

Capel (1678-1740), son of Richard and Mary Hanbury of Panteg, settled in Bristol and became the ancestor of Hanbury, of London (Clapham and Plough Court) and La Mortola, who married into the Quaker families of Beaufoy, Bell, Christy, Allen, Sanderson, Pease, Aggs.

The book contains portraits of Elizabeth (Bell) Hanbury (1756-1846); Daniel Bell Hanbury (1794-1882); Daniel Hanbury (1825-1875); his brother Sir Thomas (1832-1907), of La Mortola; Mary, daughter of William Allen, F.R.S., and first wife of Cornelius Hanbury; Wm. Allen Hanbury (1823-1898); Cornelius Hanbury (1796-1869) and Elizabeth Sanderson his wife (1793-1901); Cornelius Hanbury (1827-1916) and Frederick Janson Hanbury (1851-).

Charles Kingsley on Quakerism

“ . . . You are not mistaken in supposing that I regard the Society of Friends with very deep respect & admiration. They have stood up for principles wh^h all the world had forgotten & I tell you honestly, that I am growing more & more to see the deep debt humanity owes them, not only as the true apostles of education, but as the denouncers of War—the last scourge of mankind & yet the parent of seven devils worse than itself.”

From a letter from Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) to Rev. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880), Tractarian, dated Eversley Rectory, 2 May, 1867, for sale by Maggs Brothers, 109, Strand, W.C., in Catalogue 349, Autumn, 1916.

Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, apropos of worldly parsons, said the other day: “ There was a worldly parson of this type in Philadelphia—a great fox hunter—whom a Spruce Street Quaker took in hand. ‘ Friend,’ said the Quaker, ‘ I understand thee’s clever at fox catching.’ —‘ I have few equals and no superiors at that sport,’ the parson replied. —‘ Nevertheless, friend,’ said the Quaker, ‘ if I were a fox I would hide where thee would never find me.’ —‘ Where would you hide?’ asked the parson, with a frown. ‘ Friend,’ said the Quaker, ‘ I would hide in thy study.’ ”—From the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, September 9th, 1916.

The humble, meek, merciful, just, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here makes them strangers.

WILLIAM PENN, *Reflections and Maxims*, no. 519.