

Extracts from the Diary of Abiah Darby

In our tenth volume are printed some extracts from the Diary of Abiah Darby (1716-1794) referring more particularly to incidents in her own life. We now give our readers, from her pen, an account of the lives of her parents, Samuel Maude and Rachel Warren. It is printed from a copy, in the hand of William G. Norris, in Norris MSS., vol. ix., p. 126.

Samuel Maude (1667-1730) was a son of Bryan Maude and Jane More and married Rachel Warren in 1694. There is more respecting the Maude family in Norris MSS., v. 90.

J WAS born of religious and honorable Parents who dwelt at Sunderland in the County of Durham. My Father's name was Samuel Maude, whose Parents lived at or near Leeds in Yorkshire who were respectable in their day, and were I believe of the Church of the Presbyterians so called. My Father was brought up in Literature being as I have heard, intended for the Priesthood and was to have gone to the University in order to complete him for that Ministry which is given by the Ordination of Man. But the Lord designed otherwise, as the event manifested: for he coming to Sunderland to visit his Uncle William Maude, who had been convinced of the principals of Truth as held by the People called Quakers, who was faithful in his day and who suffered persecution and the spoiling of his goods for his steady perseverance therein. This Uncle being a single Man took a great liking to my Father and was desirous of his abiding with him which he did. And upon a time some Friends in the Ministry in their travels on Truth's account came to the town and lodged at his Uncle's, as they often times did. In the evening several Friends of the Town came to sit with them, my Father being writing in the Counting House, which was a Room through that in which the Friends were. He writ until it was dusk lest his passing through might disturb them. After some time a Friend spoke and what was delivered reached the Witness of Truth in my Father's mind so effectually that giving way to the powerful operation of the Word of Eternal

Life, Christ Jesus, he was made a choice instrument in the Lord's hand, having a dispensation of the Gospel of Salvation poured forth upon him in a large manner, which being faithful unto he became an able Minister of Christ and a strict practiser of what he taught. He married Rachel, the daughter of William Warren, a faithful Minister and a valiant soldier in and for the cause of Truth, very eminent in his day. My mother was also blessed with a portion of this glorious ministry, and being faithful thereto, had to publish the glad Tidings of the Gospel of Salvation, to the great Comfort and edification of the sincere in heart. Both of them lived beloved and much esteemed by their Friends and others.

My Father's business at times obliged him to be with the chief Men of the Town and Country there away, upon the affairs of trade; but so strict was he, that when he had given his opinion he would leave them. They would press him to stay and drink a glass of wine, but he would courteously refuse: and they would say: "You are too strict, Mr. Maude." Others would say: "You go to the Highway, and we go to the Low way, but we hope to meet at last." He answered them mildly: "There is but one way to Life and Salvation!"

They were diligent in attending meetings, in so much that when the hour was come I have known them leave several Gentlemen in our House to go to Meeting. They brought up their children in the strict profession of the principles of Truth; and they were such lovers of Peace that they gave up part of their right to obtain it. And I have heard that while his Uncle Maude was living, his brother Joseph complained that he had given more to my Father than to him. My Father being by said: "I will say to thee as Abraham said to Lot: 'If thou wilt take the right hand, I will take the left, or if thou wilt take the left hand I will take the right.'" My Father had much trouble with this brother and his Family, as his bitter spirit was a great affliction to him and also to Friends; but he bore all with great meekness and for their Railings returned Blessings. In his illness which he bore with great patience, the Physician who attended him, and who saw him in so Divine a frame of mind, said, with admiration: "Mr. Maude is in heaven already." And the Apothecary was so struck by what my

Father said to him, remarked : “ Oh, that I was in your state ! ” He died the 4th of the 2nd Mo. called March (old style), 1730. A general mourning seemed to be in the town, the people of all ranks lamenting after him who was as the Father of them all.

Several Friends wrote to my dear Mother on the occasion of my Father’s decease letters of condolence and consolation, amongst them Robert Jordan : also to shew the great love to the memory of my honoured Father, Thomas Story and John Irwin came from their homes in Cumberland on purpose to pay my Mother a visit. My Mother lived near four years after my Father ; honored by Friends and others ; and finished her course in great peace with the Lord.—My dear Mother was faithful in her day and of good service where her lot was cast. My Father and she both travelled in the service of Truth. My Parents had 13 children whereof I was the youngest. Several died young. One named Jonathan died about the age of 19 ; a youth of great promise for learning and much devoted to a religious life. Another named William lived to marry and have several children. He died about three quarters of a year after my Father. He followed my Father’s footsteps and was deeply bowed under the yoke of Christ : promising fair of becoming of great service in the Society : but the Lord ordered otherwise.

“ John, the Travelling Quaker ”

“ June 11, 1757. By Mr. Ames direction sent John, the travelling Quaker, with a letter to Messrs. Arthur & Benj. Heywood [of Liverpool], advising gunpowder was advanced 10/- a barrel, agreeing to pay the said John three guineas, provided he delivered said letter by noon on Monday the 13th inst. He was accustomed to walking, or rather a walk and kind of trot, and thereby conveying a letter with greater expedition than by post. But should he stop by the way to refresh by drinking ale or any spirituous liquor (such was his unhappy failing that he must drink so as to intoxicate) and so retard his proceeding, but, if he kept sober (tho’ on foot), performed a journey in less time than one single horse could do.”

Extracted from the Diary of William Dyer, of Bristol, by Edward Gregory, of North Weston, Som., 1929.