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MEMOIR

OF

JOHN ROBERTS,

BY HIS SON

DANIEL ROBERTS.

PHILADELPHIA:

THOMAS WILLIAM STUCKEY,
403 North Sixth Street.



INTRODUCTORY.

IN THIS day of degeneracy, when opinions are taught where the knowledge of God once powerfully asserted its positiveness and reality,—when professed believers of the Truth speak with husky tones what their fathers proclaimed with clarion notes,—when apologists for weakness and effeminacy uplift their heads, and declare the necessity for certain Testimonies hath ceased; that Truths for which MEN and WOMEN suffered and died are effete and obsolete; that old things have passed away, and all things become new without an inward and spiritual change; exalting intellectuality over all that is called God, or worshiped as God by those who acknowledge an Alpha and Omega which remains the same to-day as yesterday, and will continue for ever; as though the Ethiopian were no longer black, or the pard spotted, but each possessed the power of changing his skin or effacing his spots through the strength of his own will,—when evil is called good and good evil,—when

formality and indifference are ruling characteristics of the majority, and earnestness and sincerity branded as enthusiasm and fanaticism,—when the Herodian, Pharisee, and Sadducee wield the sceptre of power and strive for the chief seats in the synagogue,—when too many acknowledged as Ministers no longer go forth armed with the Sword of the Spirit, as warriors called to war with the Powers of Darkness, but content themselves with selling doves and providing downy pillows for the heads of those who desire peace, and believe the bitterness of death is past,—when the lame and blind are offered as sacrifice, and that which is of no value counted worthy for the altar: in such times as these it is pleasant and comforting to the earnest and sincere to know they are not alone, but surrounded with a cloud of witnesses, who valiantly contended for those Testimonies which have achieved so much for man's redemption from the powers of priestcraft and civil and political tyranny and oppression.

The subject of the following memoir was a living FRIEND,—not a DEAD one. Not a mere birthright member or traditionalist, or one who admired the beauty of the outer court, and there remained; but one who, convinced of the authority and power of Truth, forsook all and followed Him. He sought not to hide the Light under a bushel, but boldly placed it where it could be seen and felt, particularly by

those who, although assuming the form of godliness, knew nought of its power. He step by step attained to strength which enabled him to unite with the testimony of the apostle: "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh." In this fearlessness and manliness, so prevalent a characteristic of early Friends, John Roberts met the opponents of Truth, regardless of their wealth or power, their learning or influence, and contended for the Faith once delivered to the saints, which had been covered up and hidden by the apostates and hirelings of the various sects, and now uncovered and brought to light by those who were despised of the world and mean and low in their own sight. His bearing was marked by that dignity which godliness alone imparts to its possessor, and this enabled him to meet the arrogance of the priest and patronage of the rich with a firm and decided negation, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God" than compromise or weaken the testimonies of Truth. He sought the Crown, and accepted the Cross; bearing it aloft, he marched boldly to the judgment-hall, and silenced those who brought the weapons of fools (raillery and sarcasm) to the seat of justice. He has been characterized as witty: we seek it in vain in the record which remains. We behold nothing but the plain, simple, and terse answers of a mind well balanced, and capable of dispensing with the logic of schoolmen and the sophistry of col-

legians. Armed with that Wisdom which gives the knowledge of that which is true, and is all-sufficient to cope with the craft and cunning of the serpent, and unmask that hypocrisy which assumes the love-notes of the dove, he passed into the arena as one aware of the nature of the foes to be encountered, and the necessity of promptly meeting the issues presented. He met them,—the narrative will set forth the results.

He was blessed in his choice of a partner,—one who shared cheerfully his exercises and conflicts; who encouraged him to yield to all that was required of him, and loved him in that love which is stronger than death. She shared in his trials, she rejoiced in his rewards,—for they were one: and it is ever thus with those whom God hath joined together. This is the union so beautifully yet forcibly expressed, “And they twain shall be one flesh.” In that living flesh and in spirit they were one; hence her advice, “If thou art fully persuaded the LORD requires it of thee, I would not have thee disobey Him; for He will require nothing of us but what He will enable us to go through: therefore we have good cause to trust in Him.”

In conclusion, I state my earnest conviction of the necessity for watchfulness on the part of all who term themselves Friends, that they suffer not the Standard of Truth to trail in the dust of indifference, instead of being raised aloft and unfurled to the breezes of investigation and scrutiny. The crown has been won

for them,—let no man take it. The precious stones have been gathered, and enshrined in gold which endured the fire of persecution: suffer them not to sink into that oblivion from whence they were rescued. There is need for inquiry after the old paths and the old ways, and for return to first love. Then shall we again behold those traits of character so beautifully enumerated by Whittier, in the poem quoted below:—

The **QUAKER** of the olden time!—
 How calm and firm and true,
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
 He walked the dark earth through.
 The **LUST** of power, the **LOVE** of gain,
 The thousand lures of sin
 Around him, had no power to stain
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
 All great things in the small,
 And knows how each man's life affects
 The spiritual life of all,
 He walked by faith and not by sight,
 By love and not by law;
 The presence of the wrong or right
 He rather **FELT** than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
 That nothing stands alone,
 That whoso gives the motive, makes
 His brother's sin his own.
 And, pausing not for doubtful choice
 Of evils great or small,
 He listened to that **INWARD** voice
 Which called away from all.

O SPIRIT of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our FAITHFUL fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The CROSS of TRUTH to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

I commend these lines to thy notice, reader, whosoever thou art, and fervently desire that thou mayest realize the necessity for a bold and manly avowal of the Truth under any and all circumstances, without respect of person or place, in the love and fear of God alone.

From thy friend and well-wisher in the Truth,

THOMAS W. STUCKEY.

Fifth month, 1869.

MEMOIR
OF
JOHN ROBERTS.

I HAVE had it on my mind, for some years past, to commit to writing some memorable passages, the chief of which were transacted in my time; together with some short account of our family.

My grandfather's name was John Roberts, alias Hayward. He lived at a village called Siddington, within a mile of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. I have heard he lived reputationably on a little estate of his own, which he occupied. He married Mary Solliss, sister to Andrew Solliss, Esq., who was in the commission of the peace, and sustained great spoil in the time of the civil war between King Charles I. and the Parliament. I have heard that a col-

onel and his men and horses quartered themselves upon him a considerable time together, turning their horses to the corn and hay-mows.

My father and his next neighbor went into the army under Oliver Cromwell, and continued till they heard Cirencester was taken by the king's party; when they thought proper to return home, to see how it fared with their parents and relations.

As they were passing by Cirencester, they were discovered and pursued by two soldiers of the king's party, then in possession of the town. Seeing themselves pursued, they quitted their horses and took to their heels; but by reason of their accoutrements, could make little speed. They came up with my father first; and though he begged for quarter, none they would give him, but laid on him with their swords, cutting and slashing his hands and arms, which he held up to save his head; as the marks upon them did long after testify. At length it pleased the Almighty to put it into his mind to fall down on his face, which he did. Hereupon the soldiers, being on horseback, cried to each other, "Alight and cut his throat!" but neither of them did; yet continued to strike and prick him about the jaws, till they thought him dead. Then they left him, and pursued his neighbor, whom they presently overtook and killed. Soon after they

had left my father, it was said in his heart, "Rise and flee for thy life!" Which call he obeyed; and starting upon his feet, his enemies espied him in motion, and pursued him again. He ran down a steep hill, and through a river which ran at the bottom of it; though with exceeding difficulty, his boots filling with water, and his wounds bleeding very much. They followed him to the top of the hill; but seeing he had got over, pursued him no farther. He was at a loss which way to take in this wounded and disconsolate condition, being surrounded with enemies on every hand. At length he determined to go to his uncle Sollis's; from whence he sent a servant to a widow at Cirencester (at whose house the chief officers lay) with whom he was acquainted, desiring her to come to him: which she readily did, and offered him all the service in her power. He desired her, as the principal officers lay at her house, to use her interest with them to give command that none of the soldiers might offer him any abase; which she effected, and in good-will to her they likewise sent their ablest surgeon to him. He was a man of great skill, but of a sour disposition; for he told my father, "if he had met him in the field, he would have killed him himself; but now," said he, "I'll cure you;" which he did. When my father found himself able, he went to his father's house,

and found him very ill in bed. They greeted each other with many tears, and in a great intermixture of joy and sorrow. After some time, my father perceived him to tremble to such a degree, that the bed shook under him. Upon which my father asked him how it was with him? He replied, "I am well; I feel no pain: 't is the mighty power of GOD that shakes me." After lying still some time, he broke out in a sweet melody of spirit, saying, "In the LORD only have I righteousness and strength! In GOD have I salvation!" I don't remember to have heard he said anything more before his departure.

The civil war continuing, my father found he could not be safe at home, and therefore he went again, and continued till near the conclusion of that dreadful irruption; when he returned again to his sorrowful family at Siddington. After some time he took to wife Lydia Tindal, daughter of Thomas Tindal, of Slincomb, near Dursley, a religious family, and one of those under the denomination of Puritans. Matthew Hale, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of England, was her kinsman, and drew her marriage settlement. It pleased GOD to give them six children, namely, John, Joseph, Lydia, Thomas, Nathaniel, and Daniel: Joseph and Lydia died young; Thomas was killed, at the age of fourteen, by a kick from a horse; the rest living to man's estate.

In the year 1665, it pleased the Lord to send two women Friends out of the north to Cirencester; who, inquiring after such as feared God, were directed to my father, as the likeliest person to entertain them. They came to his house, and desired a meeting. He granted it, and invited several of his acquaintance to sit with them. After some time of silence, the Friends spake a few words, which had a good effect.

After the meeting, my father endeavored to engage them in discourse, but they said little, only recommended him to Richard Farnsworth, then prisoner for the testimony of Truth in Banbury jail, to whom they were going. Upon the recommendation my father went shortly after to the prison, in order to converse with Richard, where he met with the two women who had been at his house. The turnkey was denying them entrance, and telling them, "He had an order not to let any of those giddy-headed people in, and therefore, if they did go in, he would keep them there." But, at my father's desire, they were admitted in along with him, and conducted through several rooms to a dungeon, where Richard Farnsworth was preaching through a grate to the people in the street. But, soon after they came in, he desisted; and, after a little time of silence, turning to them, he spoke to this pur-

pose.—“That Zaccheus, being a man of low stature, and having a mind to see Christ, ran before and climbed up into a sycamore-tree; and our Saviour, knowing his good desires, called to him, ‘Zaccheus, come down! this day is salvation come to thy house.’ Thus Zaccheus was like some in our day, who are climbing up into the *Tree of Knowledge*, thinking to find CHRIST there. But the word now is, ‘Zaccheus, come down!’ come down! for that which is to be known of GOD is manifested *within*.” This, with more to the same purpose, was spoken in such authority that, when my father came home, he told my mother, he had seen Richard Farnsworth, “who had spoke to his condition as if he had known him from his youth.” After this time he patiently bore the cross; and afterwards, when it pleased GOD to communicate to him a portion of the knowledge of His blessed Truth, a necessity was laid upon him, one First-day morning, to go to the public worship-house in Cirencester in the time of worship, not knowing what might be required of him there. He went; and standing with his hat on, the priest was silent for some time: but being asked, “why he did not go on?” he answered, “he could not, while that man stood with his hat on.” Upon this, some took him by the arm and led him into the street, staying at the door to keep him out;

but, after waiting a little in stillness, he found himself clear, and passed away. As he passed the market-place, the tie of his shoe slackened, and, while he stooped down to fasten it, a man came behind him, and struck him on the back a hard blow with a stone, saying, "There, take that for Jesus Christ's sake." He answered, "So I do;" not looking back to see who it was, but quietly going his way. A few days after, a man came and asked his forgiveness; telling him, "He was the unhappy man that gave him the blow on his back, and he could have no rest since he had done it."

Not long after, three Friends came that way, who found the like concern, namely, Robert Sylvester, Philip Grey, and Thomas Onyon. These standing in the steeple-house with their hats on, though they said nothing, the priest was silent; and being asked, "If he was not well?" he answered, "he could not go forward while those dumb dogs stood there." Whereupon the people dragged them out. And the priest afterwards informing a justice that they interrupted him in Divine service, they were bound over to the quarter sessions. My father, at their desire, accompanied them to the sessions; and, when they were called, and the priest had accused them, the bench, in a rage, without asking them any questions, ordered their mittimus to be

made. This unjust and illegal proceeding kindled my father's zeal; insomuch that he, stepping forward, called to the justices, saying, "Are not those who sit on the bench sworn to do justice? is there not a man among you that will do the thing that is right?" Whereupon John Stephens, of Lypeat, (then chairman,) cried out, "Who are you, sirrah? What is your name!" My father telling him his name, he said, "I am glad I have you here. I have heard of you; you deserve a stone doublet: there's many an honest man than you hanged." "It may be so," answered my father; "but what dost thou think becomes of those that hang *honest men*?" The justice replied, "I'll send you to prison; and if any insurrection or tumult be in the land, I'll come and cut your throat first with my own sword; for I fear to sleep in my bed, lest such fanatics should come and cut my throat." And snatching up a ball of wax, violently threw it at my father; who avoided the blow by stepping aside. Their mittimus were then made, and they were all sent to prison.

The same evening my uncle Solliss, who was one of the justices on the bench, came to the prison; and calling for my father, asked him, "If he was willing to have his liberty to go home to his wife and family?" "Upon what terms, uncle?" said my father.

Justice.—Upon such terms, that the jailer open the doors and let you out.

John Roberts.—What? without entering into any recognizance?

Justice.—Yes.

J. R.—Then I accept of my liberty. But I admire, uncle, how thou and several others could sit upon the bench as with your thumbs in your mouths, when you should speak a word in behalf of the innocent.

Justice.—You must learn to live under a law, cousin. And if you'll accept of your liberty till next sessions, you may have it; if not, stay where you are.

So they parted; and on the morrow my father went home, having also the jailer's leave.

In the night, a concern came upon him with such weight that it made him tremble. My mother asking the reason of it, he answered, "the LORD requires hard things of me; if it would please Him, I had rather lay down my life than obey Him in what He requires at my hands." To which my mother replied, "If thou art fully persuaded the LORD requires it of thee, I would not have thee disobey Him: for He will require nothing of us but what He will enable us to go through; therefore we have good cause to trust in Him." On which he said, "I must go to this John Stephens, who is my great enemy, and sent

me to prison, where he said he would secure me; and, as my uncle Solliss in kindness has given me leave to come home, I can expect no more favor from him, if I now go and run myself into the mouth of my adversary. But I must go, whatever I suffer." He arose, and prepared for his journey; but durst eat or drink nothing. When he mounted his horse, the command of the LORD was to him, "Remember Lot's wife: look not back." So on he rode very cheerfully eight or nine miles, till he came within sight of the justice's house; and then he let in the reasoner, who reasoned him out of all his courage, presenting to his mind that his uncle Solliss and his neighbors would say, "He had no regard for his wife and family, thus to push himself into the hands of his greatest enemy." This brought such a cloud over his mind, that he alighted off his horse and sat down upon the ground, to spread his cause before the LORD. After he had waited some time in silence, the LORD appeared and dissipated the cloud, and His word was to him, "Go, and I will go with thee, and will give thee a threshing instrument, and thou shalt thresh the mountains." Now he was exceedingly overcome with the love of GOD: and I have often heard him say, he was filled like a vessel that wanted vent, and said in his heart, *Thy presence is enough*, and proceeded to the

house with great satisfaction. It being pretty early in the morning, and seeing the stable-door open, he went to the groom, and desired him to put up his horse. While this was doing, the justice's son and his clerk came up, who roughly said, "I thought you had been in Gloucester castle."

John Roberts.—So I was.

Clerk.—And how came you out?

J. R.—When thou hast authority to demand it, I can give thee an answer. But my business is with thy master, if I may speak with him.

Clerk.—You may, if you will, promise to be civil.

J. R.—If thou seest me uncivil, I desire thee to tell me of it.

They went in; and my father following them, they bid him take a turn in the hall, and they would acquaint the justice of his being there. He was soon called in; and my father no sooner saw him, but he believed the LORD had been at work upon him: for as he behaved to him with the fierceness of a lion before, he now appeared to him like a lamb, meeting him with a pleasant countenance, and taking him by the hand, said, "Friend Hayward, how do you do." My father answered, "Pretty well;" and then proceeded thus: "I am come in the fear and dread of Heaven, to warn thee to repent of thy wicked-

ness with speed, lest the LORD cut the thread of thy life, and send thee to the pit that is bottomless. I am come to warn thee in great love, whether thou wilt hear or forbear, and to preach the everlasting Gospel to thee." The justice replied, "You are a welcome messenger to me; that is what I have long desired to hear." "The everlasting Gospel," returned my father, "is the same that GOD sent His servant John to declare, when he saw an angel fly through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, 'Fear GOD, and give glory to His name, and worship Him who made heaven and earth, the sea, and the fountains of water.'" The justice then caused my father to sit down by him on his couch, and said, "I believe your message is of GOD, and I receive it as such. I am sorry I have done you wrong: I will never wrong you more. I would pray you to forgive me, and to pray to GOD to forgive me." After much more discourse, he offered my father the best entertainment his house afforded; but my father excused himself from eating or drinking with him at that time, expressing his kind acceptance of his love; and so in much love they parted,

The same day William Dewsbury had appointed a meeting at Tedbury; whither my mother went. But she was so concerned on account of my father's exercise, that she could

receive little benefit from the meeting. After the meeting was ended, William Dewsbury walked to and fro in a long passage, groaning in spirit; and by and by came up to my mother; and, though she was a stranger to him, he laid his hand upon her head, and said, "Woman, thy sorrow is great: I sorrow with thee." Then walking a little to and fro as before, he came to her again, and said, "Now the time is come, that those who marry must be as though they married not, and those who have husbands as though they had none; for the LORD calls for all to be offered up." By this she saw the LORD had given him a sense of her great burthen; for she had not discovered her exercise to any; and it gave her such ease in her mind, that she went home rejoicing in the LORD. She no sooner got home, but she found my father returned from Lypeat, where his message was received in such love as was far from their expectation; the sense of which much broke them into tears, in consideration of the great goodness of GOD, in so eminently making way for and helping them that day.

At the next session my father and the three Friends appeared in court; where as soon as justice Stephens espied them, he called to my father and said, "John, I accept your appearance, and discharge you; and the court discharges you. You may go about your busi-

ness." But my father, thinking his work not quite done, did not hasten out of court. Upon which the clerk demanded his fees. "What dost thou mean, money?" says my father. "Yes; what do you think I mean?" says the clerk. My father replied, "I don't know that I owe any man here anything but love; and must I now purchase my liberty with money? I don't accept it on such terms."

Clerk (to the chairman).—An't please your worship, John won't pay the fees of the court.

John Roberts.—I don't accept my liberty on such terms.

Then he was ordered to prison with the three Friends, but in the evening the clerk discharged them, and ever after carried himself very kindly to my father.

He was afterwards cast into prison at Cirencester, by George Bull, vicar of Upper Siddington, for tithes; where was confined at the same time, upon the same account, Elizabeth Hewlings, a widow of Amney, near Cirencester. She was a good Christian, and so good a midwife that her confinement was a loss to that side of the country; insomuch that lady Dunch, of Down-Amney, thought it would be an act of charity to the neighborhood to purchase her liberty, by paying the priest's demand; which she did. She likewise came to Cirencester in a

coach, and sent her footman, Alexander Cornwall, to the prison, to bring Elizabeth to her. And while Elizabeth was making ready to go with the man, my father and he fell into a little discourse. He asked my father his name, and where his home was, which, when my father had told him, "What, said he, are you that John Hayward of Siddington, who keeps great conventicles at your house?" My father answered, "The church of CHRIST often meets at my house. I suppose I am the man thou meanest." "I have often," replied Cornwall, "heard my lady speak of you; and I am sure she would gladly be acquainted with you." When he returned to his lady, he told her he had met with such a man in the prison, as he believed she would not suffer to lie in prison for conscience-sake; informing her withal who it was. She immediately bid him go back and fetch him to her. Accordingly he came to the jail, and told my father his lady wanted to speak with him. My father answered, "If anybody would speak with me, they must come where I am; for I am a prisoner." "Oh," said Cornwall, "I'll get leave of the jailer for you to go." Which he did. And when they came before the lady, she put on a majestic air, to see how the Quaker would greet her. He went up toward her, and bluntly said, "Woman, wouldst thou speak with me?"

Lady.—What's your name?

John Roberts.—My name is John Roberts; but I am commonly known by the name of John Hayward in the place where I live.

Lady.—Where do you live?

J. R.—At a village called Siddington, about a mile distant from this town.

Lady.—Are you the man that keeps conventicles at your house?

J. R.—The church of CHRIST do often meet at my house. I presume I am the man thou meanest.

Lady.—What do you lie in prison for?

J. R.—Because, for conscience-sake, I can't pay a hireling priest what he demands of me; therefore he, like the false prophets of old, prepares war against me, because I cannot put into his mouth.

Lady.—By what I have heard of you, I took you to be a wise man; and if you could not pay him yourself, you might let somebody else pay him for you.

J. R.—That would be underhand dealings; and I had rather pay him myself than be such a hypocrite.

Lady.—Then suppose some neighbor or friend should pay him for you, unknown to you, would you choose to lie in prison when you might have your liberty?

J. R.—I am very well content where I am, till it shall please GOD to make way for my freedom.

Lady.—I have a mind to set you at liberty, that I may have some of your company, which I cannot well have while you are in prison.

Then speaking to her man, she bid him go to the priest's attorney, and tell him she would satisfy him; and then pay the jailer his fees, and get a horse for my father to go to Down-Amney with her.

J. R.—If thou art a charitable woman, as I take thee to be, there are abroad in the world many real objects of charity, on whom to bestow thy bounty: but to feed such devourers as these I don't think to be charity. They are like Pharaoh's lean kine; they eat up the fat and the goodly, and look not a whit the better.

Lady.—Well, I would have you get ready to go with us.

J. R.—I don't know as thou art like to have me when thou hast bought and paid for me; for if I may have my liberty, I shall think it my place to be at home with my wife and family. But, if thou desirest it, I intend to come and see thee at Down-Amney some other time.

Lady.—That will suit me better. But set your time, and I'll lay aside all other business to have your company.

J. R.—If it please GOD to give me life, health,

and liberty, I intend to come on Seventh-day next, the day thou callest Saturday.

Lady.—Is that as far as you use to promise?

J. R.—Yes.

According to his appointment, my father went; and found her very inquisitive about the things of GOD, and very attentive to the truths he delivered. She engaged him likewise a second time, and treated him with abundance of regard. A third time she bid her man Cornwall to go to him, and desire him to appoint a day when he would pay her another visit; and then ordered him to go to priest Careless, of Cirencester, and desire him to come and take a dinner with her at the same time; and not let either of them know the other was to be there. On the day appointed, my father went; and when he had got within sight of her house, he heard a horse behind him, and looking back, he saw the priest following him; which made him conclude the lady had projected to bring them together. When the priest came up to him, "Well overtaken, John," said he; "how far are you going this way?" My father answered, "I believe we are both going to the same place." "What," said Careless, "are you going to the great house?" "Yes," said my father. "Come on then, John," said he. So then they went in together. And the lady being ill in bed, a servant went up and informed

her they were come. "What," said she, "did they come together?" "Yes," answered the servant. "I admire that," said she. "But do you beckon John out, and bring him to me first up the back stairs." When my father came up, she told him she had been very ill in a fit of the stone, and said, "I have heard you have done good in many distempers."

J. R.—I confess I have, but to this of the stone I am a stranger. Indeed I once knew a man, who lived at ease, and fared delicately, as thou mayest do, and whilst he continued in that practice he was much afflicted with that distemper. But it pleased the LORD to visit him with a knowledge of His blessed truth, which brought him to a more regular and temperate life, and this preserved him more free from it.

Lady.—Oh! I know what you aim at. You want to have me a Quaker. And I confess if I could be such a one as you are, I would be a Quaker to-morrow. But I understand Mr. Careless is below; and though you are men of different persuasions, I account you both wise and godly men; and some moderate discourse of the things of God between you, I believe, would do me good.

J. R.—If he ask me any questions, as the LORD shall enable me, I shall endeavor to give him an answer.

She then had the parson up; and after a compliment or two, said, "I made bold to send for you, to take an ordinary dinner with me, though I am disappointed of your company by my illness. But John Hayward and you, being persons of different persuasions (though, I believe, both good Christians), if you would soberly ask and answer each other a few questions, it would divert me, so that I should be less sensible of the pains I lie under."

Priest.—An't please your ladyship, I see nothing in that.

Lady.—Pray, Mr Careless, ask John some questions.

Priest.—It will not edify your ladyship; for I have discoursed John, and several others of his persuasion, divers times, and I have read their books, and all to no purpose; for they sprung from the Papists, and hold the same doctrine the Papists do. Let John deny it, if he can.

J. R.—I find thou art setting us out in very black characters with design to affright me; but therein thou wilt be mistaken. I advise thee to say no worse of us than thou canst make out, and then make us as black as thou canst. And if thou canst prove me a Papist in one thing, with the help of GOD I'll prove thee like them in ten. And this woman, who lies here in bed, shall be judge.

Priest.—The Quakers hold that damnable doctrine, and dangerous tenet, of *perfection in this life*; and so do the Papists. If you go about to deny it, John, I can prove you hold it.

J. R.—I doubt now thou art going about to belie the Papists behind their backs, as thou hast heretofore done by us. For by what I have learnt of their principles, they do not believe a state of freedom from sin and acceptance with GOD possible on this side of the grave: and therefore they have imagined to themselves a *place of purgation* after death. But whether they believe such a state attainable or no, I do.

Priest.—An't please your ladyship, John has confessed enough out of his own mouth; for that is a damnable doctrine, and dangerous tenet.

J. R.—I would ask thee one question: Dost thou own a *purgatory*?

Priest.—No.

J. R.—Then the Papists, in this case, are wiser than thou. They own the saying of CHRIST, who told the unbelieving Jews, if they died in their sins, whither he went they could not come. But, by thy discourse, thou and thy followers must needs go headlong to destruction: since thou neither ownest a place of purgation after death, nor such a preparation for heaven to be possible in this life, as is absolutely necessary. The Scripture, thou knowest, tells us.

“where death leaves us, judgment will find us.”
 “If a tree fall toward the north or the south,
 there it must lie.” And since “no unclean thing
 can enter the kingdom of heaven,” pray tell this
 poor woman, whom thou hast been preaching to
 for thy belly, whether ever, or never, she must
 expect to be freed of her sins, and made fit for
 the kingdom of heaven; or whether the blind
 must lead the blind, till both fall into the ditch.

Priest.—No, John, you mistake me: I believe
 that GOD Almighty is able of His great mercy
 to forgive persons their sins, and fit them for
 heaven a little before they depart this life.

J. R.—I believe the same. But, if thou wilt
 limit the Holy One of Israel, how long wilt thou
 give the LORD to fit a person for His glorious
 kingdom?

Priest.—It may be an hour or two.

J. R.—My faith is a day or two, as well as
 an hour or two.

Priest.—I believe so, too.

J. R.—Or a week or two. And my father
 carried it to a month or two; and so gradually
 till he brought it to seven years, the priest con-
 fessing he believed the same. On which my
 father thus proceeded: how couldst thou accuse
 me of Popery, in holding this doctrine, which
 thou thyself hast confessed? If I am like a Pa-
 pist, thou art, by thy own confession, as much a

Papist as I am. And if it be a damnable doctrine and dangerous tenet in the Quakers, is it not the same in thyself? Thou told me I mistook thee; but hast thou not mistaken thyself, in condemning thy own acknowledged opinion when uttered by me? But notwithstanding thou hast failed in making me out to be a Papist in this particular, canst thou do it in anything else? Upon this the priest being mute, my father thus proceeded: Well, though thou hast failed in proving me like them, it need not hinder me from showing thee to be so in many things. For instance, you build houses and consecrate them, calling them churches; as do the Papists. You hang bells in them and consecrate them, calling them by the name of saints; so do they. The pope and the priests of the Romish church wear surplices, gowns, cassocks, etc., calling them their ornaments? here thou hast the like: and dost not thou style them thy ornaments? You consecrate the ground where you inter your dead, calling it holy ground; so do they. In short, thou art like a Papist in so many things, he had need be a wise man to distinguish betwixt them and thee.

At this the priest appeared uneasy, and said to the lady, "Madam, I must beg your excuse; for there's to be a lecture this afternoon, and I must be there." She pressed him to stay to

dinner; but he earnestly desired to be excused. So a slice or two being cut off the spit, he ate, and took his leave.

The lady then said to my father, "Had she not seen it, she could not have believed Mr. Careless could have been so foiled in discourse by any man. For, said she, I accounted him as sound and orthodox a divine as any was; but now I must tell you, I am so far of your opinion, that if you'll let me know when you have a meeting at your house, and somebody to preach (not a silent meeting,) I'll come and hear them myself." My father answered, "He expected she would be as good as her word." Not long after came two Friends to my father's house; and though the weather was very severe, he found he could not be easy without acquainting her with it. So he went to her house; but she seemed a little surprised, saying, "What's your will now, John?" He informed her of the two Friends, and their intention of having a meeting at his house. "How can you expect," said she, "that I should go out such weather as this? You know I seldom stir out of my chamber, and to go so far will endanger my health." My father returned, "I would not have thee make excuses, as some of old did, and were not found worthy. Thou knowest time is none of ours; and we know not whether we may have the like

and we know not whether we may have the like opportunity again. The snow need not much incommode thee: thou mayest be quickly in thy coach, and, putting up the glasses, mayest be pretty warm; and when thou comest to my house, I know my wife will do her best for thee." So she ordered her coach-and-six to be got ready. (for the distance was seven miles,) saying, "John's like death, he'll not be denied." My father came along with her; and during the time of silence in the meeting, she appeared something restless; but was very attentive whilst either of the Friends were speaking. She was very well pleased after the meeting, and sat at table with the Friends. When the rest sat silent, she would be frequently whispering to my mother, till one of them spoke a few words before meat. She was ashamed, and told my mother, "when she was among the great, she was accounted a wise woman; but now," said she. "I am among you Quakers, I am a very fool." Presently after dinner, she returned home, and came several times to the meeting afterwards; and I am fully persuaded she was convinced of the Truth; but, going up to London, she was there taken ill and died.

Her man, Alexander Cornwall, was convinced of the Truth, and was afterwards a prisoner with my father in Gloucester castle; where the jailer

was very cruel to them, sometimes putting them into the common jail among felons, and at other times he would hire a tinker (who lay for his fees) to trouble them in the night by playing on his hautboy. One time in particular, my father being concerned to speak to him in the dread and power of GOD, it struck him to such a degree that he dropped the instrument out of his hand, and would never take it into hand upon that occasion any more. When the jailer asked him, "Why he discontinued it?" he answered, "They are the servants of the living GOD, and I'll never play more to disturb them, if you hang me up at the door for it." "What!" said the jailer, "are you bewitched, too? I'll turn you out of the castle." Which he did; and the Friends, who were there prisoners, raised him some money, clothed him, and away he went.

Some time after my father had three conferences with ——— Nicholson, bishop of Gloucester, introduced in the following manner: An apparitor came to cite my father to appear at the bishop's court; but he told my father he could not encourage him to come, lest they should ensnare him and send him to prison. At the same time he cited a servant of my father's, named John Overall. My father went at the time appointed, without his servant; and, when his name was called over, he answered to it. The discourse that occurred was in substance as follows:—

Bishop.—What's your name?

J. Roberts.—I have been called by my name, and answered to it.

Bishop.—I desire to hear it again.

J. R.—My name is John Roberts.

Bishop.—Well, you were born Roberts, but you were not born John. Pray who gave you that name?

J. R.—Thou hast asked me a very hard question, my name being given me before I was capable of remembering who gave it me. But I believe it was my parents, they being the only persons who had a right to give me my name. That name they always called me by, and to that name I always answered; and I believe none need call it in question now.

Bishop.—No, no; but how many children have you?

J. R.—It hath pleased God to give me six children; three of whom He was pleased to take from me; the other three are still living.

Bishop.—And how many of them have been bishoped?

J. R.—None, that I know of.

Bishop.—What reason can you give for that?

J. R.—A very good one, I think: most of my children were born in Oliver's days, when bishops were out of fashion. (At this, the court fell a laughing.)

Bishop.—How many of them have been baptized?

J. R.—What dost thou mean by that?

Bishop.—What! don't you own baptism?

J. R.—Yes; but perhaps we may differ in that point.

Bishop.—What baptism do you own? That of the Spirit, I suppose?

J. R.—What other baptism should I own?

Bishop.—Do you own but one baptism?

J. R.—If one be enough, what need of any more? The apostle said, One LORD, one faith, one baptism.

Bishop.—What say you of the baptism of water?

J. R.—I say, there was a man sent from GOD, whose name was John, who had a real commission for it; and he was the *only* man that I read of who was empowered for that work.

Bishop.—But what if I make it appear to you, that some of CHRIST'S disciples themselves baptized with water, after CHRIST'S ascension.

J. R.—I suppose that's no very difficult task; but what's that to me?

Bishop.—Is it nothing to you, what CHRIST'S disciples themselves did?

J. R.—Not in every thing; for Paul, that eminent apostle, who I suppose, thou wilt grant had as extensive a commission as any of the rest

of the apostles; nay, he says himself, he was not a whit behind the chiefest of them, and yet he honestly confesses he had no commission to baptize with *water*; and further says. "I thank God, I baptized none but such and such; for," says he, "I was not sent to baptize, (*i.e.* with water.) but to preach the gospel." And if he was not sent, I would soberly ask, who required it at his hands? Perhaps he might have as little thanks for his labor as thou mayest have for thine; and I would willingly know, *who sent thee to baptize?*

Bishop.—This is not our present business: you are here returned for not coming to church. What say you to that?

J. R.—I desire to see my accuser.

Bishop.—It is the minister and church-wardens. Do you deny it?

J. R.—Yes, I do; for it is always my *principle* and *practice* to go to church.

Bishop.—And do you go to *church*?

J. R.—Yes; and sometimes the *church* comes to me.

Bishop.—The church comes to you? I don't understand you, friend.

J. R.—It may be so; t'is often for want of a good understanding that the innocent are made to suffer.

Apparitor.—My lord, he keeps meetings at his house, and he calls that a church.

J. R.—No; I no more believe my house to be a church, than I believe what you call so to be one. I call the people of GOD, the church of GOD, wheresoever they are met to worship Him in SPIRIT and in TRUTH. And when I say the church comes to me, I mean the assembly of such worshipers, who frequently meet at my house. I do not call that a church which you do, which is made of wood and stone; that is but the workmanship of men's hands; whereas the true church consists of living stones, and is built up by CHRIST, a spiritual house to GOD.

Bishop.—We call it a church figuratively, meaning the place where the church meets.

J. R.—I fear you call it a church hypocritically and deceitfully, with design to awe the people into a veneration for the place, which is not due to it, as though your consecrations had made that house holier than others.

Bishop.—What do you call that which we call a church?

J. R.—It may properly enough be called a mass-house, it being formerly built for that purpose.

Apparitor.—Mr Hayward, it is expected you should show more respect than you do in this place, in keeping on your hat.

J. R.—Who expects it?

Apparitor.—My lord bishop.

J. R.—I expect better things from him.

Bishop.—No, no, keep on your hat; I don't expect it from you. A little after, the bishop said, Well, friend, this is not a convenient time for you and I to dispute; but I may take you to my chamber, and convince you of your errors.

J. R.—I shall take it kindly of thee, or any man else, to convince me of my errors that I hold, and would hold them no longer.

Bishop.—Call some others. Then my father's man was called; who not appearing, the apparitor said, Mr. Hayward, is John Overall here?

J. R.—I believe not.

Bishop.—What is the reason he is not here?

J. R.—I think there are very good reasons for his absence.

Bishop.—What are they? Mayn't I know?

J. R.—In the first place, he is an old man, and not of ability to undertake such a journey, except it was upon a very good account. In the second place, he is my servant; and I can't spare him out of my business in my absence.

Bishop.—Why does he not go to church then?

J. R.—He does go to church with me. (At this the court fell a-laughing.)

Bishop.—Call somebody else. Then a Baptist preacher was called; who, seeing the bishop's civility to my father, in suffering him to keep on his hat, thought to take the same liberty. At

whom the bishop put on a stern countenance, and said: "Don't you know this is the king's court, and that I sit here to represent his majesty's person? and do you come here in an uncivil and irreverent manner, in contempt of his majesty and this court, with your hat on? I confess there are some men in this world who make a conscience of putting off their hats, to whom we ought to have some regard. But for you, who can put it off to every mechanic you meet, to come here, in contempt of authority, with it on, I'll assure you, friend, you shall speed never the better for it." I heard my father say, "These words came so honestly from the bishop, that it did him good to hear him." The Baptist then taking off his hat, said: "An't please you, my lord, I han't been well in my head."

Bishop.—Why, you have got a cap on: nay, you have two caps on. (He had a black one over a white one.) What is your reason for denying your children the holy ordinance of baptism?

Baptist.—An't please you, my lord, I am not well satisfied about it.

Bishop.—What's the ground of your dissatisfaction? Did you ever see a book I published, entitled, *The Order of Baptism*?

Baptist.—No, my Lord.

Bishop.—I thought so. Then telling him

how and where he might get it, he gave him a space of time to peruse it in; and told him, "If that would not satisfy him, to come to him, and he would give him full satisfaction."

Some time after the bishop sent his bailiff to take my father; but he was then gone to Bristol with George Fox. The officers came several times and searched the house for him, pretending they only wanted him for a small trespass, which would soon be made up, if they could see him. My mother answered, "she did not believe any neighbor he had would trouble him upon such an account; for if by chance any of his cattle trespassed upon any, he would readily make him satisfaction, without further trouble; which they very well knew. However, she always treated them civilly, and frequently set meat and drink before them. My father staying away longer than was expected, they imagined he absconded for fear of them; and therefore offered my mother, if she would give them twenty shillings, to let him come home for a month; but she told them, "she knew of no wrong he had done to any man, and therefore would give them no money, for that would imply a consciousness of guilt. But," said she, "if my enemy hunger, I can feed him; and if he thirst, I can give him drink." Upon this they flew into a rage, and said they would have him if he was above ground;

for none could pardon him but the king. My father returning homewards through Tedbury, was there informed that the bailiffs had been about his house almost ever since he went from home. He therefore contrived to come home after day-light. When he came into his own grounds, the moon shining bright, he espied the shadow of a man, and asked, "Who's there?"

"It's I," said the man.

J. Roberts.—Who? Sam. Stubbs?

Sam. Stubbs.—Yes, master.

J. Roberts.—Hast thou anything against me?
(He was a bailiff.)

Sam. Stubbs.—No, master. I might; but I would not meddle. I have wronged you enough already, GOD forgive me. But those who now lie in wait for you, are the Paytons, my lord bishop's bailiffs. I would not have you fall into their hands, for they are merciless rogues. I would have you, master, take my counsel: "Ever while you live, please a knave; for an honest man won't hurt you." My father came home, and desired us not to let the bailiffs in upon him that night, that he might have an opportunity of taking counsel on his pillow. In the morning he told my mother what he had seen that night in a vision. "I thought," said he, "I was walking in a fine, pleasant, green way; but it was narrow, and had a wall on each side of it. In my way lay

something like a bear, but more dreadful. The sight of it put me to a stand. A man seeing me surprised, came to me with a smiling countenance, and said, 'Why art afraid, friend? It is chained, and can't hurt thee.' I thought I made answer, 'The way is so narrow. I cannot pass by, but it may reach me.' 'Don't be afraid,' said the man, 'it cannot hurt thee.' I saw he spoke in great good will, and thought his face shone like the face of an angel. Upon which I took courage, and stepping forward, laid my hand upon his head." The construction he made of this to my mother was: "Truth is a narrow way; and this bishop lies in my way: I must go to him, whatever I suffer." So he arose, set forward, and called upon Amariah Drewett, a Friend of of Cirencester, to accompany him. When they came to the bishop's house, (at Cleave, near Gloucester), they found a butcher's wife of Cirencester, who was come to intercede for her husband, who was put into the bishop's court for killing meat on First-days. Two young sparks of the bishop's attendants were asking her if she knew John Hayward? She answered, "Yes, very well." "What is he for a man?" said they. "A very good man," said she. "setting aside his religion; but I have nothing to say to that." One of them said, he would give five shillings to see him; the other offered eight. Upon which my

father stepped up to them; but they said not one word to him. One of them presently informed the bishop he was come; whereupon the bishop dismissed his company, and had him up stairs. My father found him seated in his chair, with his hat under his arm, assuming a majestic air. My father stood silent awhile; and, seeing the bishop did not begin with him, he approached nearer, and thus accosted him: "Old man, my business is with thee.

Bishop.—What is your business with me?

J. R.—I have heard thou hast sent out thy bailiffs to take me; but I rather chose to come myself, to know what wrong I have done thee. If it appear I have done thee any, I am ready to make thee satisfaction; but if, upon inquiry, I appear to be innocent, I desire thee, for thy own soul's sake, not to injure me.

Bishop.—You are misinformed, friend; I am not your adversary.

J. R.—Then I desire thee to tell me who is my adversary, that I may go and agree with him while I am in the way.

Bishop.—The king is your adversary. The king's laws you have broken; and to the king you shall answer.

J. R.—Our subjection to the laws is either active or passive; so that, if a man can't, for conscience sake, *do* the thing the law requires. but

passively *suffers* what the law inflicts. the law, I conceive, is as fully answered as if he had actually obeyed.

Bishop.—You are wrong in that, too; for suppose a man steal an ox. and he be taken and hanged for the fact, what restitution is that to the owner?

J. R.—None at all. But though it is no restitution to the owner. yet the *law* is fully satisfied. Though the owner be a loser, the criminal has suffered the punishment the *law* inflicts, as an equivalent for the crime committed. But thou mayest see the corruptness of such laws, which put the life of a man upon a level with the life of a beast.

Bishop.—What! do such men as you find fault with the laws?

J. R.—Yes: and I'll tell thee plainly, it is high time wiser men were chosen, to make better laws. For if this thief was taken and sold for a proper term, according to the law of Moses, and the owner had four oxen for his ox. and four sheep for his sheep, he would be well satisfied, and the man's life preserved. that he might repent, and amend his ways. But I hope thou dost not accuse me of having stolen any man's ox or ass?

Bishop.—No, no; GOD forbid!

J. R.—Then, if thou pleasest to give me leave, I'll state a case more parallel to the matter in hand.

Bishop.—You may.

J. R.—There lived in days past Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who set up an image, and made a decree, that all who would not bow down to it, should be cast the same hour into a burning fiery furnace. There were then three young men, who served the same GOD that I do now, and these durst not bow down to it; but passively submitted their bodies to the flames. Was not that a sufficient satisfaction to the unjust decree of the king?

Bishop.—Yes; GOD forbid else! For that was to worship the workmanship of men's hands; which is idolatry.

J. R.—Is that thy judgment, that to worship the workmanship of men's hands is idolatry?

Bishop.—Yes, certainly.

J. R.—Then give me leave to ask thee, by whose hands the Common-Prayer book was made? I am sure it was made by somebody's hands, for it could not make itself.

Bishop.—Do you compare our Common-Prayer book to Nebuchadnezzar's *image*?

J. R.—Yes, I do: that was his image, and this is thine. And be it known unto thee, I speak it in the dread of the GOD of heaven, I no more dare bow to thy Common-Prayer book, than the three children to Nebuchadnezzar's image.

Bishop.—Your's is a strange upstart religion of

a very few years standing; and you are grown so confident in it, that there is no beating you out of it.

J. R.—Out of my religion! God forbid! I was a long time seeking acquaintance with the living GOD amongst the dead forms of worship, and inquiring after the right way and worship of GOD, before I could find it; and now, I hope, neither thou, nor any man living, shall be able to persuade me out of it. But though thou art an ancient man, and a bishop, I find thou art very ignorant of the rise and antiquity of our religion.

Bishop (smiling).—Do you Quakers pretend antiquity for your religion?

J. R.—Yes; and I don't question but, with the help of GOD, I can make it appear, that our religion was many hundred years before thine was thought of.

Bishop.—You see, I have given you liberty of discourse, and have not sought to ensnare you in your words; but if you can make the Quaker's religion appear to be many hundred years older than mine, you'll speed the better.

J. R.—If I do not, I seek no favor at thy hands; and in order to do it. I hope thou wilt give me liberty to ask a few sober questions.

Bishop.—You may.

J. R.—Then first I would ask thee, Where was thy religion in Oliver's days? The Com-

mon-Prayer book was then become (even among the clergy) like an old almanac, very few regarding it in our country. There were two or three priests, indeed, who stood honestly to their principles, and suffered pretty much; but the far greater number turned with the tide; and we have reason to believe, that if Oliver would have put mass into their mouths, they would have conformed even to that, for their bellies.

Bishop.—What would you have us do? Would you have had Oliver cut our throats?

J. R.—No, by no means. But what religion was that you were afraid to venture your throats for? Be it known to thee, I ventured my throat for my religion in Oliver's days, as I do now.

Bishop.—And I must tell you, though in Oliver's days I did not dare own it as I now do, yet I never owned any other religion.

J. R.—Then I suppose thou madest a conscience of it; and I should abundantly rather choose to fall into such a man's hands, than into the hands of one who makes no conscience towards GOD, but will conform to anything for his belly. But if thou didst not think thy religion worthy venturing thy throat for in Oliver's days, I desire thee to consider, it is not worth cutting other men's throats now, for not conforming to it.

Bishop.—You say right: I hope we shall have a care how we cut men's throats. (Several others were now come into the room). But you know the Common-Prayer book was before Oliver's days.

J. R.—Yes: I have a great deal of reason to know that; for I was bred up under a Common-Prayer priest, and a poor drunken old man he was. Sometimes he was so drunk he could not say his prayers, and at best he could but say them; though I think he was by far a better man than he that is priest there now.

Bishop.—Who is your minister now?

J. R.—My minister is CHRIST JESUS, the minister of the everlasting covenant; but the present priest of the parish is George Bull.

Bishop.—Do you say that drunken old man was better than Mr. Bull? I tell you I account Mr. Bull as sound, able, and orthodox a divine as any we have among us.

J. R.—I am sorry for that; for if he be one of the best of you, I believe the LORD will not suffer you long; for he is a proud, ambitious, ungodly man; he hath often sued me at law, and brought his servants to swear against me wrongfully. His servants themselves have confessed to my servants, that I might have their ears; for their master made them drunk, and then told them they were set down in the list as witnesses

against me, and they must swear to it; and so they did, and brought treble damages. They likewise owned they took tithes from my servants, threshed them out, and sold them for their master. They have also several times took my cattle out of my grounds, drove them to fairs and markets, and sold them, without giving me any account.

Bishop.—I do assure you, I will inform Mr. Bull of what you say.

J. R.—Very well. And if thou pleasest to send for me to face him, I shall make much more appear to his face than I'll say behind his back.

Bishop.—But I remember you said, you would make it appear that your religion was long before mine, and that is what I want to hear you make out.

J. R.—Our religion, as thou mayest read in the Scripture (John iv.), was set up by CHRIST himself between sixteen and seventeen hundred years ago; and he had full power to establish the true religion in his church, when he told the woman of Samaria, that neither at that mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, was the place of true worship; they worshiped they knew not what. For, said he, GOD is a SPIRIT, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in SPIRIT and in TRUTH. This is our religion, and hath ever been the re-

ligion of all those who have worshiped GOD acceptably through the several ages since, down to this time; and will be the religion of the true spiritual worshipers of GOD to the world's end: a religion performed by the assistance of the Spirit of GOD, because GOD is a SPIRIT; a religion established by CHRIST himself, before the mass-book, service-book, or directory, or any of those inventions or traditions of men, which, in the night of apostasy, were set up.

Bishop.—Are all the Quakers of the same opinion?

J. R.—Yes, they are. If any hold doctrines contrary to that taught by our Saviour to the woman of Samaria, they are not of us.

Bishop.—Do you own the Trinity?

J. R.—I don't remember such a word in the holy Scriptures.

Bishop.—Do you own three persons?

J. R.—I believe, according to the Scripture, that there are three that bear record in heaven, and that these three are one; thou mayest make as many persons of them as thou canst. But I would soberly ask thee, since the Scriptures say, the heavens cannot contain Him, and that He is incomprehensible, by what person or likeness canst thou comprehend the Almighty?

Bishop.—Your's is the strangest of all persuasions; for though there are many sects (which he

named), and though they and we differ in some circumstances, yet in fundamentals we agree as one. But I observe you of all others, strike at the very root and basis of our religion.

J. R.—Art thou sensible of that?

Bishop.—Yes, I am.

J. R.—I am glad of that; for the root is rottenness, and Truth strikes at the very foundation thereof. That little stone which Daniel saw cut out of the mountain without hands, will overturn all in GOD'S due time, when you have done all you can to support it. But as to those others thou mentionest, there is so little difference between you, that wise men wonder why you differ at all; only we read, "the beast had many heads, and many horns, which push against each other." And yet I am fully persuaded there are, in this day, many true spiritual worshipers in all persuasions.

Bishop.—But you will not give us the same liberty you give a common mechanic, to call our tools by the same names.

J. R.—I desire thee to explain thyself.

Bishop.—Why, you will give a carpenter leave to call his gimlet a gimlet, and his gouge a gouge; but you call our church a mass-house.

J. R.—I wish you were half so honest men as carpenters.

Bishop.—Why do you upbraid us?

J. R.—I would not upbraid you; but I'll endeavor to show you wherein you fall short of carpenters. Suppose I have a son intended to learn the trade of a carpenter; I indent with an honest man of that calling, in consideration of so much money, to teach my son his trade in such a term of years; at the end of which term my son may be as good or, perhaps, a better workman than his master, and he shall be at liberty from him to follow the business for himself. Now, will you be so honest as this carpenter? You are men who pretend to know more of light, life, and salvation, and things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven, than we do. I would ask, in how long a time you would undertake to teach us as much as you know; and what shall we give you, that we may be once free from our masters? But here you keep us always learning, that we may be always paying you. Plainly, it is a very cheat. What! always learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of GOD? Miserable sinners you found us, and miserable sinners you leave us!

Bishop.—Are you against confession?

J. R.—No: for I believe those who confess and forsake their sins, shall find mercy at the hand of GOD; but those who persist in them shall be punished. But if ever you intend to be better, you must throw away your old book, and get a new one, or turn over a new leaf; for if

you keep on in your old lesson, you must be always doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what you ought to do, and you can never do worse. I believe in my heart you mock GOD.

Bishop.—How dare you say so?

J. R.—I'll state the case, and thou shalt judge. Suppose thou hadst a son, and thou shouldst daily let him know what thou wouldst have him do, and he should, day by day, week by week, and year after year, provoke thee to thy face, and say, father, I have not done what thou commandest me to do; but have done quite the contrary; and continue to provoke thee to thy face in this manner once or oftener every week; wouldst thou not think him a rebellious child, and that his application to thee was mere mockery, and would it not occasion thee to disinherit him? After some more discourse, my father told him, time was far spent; and, said he, if nothing will serve thee but my body in a prison, here it is in thy power; and if thou commandest me to deliver myself up, either to the sheriff, or to the jailer of Gloucester castle, as the prisoner, I will go, and seek no other judge, advocate, or attorney to plead my cause, but the great Judge of heaven and earth, who knows I have nothing but love and good will in my heart to thee and all mankind.

Bishop.—No; you shall go home about your business.

J. R.—Then I desire thee, for the future, not to trouble thyself to send any more bailiffs after me; for if thou pleasest at any time to let me know, by a line or two, that thou wouldst speak with me, though it be to send me to prison, if I am well and able, I'll come.

The bishop then called for something to drink; but my father acknowledged his kindness, and excused himself from drinking. And the bishop being called out of the room, one Cuthbert, who took offence at my father's freedom with the bishop, said, "Hayward, you're afraid of nothing; I never met with such a man in my life. I'm afraid of my life, lest such fanatics as you should cut my throat as I sleep."

J. R.—I don't wonder that thou art afraid.

Cuthbert.—Why should I be afraid any more than you?

J. R.—Because I am under the protection of Him who numbereth the very hairs of my head, and without whose providence a sparrow shall not fall to the ground; but thou hast Cain's mark of envy on thy forehead, and, like him, art afraid that whoever meets thee should kill thee.

Cuthbert (in a great rage).—If all the Quakers in England are not hanged in a month's time, I'll be hanged for them.

J. R. (smiling.)—Prithee, friend, remember, and be as good as thy word.

My father and his friend Amariah Drewett then took their leave, and returned home with the answer of peace in their bosoms.

Some time after this, the bishop and the chancellor, in their coaches, accompanied by Thomas Masters, Esq., in his coach, and about twenty clergymen on horseback, made my father's house in their way to the visitation, which was to be at Tedbury the next day. They stopped at the gate, and George Evans, the bishop's kinsman, rode into the yard, to call my father; who coming to the bishop's coach side, he put out his hand (which my father respectfully took), saying, "I could not well go out of the county without seeing you." "That's very kind," said my father; wilt thou please to alight and come in, with those who are along with thee?"

Bishop.—I thank you, John; we are going to Tedbury, and time will not admit of it now; but I will drink with you, if you please.

My father went in, and ordered some drink to be brought, and then returned to the coach side.

Geo. Evans.—John, is your house free to entertain such men as we are?

J. R.—Yes, George; I entertain honest men, and sometimes others.

G. Evans (to the bishop).—My lord, John's

friends are the honest men, and we are the others.

J. R.—That's not fair, George, for thee to put thy construction on my words; thou shouldest have given me leave to do that.

Squire Masters came out of his coach, and stood by the bishop's coach side; and the chancellor, in a diverting humor, said to my father, "My lord and these gentlemen have been to see your burying-ground, and we think you keep it very decent," (this piece of ground my father had given to Friends for that purpose; it lay at the lower end of his orchard). My father answered, "Yes, though we are against pride, we think it commendable to be decent."

Chancellor.—But there is one thing among you which I did not expect to see; I think it looks a little superstitious: I mean those grave-stones which are placed at the head and feet of your graves.

J. R.—That I confess is what I cannot much plead for; but it was permitted to gratify some who had their relations there interred. We, notwithstanding, propose to have them taken up ere long, and converted to some better use. But I desire thee to take notice, we had it from among you; and I have observed in many things wherein we have taken you for a pattern, you have led us wrong; and therefore we are now

resolved, with the help of GOD, not to follow you one step farther.

At this the bishop smiled, and said, "John, I think your beer is long a coming."

J. R.—I suppose my wife is willing thou shouldest have the best, and therefore stays to broach a fresh vessel.

Bishop.—Nay, if it be for the best, we'll stay.

Presently my mother brought the drink; and when the bishop had drank, he said, "*I commend you, John, you keep a cup of good beer in your house. I have not drank any that has pleased me better since I came from home.*" The chancellor drank next; and the cup coming round again to my father's hand, Squire Masters said to him, "Now, old school-fellow, I hope you'll drink to me."

J. R.—Thou knowest it is not my practice to drink to any man; if it was, I would as soon drink to thee as another, being my old acquaintance and school-fellow; but if thou art pleased to drink, thou art very welcome.

The Squire then taking his cup into his hand, said, "*Now, John, before my lord and all those gentlemen, tell me what ceremony or compliment do you Quakers use when you drink to one another?*"

J. R.—None at all. For me to drink to an-

other and drink the liquor, is at best but a compliment, and that borders much on a lie.

Squire Masters.—What do you do then?

J. R.—Why if I have a mind to drink, I take the cup and drink; and if my friend pleases, he does the same; if not, he may let it alone.

Squire Masters.—Honest John, give me thy hand; here's to thee with all my heart; and, according to thy own compliment, if thou wilt drink, thou mayest; if not, thou mayest let it alone.

My father then offering the cup to Priest Bull, he refused it, saying, "It is full of hops and heresy." To which my father replied, "As for hops, I cannot say much, not being at the brewing of it; but as for heresy, I do assure thee, neighbor Bull, there is none in my beer; and if thou pleasest to drink, thou art welcome; but if not, I desire thee to take notice, as good as thou wilt, and those who are as well able to judge of heresy. Here, thy lord bishop hath drank of it, and commends it; he finds no heresy in the cup.

Bishop—(leaning over the coach door, and whispering to my father), said, John. I advise you to take care you don't offend against the higher powers. I have heard great complaints against you, that you are the ringleader of the Quakers in this country; and that if you are not

suppressed, all will signify nothing. Therefore, pray, John, take care for the future, you don't offend any more.

J. R.—I like thy counsel very well, and intend to take it. But thou knowest GOD is the higher power; and you mortal men, however advanced in this world, are but the lower power; and it is only because I endeavor to be obedient to the will of the higher powers, that the lower powers are angry with me. But I hope, with the assistance of GOD, to take thy counsel, and be subject to the higher powers, let the lower powers do with me as it may please GOD to suffer them.

Bishop.—I want some more discourse with you. Will you go with me to Mr. Bull's?

J. R.—Thou knowest he hath no good will for me. I had rather attend on thee elsewhere.

Bishop.—Will you come to-morrow to Tedbury?

J. R.—Yes, if thou desirest it.

Bishop.—Well, I do. The bishop then took his leave, and went not to George Bull's, at which he was very much offended.

Next morning my father took his son Nathaniel with him, in case the bishop (in compliance with the violent clamors of the priests) should send him to prison, which he expected. As they were passing along a street in Tedbury,

they were met by Anthony Sharp, of Ireland, whose mother lived at Tedbury. After he understood by my father where he was going, he asked him if he would accept of a companion? "If thou hast a mind to go to prison," says my father, "thou mayest go with me." "I'll venture that," replied Anthony, "for if I do, I shall have good company." When they came to the foot of the stairs which led up to the bishop's chamber, they were espied by George Evans, who said, "Come up, John, my lord thought you long." When they came up, the bishop was just sitting down to dinner, with a number of clergymen, and offering to make room for my father, he excused himself, and retired with his friend till dinner was over. The bishop spoke to the woman of the house for another room, which (it being market day) was soon filled with priests and clothiers.

Bishop (putting on a stern countenance), said, "Come, John, I must turn over a new leaf with you. If you will not promise me to go to church, and to keep no more of these seditious conventicles at your house, I must make your mittimus, and send you to prison.

J. R.—Would thou have me shut my doors against my friends? It was but yesterday that thou thyself, and many others here present, were at my house; and I was so far from shutting my

doors against you, that I invited you in, and you should have been welcome to the best entertainment I had.

Bishop.—It is those meetings I speak of which you keep at your house, to the terror of the country.

J. R.—This I'll promise thee, before all this company, that if any plotters or ill-minded persons come to my house, to plot or conspire against the king or government, if I know it, I'll be the first informer against them myself, though I have not a penny for my labor. But if honest and sober people come to my house, to wait upon and worship the GOD of heaven, in SPIRIT and in TRUTH, such shall be welcome to me as long as I have a house for them to meet in; and if I should have none, the LORD will provide one for them.

Bishop.—Will you promise to go to your own parish church, to hear Divine service?

J. R.—I can promise no such thing. The last time I was there, I was moved and required of the LORD, whom I serve, to bear my testimony against a hireling priest, who was preaching for hire and divining for money; and he was angry with me, and caused the people to turn me out. And I don't intend to trouble him again till he learn more civility, except the LORD require it of me.

Bishop.—Send for the constable; I must take another course.

J. R.—If thou shouldest come to my house under a pretence of friendship, and, in a Judas-like manner, betray me hither to send me to prison, as I have hitherto commended thee for thy moderation, I should then have occasion to put thy name in print, and cause it to stink before all sober people. But it is those priests who set thee on mischief. I would not have thee hearken to them; but bid them take up some honest vocation, and rob their honest neighbors no longer. They are like a company of caterpillars, who destroy the fruits of the earth, and live on the fruits of other men's labors.

The priest Rich, of North Surrey, said, "who are those you call caterpillars?"

J. R.—We husbandmen call them caterpillars who live on the fruits of other men's fields, and on the sweat of other men's brows. And if thou dost so, thou mayest be one of them.

Rich.—May it please your lordship, if you suffer such a man as this to *thou* your lordship, and call you *old man*, what will become of us?

J. R.—We honor old age, if it be found in the way of well doing; but one would not think you would be such dunces as to forget grammar rules. You bred up at Oxford and Cambridge; for what? I that am a layman, and bred up at

plough-tail, understand the singular and plural numbers. Thee and thou is proper to a single person, if it be to a prince; thou knowest it, old man. What! have you forgot your prayers? Is it you, O LORD, or thou, O LORD, in your prayers? Will you not accept the same language from your fellow mortals which you give to the Almighty? What spirit was that in proud Haman, that would have poor Mordecai to bow to him?

Bishop.—This won't do. Make their mittimus. What's your name?

Anthony Sharp.—My name is Anthony Sharp.

Bishop.—Where do you live?

A. S.—At Dublin, in the kingdom of Ireland.

Bishop.—What's your business here?

A. S.—My mother lives in this town. And as she is such, and an ancient woman, I thought it my duty to come and see her.

J. R.—He only came hither in good will to bear me company. If thou please, lay the more on me, and let him go free.

Bishop.—No; he may be as dangerous a person as yourself; and as you came for company, you shall go for company. Send for the constable, to take them into custody.

The woman of the house, understanding the constable was to be sent for, dispatches a messenger to him to bid him get out of the way; but

the messenger missing him, he came to the house by accident; to whom the landlady said, "What do you here, when honest John Hayward is going to be sent to prison? Here, come along with me." The constable being willing, she concealed him in another room; and the bishop's messenger bringing him word that the constable was not to be found, he said to my father:—

Bishop.—Here are many gentlemen who have a great way home, and I can send you to prison in the afternoon; so you may take your liberty till six o'clock.

My father perceived his intent was to get rid of his company, so he withdrew, with his friend Anthony Sharp; and at six o'clock returned without him, and found only two persons with him, *i.e.* Edward Barnet, a surgeon of Cockerton, and parson Hall.

Bishop.—So, John, you are come. 'Tis well; I want some more discourse with you.

Parson Hall.—An't please you, my lord, let me discourse him.

Bishop.—Ay, do, Mr. Hall; John will give you an answer.

P. H.—'Tis a great pity such men as you should have the light, sight, and knowledge of the Scriptures; for the knowledge of the Scriptures hath made you mad.

J. R.—Why should not I have the privilege

of buying the Scriptures for my money, as well as thou or any other man? But you priests, like the Papists, would have us laymen kept in ignorance, that we might pin our faith on your sleeves; and so the blind lead the blind, till both fall into the ditch. But if the knowledge of the Scriptures hath made me mad, the knowledge of the sack-pot hath almost made thee mad; and if we two mad men should dispute about religion, we should make mad work of it. But as thou art an unworthy man, I'll not dispute with thee.

P. H.—An't please you, my lord, he says I am drunk.

J. R.—Wilt thou speak an untruth before thy lord bishop.

P. H.—He did say I was drunk, my lord.

Bishop.—What did you say, John? I'll believe you.

My father repeating what he said before, the bishop held up his hands, and (smiling) said, "Did you say so, John?" By which Hall perceiving the bishop did not incline to favor him, went away in a huff. The bishop then, directing his discourse to my father, said, "John, I thought you dealt hardly with me to-day, in telling me, before so many gentlemen, that I came to your house in a Judas-like manner, and betrayed you hither to send you to prison; for if

I had not done what I did, people would have reported me an encourager of the Quakers.”

J. R.—If they had, it would have been no discredit to thee.

Bishop.—Come now, John, I'll burn your mitimuses before your face. And now, Mr Barnet, I have a mind to ask John some questions. John, I have heard Mr. Bull say strange things of you; that you can tell where to find anything that is lost as well as any cunning man. But I desire to hear it from your own mouth. It was about some cows that a neighbor had lost, and could nowhere find them till he applied to you.

J. R.—If thou pleasest to hear me, I'll tell thee the truth of that story.

Bishop.—Pray, do; I shall believe you, John.

J. R.—I had a poor neighbor, who had a wife and six children, and whom the chief men about us permitted to keep six or seven cows upon the waste, which were the principal support of the family, and preserved them from becoming chargeable to the parish. One very stormy night the cattle were left in the yard as usual, but could not be found in the morning. The man and his sons had sought them to no purpose; and after they had been lost four days, his wife came to me, and, in a great deal of grief, cried, “O LORD! master Hayward, we are undone! My husband and I must go a-begging in our old age! We

have lost all our cows. My husband and the boys have been round the country, and can hear nothing of them. I'll down on my bare knees if you'll stand our friend!" I desired she should not be in such an agony, and told her she should not down on her knees to me; but I would gladly help them in what I could. "I know," said she, "you are a good man, and GOD will hear your prayers." I desire thee, said I, to be still and quiet in thy mind: perhaps thy husband or sons may hear of them to-day; if not, let thy husband get a horse, and come to me to-morrow morning as soon as he will; and I think, if it please GOD, to go with him to seek them. The woman seemed transported with joy, crying, "Then we shall have our cows again." Her faith being so strong, brought the greater exercise on me, with strong cries to the LORD, that He would be pleased to make me instrumental in His hand, for the help of the poor family. In the morning early comes the old man: "In the name of GOD," says he, "which way shall we go to seek them?" I, being deeply concerned in my mind, did not answer him till he had thrice repeated it; and then I answered, "In the name of GOD I would go to seek them;" and said, before I was well aware, "we will go to Malmsbury, and at the horse-fair we shall find them." When I had spoken the words, I was much troubled lest they should not

prove true. It was very early, and the first man we saw, I asked him if he had seen any stray milch cows thereabouts? "What manner of cattle are they?" said he. And the old man describing their marks and numbers, he told us there were some stood chewing their cud in the horse-fair; but thinking they belonged to some in the neighborhood, he did not take particular notice of them. When we came to the place, the old man found them to be his; but suffered his transports of joy to rise so high, that I was ashamed of his behavior; for he fell a hallooing, and threw up his montier cap in the air several times, till he raised the neighbors out of their beds to see what was the matter. "O!" said he, "I had lost my cows four or five days ago, and thought I should never see them again; and this honest neighbor of mine told me this morning, by his own fire's-side, nine miles off, that here I should find them, and here I have them!" Then up goes his cap again. I begged of the poor man to be quiet, and take his cows home and be thankful; as indeed I was, being reverently bowed in my spirit before the LORD, in that He was pleased to put the words of Truth into my mouth. And the man drove his cattle home, to the great joy of his family.

Bishop.—I remember another Mr. Bull told me, about a parcel of sheep a neighbor had lost, and you told him where to find them.

J. R.—The truth of the story is this: A neighbor of mine, one John Curtis, (at that time a domestic of George Bull's,) kept some sheep of his own; and it so fell out, that he lost them for some days; but happening to see me, and knowing I went pretty much abroad, he desired me, if I should see them anywhere in my travels, to let him know it. It happened the next day, as I was riding toward my own field, my dogs being with me, put up a hare, and seeing they were likely to kill her, I rode up to take them off, that she might escape; and, by mere accident, I espied John Curtis's sheep in one corner of the field, in a thick, briery part of the hedge, wherein they stood as secure as if they had been in a pound. I suppose they had been driven thither by the hounds. When I came home, I sent him word of it. And though this is no more than a common accident, I find George Bull hath endeavored to improve it to my disadvantage.

Bishop.—I remember one story more he told me about a horse.

J. R.—If I shan't tire thy patience, I'll acquaint thee how that was: One Edward Symonds came from London to see his parents at Siddington. They put his horse to grass in some ground, with their own, beyond a part of mine, called the Fursen Leases, through which they went with the horse; and when they wanted to

take him from grass, they could not find him. After he had been lost some time, and they cried him at several market-towns, somebody (who, 'tis likely, might have heard the former stories told, as thou mightest hear them) directed this Edward Symmonds to me; who telling me the case, I asked him which way they had the horse to grass? He answered through the Fursen Leases. I told him the horse being a stranger in the place, 'twas very likely he might endeavor to bend homewards, and lose himself in the Fursen Leases; for there are a great many acres belonging to me and others, under that name, which are so overgrown with furze bushes, that a horse may lie there concealed a long time. I therefore advised him to get a great deal of company, and search the places diligently, as if they were beating for a hare; which if he did, I was of the mind he would find him. The man did take my advice, and found him. And where is the cunning of all this? 'Tis no more than their own reason might have directed them to, had they properly considered the case.

Bishop.—I wanted to hear these stories from your own mouth; though I did not, nor should have credited them, in the sense Mr. Bull related them: but I believe you, John. And now, Mr. Barnet, we'll ask John some serious questions. I can compare him to nothing but a good ring

of bells. You know, Mr. Barnet, a ring of bells may be made of as good metal as can be put into bells, but they may be out of tune. So we may say of John: he is a man of as good metal as ever I met with, but he's quite out of tune.

J. R.—Thou mayest well say so; for I can't tune after thy pipe.

Bishop.—Well, John, I remember to have read, at the preaching of the apostle the heart of Lydia was opened. Can you tell us what it was that opened Lydia's heart?

J. R.—I believe I can.

Bishop.—I thought so. I desire you to do it.

J. R.—It was nothing but the key of David.

Bishop.—Nay, now, John; I think you are going wrong.

J. R.—If thou pleasest to speak, I'll hear thee; but if thou wouldst have me speak, I desire thee to hear me.

Bishop.—Come, Mr. Barnet, we'll hear John.

J. R.—It is written, Thou hast the key of David, which opens, and none can shut; and if Thou shuttest, none can open. And that is no other but the Spirit of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. It was the same spiritual key that opened the heart of Moses, the first penman of the Scripture, and gave him a sight of things from the beginning. It was the same spiritual key that opened the hearts of all the holy patriarchs, prophets,

and apostles, in ages past, who left their experience of the things of GOD upon record; which if they had not done, your bishops and priests would not have had anything to make a trade of; for it is by telling the experiences of these holy men, that you get your great bishoprics and parsonages; and the same spiritual key hath, blessed be GOD, opened the hearts of thousands in this age; and the same spiritual key hath, in a measure, opened my heart, and given me to distinguish things that differ; and it must be the same that must open thy heart, if ever thou comest to have it truly opened.

Bishop.—It is the Truth, the very Truth; I never heard it so defined before. John, I have done you much wrong; I desire you to forgive me, and I'll never wrong you more.

J. R.—I do heartily forgive thee, as far as it is in my power; and I truly pray the Father of mercies may forgive thee, and make thee His. As to the latter part, that thou wilt never wrong me more, I am of the same mind with thee; for it is in my heart to tell thee, I shall never see thy face any more.

Bishop.—I have heard you once told the jailer of Gloucester so, and it proved true.

J. R.—That jailer had been very cruel to me, and the rest of our friends, who were then prisoners. He had kept us in the prison from the

session to the assize, and from the assize to the sessions, omitting to put our names in the calendar, that we might not have a hearing. At length I found means, at an assize time, to acquaint the judge, by letter, of his illegal proceedings. In consequence of which, we were ordered to be put in the calendar, had a hearing, and were acquitted. The judge severely reprimanded the jailer, saying: "Sirrah! if ever I hear that you do the like for the future, I'll take care that you shall be jailer here no longer. Shall I come here to hear and determine causes, and shall you keep men in prison during your pleasure, and not put their names in the calendar?" The jailer coming out of the court, was heard by the turnkey to say, "'Twas along of Hayward that I was so severely reprimanded by the judge; and if ever he come into the castle again, he shall never come out alive." Upon which the turnkey took an opportunity to find me out, and informing me of it. further said, "I would not have you by any means come back to the castle to-night to fetch any of your things; for, if you do, he'll certainly detain you for his fees. I'll take equal care of your things, as if you yourself were present to do it." I acknowledged his kindness, and went home. When the jailer returned to the castle, he asked the turnkey where the Quakers were? He answered, "he thought it his business to take

care of the felons, and to leave Quakers to him." Not long after, being constable, I secured a felon who broke out of the castle, and sent the turnkey notice of it. He coming over to fetch him back, begged, if by any means I could prevent it, that I would not come any more a prisoner to the castle while his master was jailer; "for," says he, "if you do, he swears you shall never go out alive; and that hour you come in, I'll leave the castle, for I can't stay there to see you abused." "Does he still say so?" said I. "Yes, he does," said he. "Then remember me to him," said I, and tell him from me, I shall never see his face any more." Soon after it pleased GOD to take him away by death; and in a little time I was had prisoner there again.

This was the last conference my father had with the bishop, who died soon after.

Some time after, our friends, having been kept out of their meeting-house at Cirencester a considerable time, had continued to meet in the streets. But orders being given one day to permit them to meet in the house, they did; and while Theophila Townsend was in prayer, the bishop, (successor to bishop Nicholson,) Sir John Guise, William Burcher, of Barnsley, justice of peace, with a large company attending them, came in. The bishop laid his hand on Theophila's head, saying, "Enough, good woman,

enough; desist, desist." When she had done, Richard Bowley, of Cirencester, went to prayer. And when he had done, Sir John Guise asked his name.

R. Bowley.—My name is Richard Bowley.

Sir J. Guise.—Where do you live?

R. B.—In this town.

Sir J. G.—What trade are you?

R. B.—A malster.

Sir J. G.—Set down Richard Bowley £20 for preaching. Whose house is this?

J. Roberts.—This house hath many owners.

Sir J. G.—But who is the landlord?

J. R.—One who is able to give us a quiet possession of it.

Sir J. G.—I demand of you who is the landlord of it?

J. R.—The king is our landlord.

Sir J. G.—How is the king your landlord?

J. R.—It is the king's land, and we pay the king's auditors. And we are not only his peaceable subjects, but also his good tenants, who pay him his rent. Therefore we have reason to hope he will give us peaceable possession of our bargain.

Sir J. G.—Who pays the king's auditors?

R. B.—I do.

Sir J. G.—Set down Richard Bowley £20 for the house.

J. R.—Who is that, (speaking to the other justices.) who is so forward to take names, and levy fines?

Jus. Burcher.—Don't you know him? 'Tis Sir J. Guise.

Sir J. G.—What's that to you? What's your name?

J. R.—I am not ashamed of my name. But if thy name be John Guise, I knew thy father by a very remarkable incident; and I would have thee take warning by thy father. *A word to the wise is sufficient.*

Sir J. G.—Here constable, take this fellow and lay him by the heels; he affronts me.

J. R.—My heels, man! Fear and dread the living God. I am not afraid of being laid by the heels. The constable not being forward to obey his orders, he took my father by one arm, and bid the constable take him by the other. So they led him into the street, and bid him go about his business. "I am about my business," said my father; and, on their going in again, my father followed them.

Sir J. G.—Hayward, I thought I had you out. What do you do here again?

J. R.—I come to see how thou behavest among my friends; and if thou dost not behave thyself well, I shall make bold to tell thee of it.

Sir J. G.—I command you in the king's name to go out again.

J. R.—If thou pleasest to go out first, I'll follow. With some pains he got all his friends out of the house, and ordered all the forms to be brought out into the street; which was done. On which my father said, "The seats are our own, and we may as well sit as stand." So the Friends sat down; but presently they were broke up and dispersed. Not long after, John Timbrel, a Friend of Cirencester, wrote to justice Burcher, and told him, amongst other things, he had till then a better opinion of him than to think he would set his hand to such a work; and that he was sorry he should be one in it. Sir John being acquainted with it by justice Burcher, sent out a special warrant against J. Timbrel. The constable, who had it to serve, was so civil as to inform him of it, and tell him he would not serve it on him till the market was over. However, he left his market, came to my father, told him of the warrant, and asked his advice. My father advised him not to stay for the serving of the warrant, but go directly for Sir John. He engaging my father to accompany him, away they went.

When they came before Sir John, J. Timbrel said, "I heard thou hast sent out a warrant to bring me before thee; but I chose rather to come without it."

Sir John.—What's your name?

J. Timbrel.—My name is John Timbrel.

Sir J.—Are you that saucy pragmatic fellow that wrote to Mr. Burcher, to deter him from executing the king's law?

J. T.—Hast thou seen the letter?

Sir J.—No; but I have an account of it.

J. R.—Then though thou art a young man, I desire thee to show thyself so much a wise man, as not to condemn anything thou hast not seen. I have seen a copy of it, and think there is a great deal of advice in it; and I wish both thou and William Burcher were so wise as to take it.

Sir J.—I thought you were the writer or inditer of it, though Timbrel's name was to it.

J. R.—No, I was not. I knew nothing of it till after it was sent.

Sir J.—But I remember you affronted me the other day, before a great number of people concerning my father. Pray what do you know of my father?

J. R.—Some time ago, several of my friends being met together with me, in a peaceable manner, to worship GOD at Stoke Orchard, thy father came in with a file of musqueteers at his heels, and beat and abused us very much. I then warned him in abundance of love. Yet he did not seem to regard it, but sent about twelve of us to Gloucester Castle. I then told him GOD would plead our cause with him; and I was credibly informed, that (not the very night, but) the next

night after, he went to bed as well in appearance as usual; but in the morning, he not ringing a certain bell, which he had by him for that purpose, at the time he used to do, his housekeeper went up several times, and thought he was asleep; but at length suspecting something more than ordinary, she made a closer inspection; and perceiving his countenance changed, she threw open the curtains in a great surprise; on which he just flashed open his eyes, but said not a word. She asked him how he did? but he made no answer; which made her cry more earnestly, "Pray, sir, how do you do? how is it with you? for GOD'S sake tell me." And all he said to her was, "Oh, these Quakers! oh, these Quakers! Would to GOD I never had a hand against these Quakers!" I did not hear that ever he spoke more.

Sir John seemed surprised at this relation, and did not contradict it in the least; which it is reasonable to think he would, and with resentment too, had it not been true. Yet, notwithstanding this fair warning, he continued his practice of granting warrants against us. But the officers were generally so civil as to acquaint us with it in time. Some time after this, Sir J. Guise and Sir Robert Atkins, being at Perrot's Brook, two miles from Cirencester, quarreled as they were gaming. Sir John drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction. But those in the house stepped be-

tween them, and parted them. They seeming to appear pacified, sat down to play again; but afterwards, taking a walk together in the bowling-green, the breast of Sir John being still filled with resentment, he said, "Sir Robert, you gave me the lie, and I will have satisfaction."

Sir Robert.—If I have said anything more than is common for gentlemen to say to each other in their play, betwixt you and I, I ask your pardon.

Sir John.—If you'll go in, and ask it before the people of the house, I will put it up; otherwise I will not.

Sir Robert.—No, Sir John, that's beneath me.

Sir John.—Then draw; or you shall die like a dog.

They both drew; and Sir Robert gave him a gentle prick in the arm, and said, I desire you, Sir John, to take that for satisfaction. I could have had you elsewhere, but was unwilling to do you farther mischief.

Sir John.—I'll kill, or be killed!

Sir Robert.—If that be your mind, look to yourself as well as you can, for I shall have you at next pass.

And so he had; for he ran him through, in at the belly, and out at the back; on which he fell. Sir Robert stepped up to him, unbuttoned his clothes, tore his shirt down, and gently drew

out his sword; and then after he had well sucked the wound, taking his handkerchief, he rolled the corners of it hard, and thrust it into the orifice; then buttoning his clothes, he lifted him up, and desired him, while he was able, that he would acquaint the people of the house that his death was of his own seeking. And, when they were come about him, he was so generous as to say, "If I die, Sir Robert is clear; for if he had not killed me, I would have killed him."

Sir Robert procured him surgeons; and after a while, when great pains came upon him, he lamented himself much, and said, "It was the just hand of GOD upon him, for meddling with the Quakers. But if He will be pleased to spare me, and try me again, I'll never have a hand against them any more. For Hayward told me, if I went on persecuting, the same hand that overtook my father, would overtake me before I was aware. He further told me, I was set on by some envious priests; and I might have time to repent it. And so I do with all my heart. And 'tis true I could never come into company with Mr. Careless or Mr. Freame, but they would be stirring me up to put the laws in execution against Dissenters."

The sword having missed his entrails, he recovered, stood candidate for the county after, and never more disturbed our meetings.

The next thing I shall take notice of, is the proceedings of justice James George against my father, my brother Nathaniel, and myself. He came to the Ram tavern in Cirencester, and sent for my brother and me. My father went with us, and when we came thither, he said: "'Tis very well, John, that you are come too. I sent for your sons, to let them know it is his majesty's pleasure to have the laws put in execution; and now I take this opportunity to let them and you know that we must all be of one church."

J. Roberts.—Thou oughtest then to be well assured that it be the *right church*. For if thou shouldst be so far permitted to exercise the authority thou art intrusted with, as to force a man against his conscience to conform to a *wrong church*, thou canst not indemnify that man for so conforming in the day of account. I have read, indeed, that our Saviour made a whip of small cords to whip the buyers and sellers out of the temple; but I never heard that he whipped any in.

The window of the room being open, we had a prospect of Cirencester Tower; and the justice pointing to it, said, "What do you call that, John?"

J. R.—Thou mayest call it a daw-house, if thou pleasest. Dost thou not see how the jack-daws flock about it?

Justice.—Well, notwithstanding your jesting,

I warn you, in the king's name, that you meet no more, as you'll answer it at your peril.

J. R.—Then I suppose thou thinkest thou hast done thy duty?

Justice.—Yes.

J. R.—Then I desire thee to give me leave to do *my duty*. And I do now warn *thee*, in the name of the KING of kings, and LORD of lords, not to molest or hinder us in the peaceable exercise of *our duty to GOD*, as thou wilt answer it at another day.

A little time after this, he sent to the officers, to bid them go to the Quaker's meeting-house on Sunday next, and bring their names to him. The officers were very unwilling to obey his command; and some of them acquainted me with their orders, desiring we would not meet at the usual time, or otherwise that we would meet at another place. I told them, we did not dare so far to deny the worship of our GOD; for, said I, we worship the same GOD that Daniel did; and he, notwithstanding the severe decree of the king, failed not openly to own GOD, by praying to Him, with his window open, as usual. And our GOD is the same He was in Daniel's days, as able to stop the mouth of the lion as He was then. And we are not afraid to trust in Him, having had experience of many deliverances He hath wrought for us.

The next First day we met at the time and place we used to meet; and a good meeting we had, the living presence of the LORD being sensibly felt among us. One of the constables came in, and delivered a warrant to my brother John, desiring him to read it. But my brother put it in his pocket, telling him he designed to read it when the meeting was over. "That will not do," said he; "for if you will not read now, I desire you to give it me again." Which he did. And then they took a list of several of our names, and carried it to justice George. On which he sent out his warrants to distrain our goods. They seized my father's corn in his barns, and locked up the barn doors. At that time the murrain had seized the justice's cattle, and they died apace. His steward told him that he must send for John Hayward, or he would lose all his cattle. "No," said the justice, "don't send for him now, because I have warrants out against him and his sons. Send for anybody else now." So the steward sent for another; who did what he could for them, but to very little purpose; for the cattle continued to sicken, and die as before. The steward then told him, "Please, worship, if you don't send for John Hayward, I believe you will lose all your cattle; for now the bull is sick, and off his meat, and I don't find as this man does them any good. But if you please to send

for John, I don't question but he could be of service to them." "Send for him, then," said the justice, "but don't bring him in as you used to do. When he has done what he can, pay him and dismiss him." So my father was sent for, and went, (having learned the great Christian lesson, to return good for evil,) and did his best for them. When he had done, as he was wiping his hands in the entry, the justice undesignedly came by him; and seeing he could not avoid his notice, said, "So, John, you have done something for my cattle, I suppose." Yes, said my father, and I hope it will do them good. "Well," said the justice to the steward, "pay John."

J. Roberts.—No; I'll have none of thy money.

Justice.—None of my money! Why so?

J. R.—To what purpose is it for me to take a little of thy money *by retail*, and thou come and take my goods by *wholesale*?

Jus.—Don't you think your coming to drink and bleed my cattle will deter me from executing the king's laws?

J. R.—It's time enough for thee to *deny* me a favor when I *ask* it of thee. I seek no favor at thy hands. But when thou hast done me all the displeasure thou art permitted to do, I will, notwithstanding, serve *thee* or *thine* to the utmost of my power.

Jus.—Well, John, you must stay and dine with me.

J. R.—Perhaps I shall intrude if I stay: I had rather be excused.

Jus.—'Tis no intrusion, John: you shall stay.

So my father stayed, and presented him with a piece of Thomas Ellwood's, against persecution; which, together with my father's readiness to serve him, so wrought on him, that I don't remember any of his corn being taken from him at that time. But my brother Nathaniel and myself, being partners in trade in Cirencester, were fined by this justice George (for ourselves and some unable persons present with us at the meeting) seventy pounds.

Some time after came to our house Sir Thomas Cutter, with other justices, the sheriff of the county, his men, and two constables. Our neighbors, in good will to us, shut our doors, and the maid fastened them on the inside; but the justices gave orders they should be broke open. A young woman being in the shop when it was done, ran out at the back door in a fright. Which Sir Thomas seeing, said, "There's one gone! there might as well be five hundred gone! I'll take my oath here was a conventicle." I, being near him, bid him take care what he said or swore, because he must give account, and he knew not how soon. A servant belonging to one of them took off my hat, and laid it on the table. I took it and put it on again, saying, I hope a

man may keep his hat on in his own house, without offence to any person.

Sir Thomas.—What's your name?

D. Roberts.—Daniel Roberts.

Sir T.—Can you swear?

D. R.—Not that I know of: I never tried.

Sir. T.—Then you must begin now.

D. R.—I think I shall not.

Sir. T.—How will you help it?

D. R.—By not doing it. But if thou canst convince me by that book in thy hand (which was the Bible) that it is lawful to swear, since Christ forbids it, then I will swear. For when men come and say you must swear or suffer, 'tis but reasonable to expect such men should be qualified to prove it lawful. Our Saviour says, "Swear not at all." Thou sayest, "I must swear." Pray, which must I obey?

Sir T.—Well, Daniel, if you will not swear, you must go to jail.

D. R.—The will of GOD be done. For be it known to you, we had rather be in prison, and enjoy our peace with GOD, than be at liberty, and break our peace with Him.

Justice Parsons.—I suppose you are one of John Hayward's sons.

D. R.—Yes.

Jus. P.—I am sorry for that.

D. R.—Why art thou sorry for that? I never

heard an honest man speak against my father in my life. What hast thou against him?

Sir T.—That he has not only misled himself, but is also a means to mislead others.

D. R.—If you have nothing against him but his obedience to the law of his GOD, that's no more than the accusers of honest Daniel had against him; and that does not concern me.

Sir T.—His worshipping GOD in the way he does, is crime enough.

D. R.—Then I hope I shall be a criminal as long as I live.

Then they seized what goods they pleased, and took them away with them. And after they had tendered to us the oaths twice more, our mittimus were made, and we were sent to Gloucester Castle; where we found several of our friends before us; and, with them that were sent in soon after us, we became a family of forty or fifty. The jailer's name was John Landborne; and for a piece of service I did him *gratis* in his absence, (*i.e.* officiating as key-turner, and preventing two notorious robbers from breaking out,) I could prevail with him to let several of our friends go home, when occasion particularly required, for some time together. We, being a large number of us in the prison, had often large meetings, on the First-days, in the castle. Divers of the prisoners who were not of us, as well as several

people out of the city, would come and sit down with us. Therefore, Richard Parsons, one of our persecutors, who lived in the city, came to our morning meeting, accompanied with several others. My father was present with us, and Henry Panton (who had formerly been a fencing master) was preaching when they came in, concerning the confession of some, who perpetually say they are doing of what they ought not, and leaving undone what they ought to do. Which words Parsons (who was a priest, a chancellor, and a justice) took hold of, telling him, "he was complaining of others for what he was doing himself. For," said he, "you are now doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what you ought to do;" catching hold of his gray locks to pull him down. But Henry being a tall man, pretty strong and active, though in years, he stood his ground and spake over his head. Parsons then strove to stop his mouth; but he avoided it by turning his head aside. When he had done speaking, a Friend stood up and said, "'Tis a sign the devil's hard put to to have his drudgery done, that priests must leave their pulpits and parishioners to take up the business of informers against poor prisoners in the prison."

After priest Parsons had been some time endeavoring to get the names of some present, and nobody would give him information, he thus

broke out: "If you are thereabouts, I shall be even with you another way." For he had got a list of several of the prisoners' names; and taking for granted they were all present at the time, he sent out his warrants for distraining their goods. However, herein he was mistaken; for several were then absent; amongst whom was Lettice Gush, a widow, who lived about twenty miles distant. Some officers were sent to her house to distrain her goods, for being at this meeting, when she was twenty miles from the place. When the officers came, she told them she was not at meeting; and, to convince them, persuaded them to go with her to her landlord, who was also a justice of the peace, and knew what she said to be true. When they came before him, and showed him the warrant, "What a rascal," said he, "is this Parsons! Here he says he'll take his oath that my tenant was convicted by him of being at a conventicle in Gloucester castle, such a day of the month; and I'll take my oath she was at home at the same time, which is twenty miles off. If you touch any of her goods by virtue of this warrant, be it at your peril. I'll assure you, if you do, I'll stick close to your skirts."

Officer.—What can we do in this case? How can we make a legal return of the warrant without executing it?

Landlord.—Carry it back to Mr. Parsons, and

tell him to * * * *, and I'll bear you out in it.

So they returned without giving her any farther trouble. Another warrant was issued out against Francis Boy, physician, on the same account, and of the same value, who was likewise absent at the time of his pretended conviction. When the officers came to distrain his goods, he was not at home. So his cattle were taken away, to the value of between £20 and £30. He afterwards, on inspection, found by his books, that he was attending a gentleman the time he was said to be convicted. To this gentleman he went, and inquired of him, "if he could remember the day he attended him?" The gentleman answered, "He had good reason to remember it; for," said he, "if you had not done what you did for me that day, I believe I should have been now in my grave." He then informed the gentleman of the reason that induced him to give him that trouble. "Well," replied he, "I advise you to appeal to the next quarter sessions for redress; and you may assure yourself, I'll endeavor to serve you what lies in my power; for I'll take my oath before any judge or bench of justice in England, that you were with me that day." But it so fell out that they had no occasion to appeal. For it soon took air that he had such a substantial evidence in his favor; and his cattle were returned before the sessions.

Not long after, it pleased GOD to visit our dear father with sickness, which proved mortal. I had leave to attend him the major part of the time he was sick; and the LORD was pleased to favor him with His living presence in his last moments; and having honorably finished his day's work, he departed this life in the year 1583, and was interred in the piece of ground he had long before given to Friends for a burying-place, situate at the lower end of his orchard, at Siddington, near Cirencester.

Some time after his interment, I had the news that my brother and myself, with four Friends more, were discharged by the judge; but that the other four were detained for their fees. I therefore went down to use my interest with the jailer for their discharge. I found him ill in bed; and he told me he was very willing to remit the fees belonging to himself; but there were some due to the under-sheriff, and those not in his power. But soon after, Providence so ordered that we all had our liberty; and I came and settled at my present habitation in Chessham, in Buckinghamshire, where I have now dwelt about forty years.

Thus, considering that it would be a great pity these singular providences of the Almighty should not be recorded for the benefit of posterity, I was willing, for my own perusal, and that of my

family, and some few particular Friends, to commit them to writing. In the doing of which, respecting the several conferences my father had with the bishops, and others before mentioned, I have been careful to pen them down in the same words they were then expressed in, as near as I could recollect, or at least to retain the genuine sense and purport of them. Which, reader, if they tend to thy confirmation and encouragement in a course of true Christian piety, I have my end,—who am

Thy sincere friend,

DANIEL ROBERTS.

CHESHAM, *4th Month, 1725.*







