him into this special work at court, even as Esther at the court of King Ahasuerus, in order to save his people, and to bring religious liberty to England. He cannot and will not desert his duty.

But oh, how he longs to go to America again! Often he sighs—"There is nothing my soul breathes more for in this world, next to my dear

family's life, than that I may see Pennsylvania again."

He wrote yesterday to his steward James Harrison, who waits for him at Pennsbury Manor—"For my coming over, cheer up the people. My heart is with you, and my soul and love is after you, but the great undertakings that crowd me hinder me yet. The Lord help us in this dark day in England."

CHAPTER XIX

THE BURSTING OF THE STORM

I CANNOT tell all the story—it is too long—but only the impression that comes to me from the stirring events of these days.

My dear husband now in this summer of 1686 made a third journey to Holland and Germany. He told the seeking people there—especially the Mennonites, the Schwenkfelders, and other German sects—concerning his free and Christian provinces and urged them to emigrate, and many promised to do so. But what interested me most on this visit, was my husband's interview with William, Prince of Orange, whose wife the Princess Mary, as eldest daughter of King James I of England, is prospective heir to the English throne.

It showed King James' confidence in him that he entrusted him with this very important diplomatic mission—to wait upon the Prince, who may some day be the King's successor in England and

to urge him to join in a movement for full religious toleration. So he went to the Hague and had several interviews with the Prince and the Princess. He was a guest at the palace for several days. They were perfectly frank with him. My husband tried to persuade Prince William at the suggestion of King James to agree to full religious and spiritual freedom for all, even Catholics, and while he found him a sincere Protestant, believing in religious liberty with all his heart, the Prince confessed that he is strenuously opposed to the enfranchisement of Romanists, but, my husband believes, if ever he becomes a ruler in England, we shall at least have religious toleration, even if civil equality may not come for all religions.

But now it seems that King James has gone too far and fast to suit the temper of England which is jealous and suspicious. Many say that he has done what he has no right to do and has usurped the powers of the Parliament in this matter. Many seem to see also in this goodly Declaration for Liberty of Conscience some plot to get the Romanists back again into power in England. Above all they cannot forgive the fact that he himself, the ruler of a Protestant realm and sworn

to defend its faith, is a Romanist and openly goes to mass. Neither can they forgive the fact that his best friend is the King of France who is another Romanist and that many of the courtiers at Whitehall are also Jesuits and Papists. And soon the outcry is heard and the rumor spreads rapidly that my dear husband is also another Jesuit in disguise. One ground for the suspicion is this: It happened that one day my husband was traveling in the country in a stage coach and some one noting his love of learning and of letters asked how such a thing happened in a Quaker. He answered—"I suppose it comes of my having been educated at Saumur in France." This name sounded somewhat as St. Omer the Jesuit Seminary and so it was reported that he had been educated at a Jesuit Seminary; further that he had taken holy orders at Rome; and that he now regularly officiated at mass in the royal chapel at Whitehall.

Some accuse him of incredible things. One of his friends told him that the people said his position and influence with the King were too considerable for a papist of an ordinary kind, and therefore, that he must surely be a Jesuit. The fact that he is a layman and has a wife and chil-

dren count for nothing. They say this is by a special dispensation from the Pope. The gossips even seem to find support in the silence of Archbishop Tillotson whom they consulted. So the clamor of false representation went on. My husband was compelled to deny distinctly that he was a Papist, and Archbishop Tillotson also wrote a disavowal but still the rumor persisted, fostered by his enemies.

It was in the midst of the growing opposition and the suspicion of Roman intrigue that the King again (in fourth month, 1688) commanded all the clergy to read the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience from their pulpits. Many of them stoutly rebelled—and then the storm broke. Seven of the chief bishops publicly remonstrated against the King's order and were immediately arrested and sent to the Tower. Then the crisis came with headlong speed. The King's life was threatened and realizing that the fatal hour had arrived, he fled to France. His friends and ministers also speedily took flight and quickly the opposition party brought in Prince William of Orange from Holland and proclaimed him as King, and thus the reign of William and Mary began.

My husband, although one of the closest friends

of the King who had fled, remained in London in spite of many warnings. He was nearly the only one left of any who had been near the throne. He was almost immediately summoned before the council.

The hearing was held in the presence of King William. The King greeted him pleasantly and mentioned their former interviews at The Hague. My husband frankly confessed that he loved the fugitive King James, and as he had loved him in his prosperity, he could not hate him in his adversity, but that he did not, even for a moment, think of endeavoring to help restore to him that crown which had fallen from his head.

Ah, how bold and brave my dear husband was! He told them in his examination before the Privy Council that he had done nothing but what he could answer for, before God and all the princes of the world; that he loved his country and the Protestant religion above his life and had never acted against either; that all he had ever aimed at in his public endeavors was none other than what the present king had declared for, that is, religious liberty; that King James had always been his friend and his father's friend, and that in gratitude, he himself was the king's, and did ever

as much as in him lay to influence him to his true interest. And thereupon my husband was released.

They took security from him for six thousand pounds, for his appearance when wanted, and we left London and went down together to Wormingshurst to retire forever from the tumults and troubles of the courts and to lead a peaceful and serene life in the love and fear of God.

You may remember that this William of Orange is the great grandson of William the Silent, founder of the Dutch Republic, and of the house of Orange. He was born in 1650 and became a ruler of the Netherlands at the age of twenty-two. His mother was Mary Stuart, a daughter of Charles I of England, and his wife, a daughter of King James. He is now the trusted defender of the Protestant faith of Europe. He is a statesman, but above all a soldier. He is doing great things for England.

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And now (this is 1688) one great object of my husband's life is accomplished. England at last has religious toleration, by the gracious act of King William III, and Friends are now allowed to affirm, instead of taking an oath. Strange that it

could not have come by our friend King James. And now also, we have the Bill of Rights, which gives us freedom of speech. It is a great day for England and the people. We live our quiet life at Worminghurst now, and quietly rejoice in what God hath wrought.

But my dear husband was not allowed to remain in quiet. Suddenly he was called to the deathbed of our leader, dear George Fox, on first month 13th,[1] 1691, and over his grave at Bunhill Fields, London, he spoke long and earnestly. For both of us loved dear George Fox, mighty prophet of our faith; in labors most abundant, in courage wonderful, in gifts of heavenly wisdom and spiritual insight truly a prophet of God. He being dead yet speaketh in a thousand other lives who have caught his spirit. My husband bore faithful and eloquent testimony to him. But that funeral became of strange consequence. Suspicions were again aroused against my husband by his public appearance and also by the fact that his name without his consent was attached to a paper for King James' return. Warrants were issued by the council charging him with treason. Rather

[1] This date was originally written tenth of the previous year, as the old style put it.—*Editor.*

than face again such iniquitous charges and more injustice, and rather than be worn out with his troubles he went into the most secret retirement. His whereabouts were known only to me and a few of his most intimate friends. I may say here that his hidden dwelling-place was in the heart of London and also that he often came to us at Worminghurst. But he did not help his enemies in their search for him and for three years he did not appear in public.

Yet I may say that he was busier than ever with his pen. Among his writings done at this time, for he now had uninterrupted leisure for thinking and writing, were "A Brief Account of the People Called Quakers," which was an intimate account of the beliefs and customs and purposes of the Friends as he knew them.

And while he is absent I keep by me and read parts of another book he is writing, called "Some Fruits of Solitude." This book makes him seem so near to me. It has in it such a kind and wise, peaceful and beautiful spirit. The book begins—"The author blesseth God for his retirement and kisses the gentle hand that led him into it, for though it should prove barren to the world, it can never do so to him. He has now had some time

which he can call his own—a property he was never so much master of before—in which he has taken a view of himself and the world and observed wherein he hath hit and missed the mark. And he verily thinks, were he to live his life over again, he could not only, with God's grace serve him, but his neighbor and himself better than he hath done, and have seven years of his life to spare." He felt sure that God was with him even in all these sad days while he was absent from his home. I think this volume will be one of his best, so rich is it in quaint and wise maxims and full of a happy and beautiful philosophy of life.

Let me copy a few words from this noble book:

"They only have a right to censure who have a heart to help.

"Love labor: if thou dost not want it for food, thou wilt for physic.

"To delay justice is injustice.

"The truest end of life is to find the life that never ends.

"To do evil that good may come of it, is bungling in politics as well as in morals."

These are some of his maxims that I love to

read over and over: "Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.

"There can be no friendship where there is no freedom.

"Nor can we fall below the arms of God, how low so ever it be we fall."

Some of his maxims on education, especially the education of children, seemed to me so wise and true. For instance these:

"We are anxious to make our children scholars, not men; to talk rather than to know.

"The first thing obvious to children is what is sensible, that is, perceived by the senses, and these things we make no part of their rudiments in education. We press their memory too soon and puzzle, strain, and load them with words and rules; to know grammar and rhetoric and a strange language or two that ten to one may never be useful to them, leaving their natural genius for mechanical and physical or natural knowledge uncultivated and neglected, which if cultivated would be of exceeding use and pleasure to them through the whole course of their life. To be sure languages are not to be despised or neglected, but natural things are still to be preferred. Children had rather be making tools and instruments to

play, shaping, drawing, framing, and building than getting some rules of propriety of speech by heart. And those also would follow later with more judgment and less trouble and time."

His maxims on religion in this book on "Some Fruits of Solitude" give our fundamental principles as Friends. Let me quote some of these:

"The less form in religion the better, since God is a spirit.

"We can never be the better for our religion if our neighbor be the worse for it.

"I know no religion which destroys courtesy, civility and kindness.

"I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for and able to sustain those that are afflicted for it.

"Religion is the fear of God, and its demonstration good works; and faith is the root of both.

"Some folk think that they may scold, rail, hate, rob, and kill, too, so that it be but for God's sake. But nothing in us, unlike Him, can please Him."

"To be like Christ then is to be a Christian.

The book is so full of simplicity and kindness, it is so cheerful and brotherly, so serious and sensi-

ble, so rich in the spirit of one who is living for Christ and his brethren.

He has also written in this quiet time of retirement a noble "Essay Toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe," in which he shows the inevitable causes of war and points out the only rational and Christian way of peace for the nations.

He proposes that just as England has its Parliament, France its States-General, and Germany its Diet, each in its own sphere, looking for the national over the individual interests, so Europe should have its international congress looking after the interest of all the nations. He would have all disputes among the nations referred to this sovereign council and its decision to be carried out by the united power of Europe.

In this plan for creating a general parliament for arbitration it is expressly stated that its judgment should be made so binding that if any government offer its case for decision and do not then abide by it the other governments, parties to the tribunal, shall compel it.

This essay on the Peace of Europe seems to me singularly high and noble. I wonder if it

shall ever come to pass? I have thought of it much. The means of peace, as he sees it, is justice, and the means of justice is government and the means of government is a united power and authority. He believes that the same authority for peace and justice which is enforced between citizen and citizen ought also to be enforced between nation and nation.[1]

Now I am no statesman—I leave this to greater and more learned minds—but such a plan as this seemeth to me both wise and Christian.

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[1] These are his very words in this essay. I quote them because of present interest in a new League to Enforce Peace. "Now if the sovereign princes of Europe for love of peace and order would agree to meet by their stated deputies in a general parliament and there establish rules of justice to observe one to another and thus to meet yearly, or once in two or three years at the furthest, or as they shall see cause and to be styled the sovereign parliament of Europe before which shall be brought all differences between one sovereign and another which cannot be made up of private embassies before the sessions begin, and that if any of the sovereignties that constitute these imperial states shall refuse to submit their claim or pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the judgment thereof and instead seek their remedy by arms or delay their compliance beyond the times prefixt in their resolutions, all the other sovereignties, united as one strength, shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence with damages to the suffering party, and charges to the sovereignties that oblige their submission, then, peace would be procured and continued in Europe." —*Editor.*

Oh, these anxious years of hiding and concealing, and so unlike him who has all the time been so bold before the world. Now he is hunted up and down and can never be allowed to live quietly in city or country. Sometimes he lives in private lodgings, in London, and sometimes here in the sanctuary of my solitude, and sometimes I go with him where he goes. But I am weakly at present and cannot go often. It makes it so hard, for he knows that he is innocent and often he says, "My privacy is not because men have sworn truly but falsely against me, for wicked men have laid in wait for me and false witnesses have laid charges against me."

This was indeed a sorrowful period when he determined that for the time being the path of prudence was the wisest way.

He suffered all these things because he was a faithful friend to King James. He would not disbelieve the royal word of one who had been true to him nor would he make any easy change of his allegiance. He was loyal to the new government but loyal also to his old friendship, and so his enemies persecuted him, but it seemed to me that he was never in all his life more honest, more

brave, or more lovable than in these years of silence, seclusion, and heavy trouble.

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Methinks the friendship of kings is a perilous heritage.

CHAPTER XX

MANIFOLD BEREAVEMENTS

THE record of this journal, so long kept by my dear mother, must now be taken up by me, Letitia, the only daughter. For mother is very ill. It grieves me also to think that my chronicle must be one of many sorrows. Father is a fugitive and exile. He goes from place to place but is rarely seen. He comes at times to us at Worminghurst to see his poor sick wife and his ailing son Springett. He comes by stealth at dead of night.

Another crushing blow has also followed. His province of Pennsylvania has been taken away from him by the council, and placed under military control, along with the province of New York, for these are troubled days for the American colonies by peril from the French and Indians. Father's whole fortune and hope are in this province, but now his rents are stopped and

his timber is being cut and sold without his consent. What shall we do? All father says is—"God seeth in secret and will one day reward openly." Somehow father believes that all things will work out right. He is saddened but still hopeful.

But my dear loving mother is completely broken in health. She has never been herself since my father was forced to quit his home and go into his secret exile. Often she followed him into his hiding places and consoled him, but ever she was drooping and failing, and at last at Hoddesven, under a strange but kindly roof, her troubles bore her down and she died (in second month, 1694). The end was very quiet and peaceful and we laid her to rest among the grassy mounds at Jordan's meeting house near the lovely village where she first set her maiden eyes on my father.

I think the noblest tribute to her is the memorial written by my father, from which I may transcribe here a few sentences that I especially love. He writes:

"At several times in her last hours she did pray very sweetly and in all her weakness she manifested the most equal, undaunted and resigned spirit, as well as in all other respects. She was

excellent both as wife, mother, friend, and neighbor.

"To the children she said: 'I never desired any great things for you except that you may fear the Lord and walk in His truth.'

"She would not suffer me to neglect any public meeting upon her account, saying often, 'Go, my dearest, do not hinder any good for me; I desire thee to go; I shall see thee again.'

"About three hours before the end, she said, 'I have cast my care upon the Lord; give my dear love to all friends.' She quietly expired in my arms, her head upon my bosom."

And in a letter to a friend he wrote: "In great peace and sweetness she departed, her gain, but our incomparable loss, being one of ten thousand."

Again he said of my mother that she was "an excellent wife and mother, an entire and constant friend, of more than common capacity and greater modesty and humility, yet most equal and undaunted in danger. A brave soul, a devout and consecrated spirit."

After my dear mother's death, father was most disconsolate. He had lost his influence at court, many still thought him a Jesuit, and even the Friends grew cold toward him, asserting that he

had done wrong because he had meddled more with politics and the concerns of government than a member of their Christian body ought to do, and others thought that he ought to show repentance for having even in love, pity, or good-will assisted King James in distress, but he insisted that he had done nothing but what was right.

He felt most deeply that the Lord had called him to the court. He believed that he was working for true Christianity and for England. He said earnestly, "I have made it my province and business; I have followed and trusted; I took it for my calling and station and have kept it above these sixteen years." He wanted politics, that is, the state, the government, to serve religion in the largest way— religion and not merely the church. He conceived of religion as worship and service in the freest and broadest way.

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And now for two years my dear father has acted as companion and constant nurse to his dying boy, my handsome and gentle brother Springett. He is his almost constant companion by day and by night. Everything that tender nurture, parental watchfulness and medical skill can do for him is being done. Springett is a darling fellow, now

nearly twenty-one years old. He is the favorite of his father, and well beloved of his grandmother Lady Springett, who has written down for him the journal and memories of her early life, which we still have. In fact Springett is the favorite of us all. He is so fervent and devout, so graceful and gentle. I believe he has in him the virtues of both his father and his mother, so saintly and so knightly is he.

But in spite of every care Springett has grown worse and worse in health. Indeed he seemed foredoomed for an early departure, and he fell asleep in my father's arms on fourth month, 2nd, 1696. Thus died my father's eldest son, most dear to his heart.

Of him also, my father wrote a tender memorial from which I may quote a few sentences:

"My very dear child and elder son, Springett, from his childhood manifested a disposition of goodness and more than ordinary capacity in intellect. He easily acquired a good share of learning and mathematical knowledge, and showed a judgment in the use and application of these much above his years.

"Being almost always near him in his illness and doing anything for him he wanted, he broke

out with much love, 'My dear father, if I live I will make thee amends.' At another time as I stood by him, he looked up upon me and said, 'Dear father, sit by me, I love thy company and I know thou lovest mine, but if it be the Lord's will that we must part, be not troubled.' At another time he said, 'Dear father, if the Lord should raise me up and enable me to serve him and his people, then I might travel with thee sometimes and we might ease one another in the ministry.' Near the end he said to me, 'My dear father, kiss me. Thou art a dear father.' At the very end he said, 'Come life, come death, I am resigned.' He breathed his last on my breast, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, in his one and twentieth year. So ended the life of my dear child and eldest son, and much of my comfort and hope. He was one of the most tender and dutiful as well as one of the most ingenious and virtuous youths I ever knew, if I may say so of my own child. In him I lose all that any father could lose in a child, since he was capable of anything that became a noble young man. He was my friend and companion, as well as a most affectionate and dutiful child."

Surely it seemed for a while as if all the joys

of life had passed away with the passing of his dear wife and of his eldest child, and in truth as if all his dreams had come to naught and his hopes had vanished with the passing also of his province in America away from his hands. What now was left to him?

CHAPTER XXI

AMERICA ONCE MORE

BUT suddenly comes a gleam of hope in the midst of these dark days. For several of his noble friends take up his cause, especially the Earl of Rochester, Henry Sidney, and Sir John Trenchard, and lay his case before the King. The King hears it and gives him his liberty. The council at Westminster absolves him from every charge of treason and finally to his greatest joy he is restored to his rights in his province. Seven years has he been in the shadow of great trouble and in the sorrows of death, but now, thank the Lord, they are ended. And again he looks forward eagerly to America, the land of promise and the home of peace.

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And now father feels in this crisis that he needs a mother for his children and a keeper for his house, and considering and praying over the matter he has selected a new helpmate in a noble woman whom he had long known, Hannah Cal-

lowhill of Bristol. They are married in that city (on first month, 1696) and it is the understanding that their future home is to be in America. But none of us feel that we must go at once.

So we live at Bristol for a while and father makes many religious tours and writes much. We all rejoice that under King William and Queen Mary religious liberty has come at last to England. So that one of father's dreams is at last realized. Strange that it should come from a foreign prince whom he did not overmuch like, rather than from his dear friend King James, in whom he had so much believed and from whom he had hoped so much. But however it has come we all rejoice and I am sure that father's life-long struggle for it has done much to bring it about. Wherever father now travels, his meetings are attended by great multitudes and great results. His struggles, sufferings, and faithful testimony are known to all and his name and fame have gone to all the world. During these days our cousin, Colonel Markham, is again put in charge of the province and, as father believes, is ruling with vigor and wisdom.

I must here record an interesting visit that father made the other day to a young Russian

ruler named Peter, working in the dock yards at Deptford to learn the art of ship-building. My father spoke to him in high German, and being the son of a great admiral, had a long conversation with this ruler of Muscovy, not only about ships and ship building, but also about religion. The young Czar was eager for knowledge of every kind. He asked my father to tell him in a few words what the Quakers taught and practiced. So my father wrote this sentence for him—"They teach that men must be holy or they cannot be happy; that they should be few in words, peaceable in life, suffer wrongs, love their enemies, deny themselves—without which faith is false, worship becomes formality, and religion is mere hypocrisy." The young Czar seemed to be very much interested and we hear has since attended the meetings of Friends at Deptford.

And now father feels that he is ready to go to America again, for it is fifteen years since his first visit.

He purposes that we all go with him and that we shall settle there for the rest of our days. So to-day we embarked at Cowes in the good ship *Canterbury* (on the ninth month, 9th, 1699).

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Three months later, I write again. The voyage from Southampton to Chester on the good ship *Canterbury* was a rough, stormy time, and took nearly the whole three months. We were glad to have with us on the voyage father's secretary, James Logan, a pleasant and capable young man, a good Friend, and very congenial to us all.

It was beautiful when we entered Delaware Bay during the November days. When we arrived at Chester we learned that the yellow fever has broken out in Philadelphia and carried off a number of the inhabitants, but the pestilence was now over and things looked brighter. The people at Chester sought to do honor to father and one settler named Beaven dragged an old Swedish cannon from a yard and fired it off in honor of the day. When the cannon burst and carried away the arm of the unfortunate man, father placed him under medical care and charged himself with the cost of curing him, but he only lingered a few months. When our ship reached Philadelphia, the reception was a very joyous one from all the people. We went to the meeting house, where prayers of thanksgiving were offered and addresses of congratulation were made. The people seemed full of joy that their Governor—as they called him—

was with them once again. They had deeply mourned over his long absence and now they hoped, they said, that he would never leave them again.

In Philadelphia for a month we lived at the house of Edward Shippen and enjoyed his hospitality. Then we moved to a most commodious dwelling known as the Slate Roof House, on Second Street, between Chestnut and Walnut Streets. Here we resided until the early spring, when we went to the mansion at Pennsbury Manor.

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I must record here that father is of such humility that in our religious meetings he always sits at the lowest end of the space allotted to ministers, and always takes care to place on the higher seats above him those of humble life and lesser gifts, and he is always foremost to appreciate and exalt those who were peculiarly gifted. He is always seeking to encourage young men and others to exercise their gift of speech in meetings as the Spirit might lead them.

Yet I must also chronicle he remembers the difference between personal humility and the proper dignity of office. For on certain state occasions even in Philadelphia here as the repre-

sentative of his sovereign, he allows some ceremony, marching through the streets to the opening of the assembly with a mace-bearer before him, and having an officer standing at his gate on audience days with a long staff tipped with silver.

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Philadelphia is pleasant enough, but Pennsbury is charming.

Yes, father loves the country life, as I do. As he wrote once—"The country is to be preferred. It is both the philosopher's garden and his library in which he reads and contemplates the power, wisdom, and goodness of God."

CHAPTER XXII

NEW DAYS AND NEW WAYS

OH, these wonderful days in the new world! Every one made much of us and it was a round of pleasant occasions. At the Slate Roof House, which we used for two years as our town residence, my little brother was born, whom we named John. Often he is called "John the American," since he was the first child of the Penn family born in America.

But our real home—the only place that seemed like home to me, anything like Worminghurst, is our beautiful manor at Pennsbury. We went there to live in the spring. It is twenty miles up the river. We are all fond of nature, as I said, and love the country life. Back of the house is a vast forest and only a few roads and trails have been cut through it. We go to and from Philadelphia by a fine barge with six oarsmen. The ground to the river is terraced and an avenue of poplars shades the path to the water. Vistas are

cut through the forest trees to give views up and down the river. There are all sorts of trees, walnut, hawthorn, and hazel, and many kinds of fruit trees brought from England and some from Maryland. The gardens are beautiful with native wild-flowers.

Many say that our mansion is the most imposing residence to be found anywhere between the Hudson and the Potomac. It is built of brick imported from England. Its main walls are eighteen inches thick. We have stables for twelve horses, and the mansion and its furnishings are said to have cost father about seven thousand, eight hundred pounds. I like the place very much but do not care to be here in rural seclusion all the time, so I go to town as frequently as I can, spending some time with my friends, the Shippens, the Logans, and the Markhams. I am past twenty now, and perhaps not so demure as a Quaker maiden ought to be, for somehow I love life and all the gay doings of the world. I am having a pleasant time leading about one of my devoted swains named William Masters, who is always at my heels making love to me whether I am in the city or at the Manor, but fie! I will never marry him.

We also ride a great deal on horseback. We have three side-saddles and two pillions. Father has a fine colt called Tamerlane, brought from England, and sired by the famous British stallion Godolphin. Father makes long circuits on horseback, sometimes thirty or forty miles, and he has made one long expedition to the Susquehanna. He also rides all around Philadelphia looking at his manors or tracts which the surveyors are marking out. One day he was riding to the meeting house at Haverford and overtook a little barefooted girl named Rebecca Wood. He took her up behind him on the horse and the little girl was so pleased to ride with him to meeting. It must have made a pretty picture—the tiny maiden with her bare legs dangling against the horse's side and the Governor with his long coat and knee breeches. We are very fond of attending fairs and Indian dances, which they call "canticoes." Once father gave the chiefs a grand feast here at Pennsbury at a table spread for them in the avenue and a hundred turkeys were cooked for them besides venison and other things. Our cook, Ann Nichols, is a treasure and my father sometimes says—"The book of cookery has outgrown the Bible and I fear is read oftener—to be sure it is of more use."

I fear father is sarcastic at times, for he also said: "The sauce is now prepared before the meat. Twelve pennyworth of flesh with five shillings of cookery may happen to make a fashionable dish. Plain beef or mutton is become dull food; but by the time its natural relish is lost in the crowd of cook's ingredients and the meat sufficiently disguised from the eaters, it passes under a French name for a rare dish." But in reality father has no dislike to the temperate pleasures of the table. I remember he wrote recently to his steward—"Pray send us some two or three smoked haunches of venison and pork—get them from the Swedes; also some smoked shads and beefs," and he added the postscript, "The old priest at Philadelphia has rare shads." Father's cellars are well stocked with canary, claret, sack, and madeira, besides a plentiful supply of ale and cider.

Here at Pennsbury Manor, father's bed is covered with a quilt of white Holland which I quilted in green silk, and he is very fond of it.

James Logan sent up from Philadelphia yesterday at father's request a great stew pan and cover, and a little soup dish, and two or three pounds of coffee, and three pounds of wick ready for candles, and also some great green candles and

candle-sticks and pewter and earthen basins, mops, a looking-glass, a piece of dried beef, and a firkin or two of good butter.

Father rides a large white horse and has a coach with a black man to drive it. Then there is that rattling leathern conveniency called a sedan-chair for mother and me.

Father does love his barge on the river and goes out in it, even against wind and tide, for he says, "What does it matter? I have been sailing all my life against wind and tide."

The Indians come as friends and neighbors and father gets on very happily with them, sitting in an oak arm chair in the great hall to receive them, and to give them presents. Sometimes they make a fire out of doors and sit about it in a ring, singing very melodious hymns, beating the ground between the verses with short sticks, and dancing very pleasantly. They always smoke the pipe of peace on these occasions, and they must note with some surprise that father is not a smoker as so many of the white men are, although he is courteous enough sometimes to take one draw through the proffered pipe as a part of their ceremony. They note most of all that he is always unarmed and that none of the Friends carry any weapons.

We keep open house at Pennsbury and have many visitors. I remember the names of some of the Indians who have come in paint and feathers, such as Connoodaghtoh, king of the Susquehannas; Wopaththa, king of the Shawanese; Weewinjough, king of the Ganawese; and Ahookassong, brother of the emperor of the Five Nations; and many other humbler braves.

But our best Indian friend of all is Tamenend, or Taminent, chief of the Delawares, while some of the other Indian tribes are the Lenni Lenape and the Mingoes.

We have fine shopping in Philadelphia and we go about from place to place in our sedan chair. So in this pleasant life in the town and in the country we have passed two years. My father seems to enjoy everything to the utmost, but for myself at times I tire of it and long for London.

And now come evil news from England. We hear that the proprietary colonies are to be taken and vested in the crown. Father is greatly troubled by this disquieting information. So serious seems the situation that he feels that if he shall save his colony, he must go back to England and present his case and appeal in person to King William and Queen Mary. I think the rest of

us are secretly delighted at this prospect of going back to England.

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Father has now told us to-day that he is going back to England at once. His presence there, he thinks, is absolutely needed. He hopes to return to Pennsylvania within the year and meantime, he expects that mother and I and the rest of the family will remain at Pennsbury during his absence; but we are all up in arms against it and I think we shall go with him. Last night he wrote a letter to James Logan at Philadelphia and I happened to see it on his desk, in which he said: "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, still less Tishe. I know not what to do. Samuel Carpentar seemed to excuse her in it. They will add greatly to the expense, more of living in London than of the passage, but they will not be denied." It looks as if he would yield and take us, and we are determined on it, for we know not how long he will be gone, if he goes alone, and we are not going to be left in this country without him. Besides, we will be glad to have a glimpse again of old London and the gentlefolk of England.

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We *are* going and have made our farewells. The parting with our dear Indians was the most touching for as soon as it was learned by them that Onas (as they call him) was about to depart for a time, the Indians came from all parts of the country to take leave of him. Somehow they seem to have a presentiment that they shall never see his face again. My father introduced them again to his council and they made solemn promises to them of peace and amity which the members of the council reaffirmed and pledged to follow out. He gave them parting gifts which they took in sorrow. Surely these people of the forest believe in him and he has certainly won their love.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE PATHOS AND GLORY OF THE DREAM

WHEN we arrived in England everything was changed, King William was dying, and soon another sovereign, Queen Anne, was on the throne. But she was a real friend to father and through her good will the bill of annexation was dropped and father's province was saved.

When Queen Anne began her reign, she proclaimed that she would maintain religious toleration, and the Friends voted an address of gratitude which father was requested to present. Her response was—"Mr. Penn, I am so well pleased that what I have said is to your satisfaction, that you and your friends may be assured of my protection, and I sincerely hope for your welfare and happiness."

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To-day I have promised to marry William Aubrey, and what do you think, that silly William Masters has followed me all the way to England

and is making a great fuss, claiming that I promised to marry him. And the Penningtons seem to side with him. Strange how foolish some people can be.

I am to marry William Aubrey at Worminghurst next week, and all the family will be present.

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We live pleasantly in London for a while. We are now a good sized family. There is father and his wife and three children, my husband William Aubrey and myself, and my brother William and his wife and a boy who is William the third.

Father is thus a grandfather, so that he now says in a jocular way, "We are now William major, minor, and minimus. I bless the Lord my grandchildren are pretty well—Johnny lively, Tommy a large lovely child, and my grandson Springett a mere Saracen, his sister a beauty."

And with this mention of my brother William, I must confess a new sorrow for my father. My brother William, who is now my father's heir, has fallen into bad habits and brought great shame upon us all. My father deals very tenderly with him, using every means for his reformation, but all in vain. He goes from bad to worse and almost breaks my father's heart.

He is a handsome and generous young man, but is disposed to be extravagant, and, as I think, far too convivial. He is giving father so much trouble by his waywardness. He is certainly a Friend only in name and scarcely worthy of that, for I doubt whether he follows the Inward Light at all. Father has more than once said that William is one of his greatest afflictions, both for his own soul's sake and for his family's sake.

Father dictated to me a letter for James Logan yesterday from which I copy one or two items. He said: "I never was so low and so reduced, for Ireland, once my best income, now has hardly any money. England is severe to her, and she has lost trade. She is at England's mercy for prices (save butter and meat which we send to Flanders and the West Indies) so that we must go and eat out half our rents or we cannot enjoy them.

"But oh! That we had a fur trade instead of tobacco, and that you might do all that is possible to muster furs and skins for me. Had I but two or three chests of them, I could sell them for almost what I wish—16, aye, 20 shillings a skin at this juncture.

"I have sent some hats, one for Griffith Owen,

and the other intended for Edward Shippen, which thou mayst take with this just excuse, that the brim being too narrow for his age and height, I intend him one with a larger brim. For as soon as I saw it, I told the friend who made it, I thought it handsome, though I pinch here to be sure. If my son sends hounds as he has provided, two or three couple of choice ones for deer, foxes, and wolves, pray let great care be taken of them."

This James Logan, to whom father wrote, believes in self-defense when it is necessary to protect life and property. Many of the Friends, indeed most of them, do not hold with him; but from what I hear there are also other good Friends who do not believe in war, and yet will use force to defend their rights and the lives of their loved ones. And I think that they are right.

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Still another sorrow comes. My father's steward, Philip Ford, a reputable Friend and seemingly an excellent manager, died suddenly, and to my father's dismay the account books that he left showed no balance in my father's favor, but instead an enormous debt. His widow immediately brought claim for the sum of fourteen thousand pounds. It could not be true. The books were

examined carefully and it was discovered that Philip Ford had been making false accounts and robbing the estate for years. My father had trusted him too fully and had taken his account for granted, even giving him papers to cover certain indebtedness that the steward said must be met. The estate has been charged with large amounts that had never been received, and everything had been made out in favor of Philip Ford. So carefully had the deceiver's steps been covered that what we knew was true could not be fully proved. The widow is persistent and malignant. Father was arrested for the debt, for he could not and would not pay such an enormous sum and he was thrust into the debtors' prison at the Old Bailey in the Fleet. Strangely enough the place where they arrested him was at the same meeting in Grace Church Street, or as Londoners call it, Gracious Street, where he had been arrested for preaching thirty-seven years before. It must have brought vividly to him those olden times and his struggles for liberty and justice.

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I cannot get away from thoughts of this unpleasant business. This Philip Ford was his business manager for his estate in England and

Ireland. Father realized that the revenues were becoming less and less, but Ford explained that rents had fallen off and that the land was impoverished. Father had such confidence in his agent's honesty that his accounts went without examination and often reports were not so much as opened. This agent also induced father to sign certain papers to cover certain debts that had seemed to accumulate. When Philip Ford died and the widow of Ford claimed everything that stood in my father's name and even his Pennsylvania estates, then the iniquitous business was revealed.

Father had thought everything of Philip Ford, and had often said that he deserved our fullest gratitude for he had looked out for our interest, even to the neglecting of his own. It was an amazing surprise to him when the disclosures came of his friend's deceitfulness and theft.

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I go to see father often in the Old Bailey. He is cheery and I hope will bear it well. 'Tis thought his going to prison will bring them to terms. But I know not. They appear so cold and hardened. Father's lodgings are good and he lives comfortably enough for the circumstances.

He has the freedom of the garden, and all in charge are kind to him.

. . . . . .

To-morrow father is to be released from the debtors' prison in the Fleet, where he has laid for nine months and eleven days. A subscription of about seven thousand five hundred pounds has been raised in England and in Pennsylvania, which Philip Ford's widow has agreed to accept in full of all claims. We are so glad to have father out of his confinement, for during the last three months his health has begun to fail most noticeably. For days at a time he has been despondent, brooding over the wrongs that had been done him. He could not seem to understand how such a friend as Philip Ford, whom he trusted so implicitly and who was so devout in religious professions, could be so deceitful and unprincipled. And above all he felt keenly what a shame the whole matter cast upon the Society of Friends. We tried to comfort him, but often it was of little use. We could not take his mind from his trouble. I think that when he gets away from the prison and comes into the country the change of scene will do him good.

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Since I last wrote in this journal, we have brought father from the Fleet prison and he is now at home with us at Brentford. He was quite ill and barely able to endure the journey, although it was only nine miles. He has now been prostrated for several weeks with a dropsical gout, with swelling of the lower legs and feet, much lassitude, and feebleness of mind at times as well as of body.

The affairs in Pennsylvania are also troubled and discouraging, and he utters the pathetic lament—"O, Pennsylvania, what hast thou cost me! Above thirty thousand pounds more than I ever got, two hazardous and most fatiguing voyages, my straits and slavery here, and my child's soul almost." He meant my brother William when he referred to the loss of his child's soul, for he felt that this disgrace had come through his neglect of his child in order to serve Pennsylvania. His colony also had never brought any wealth to him, but was a constant drain upon his resources and now in his old age he was left almost destitute.

I cannot write down all the sorrows that have come to him. He seems to me in his trouble like that King Lear of whom I have read in Shakespeare's plays. And yet, as I look at him, I

believe the more he is pressed down the more he rises. The Lord has given him a wonderful spirit.

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We have taken him to a country place at Ruscombe. Here he has just written a final fatherly appeal to his colony. He tells them that the Queen is willing to buy his colony and annex it to her crown. In spite of their ill return, he had been faithful to his promises. He put it to them as men and Christians whether they had used him fairly. While they have grown rich, he has become poor; while they have acquired power, he has lost it; while they enjoy through his toil and forethought much wealth, influence, and freedom, he had been reduced to poverty and prison. This letter brought from the province a kindly and sympathetic answer and the prospect of better things are bright.

Yesterday, on my father's dictation, I wrote a letter for him to the Provincial Council in Philadelphia, from which I copy here the last sentences as they seem to me beautiful and yet somewhat pathetic: "I purpose to see you if God gives me life, this fall, but I grow old and infirm, yet would gladly see you once more, before I die, and my

young sons and daughter also, settled upon good tracts of land for them and theirs after them, to clear and settle upon, as Jacob's sons did. I close when I tell you that I desire fervent prayers to the Lord for continuing my life that I may see Pennsylvania once more before I die."

Early in 1712, father received the first of three shocks of paralysis, which severely weakened his body and mind. After his third attack, it seemed as if he was in a dying condition, but he lingered on for some years. At times he grew much stronger, and walked well.

The last words that father ever wrote for publication were these in a preface to John Bank's Journal. He dictated it, as his custom was, walking to and fro, with his cane in his hand thumping the floor to mark the emphasis. These were the last words: "Now, reader, before I take leave of thee, let me advise thee to hold thy religion in the spirit, whether thou prayest, praisest, or ministerest to others, which, that all God's people may do, is, and hath long been the earnest desire and fervent supplication of theirs and thy faithful friend in the Lord Jesus Christ, W. Penn."

The very last words that father ever wrote with his hand was a postscript scarcely legible in parts

which he tried to add to a business letter that had been written for him. These are the words as nearly as we can read them: "Farewell! And pursue former exact orders—thou wilt—oblige thy real—friend. My love to—dear friends."

These last years of father's life show a gradual weakening of his body but a beautiful serenity of mind. Sometimes he goes to meeting where often he speaks briefly, but with sound and savory expression. He is pleased to see his friends; he delights in the company of his wife, children, and grandchildren; and he loves his garden with its flowers and fruits. Thus he lives surrounded by the affection of his family, the sympathy and respect of his neighbors, and the approval of his God.

During these last years his mind seems to be in an innocent state, his memory is almost entirely lost and the use of his understanding suspended. Yet he still has a good sense of the truth, and sometimes speaks very clear sentences concerning the goodness of God. I think that this is a sort of sequestration of him from all these concerns of his life which have so much oppressed him. It is all of God's mercy that he might have rest and not be oppressed thereby to the end.

But he never fears death. I take great consolation from his own words in his volume on "Some Fruits of Solitude," where he says: "He who lives to live forever, never fears dying. Nor can the means be terrible to him who heartily believes the end. For though death be a dark passage, it leads to immortality; and that is recompense enough for suffering of it. And this is the comfort for the good, that the grave cannot hold them and that they live as soon as they die."

It is a pleasant but pathetic picture in those last days. He is weak and feeble but his bodily health is fairly good, his temper serene and he has lost all concern for worldly affairs and ceased to worry about them. When the weather is bright and sunny he sometimes takes his little grandchildren out into the fields to gather flowers and to watch them chase the butterflies. He seems again to have the heart of a little child, never before has he looked so happy. He does not speak very much, but a constant smile is on his face. His memory fades more and more, but the sweetness and beauty of his character seems to shine out like a radiance around him.

On this beautiful summer morning in the early watches between two and three o'clock, on the

Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Society of New York City.

THE BURIAL-GROUND AT JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE.

3rd of seventh month, 1718,[1] he fell gently asleep for the last time on earth and awoke in the heavenly land. We buried him at Jordan's under the shadow of the meeting house we love, there at the side of his dear young wife, my mother Guli, and there near his dearly beloved son Springett. A great multitude of Friends and Christians of other names from all parts of the country came to his burial and followed in a sad procession from Ruscombe to the quiet burial ground at Jordans. At his grave they all stood in silence for a time, then one after the other of his old and intimate friends spake a few loving words of testimony and farewell.

Thus died a dreamer of dreams—in his seventy-fourth year—the full three score and ten, and even more. I think that all who knew him well will say that he was a tender, human, noble-hearted man, full of kindness and liberality, full of tenderness and love, full of the gospel of the sweetness of Christ. Sometimes I think, as I look back over his life, that it was a very strange and wonderful one, so tumultuous and troubled were those seventy years, and yet withal so noble and victori-

[1] This date was originally written fifth month, that is, July, in the old style.—*Editor.*

ous. It reminds me of those classic tales that I have read—for his life was an Iliad of sorrows and yet an Odyssey of adventures and discoveries in the cause of liberty and truth. I hear much of the excellent Pilgrims of Plymouth, but did not father lead an equally heroic company into this new world, and was not surely the *Welcome* a ship of faith as much as the *Mayflower?* I love to read dear mother's diary from the beginning. I am glad that it has come into my heart to complete the story of father's life, and as I read of his dealings with kings and princes, I hold him as princely in thought and deed as any of them, yea, as royal in nature and as regal in soul. Mother has once compared him with our leader and prophet, the devout George Fox. To me he seems more like the lawgiver and servant of God, Moses, leading the hosts of the oppressed from the bondage of Egypt out into the Promised Land. But most of all, just as dear mother in the very beginning of her journal pictures the blind Puritan poet, John Milton, and my father as they met together at the Grange at Chalfont, so now as life ends, I see the two grand old men together once more. Who shall say that my dear father is not as wonderful as the other? Father *lived* as great

a poem as John Milton wrote. Father lost a Paradise and regained one. His own great epic was his life, his noblest sonnet his City of Brotherly Love. He also became blind—blind to all but friendship, liberty, truth, and God, and he also was glorious victor at the end. Surely he has enriched life as much as the mighty Milton has enriched literature.

And now he is gone. He loved much—most of all I think he loved his dear Guli, his gentle son Springett, and his beloved city of Philadelphia. Some day I think the people of that city will love and honor him most of all, for it was the city of his heart, and his words concerning it which I often repeat I may use once more as a benediction to close this fragmentary journal—"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born—what love, what care, what service, and what travail, has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed by the Lord, and thy people saved by his power!"

POSTSCRIPT

To the Gentle Reader:

Thus ends this singular and remarkable narrative, now first presented to the public. Has it not given a new view of a career which is certainly picturesque, dramatic, and full of deep human interest? Has it not also given a fresh revelation of the beautiful and lovable character of Gulielma Maria Springett?

I have been somewhat interested, as others may be, in tracing the parallels and verifications of the facts and incidents given in this narrative by a careful reference to various pamphlets, letters, and sundry volumes that are available in the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society in Philadelphia, and the Friends' records at Devonshire House, London. The journal account of the trip through Holland and Germany, and the visit to the Princess Elizabeth seem to agree substantially with the account that William Penn gives much more fully in his journal printed some years after the event. The story of the trial at

the Old Bailey, as here briefly given, is confirmed by the longer version that Penn himself wrote. Some incidents of his early life, the Oxford days and the Paris days, are verified by the brief portions of his autobiography which we possess. Pepys' diary also furnishes confirmation of further facts.

The details of his marriage place and rites, so long an obscure chapter, are now confirmed by the researches and documents recently discovered by W. H. Summers of London. Other incidents are also given in the beautiful memoirs of Lady Springett, written for her grandson Springett. Penn's account of the Indians as here given also agrees substantially with the fuller and more formal report which he made to the Royal Society. The story of the voyage of the *Welcome*, as here given, is confirmed by the fragments of the log of the voyage kept by Thomas Pearson. It is most regrettable that this interesting record has not been preserved in its entirety. Much light is thrown on certain points by letters and documents of the Devonshire House collection. Other points are verified by the full memoir of Admiral Sir Wm. Penn by Granville Penn. The references to John Milton and his life at Chalfont are singularly veri-

fied by the accounts in Thomas Ellwood's memoir, and also by certain incidents told in the volume on "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," which is practically of the same period. The account of the last days of Penn is confirmed by the letters of the Quaker historian, Thomas Story. I notice that most modern historians, as well as the older ones, use these same materials freely, often repeating the same stories from practically the same sources, without much variation. The value of this personal narrative is that, although often from similar sources evidently—contemporary letters, often—yet it puts the facts and incidents of this remarkable life in a new light, and gives it all a very human and personal interest.

I may also add concerning the places mentioned in this narrative that Chalfont and Jordan's still exist as places of interesting pilgrimage. King's Farm, Chorley Wood, may still be visited. The house dates from the fifteenth century. The room where the marriage took place shows an interesting interior. Basing House, at Rickmansworth, is still standing, but somewhat changed. The Shangerry Estate and castle may be found to-day near Cork, but the castle is a heap of ruins. I saw a few years ago Admiral Penn's tablet and armor

in the beautiful St. Mary Redcliffe's Church at Bristol. But Pennsbury Manor had fallen into decay before the Revolution; and Worminghurst —the idyllic home long since torn down by Squire Butler—has become merely a broad farm overlooking the south downs of Sussex and to-day a part of the domains of the Duke of Norfolk.

As a final word, may I express here the earnest hope that a perusal of this narrative may lead to fuller reading in the spiritual history of this people called Quakers. I believe they have a message for this modern world.

O. H.

THE END