

"Not the highest style of the art." Nevertheless, he used to work at times with his pen in one hand and magnifying glass in the other, as he put in the minutiæ of his drawing.

His philosophical bent and general interests came out in his writings, the subjects of a few of which may be mentioned here as evidence of the versatility of his mentality. *Sanitary Memoranda*, 1884; *Ancient Remains at Stanton Drew*, 1896; *Worlebury, an Ancient Stronghold*, 1902; *A Key to the Theory of Linear Perspective*, 1910; *Symbolism, a Lecture*, 1886; *Modern Spiritualism*, 1895; *Memoir, Letters and Poems of Jonathan Dymond*, 1907 and 1911; *a Sketch of the History, Doctrines and Practices of the Religious Society of Friends*; *A Synopsis of the Theosophy and Theology of Emanuel Swedenborg* (the two last with other papers in MS. only).

In his later life Charles W. Dymond retired to a quiet home in the English Lake district, enjoying to the last the beauty of the scenery of fell and tarn, his retreat favouring the meditations of the philosopher. His courteous manner, genial disposition, and sense of humour added a charm to his intellectual gifts.

ISAAC SHARP.

FRIENDS AND THE INDIANS

JN a paper read by Emma Taylor Lamborn, at the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of London Grove Friends' Meeting, Pa., 1914,¹ we read concerning Robert Lamborn, who married Sarah Swayne in 1722:

"Here was his settlement in early life, early in the cultivation of the wilds of America, as it were on the margin of civilized society. The Indian natives were his nearest neighbors, and his most frequent visitants, of whom my grandfather spoke in high favor of their veracity, hospitality, and social intercourse, all in the

¹ The paper has the heading: "The Record of an Early Settler in America"; it appears with others in the printed records of the bi-centennial celebration at London Grove Meeting House, Pa., 3rd of Tenth Month, 1914 (copy in D.).

greatest harmony and confidence. Their customs were then, as has been their practice since, in their native state, to depend on the chase in the forest for their sustenance and supply of their provisions and clothing.

"And in their excursions, frequently wet, cold and weary and oftentimes at night, and perhaps almost all hours of the night, they would use the freedom to open the door, rouse up the fire, cook, roast or broil of their venison, regale themselves and then stretch down on the floor, feet to the fire, and were frequently found by the old patriarch, my grandfather, in the morning, sometimes to the number of eight or ten.

"What native sociability, no fears on either side, all friendship and a benevolent disposition cherished in the fullest confidence to comfort and oblige one another! If only one was lucky, all shared alike in the remainder of the game, as they frequently took a part with them for present need and left the rest, suspended on a sapling bent downward. Ofttimes Lobat's horse (Lobat being their name for Robert) must go for the venison, but Lobat was sure to obtain his share with them, freely given, and sometimes, 'you Lobat, go bring Indian venison, Indian tired. Go bring 'im up such a run, creek or in yonder hill or valley, find 'im.'

"Once an Indian asked Robert to go with him and he would show him the best land in the world. He took him to where the city of Lancaster now stands. But Robert did not like the situation, it being too far from Philadelphia. On their return the Indian was taken sick and Robert was his doctor. The Indian's name was Tom. Sometime after, Tom said: 'Bob, when you trace lands with an Indian again, do not walk in front of him, as you did with me. I drew my tomahawk different times to strike you, but something told me not to do it, or you would have been killed.' "

James White, headmaster of Ballytore School, was known for his powers of apposite quotation. Once at the dinner table, stirring soup with a ladle in search of solid pieces of meat, he was heard solemnly to murmur: "Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto," quoting a line from the shipwreck in the first book of Virgil: "Few appear swimming in the vast deep."—From THOS. HY. WEBB'S MS. *Collection of Quaker Stories*.