

years of age, and had still thirty-three years of life and labor before him. On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne, the Quakers had high hopes that their sufferings were likely to be ended, inasmuch as before embarking for England, the King had issued a declaration addressed to the British nation, in which he promised liberty to tender consciences, and that no man should be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion, in matters of religion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom. But the high hopes founded on this promise were doomed to be bitterly disappointed; and the Quakers speedily knew how much value was to be attached to the word of a Stuart. Charles himself, a gay, easy-tempered profligate, personally wished no harm to the Quakers, and even yielded more than once to appeals in their favor; but then he was quite as ready to yield next day to their enemies. Under his rule, the darkest atrocities were perpetrated, and the unhappy Quakers groaned under their sufferings. Fines, imprisonments, transportations were mercilessly inflicted; and at one time upwards of four thousand prisoners were in the jails of England. Their refusal to take an oath, in the usual form, was construed into a violation of an Act of Parliament then in force. The law against conventicles was directed against them as well as all dissenters; and their uncompromising denunciations of war, of a paid ministry in the church, of all gay amusements, brought down upon them the hatred and vengeance of the military, legal and clerical classes, and the contempt of the thoughtless and dissipated portion of the community. Fox himself was five times imprisoned, and spent in all upwards of eight years in prisons. Some idea of the dens called prisons, in those days, may be formed from the condition of Lancaster Castle, where he spent about two years. He was put into an old ruined tower of this castle, where the smoke from the prisoners below came up so thick that it ~~obscured~~ ^{obscured} the light, and stood as dew upon the walls, insomuch that the under-jailer could scarcely be persuaded to enter. The room was so open that the rain came in upon the bed and saturated his clothes. Here he passed the winter, during which his body became swollen and his limbs benumbed. Margaret Fell, who was afterwards his wife, spent twenty months in another apartment of the same dungeon. When George Fox was brought out of this prison to be transferred to another, he could barely stand, and had to be lifted on a horse by the sheriff and his

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