

*Following the Journey  
of Job Scott*



**Journal of  
Marnie Miller Gutsell**

**February 25 – June 20, 2005**

*Dear Friends/friends and family--Here's the first installment--finally can get to an internet connection and send attachments from the laptop--don't know when the net one will follow. A couple of weeks?*

*Love,  
Marnie*

## **Following Job--Part I**

**26 February, 2005**--Well, I' here--rumped, very tired (2 hours of sleeping--or dozing?--on the overnight flight Newark to Birmingham) feeling very fuzzy and semi-disconnected from reality, but after a very expensive (22 plus pounds--about 45 dollars) taxi ride, I'm checked into Woodbrooke. And it looks as if I can't get on to the internet, at least not at the moment, until the more knowledgeable people return on Monday.

**27 Feb**--And I did get on, having discovered the computer room on my own, But still can't use my lap top--no where to plug in.

Thought I'd arrived into spring--snow drops, crocuses, primroses, cherry trees--all in full bloom. Birds twittering everywhere. This morning--a dusting of snow on the ground--just a reminder it's still February.

Meeting for worship at the Selly Oak Meeting, just up the street. Very little vocal ministry--someone read one of the Queries. Walked back to Woodbrooke with the clerk; he's also Woodbrooke's very opinionated gardener: "Grub it all out! Restore it to the way it was designed to be!" One thing that was grubbed out was one of my favorites--the roses that climbed over a tiny boat house on the pond--gone in favor of a Chinese water garden--the boat house now has a tile roof with turned up Chinese twiddley bits on the corners.

**1 March**--London, at the Penn Club. Perfect location. Fifteen minutes brisk walk to the library--British Museum just around the corner. Theatre district, Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, art galleries, the Thames--all walkable.

**2 March**--So I walked. Found my first internet cafe--with a bunch of e-mails waiting. Answered most--piece of cake--except it costs 15 cents a minute on my earthlink account, plus the cafe's charge of 4 dollars an hour. Ouch! Now seeking cheaper alternatives. Penn Club was supposed to have internet hook up for the lap top. But it doesn't work. "When do you think it will be fixed/?" "When the man gets here." "The man" has yet to appear. So as an instrument of communication, the computer is a washout so far.

Afternoon in the Library at Friends House--Found several letters to, from, and about Scott--all, oddly, originated in Ireland. Favorite quote from "himself": "Low lies the life in these Northern CLimes, and Truth has too much fallen in the streets of our poor faded Society; long has the call been continued to them to return; is it strange then that the feet of the Messengers are turned to the Highways and Hedges: My little services

be mostly among other Societies [i.e., non Friends--mostly other Protestants, such as Methodists and Presbyterians]. Among Friends he often found that a “listless stupid silence prevails over all, as dead a Form as any in the Land.” He attributed this to their thinking too highly of themselves, seeing themselves as “far advanced” beyond the “forms” of the “other Societies.” Interestingly, when he died, he was seen as a “saint” by those around him.

**4 March**--First venture into minutes of the London area Meetings--absolutely no mention of Scott's presence. Oh well--early days. Maybe he hasn't yet told them that their Meetings are full of stupid and listless silence.

**5 March**--Lovely, nostalgic visit to Hampstead, an 18th century suburb high above London. Hampstead Heath was once infested with bandits, including the notorious Dick Turpin. Now one of London's most famous recreation grounds, mostly infested with joggers. Much of it left in it's “wild” state--there are actually deer. Also views over the whole city. It's one of my favorite places in all of London--people have lived around it, a few on it, for centuries; it has well groomed paths and game fields and a swimming pond--but it's still very strange and mysterious. If it were larger, the Lord of the Rings could have been filmed there--that sort of strange.

My family and I lived on the verges of Hampstead for a semester in the early 1980's; my daughters went to school in an old Edwardian school building in the middle of the village. Many residents are very wealthy--and they have the clout to keep eager developers out--they like it the way it is. And O Joy!--many of my favorites shops were still there--hardware store (then called an ironmongers), tea shop, a classy fruiterer's shop (selling even more exotic and expensive fruit than it did over twenty years ago--some I couldn't even identify). And the wonderful used book shop--shelves so close together, customers have to back up to let other people by, stacks of books on the floor so you cant see what's on the bottom shelf.

And I had a real English tea in the tea shop--tea pot with tea leaves (not bags), with a tiny stariner to keep them out of the cup; a little pitcher of milk, and one of hot water, in case it's too strong. And a real china cup--with flowers painted on it. To go with it, a “savoury”--which seems to have disappeared from everywhere else in England, but is something not sweet that is served with tea to make it a light meal--usually a sandwichy sort of thing--like sardines on toast or some such. Mine was sliced tomatoes covered with grated cheese, stuffed into a very large puff pastry. A lovely day.

**6 March**--Meeting for Worship at Westminster Meeting--for that, see this month's newsletter. Wandered back to the Penn CLub via Covent Garden--full of stalls selling overpriced gee-gaws, and the buskers--London's famous street entertainers--a knife thrower, a juggler, and several examples of an “art/entertainment” form also available in Providence at Waterfire--people in fancy dress pretending to be statues. Why?

**7 March**--Spent the morning in the internet cafe, sending off e-mails to F/friends and family. Back to the Penn Club to discover the internet connection is now working. "The man" finally came!

And at the Library-first actual mention of Friend Job Scott, who attended the Select Meeting of Ministers and Elders (six men, six women) of the Devonshire House Friends Meeting (the biggest and most influential London Meeting at the time). But all it said was that he was there--so I can't get too excited yet.

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31 March, 2005

Greetings again F/friends, and relatives—

*Back in London after a major trip into the Quaker hinterlands--to Wales and back, visiting county record offices which hold most Meeting minutes outside London. Mostly they say “Job Scott was here”--but that’s more or less what I expected. Letters and journals are more revealing of the “other side” of Scott’s journey--that is, how Quakers here saw Scott--but these are few and far between. But I’ve realized that there’s yet another “other side” of this journey: Scott didn’t write down everything he saw going on among Friends in England in the 1790’s--just some of his reactions to it. The records may not say much about him in particular--but they say a lot about the Quakers of this time. So, for instance, in his journal he rails against the “vain and oppressive ministry” of the Anglican clergy, and how they extort money (in the form of tithes) from it’s “proper owners.” But the records show how enormous these sums were. And in the messages he gave--as recorded by others--an almost apocalyptic streak appears. For instance, according to a summary someone wrote of his message to the London Yearly Meeting Sessions, he expected the Wrath of God to strike at any moment--and bring down the whore of Babylon, which, in his mind was more or less equivalent to the Anglican church. Why did he think that? Stay tuned!*

## **Scott Journal, Part II.**

**8 March**--Dreary day--typical English gray. Penn Club full of painters--lying down to do baseboards, standing up to do doors, all over to do stairwells--always a “wet paint” sign at the top of the ones I want to go down.

Huge fight in Parliament over the “Prevention of Terrorism Act”--snorting and stomping and cries of “Hear, hear!” from the back benches. (The Brits do political stomping and snorting better than we do.) A really dreadful piece of legislation and will probably be amended quickly.

Lots of news coverage of the McCartney women taking on the IRA--long needed--too much just plain thuggery has been tolerated for too long. Also a lot of silly flap over Prince Charles’ wedding.

Arrived at Friends House Library without my list of dates that JS visited various places. Panic! Was forced to start reading all the records for several months at a time--and then discovered what JS was seeing among Friends that didn’t make it into the journal. (Did God prompt me to leave the list on the desk last night?) Much routine--and dull. But a couple of people were disowned for debt (this was the age of debtors’ prison, and the Meeting saw it as a reproach to them that a member should go into debt.)

**9 March**--JS was put on the Epistle Committee at London Yearly Meeting Sessions in April 1793, as were others from “foreign” Yearly Meetings--interesting idea. And he spoke near close of sessions--especially against “Babylon” (see above), expecting it would soon meet with God’s wrath, and that God would raise up a highway for the redeemed (clearly not the Anglicans). Contemporary events make sense of this: JS always despised “hireling priests” and here comes the Committee for Sufferings with an

account of the value of Friends' property confiscated when they refused to pay tithes to the Anglican Church--nearly 6 thousand pounds--roughly 300,000 pounds in today's money--about \$600,000. Furthermore, war was raging in France, and news came to Sessions that communication with a small Meeting across the channel in Dunkirk was entirely cut off by the fighting between French and English troops. "Wars and rumors of wars"--fears the French would attempt to invade England. Perhaps not surprising Job expected God's wrath to fall at any moment.

Also read accounts written by Friends of Scott's long and painful death by smallpox; Reading between the lines, I see severe spiritual struggle going on as he tries to keep seeing God's dispensation at work in his dreadful suffering. Somehow all this turns Scott from a saint--as many saw him (and still do)--back into a human being--and he's still remarkable.

**10 March**--finished at the Archives, looking forward to the expedition, especially Bristol and south Wales--never been to either.

Interesting note from the Archives--though nothing to do with Scott. Found a poem written in the 1790's by a Quaker visiting Coalbrookdale--near Birmingham, site of the start of the Industrial Revolution in England--which was driven by money from the powerful Quaker Darby family. It became the center of iron manufacturing for England. This Friend was walking at night--came to a high point overlooking the valley--and seeing the perpetual fires going at the smelters, felt like he was looking into hell. Definitely a sense that this revolution was not going to be an unmitigated blessing. Prophetic?

**11 March**--new flap in the news--Cabinet Secretary John Trumbull admits the summary argument given to Parliament for entering the Iraq War was backed up by--nothing! Outrage from members of all parties! Will this news make it across the Atlantic? Will anybody care?

Visited Bunhill Quaker burial ground--site of George Fox's grave--but they aren't sure exactly where it was--no gravestones set up then. Discovered the place full of earth moving equipment--it's being redesigned as a quiet garden and a children's playground. No Meeting House there originally--Quaker Mission built there in 1881--bombed in WW II, leaving only the caretaker's lodge--now turned into a Meeting House and offices for a truly creative outreach ministry which, among others things, has set up a microbank for the largely immigrant community around it. Learned all of this from the delightful young woman who runs the office--met her through the simple expedient of knocking on the door.

Wandered off around some of my favorite parts of London, winding up at the Thames near a construction built for the millenium celebrations, the "London Eye," a colossal ferris wheel several stories high, with 20 or 30 glass capsules each carrying about 10 people very slowly around--the whole thing is suspended over the river. I understand Londoners like it. But I take a proprietary interest in the Thames, having lived in London for some significant periods of time. What are they doing to my river?!

**12 March**--Visited Uxbridge--clerk gave me a tour--nice Meeting House built a few years after JS visited there, but the same site. Beautifully tended garden--completely with gardener. Lots of things blooming all at once--forsythia, primroses, japonica, daffodils--but it's still cold.

On the way back to the "tube" (subway) station, walked into a Woolworth's--used to love them when I lived here--all sorts of wonderful little things not available in America. Very disappointing--all American toys (Spider Man, etc.) and Chinese everything else. If I want face cloths from China I can get them at home. Globalization is homogenizing everything. You can hardly find a decent fish and chip shop--but there's a Burger King and a Pizza hut on every corner. (PS to Woonsocket residents--Ye Olde Fish and Chips on Market Square is very authentic and better than most of what's now available here--I've been served dried out slabs straight from the freezer, rolled in cornflakes, not batter! Heresy!)

Parliament has not started operating like Congress however--Hallelujah! Marathon knock down drag out fight (32 hour session) over the Prevention of Terrorism Act--with the (supposedly) conservative House of Lords fighting tooth and nail to protect civil liberties. Sometimes having an unelected House has its plusses. Who's fighting for our civil liberties at home?

And British humor still lives: "News item: A cement mixer has collided with a prison van on the Kingston Bypass. Motorists are asked to look out for 12 hardened criminals."

**13 March, Sunday**--Met a young Irish cheese maker at breakfast today, here for the Lord Mayor's Irish Festival (a few days early for St. Pat's) and a big trade fair--he's from a Quaker family in Tipperary. He was heading off to set up his stall in Covent Garden, hoping to attract the mobs who would be coming for the parade and all the hoopla later in the day.

To Meeting at Westminster again today--attenders included 5 plain Friends here after a world gathering of Friends affiliated with Ohio Yearly Meeting, Conservative. (Some Smithfield friends have met Susan Smith, one of the weightiest of the American OYM Friends--ran into her earlier in the week in the cafe at Friends House.) There were three couples, one English, one Scottish, and one Finnish (whose English was more comprehensible than the Scots'.) Very blunt and plain spoken about their belief that Christ-centeredness is the only way to be a true Quaker.

Stayed for Meeting for Business: my Travelling Minute was read and endorsed. It was all very much like home--I left in the middle of an endless discussion about whose signatures ought go on which bank accounts--oh, how Quakers love to micromanage every little issue that comes along!

Walked down a block to join the milling throngs in Trafalgar Square where the fountains were spouting green water and there was a choice of watching tiny musicians belt out "Rocky Road to Dublin" on a distant stage or seeing them about 20 times life size on two colossal screens set up at either side of the Square. Perhaps there was a time when I enjoyed milling about with thousands of other people--but I don't recall it, so I fought my way out of the mob and up to Covent Garden, where I found Louie and his

cheese stall surrounded by a much smaller mob eager for free tastes. He beckoned me to come behind the counter and gave me my own personal chunk--it was excellent--hand-made blue cheese from ewes' milk. Would have loved to bring some home, but couldn't imagine its state after three months in a suit case (or, for that matter, the state of the suit case).

**Monday, 14 March**--Preparing to leave. Stowed the laptop with dear accomodating Friends at the FWCC World Office, since it's heavy, and it's proved so hard to find places with phone jacks.

**Tuesday, 15 March**--in Reading. Found a B&B very close to the train station, at a modest price--but the tiniest room I've ever stayed in--the size of a railroad compartment--very clean and freshly decorated, with en suite shower, but not enough room for a chair, let alone a desk. Curious place, Reading--long time commercial center (from the Middle Ages)--current claim to fame is what has to be the world's biggest shopping mall--took over the vast site of a former brewery; it must contain every retailer in England, and sprawls over many acres on both sides of a small river. But--and this will probably be the one and only time I will ever say such a thing--it's all beautifully done. The architecture is well designed--the mall hasn't destroyed all the little local shops--the butchers, the bakers (no candlestick makers, though) are all still on the High Street, which has been "pedestrianized"--and is well patronized. US city planners ought to be required to visit Reading as part of their training.

Cheek by jowel with the ruins of an abby dissolved by Henry VIII in 1539 is the most famous jail in literature--the great Reading Gaol immortalized by Oscar Wilde.

Phoned the co-clerk of Reading Meeting in the evening, and was invited to supper. Delightful evening, and she hooked me up with a local historian, Ted Milligan, retired from Friends House Library, who invited me to lunch tomorrow.

**Wednesday, 16 March**--gorgeous sunny day. Walked through the city center--alive with people--even an open air market, selling everything from cabbages to luggage. And all the cars have been sent underground, to invisible garages and below ground level streets--giving the city to human beings instead of automobiles. How very refreshing. And they didn't tear out everything old and start over. There's a wonderful visual variety of ages and styles in buildings, not a bunch of identical store fronts (all cloned at at some factory in Nebraska). And people live over the businesses.

Turned green with envy at the Berkshire County Records Office--rows of viewing screens for digitized records; spacious, well lighted tables for reading original documents--which were brought up from the nether regioes with great speed. Covet, covet.

And there was Job!--speaking at the Quarterly Meeting, and meriting a long minute stating that they were in "near [i.e.="close"] unity of Spirit" wirth his purpose of calling Friends back to the Truths from which he felt they had fallen away. Many--oh shock and horror! were even yielding to the demands to pay the Church of England tithes--which must have been terribly tempting to do, since those who kept to the

Testimony against tithes had property confiscated, sometimes worth double or triple the actual demand.

Lunch with Ted Milligan--delightful octogenarian, very lively and brisk, with a great interest in and considerable knowledge of Job Scott. Insisted on loaning me a book describing the state of affairs in Ireland at the time (messy!) with a longish passage on JS' contribution to it.

**Thursday, 17 March--St. Patrick's Day!** Bristol. Trudged from RR Station to Youth Hostel, passing an imposing medieval church and opposite it, a small garden with a sign indicating that it had been the first Quaker burial ground in the city. Bristol oozes Quaker history, and is still a lively center of Quakerism (7 active Meetings).

Great hostel--clean, comfortable, right on the quay in a remodeled warehouse--water sparkling right outside the door; full breakfast included in price.

Found a booklet at the tourist office--the Bristol Quaker History Trail. Spent the rest of the afternoon following it. Redcliffe St.--named for the red sandstone cliffs at the end, was the main street into Bristol in the 17th century--was the road followed by James Naylor on his famous (infamous?) journey into Bristol, preceded by his followers waving palms and shouting "Hosanna!" He claimed he was demonstrating "that of God" in himself--the city fathers disagreed (so did George Fox)--he was convicted of blasphemy and had a hole bored in his tongue. Wasn't long before Bristol became a hub of Quaker business and industry, especially pottery, metal working, and, a little later, chocolate. Several of England's most famous Quaker industrialists started here, and then moved elsewhere, spreading Quaker entrepreneurial spirit around the country--like the Darbys--the great iron manufacturers of the midlands, who even under pressure of competition declined to accept weapons contracts from the government.

Ended up at the site of the site of the notorious Newgate Prison (now a huge multi-story parking garage (still looks like a prison); it was here that when Quaker parents were jailed, the children carried on, leading worship out of doors. Behind and below this is the site still known as "Quaker Friars," place of the first Bristol Meeting House, on land that was once part of an ancient monastery--bits of which still remain. The building which housed the second "Friars" Meeting House was built there in 1747; JS worshipped there, spoke there---and the building still stands. Though it's now being used as the Bristol Registry Office, the outside has been beautifully restored--elegantly simple, with white stucco walls and stone painted a golden cream color around the windows and doors--and the use--the recording of births and deaths, and the performance of marriages, seems oddly appropriate. There have been several efforts to take it over by commercial developers, noisily claiming nobody wants to come out after their wedding and look at a parking lot and the backs of a lot of stores--but the people who actually get married there tell a different story, so it's safe--for now.

In honor of St. Patrick's day, went and lifted a Guinness at the pub down the street. Joined the crowd gathered around the band in singing loud choruses of all the most sentimental old Irish songs, and was embraced by a tipsy young red haired man who obviously mistook me for his Irish grandmother. We joined in a few choruses of one of the most poignant Irish songs I know--"The Rare Old Times," a beautiful lament for a

vanished way of life in Dublin City. And a grand time was had by all. Walked back to the hostel in the soft English night, watching the lights sparkling on the water and listening to the seagulls keening as they wheeled through the sky over the harbor.

11 April, 2005

*Greetings again F/friends, and relatives--*

*Here I am, back in Woodbrooke--and I'm leaving for Ireland tomorrow. Last time I left off just as I had arrived in Bristol. So here's----"Following Job, Part III"*

**Friday March 18--**Bristol--Walked over the harbor (by bridge, I assure you--not saintly enough yet to walk on water) and down a couple of miles along a disused canal to a remodeled warehouse--the Public Records Office--only to have the receptionist politely announce, "But we're always closed on Friday," as if Friday closures were the most normal thing in the world. Since I was due in Cardiff on Sunday, that was that.

Crossed another bridge and walked up the other side of the harbor, where posh waterside apartments have replaced rows of warehouses. Bristol's life from the beginning has been shaped by water--it's seen hard times but now has remade itself into a lively and attractive city. Inexpensive water busses run regularly up and down the harbor and into the several long docking areas in the city center, so the residents of the posh apartments can ride them to work.

Reclaimed my luggage from the hostel and went off to meet my next hosts, a delightful Quaker couple who threw themselves with great enthusiasm into making sure I had a good time and met half the Quakers in Bristol in the process.

**Saturday, March 19--AM--**explored Bristol Cathedral--the oldest part is an unusually beautiful Norman chapter house, where the monks once gathered to conduct business. It was so quietly serene that I didn't even take a photo--to set off the flash would have felt like a disruption.

Afternoon--off to Monthly Meeting with host Mike--representatives from all 7 Preparative Meetings of Bristol met there at Frenchay Meeting House, out in what was once a quiet country village. Meeting for Business seems pretty much the same on either side of the Atlantic. Is there a Quaker gene that compels us to micromanage everything??? Clerk finally called a coffee break, during which another Friend arrived, bringing with him a copy of a journal kept by a woman who had written about Job's visit to Frenchay--which his journal doesn't even mention. She even drove out especially to hear him preach--which he then didn't do. Her journal was a great excuse to skip the rest of Business Meeting.

Meeting House, overlooking the village green, is delightful, though not the one Job Scott knew--that was replaced by present MH in very early 19th century. He would have seen the burial ground in back, though--now a garden surrounded by a beautiful high wall of soft old red brick.

Hosts took me to a play tonight--Elmina's Kitchen--interesting but depressing piece about a West Indian immigrant's struggle to break out of the misery and crime of his neighborhood.

**Sunday, March 20--**Meeting for Worship at Redlands Meeting--then Preparative Meeting for Business--blessedly shorter than yesterday.

And off across the Bristol Channel to Wales--arrived in Cardiff, found city still in aftermath of celebrating the Great Victory--Wales beat Ireland in rugby--first time in years. City is rugby mad any time--especially now. Went to look for supper in a pub near my B&B and discovered it full of fans--watching the match all over again. Strange game--sort of like American football in soccer uniforms--very, very fast.

Lots of Welsh spoken on the street--especially by young people.

**Monday, March 22**--Picked up by Anglo/Welsh Friends, taken to their home in Penarth, charming "seaside" ("sea"=Bristol Channel) village on edge of Cardiff. Found that records office was closed today, so set off for Neath and Swansea (spelled Swanzey in Scott's time). Landscape a bit dreary, several decayed industrial sites along the way--this used to be one of the great coal-mining regions of Wales, but no longer so prosperous. Scenery improved nearer to Neath--weather didn't; it was pouring when I got there, wind turned my umbrella inside out.

Neath--interesting old village, even in the rain; Meeting House intriguing. Not the one Scott knew--this one dates to 1799--but built right up against the walls of a ruined castle. (English were always building castles around the edges of Wales, trying to keep the Welsh under control--never worked--Wales still sees itself as a separate country, reluctantly and temporarily attached to England; has its own Parliament now.) Small plot of ground was given to local Quakers by Lady Molly Somebody, in memory of her Quaker ancestors. Meeting House and adjacent burial ground both small, surrounded by high brick wall--looks a bit like a fortress itself.

On to Swansea--site of old Meeting House there has vanished--now occupied by a Post Office or something, but hit pay dirt in Swansea Public Library, which had a booklet on the history of Quakers in Swansea and Neath. Didn't mention Scott, but had much info on early Friends--who arrived very early and did very well--probably because they appealed to the fiercely independent Welsh. Many Welsh names on membership lists--Jones, Griffith, and the like, in contrast to Ireland, where most Friends were (and are) of English ancestry. When Scott was there, Friends were doing somewhat better than in England, where they were in a very "low state."

**Tuesday, March 22**--most of day spent at the Records Office--no trace of Scott, but the very famous travelling minister Deborah Darby was there at the same time; she got a minute, he didn't. Maybe he didn't say anything, maybe he was a bit in the shade.

Saved the tail end of the afternoon for Cardiff Castle--must be seen to be believed. In the early nineteenth century it was a ruin, with only the very ancient "keep" (the central, most heavily defended core) and a later manor house, all built on a really ancient Roman site (everybody wanted to keep an eye on the Welsh) Inherited in 19th century by a wealthy Scot, Lord Bute--who got an eccentric architect to redesign the house as Lord Bute thought it should be--like every fairy tale castle you ever imagined--romantic 19th century notions of medieval rooms covered in paintings and gilt and mirrors, "Arabic" rooms, a roof top "garden room" like something from a Roman villa with a little open courtyard--which eventually had to be roofed over because it leaked into the floors below when it rained. Charming and absolutely dotty.

**Wednesday, March 23**--Gloucester--quite a change. Cardiff and Bristol are lively attractive cities. Gloucester--distinctly a bit down at the heels. A small city, struggling to cope with an unusually large immigrant population, high rates of crime and teen pregnancy. Called the warden (caretaker) of the Meeting, was invited to supper in her tiny apartment built into the high wall which surrounds the Meeting House. Pretty, early 19th century building, built to replace the original building, which still stands--two old cottages knocked together in the 17th century. Toured the MH which has a beautiful "sash" partition of dark wood--like Uxbridge, raised and lowered by ropes. Interesting site--covered passage through the wall opens on a medieval alley which leads past an old church to the ruins of an old abbey.

**Thursday, March 24**--At last, sun! Seized the chance to see the sights--Gloucester is very compact, easily walkable. Retains the old Roman street plan--two straight main streets, crossing in the middle--lost in some medieval alley? just keep going--you'll get back to the Romans--whose ruins are still buried underneath the present city. Magnificent cathedral--huge round Norman columns, tons and tons of stone, yet so airy and full of light pouring through the stained glass, covering the columns with glowing patches of red and blue and purple.

Warm enough to eat outside--bought lunch from what has to be the most ancient fish and chips shop in the British Isles--a 16th century inn. (Real fish and chips--battered!) On to the Records Office, then a fast dash to the Cathedral for Evensong (for this, see last pastoral letter)

**March 25, Good Friday**--Had intended to go by bus to Nailsworth, one of the oldest Meeting Houses in England that's relatively unchanged both inside and outside from its early days--Scott would definitely have recognized it. But I was flummoxed by the bus schedules--could have gotten there but couldn't have gotten back.

So--had the gift of an extra day in Gloucester--more restful than a trip to Nailsworth anyway. Another glorius, sunny day, perfect for another visit to the Cathedral. (Is the sun really brighter and clearer in this country, or does it just seem that way because there's so much less of it?) The entire far end was closed for day long prayer services, but the beautiful cloister was open (it had been closed the day before).

Went to photograph the remains of the Meeting House Scott would have known, though considerably altered now. George Fox is said to have preached there.

Had lunch in a place almost worth missing Nailsworth for--not just for its good food at modest prices, but because it's a 15th century galleried inn called the "New" Inn. And 450 years later it's still an inn--entered through a wide covered passage, with a hotel upstairs, a restaurant, a pub, a wine bar, and a coffee/snack bar, all arranged around a long rectangular courtyard, with the galleries running all around the top. (There are also a fake brewery and a fake wine merchant, which are actually disguises for the men's and women's rest rooms--OK, so there's a faint flavor of Disney World about those bits--but the rest is more or less real.) On nice days, like today--you can eat at a picnic table set out on the wildly uneven cobblestones of the yard and think about poor

Lady Jane Grey, who was proclaimed Queen of England there in 1554, and shortly thereafter executed on the orders of Queen Mary. Plays were certainly put on in the courtyard--allegedly Shakespeare performed there as a young actor (oh, sure--George Washington probably slept there, too).

**March 26, Saturday**--to Oxford, where my Quaker hostess picked me up at the train. She's an Oxford grad, now music teacher; her husband's a retired professor from one of Oxford's more modern colleges.

**March 27, Easter**--Meeting for Worship with my hosts. Felt led to give a message saying we Quakers do pretty well at trying to mend the world, but so do other groups. But when others look at us, do they see people living transformed, "resurrected" sorts of lives? Quaker lives? Met the Meeting Librarian, had a useful chat about Meeting History.

Meeting house is new (1950's) but built behind an old house on the main road, St. Giles, and designed to blend with surrounding old buildings, complete with moss-covered tile roof (that British climate again.) However, the site of the Meeting House Scott knew is just a few doors up the street. He could have--probably did, look kitty-corners across the street at the great massive walls of Balliol College. (For you detective story fans, Lord Peter Wimsey is a Balliol man). In 1555, Bishops Ridley and Latimer were burnt at the stake around the corner in Broad Street, in front of the Balliol main gates, for refusing to become Catholic (Queen Mary again--not a very nice lady).

Spent the afternoon poking around the streets--climbed the most ancient tower in the city--Saxon--pre 1050. Then tea at with a lovely elderly lady--a very weighty Friend (writes books and pamphlets), whom I'd met at the FWCC triennial in 1997.

**March 28, Monday**--Records office closed (Easter Monday) so did a proper tour of the city. And had a great insight (I think) into Scott--Oxford was one of the earliest places Scott visited when he set out west from London (I'm doing his loop in reverse). He'd spent quite a while in London already, and I wondered why it wasn't until Oxford that he wrote his first major outburst against the Anglican clergy ("they must and will be shaken!"). But seeing Oxford, I think I understand. The colleges dominate the city--they are immense--enormous piles of stone that were ancient even in Scott's day--and they positively radiate **POWER** and **PRIVILEGE** and **ANGLICANISM**. By law, no Quaker (or any other Dissenter) could ever attend such a place, no matter how wealthy--which meant they were in effect barred from entering the professions. Scott was a college graduate himself--such an idea must have rankled. Nor could a Dissenter ever hold public office--but they still were required to pay heavy tithes to support the Church--Quakers who refused (as their Testimony said they must--the Bible said ministry was supposed to be freely given) had property confiscated--sometimes worth 2 or 3 times more than the demand. And here was Scott, in the very heart of Anglicanism, the place which bred the priests and bishops who were responsible for all this--and who were profoundly convinced that reason and civil order required that there be an established church, and that they should be it.

Today the Church is still “established” but tithes were done away with and there are Muslims and Hindus and Buddhists in the colleges--there’s even a Hindu in the House of Lords. So what in Heaven’s name was all the fuss about? It changed--and the world didn’t come to an end, the sects didn’t fall to fighting over which one would be on top, civil order didn’t collapse. Makes you wonder what other “essential” practices are equally pointless.

Loved the Natural History Museum--it’s all rather like a particularly delightful yet orderly Victorian attic--with a parade (literally) of animal skeletons (elephants at the back, a pig and a tiger in front--all according to size, you see), not to mention Alice in Wonderland’s dodo. Half way up a stairway, all by itself, is a colony of bees, busily making honey in their glass fronted hive, with a sort of tunnel to let them out through the window. And how could I resist a toy stuffed hedge hog in the gift shop (met a live one once--nearly as charming as the stuffed ones--people like to encourage them in their gardens.)

Closed the day with a pilgrimage to Holywell Cemetery--half overgrown, half tidy, because it’s carefully managed as a tiny wildlife sanctuary. And it’s the burial place of Kenneth Grahame, who wrote one of the most beautiful gems of childhood literature, *The Wind in the Willows*. It enchanted me as a child, and it still enchants me. The epitaph is lovely, and closes by saying that he died on the 6th of July, 1932, “leaving childhood literature, through him, the more blest.”

Can it be an accident that Oxford also produced that giant of serious fantasy writing, J.R.R. Tolkien (Lord of the Rings)? Maybe it’s something in the water.

**March 29, Tuesday**--Oxfordshire Records office. Nothing on Job--but much about local Quakers--wonderfully detailed Minutes by local Quakers. And they were in a sad state--steadily losing members (probably many to competition from the Methodists, a far more lively group, very strong in this area); couldn’t pay their bills, struggled to support impoverished Quakers (the poor Dumbleton’s never seemed to have enough, and kept needing to have their allowance raised by a shilling a week--and he needed a new coat; Joseph Collins had his washing and mending paid for, and he needed new trousers.)

The committee assigned to visit Friends who had stopped attending Meeting reported that most people were polite but non-committal, although some wouldn’t even see them. Yet in the middle of all this, they were sending out a committee to labor with Mary Greene, who was keeping company with “a young Man not of our Society.” I wanted to shout down the corridors of time, “Friends, get a grip! You have a lot worse problems than Mary Greene being courted by a local Methodist (or Anglican or whatever he was). She apparently told them to buzz off--in a Friendly way, I’m sure. But these were the kinds of things that were happening when Job Scott came through Oxford. Obviously they weren’t all the fault of the wretched Anglicans, but now it’s easier to understand Job’s rising level of distress as he visited Meetings like this here and elsewhere. How could he understand it except as a drift away from Truth among English Friends?

Spent the rest of the day at the County Library, and found one real gem--a pamphlet written in 1790 by an Anglican laying out in very clear and reasonable terms

why it was a self-evident necessity to have an established church (with “toleration” for the others, of course). The tone of sweet reasonableness and a patronizing sense of superiority would have been maddening for anybody who didn’t buy into his initial premises. Scott wouldn’t have read it, of course, but it was a perfect illustration of Anglican thinking at the time. And a perfect illustration of why we have the first amendment to the Constitution. The whole business was outrageous.

**March 30, Wednesday**--Back to London and the Penn Club, this time on the top floor--up with the owls and the bats and no elevator. Stairs narrow and steep, room long and narrow, no room for a dresser. Obviously the former servants’ quarters--but its OK for a few nights.

**March 31-April 3, Thursday-Sunday**--Mostly tidied up odds and ends, checking details at the Friends House Library, and organizing a box to mail home--which turned out to be absurdly expensive--it never used to be. But I didn’t want to lug around stuff I was finished with, so I sent it. Saturday tried to find Wandsworth Meeting--another building Scott would have known--found it, but no one there, and even though it’s right on the high street, the whole area was a bit tatty, and the Meeting House looked a bit sad. Wandsworth town’s only current claim to fame is that it’s home to Young’s Brewery, and the area smells faintly and rather pleasantly of hops.

So I grabbed a take-out (here called a take-away) sandwich and headed for Hyde Park--it was a sunny day, and shirtsleeves warm: such weather always brings Londoners pouring outside in droves (they see so little of it). There must have been thousands in the park--many families, including a rather charming sight--a Muslim father with three little girls in hijabs (the wrapped head scarf) and life jackets, slowly moving around the Serpentine pond in a paddle boat. And as always, the eccentrics--a girl of about twenty, dressed as a fairy. with fuzzy white wings and a yellow tutu; two women arm in arm, one about 60 in a long black gown with dead white make up, and her companion, about 25, in short shorts. (Maybe there was a costume drama about witches and fairies somewhere else in the park? Still doesn’t account for the shorts--maybe she was in the audience.)

And so, back to Woodbrooke to prepare for Ireland.

19 April, 2005

*Hello again F/friends, and relatives--*

*After a time at Woodbrooke, I send greetings from Ireland, with "Following Job, Part IV"*

## **Scott Journal , Part IV**

**April 4-7, Monday-Thursday-** Woodbrooke. Was invited to explain to a group of Japanese Friends here about the 19th century splits and the rise of pastoral Meetings among Friends in America.

Walked to Bournville, home of Cadbury's Chocolate, founded by Quakers noted for the enlightened way they dealt with their workers--good pay, decent housing, opportunities for education and recreation, all at company expense. Paternalism? Maybe. But most workers of the time were terribly exploited, and had few options for education or anything else. Bournville village is frozen in time somewhere about 1950--I suspect courtesy of the Bournville Trust, which owns all the land. But in a tiny shop I bought a spool of thread out of a set of shallow drawers of a sort that I haven't seen since I was a child. (Thread from Brazil, not Lancashire, as it would have been--but you can't have everything.)

However, the workers' recreation ground in the back of the factory is now a parking lot for "Cadbury World"--which is just what it sounds like--the huge souvenir shop has everything from the usual hats and tee shirts, to tea pots shaped like giant chocolate drops. The Cadbury s must be spinning in their graves.

**April 8, Friday--**"Oh to be in England now that April's here...." It's snowing.

**April 9, Saturday--**Into the city center. New Street, the main shopping street, is now "pedestrianized"--full of people, street performers ("buskers"), balloon sellers--and a bunch of people collecting signatures on petitions to "Save Rover!" (the car company, which has just sunk into irretrievable bankruptcy). Poor Rover--sorry for the workers, but failed to see how signing petitions is going to rescue anybody from decades of greedy mismanagement .

To the Art Museum, to see a special exhibit of Middle Eastern objects collected by a couple of Quakers. And discovered that in another gallery there were several paintings by a Quaker artist, Joseph Edward Southall.

**April 12, Tuesday--**Dublin. After several fruitless attempts from Woodbrooke to reach someone--anyone--in the Dublin Meeting, threw myself on the mercies of the Tourist Bureau at the airport for accommodation; wound up in a B&B about half hours walk from the city center.

Dublin's changed enormously--even in '88, it was a leisurely, cheerful sort of place. Now there's new building everywhere, triple the number of people, and a pace as frantic as everywhere else. I can't wish for it to go back, because there was too much unemployment, poverty, and all the attendant social problems. But affluence has its own

set of problems--and Dublin is now one of the world capitals of the new technology industries. More crime, more drugs (still less than we have, though). Large numbers of immigrants proving difficult to integrate, and straining social services. New motorways and housing (including second homes) eat up the beautiful countryside--though not too far from Dublin (yet). People work very long hours, and complain about lack of leisure or family time. But from my perspective--been there, done that--can't humans figure out how to rise out of poverty without destroying the environment and themselves?

Well, smoking is banned in pubs and restaurants--though people still seem to smoke and drink heavily. In supermarkets you must ask--and pay for--plastic carrier bags; they don't just hand them out. And there are two lovely new forms of mass transit--the Dart--a light rail system, and the Luas--a super-elegant tram. Signs of hope?--I'll believe it when they ban overwork, or when people themselves realize that "convenience," and the ownership of lots of "stuff" is not good for us. (Off the soap box, Marnie!)

**March 13--Wednesday**--Accidentally discovered a bit of Job Scott's Dublin while wandering around looking for something else. Found myself at the entry to Eustace St., a tiny narrow street barely wider than an alley. Thinking, "I know that name" I went down to find the "modern" Meeting House--in use since 1987, but meeting in premises adjoining the old Meeting House--the present rooms once housed the Eagle tavern, bought by the Meeting in 1817 as an investment property. Right next door is the Irish Film Institute, which in 1987 bought the big old Meeting House and remodeled it. The Meeting started building there in 1692, and had an entrance on the little lane in back, Sycamore Alley, which is how Scott would have come in. A very large Meeting House was built--big enough to hold the Yearly Meeting gatherings. The Film Institute has retained the central courtyard--now an attractive atrium, with tables for sitting with your Danish and coffee. Still has some of the original walls. (The entrance to the Women's Meeting room now leads to a small movie theater.) (Did Job touch this brick right here?)

**March 14--Thursday**--Arrrrgh! Frustrating day--more cold and rain, and after many efforts to find out about getting to Archives, finally discovered that I had to take two busses and a very expensive taxi. They have moved to a brand new site and brand new building on the far southern edge of the city. This is now HQ for Ireland Yearly Meeting--lovely place, views over the hills and the city below--but designed for people with cars. The place is hard to find, and nobody in the tourist office had a clue how to get me there--I finally found a phone number and got some reasonable directions.

But Query--Is this forward looking, or backward?

But I did discover a fair amount about Job--records here indicate he warned the Ireland Half Yearly Meeting that an "overflowing scourge" was about to pass through the land, but the "handful" of faithful would be unharmed. I'd been wondering why his messages in England and Ireland started to emphasize the imminent coming of the Wrath of God. It may well have been because the French Revolution had begun in

1789, and very soon after Scott arrived in England, Great Britain declared war on the revolutionary government of France. There were most certainly “wars and rumors of wars” in the air.

When he got to Ireland, there had already been anti-militia riots. He also discovered at a Quarterly Meeting in Waterford that there were disputes among Quakers in Tipperary, “Something of disunity having got in among Friends.” Spiritual termites, perhaps?

Actually, according to a brief history of Irish Quakers that I’ve been reading, a very serious set of disputes was brewing among Irish Friends, involving major theological and practical differences--it led to some very ugly quarrels and disownments.

Other interesting tidbits from the Archives--a very affectionate poem to his wife (“I love thee more than pearls or or gold”), written on leaving for an earlier journey. And perhaps related--In Ireland, his closest social confidantes seem to be women.

One interesting historical note that has nothing to do with Scott--there was a very well known Quaker boys school in Ballitore (where Scott died); its most illustrious alumnus was the great British statesman and member of Parliament, Edmund Burke, known for trying to explain to the British that they were doing some very stupid things in the American colonies which were going to cause problems--maybe even a revolution. Burke never became Quaker, but retained very close ties with the Shackleton family, who ran the school.

**April 15, Friday**--in the National Library--lovely reading room--elegant half-dome in a soft robin’s egg blue, with a white bas-relief of cherubs and vines around the bottom. Nothing on JS, but some very useful background on Quakers of the time. Getting some insights into the psychology of devout Quakers--among many, there seemed to be a puritanical fear of anything pleasurable or amusing. Hunting for sport was condemned not for its cruelty, but because it was an amusement. Reading newspapers was condemned as a distraction from “better contemplations,” and children were admired for the sort of smarmy piety that now makes us wonder if they haven’t been brain-washed.

**April 16, Saturday**--moved from my B&B to the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy--no, I haven’t converted. It’s less expensive and closer to the center. They mostly take in sisters who are on leave from assignments elsewhere, so women come from all over the world. A sister who was at Woodbrooke suggested it.

Walking on Grafton Street--the great “pedestrianized” shopping street of Dublin--somewhere around the middle, I actually encountered such a mass of humanity I could not go forward. Human gridlock. What it’s like in summer I can’t imagine. I managed to wedge my way to a side street and escaped. Friends, this is not “progress.”

Afternoon in the central Dublin city library--which took a while to find--again, the Tourist Office unhelpful. The library lurks deep inside a huge shopping mall. There they referred me to a branch library where most of their local history stuff is kept. But I found one book there--on the Uprising of 1798--that proved invaluable. I already knew about the uneasiness in England over the war with the French. Turns out that in Ireland, things

were even more uneasy. Scott wasn't the only person who felt that something really terrible was about to happen. He interpreted the coming terror as the Wrath of God.

Well terror was coming--though it didn't burst out fully in Ireland until 5 years later. And if it was the Wrath of God, God must have had a very bad aim, because many perfectly innocent people died, much property was destroyed and people were driven out of their homes. Every Irish citizen knows about this ill-fated uprising--many of the famous rebel folk songs (like "Rising of the Moon" and "Wearing of the Green") either come from or refer to this time. Far from achieving any great victory for peace, liberty, and justice, the uprising led directly to yet more oppression for the Irish people--partly because there was considerable pro-French sentiment among many Irish (the enemy of my enemy...) And indirectly it led to the later bitter division between Catholics and Protestants. (In '98, many Catholics and Dissenters--non-Anglicans--and even some sympathetic Anglicans--had found common cause). Quakers (and Moravians) fared relatively well in the bad times, though as always, there were those who interpreted Friendly efforts to help the wounded and displaced on both sides as treason. After one especially dreadful battle, Friends on their way to Meeting had to make their way past bodies left lying in the streets. The tensions that led to this had been brewing for many years, and back in 1793 Scott was not imagining the sense that some terrible violence was near at hand.

9 May, 2005

*I'm back again F/friends--*

*After a very busy tour of the north of Ireland, I'm back in the south. Took a short break in Drogheda, being an ordinary tourist. Now I'm in Bray--not a place Job visited, but very close to Dublin and its libraries, and also having easy access by public transport to places that Job did visit, such as Wicklow. So on to "Following Job, Part V"*

## **Scott Journal , Part V**

**April 17, Sunday**--A spot of agitation now occupies all the local papers--shall Croke Park (a local athletic venue) be kept "pure" and host only true Irish sports like hurling (which nobody but the Irish understands) and Gaelic football? or shall it be opened to host such alien games as (shock! gasp!) soccer and rugby. The governing board voted--purity lost.

Meeting for Worship at Eustace Street--known to Job as Sycamore Alley (see March 13 of Part IV). Had travel minute read and endorsed. Pleasant conversation with clerk and one of the appointed elders of the Meeting--yes, they still have elders and were surprised that NEYM had abandoned the practice.

**April 18, Monday**--more utterly foul weather--cold, rainy. In a rain free moment, looked for a bench by the river to eat lunch--by the time I got there, it was raining and hailing all over it. Settled for inspecting nearby Famine Memorial--stark and dramatic--more so in the rain. While people died over here, the English Parliament was busy thwarting efforts to send help--didn't want people to get dependent on the government. No comment.

In the Dublin branch library that specializes in local history, found a journal with long descriptions of Job's visit, plus very extensive materials on what Ireland was like at the time--English essentially saw conquered Irish as children who just didn't understand what was good for them (many in government, and some--though not all--of the British landlords, were genuinely bewildered by local response to their policy and action). And when eighteenth century children were disobedient, you thrashed them, which--in theory--caused them to recognize their naughtiness and hence to reform. No more comment on that, either.

Useful here to remember that Job lived through the American Revolution, and knew what happened when people became frustrated and angry at injustice.

**April 21, Thursday**--totally frustrating morning trying to find a better way to get to the Archives in a reasonable time without spending a fortune on taxis. Failed. Then had great insight--this is not good use of my time! Back to the Pearse St. Branch Library, where all the good local stuff is.

But mutter, mutter, grumble. I was truly annoyed. I'm sure Friends had the very best of intentions in moving to such an inaccessible place, and of course they weren't doing it just to thwart me. Yet now they are a part of the way the newly prosperous Dublin is developing--gas guzzling, car dependent, urban sprawl. British Friends were wise to make most of their Meeting record books available to general researchers via

the County Public Records offices all over the country--either on microfilm or in their original paper and leather--these PRO's have received such records with enthusiasm, because it makes a treasure trove of genealogical and historical information available to the general public. Then specialized assistance is made available through the Archivists in Lisburn and London. NEYM has done the same through the RI Historical Society (and me). There's an interesting question raised by all this--what are records for? And who are they for?

But had another fruitful day at the public library. Then midweek evening worship at Eustace St.--almost entirely different group of people. Very silent in worship, very involved with people they knew both before and after Meeting, not very open to visitors. The Secret Society of Friends?

**April 22, Friday**--Morning at the History and Archaeology Museum--fascinating place. Discovered a medieval reliquary box (I forget whose relics they were supposed to be) with a lid decorated with images of saints, including St. Bridget--holding a bishop's crozier--Ha! Confirms that as late as the 13th or 14th century, the Irish still accepted (even though they weren't supposed to) the story that Bridget had been consecrated a bishop in the Celtic Catholic church. (Rome didn't like that idea, so they said it never happened--though they were perfectly happy to accept far more impossible tales as real events.)

**April 23, Saturday**--in Lisburn, a few miles from Belfast, in the north. Staying with the Northern Ireland Archivist and her husband--retired teachers and history enthusiasts who had read Scott's Journal in preparation for my arrival (!!).

A whirl of activity today--the Camerons plunged into the Meeting House tour with gusto, driving me to MH's I could never have reached by public transport--or even found. First to Hillsborough House--not normally open to the public on this day, because it's a beautiful 18th century mansion belonging to the government--sort of the equivalent of the White House of NI--here they have fancy dinners, sign treaties, the queen bestows knighthoods, etc. An obliging officer let us in and gave us a private tour--because Quakers retain a right of access to the burial ground where the Meeting House once stood, and where Scott visited. The MH was built on land leased to Friends by Lord Hill, Marquis of Downshire at the time, subsequent Lord Hills continued friendly and generous relationships with Friends;

On to Rathfriland Meeting House, built in a delightful village perched right on top of a very high hill. MH now sadly in decay--but Job "had a good meeting there....I was considerably enlarged in testimony." Perhaps he was inspired by the spectacular view. An intelligent developer has purchased the land and is building some very attractive housing--and would like to turn the old MH into a community or daycare center.

**April 24, Sunday**--Worship at Lisburn--modern MH, not the one Scott knew. Then to Moyallon, which Scott did know. Very graceful building, still in use--with an expandable space: wood panels at the back fold up and hook to the ceiling, turning the vestibule into extra meeting space for Quarterly Meetings and such like. Burial ground has two parts--

large area for the hoi-polloi and smaller area for the Quaker gentry who gave the land. (Guess you don't elder rich folks who provide you with an elegant MH. Quaker equality meets reality.)

On to Megaberry MH--building Scott knew is sadly derelict; windows boarded up, roof over the entryway caved in. Burial ground still in use and kept mowed, but accessible (to us) only by climbing a 4 foot high barred gate, or negotiating a barbed wire fence surrounded by nettles. Settled for peering over the barbed wire.

"Tea" (i.e., a light supper) at the Camerons with Ross and Robina Chapman--Ross one of the leading Northern Ireland Quaker historians; knows more than I do about Job. He arrived with a pile of books and articles for me to read--informs me that Job played an unwitting part in serious theological controversies arising among Irish Friends in early 1800's--and of course, being dead at the time, he couldn't complain if he was misunderstood.

**April 26, Tuesday**--Public records office all day yesterday. Found Friends of the 1790's madly disowning hundreds of people for "marrying one not of our society." No wonder they were in decline at the time.

Today a real treat--tour of the countryside with Ross Chapman. Spectacular day--when the sun shines in Ireland, you willingly take back all the nasty things you ever said about the weather. The sun is brighter, the air clearer, the earth more impossibly green than it ever is at home--all of which are, of course, because it rains all the rest of the time.

Cootehill--where Scott observed a riot, sparked by a young recruit's sudden decision he didn't want to be in the British army after all. Local peasantry, no fans of the army themselves, aided and abetted his attempt to escape; it all deteriorated into a brawl which spread over the upward sloping and unusually wide main street. Scott would have had a front row seat from the MH door at the bottom of the hill. A Church of Ireland has now replaced the old MH, but the burial ground remains, in a spectacular location--the highest point in town, site of an ancient rath--a fortified farm or "hill fort," possibly pre-Christian or very early Christian. Later inhabitants sometimes called such places Dane-forts (believing they were built by Vikings, who frequently and ferociously marauded in Ireland) or fairy-forts. The burial ground was inside the earthen dike, up so high that chimneys of surrounding houses are below eye level. Making a statement? If so, what?

Grange-Near-Charlemont--here Scott attended several Meetings, including a Quarterly Meeting where "Truth reigned over all." Old MH was later remodeled to serve as the Women's Meeting Room, and a new MH built next to it in 1818. Both still in use.

Richhill--also still an active meeting--my favorite of this trip, and Ross's home meeting. Meeting House was brand new when Scott was here (worship was "dull and painful.") As at Hillsborough, land was given by a local lord who liked having Quaker neighbors--they were quiet, didn't cause trouble, and took care of their own poor. Another hill top town, with the lord's "castle" (actually a mansion gussied up with a few turrets, clearly incapable of defending anything) perched on the highest point, with the Meeting House a little way below. Outside--plain to the point of starkness. Inside,

meeting room painted white, very light and airy, graceful proportions and a Shaker-like simplicity. Ross said when he was a little boy in the 1930's, men and women still sat separately, though he and the smaller boys had to stay with their mothers, while his older brother got to sit with the men. At the back of the Meeting room is an ancient and battered bench, brought from an older MH, and said to have been sat upon by George Fox.

Then back to "tea" at Ross's home in Newry. No sooner had we finished than the rain, which had kindly held off all day, burst out and drenched everything around, leaving us cheerful and dry around the sitting room fire.

**April 28, Thursday**--Yesterday investigated strong room of Lisburn Northern Ireland Archives--Muriel's domain. Nothing much new except useful map, showing locations of Meetings in Ireland in 1794.

Today to Lurgan--where Quakerism in Ireland began in 1654 with the arrival of William Edmondson, ex-soldier in Cromwell's army, claiming his land in Ireland as compensation, newly converted to Quakerism. MH Scott visited is gone, but after an incredibly elegant morning coffee (whipped cream to float on top, fresh apple tart!--hostess a retired caterer), had a tour of the present Lurgan MH--same site as the ancient one, but this one brand new.

Lurgan in Scott's time was a major center of the linen industry (as were Lisburn and several other cities in the area). Many Quakers farmers were suppliers to the trade; others became extremely wealthy in the manufacturing and processing end. May explain concern of Scott and others that Quakers were becoming too involved in the world, drifting towards Anglicanism, and spiritually dull--all the while thinking themselves as more spiritually advanced than others. Does any of this sound like modern Friends?

Afternoon in Craigavon Museum Historical Library--and hit the jackpot!. Found journal of Sarah Lynes Grubb, a notable minister of the late eighteenth and early 18th century. She first "appeared in the ministry" at 15, when she was serving as nanny to the children of another Quaker family. She was 19 when Scott visited her Meeting near Mountmellick (in the south), heard her preach, and encouraged her ministry, telling her to 'stay close to her gift,' but warning her of the temptations facing those who became more successful in ministry than they had expected. Imagine the impact of such an encounter with the man who at that particular time had become one of the most well known travelling ministers in Ireland.

**April 29, Friday**--AM, fast trip up to Quaker Cottage, where I spent the glorious summer of 1988. Old stone farmhouse and surrounding outbuildings now remodeled out of all recognition. Wonderful old kitchen, where I sat learning to play the bodhran, now gone--but have to admit, everything back then--much as I loved it--was picturesque but terribly make-do, damp, and inadequate. Now much improved and expanded, with help of local government grants. But the surrounding mountainside is still incredibly gorgeous, dotted with old hill farms, cows, sheep, great fields of unbelievably green grass, blooming gorse, and views over the whole city all the way down the river to the Mountains of

Mourne in the distance--and now it's all protected land and can't be built on. A hundred thousand blessings on whoever put that regulation through.

And the former army base just below and down the valley is gone--replaced by some sort of industrial park. When conflict gives way to business--peace really does seem possible here.

26 May, 2005

Hello again F/friends—

Reeve and Sabina arrived safely. We rented a car, and made our way around the south of Ireland, combining touring and hunting for old Meeting Houses. We took a break from pursuing Job and visited Doolin--a tiny sea side village within sight of the Aran Islands, and famous for traditional music--this was another of my favorite places during my visit in Ireland in 1988. So here's "Following Job, Part VI"

### **Scott Journal , Part VI**

**30 April, Saturday**--Back in the South, in Drogheda--said to have been home to some of my ancestors. Today I'm just a tourist. Visited an Arts festival and a classic street market, held on this exact same site every Saturday for 688 years--everything imaginable for sale: clothes, bedding, CDs, great rounds of soda bread, fireplace grates.

Then caught bus to monastery ruins of Monasterboice, site of two of Ireland's most famous High Crosses, very large and intricately decorated with various scenes, mostly from the Bible. Bus, however, didn't exactly go to Monasterboice. Driver dropped me in what appeared to be the middle of nowhere and said just follow the signs. So Hi Ho, Away We Go--around a round-about (traffic circle to you), up one narrow country lane and down another--and there were the ruins. In addition to the crosses, there was a tower which was treasury, watch tower, and refuge for the locals from Viking raids. Couldn't have worked very well--it was sacked several times. Extremely nasty, brutal people the Vikings, and probably most of us with Irish blood also have some Viking as well.

On the way back, a persistent drizzling mist descended. The joys of car-less touring in Ireland! But I was laughing!

**1 May, Sunday**--No Meeting for Worship--Drogheda Meeting only meets once a month. Afternoon trip to New Grange--one of the greatest prehistoric monuments of Europe. A large passage tomb, with many intricate and beautiful carvings on surrounding stones. Entrance so narrow one had to duck and turn sideways to get into the high domed chamber--not for the claustrophobic--but amazing, just as a work of engineering. A narrow slot over the entry admits a long ray of light at sunrise for several days at the time of the winter solstice. ("Prehistoric" does not mean "primitive," and certainly not "slow-witted.")

**4 May, Wednesday**--At a lovely B&B in Bray. Delightful friendly hosts--a genial retired policeman and a retired teacher, who tutors people in Irish (which Ireland has been struggling to revive--with minimal success--for over 50 years) and makes wonderful home made bread and jams.

Bray is charming, a busy little seaside resort--at this season, moderately tourist free. (Anyone who sets a toe in the Irish Sea at this time of year usually makes a swift exit.)

**5 May, Thursday**--Bus to Wicklow, which would charm the socks off even the most hardened tourist. It perches on a high rocky bluff over the mouth of the Leitrim River, which provides a small deep water port. It is also home to about 3 1/2 monuments--a tiny ruined castle, a Franciscan priory (also in ruins), a large statue dedicated to the generations of Irish rebels who fought to throw off the oppressive rule of England, and the notorious Wicklow Gaol, where many of those same rebels languished while waiting to be transported to the prison colonies of Australia.

Job visited the Meeting House which once stood facing the side wall of the jail, just across a tiny lane, quite near the one-time army barracks. Very odd place for a Meeting House, and I speculate it could have had a strange impact on Job, though he doesn't mention it. He does comment on the oppressiveness of the Anglican Church, which was so full of a sense of its own virtue and correctness that it required the entire population to support it through heavy tithes, and had set itself the task of harshly "correcting" the obstinately benighted views of the Catholic population. It didn't think much of the Dissenting Churches either; at least they were Protestants, but Dissenters weren't allowed enter universities, or to serve in Parliament.

The more I read about the 1790's in Ireland, the better I understand Irish bitterness against the English. I find myself asking not only "How could they be so brutal?" but "How could they be so stupid?" Some members of Parliament were genuinely puzzled by the failure of the Irish to recognize the obvious superiority of the religion and way of life that were being imposed on them.

The rebellion finally exploded in 1798, but in 1793, there had been small uprisings, and various "subversives" were already resident in Wicklow Gaol. While Scott was in England, the British government declared war on the Revolutionary French Government, and feared, not without reason, that France would seek support in Ireland for spreading its frightening revolutionary ideas abroad. Job would have seen the soldiers from the nearby barracks patrolling the streets.

War was in the air, and Job writes of this feeling--though he interpreted it as a forewarning of the coming wrath of God which he was sure was about to fall on the "mystical Whore of Babylon" (the Anglican Church) and all who followed or cooperated with her. But when the explosion came, it was not the wrath of God but the wrath of the Irish. Job refers to the worship at Wicklow as being "painfully exercising." Maybe it was all those groaning prisoners across the lane.

**8 May, First Day**--Most of past two days spent making arrangements for Reeve and Sabina's arrival this week, and winding up research at Pearse St. Library in Dublin.

To Meeting at Monkstown--not one Scott visited--it didn't exist then--but interesting history anyway. Monkstown and much of the rest of the south side of Dublin Bay developed because wealthy Dublin Quakers wanted a convenient way to get down to their "country" residences in Monkstown--so they arranged to have a railroad built, one of the first in Ireland; it was nicknamed "the Quaker Railroad." It has now turned into the delightful DART Line, which whisks passengers up and down the coast from Howth to Greystones.

**13 May, Friday**--Back in Dublin after two days arranging car rental, etc., etc., for Reeve and Sabina's arrival. They landed safely yesterday, and are installed at a Dublin hostel. Their astonishing quantity of luggage required a larger car, so had to redo rental arrangements.

**14 May, Saturday**--Piled all our stuff into the DART, whisked down to Bray, re-piled luggage into our car and headed for Glendalough. Spectacular weather--bright sun every day since R&S arrived--they'll get a completely wrong idea of Irish weather. Spent afternoon exploring the once immense monastic settlement there--founded in 498 by St. Kevin, who came there to be a hermit--and soon attracted many students--and now hordes of tourists (one of many Irish ironies). Valley itself is one of Ireland's most beautiful places, two lakes tucked between steep forested hillsides.

On to hostel at Rathdrum.

**15 May, Sunday**--Thought about trying to get to worship at Enniscorthy, in Co. Wexford, but too far. So just set a leisurely pace and went to look for Enniscorthy MH. A major addition has been made to it since Scott visited there, but the old building remains, and the site is lovely--right on the River Slaney across from the center of town. Yet they faced the entry away from the river, up the hill. No distractions from "the world" here!

Also, by a series of odd coincidences, wound up at the new museum dedicated to telling the story of the Rebellion of 1798 and the most bloody and decisive defeat of the rebels at the Battle of Vinegar Hill, just a short way on the other side of the Meeting House on the north side of the river. (Friends persisted in attending worship anyway, and had to walk past bodies lying in the street, which they also helped to bury.) Co. Wexford was the center of revolutionary activity in the south, and again, local Friends must have been aware of rising tensions in the town, and Scott no doubt heard of this. The museum was very interesting--as Reeve observed, the Irish are great at celebrating defeat.

The Irish Free State was finally established in the early 1920's, by which time England was thoroughly sick of those troublesome people across the way. Now Ireland and the UK are great allies and all the the rebels wanted has been accomplished--in the south anyway. One has to ask why arrogant and pigheaded people had to put two nations through all that ghastliness.

**16 May, Monday**--Off for the southern coast, via Taghmon and New Ross. Taghmon supposed to be the site of a ruined MH--diligently drove up and down the narrow road where it was supposed to be--found nothing.

Different story in New Ross, a pleasant harbor city on the River Barrow. Here the one time MH sits in a rather lordly position at the end of the main shopping street. Only an imposing facade remains, much altered, but it suggests Friends here were inclining toward the prosperous worldliness that troubled Scott.

Headed for Tramore by back roads, hoping to avoid the congestion of Waterford, when suddenly we saw a most remarkable ruin in a field near the road. Turned out to be remains of Dunbrody Abbey, but unlike the ruins of Glendalough and other more famous places, it had only a tiny visitor center across the road, and that was closed. And there sat the Abbey in a field of unmown grass, the lonely wreck of a once beautiful building. The passing tourist can roam through at will, but we were the only ones there. Birds, wind, and off in the distance, a glimpse of the sea.

**17 May, Tuesday**--Set off from our pleasant hostel in Tramore to visit the port city of Waterford. In its way, it was the New Bedford of Ireland. In the 18th century, Quakers were only 2% of the population, but played a major role in Waterford commerce. As the local librarian put it, "If it moved, they were involved in it." They built ships, operated shipping lines, and supplied them with sails, ropes, and sea biscuits--now known to the world as Jacobs Cream Crackers . They started the Waterford Glass company. They lived elegantly, and built large and beautiful 18th century homes in the center of town--and a Meeting House to match. Job saw the beautiful neo-classical facade, which is still much as it was, and the elegant lobby with a broad sweeping staircase that divides at the half-landing. Hey--it's indisputably simple--but it's the kind of simplicity that costs plenty to design and build. It's now been beautifully remodeled as as an arts and education center, with a theater in the round occupying the former worship room. A fitting irony, given that these Friends were very strict on following all the rules of Quaker behavior--plain speech, plain dress, no marrying out, and definitely no visiting of theaters. One young woman of the Waterford glass family was dealt with for attending "assemblies" (fancy evening parties), and card parties. She was unrepentant.

**18 May, Wednesday**--Lost our great weather--gale force winds and furious rain squalls left me trudging through Youghal with a soggy map in hand, trying to find the MH. I did--perched high on the very steep hill that overlooks the harbor, but Job would never recognize it--it's a private home, and has acquired a third story with a conservatory on the end--must have a fantastic view.

**21 May, Saturday**--Took Thursday off in Midleton, to see Cobh--the port of Cork from which many Irish emigrants left for America, probably including mine. Also famous for being the Titanic's last port of call, and the place where the traumatized survivors of the torpedoed liner, the Lusitania, were taken ashore. Friday dithered about whether to go into Cork--traffic as bad as Dublin, and Meeting House Scott knew is long gone--decided not worth it just to go to look at a space now occupied by something else.

Now in Doolin, in Co. Clare. This is the west of Ireland--the part that looks like every postcard you ever saw and even though the traffic has tripled, on the road, cow pats are still more common than cars. Doolin remains the traditional music capital of Ireland, but the great pub that used to be the center of it all has become a victim of its own success--it's expanded, and now hordes of tourists sit around, eat fish and chips, and listen to other people perform--not a real "session." (It's barely a real pub.) Rumor has it that two other pubs about 3/4 mile down the road have taken up the fallen

standard. R&S off to the Aran Islands while I catch up with the electronic journal. Check out rumor when they return?

**22 May, Sunday**--Rumor true! Hallelujah! Walked back from pub last night in the moonlight. When I stood still, I could hear the roar of the sea.

**23 May, Monday**--Yesterday toured the starkly barren and beautiful Burren area of north-west Co. Clare--famous especially for its prehistoric remains, including the most photographed one in Ireland, the Poulnabrone portal tomb, a wedge shaped construct of carefully balanced flat boulders. It's surprisingly small seen from the road, standing starkly alone in the middle of a "field" of the same rock that elsewhere in this area is covered only by a few inches of soil. A bleak, poor land--known in modern times as the poorest parish in Ireland--yet people came here thousands of years ago--and stayed. This tomb has a mysterious "presence" for lack of a better word--and the forty or so tourists were oddly respectful in their manner. It seems to command us to remember "We were here. Attention must be paid. You are the newcomers. We were here long before you--remember us!"

A wild night last night--high wind all night, bouts of slashing rain, very cold. We all slept restlessly. Rain let up long enough to pack up the car--drove out to the ferry slip to see the rocky beach. Tremendous surf--appeared to be crashing at least half way up the walls of the little cove to the south--which must be at least 150--200 feet high. To think I used to imagine I would have enjoyed the seafaring life many of my Long Island ancestors followed!

On to Athlone.

**24 May, Tuesday**--AM off to visit Clonmacnoise, the other most famous monastic ruin in Ireland, not so spread out as Glendalough but wonderful site at crossroads of early Ireland--River Shannon was bridged here for main east-west road. Founder St. Kieran (548 AD) definitely not a hermit.

Afternoon off in pursuit of Job again, to Roscrea (or Ross Crea, as he spells it). An attractive, bustling little market town perched (like so many) on a hill--seems to have kept its utterly confusing medieval street plan intact. Searched Rosemary St. to no avail until someone suggested we asked at the library. Librarian sent us to the office of Eamonn Stafford, a charming elderly elf, who spearheaded the effort to get Roscrea to join in the celebration of 350 years of Quakerism in Ireland. He walked us back to Rosemary St., where he showed us the MH--through a rusty hole in a solid Iron gate--someone else had the key. It snuggles up to the wall of the castle--as does the MH in Neath (Wales) and the long vanished MH in Cork. The Neath site was given to Friends, but did these other Friends have some sort of thing about castles? Seems such an odd choice of site.

Eamonn himself is a convinced Friend, and is working with others and with the local historical Society to open the old MH for worship again--meanwhile they have Meeting for Worship in his office on Friday nights.

**25 May, Wednesday**--Swept through three MH sites today, getting lost several times on the way, due to Irish penchant for omitting rural road signs at crucial intersections. At one place, we found a sign that said "Edenderry 5 km." About a kilometer further down the road the next sign said "Edenderry 6 km." This is a very strange country.

At Edenderry, the caretaker was at home--so was able to get some interior photos.

Then off into the Bog of Allen to find the site of Timahoe Meeting. The Bog is, of course, a peat bog, and Timahoe isn't a village, it's a parish, and 'there's no there there"--a few houses are strung along a narrow road, but there's no MH--just a burial ground on an island of solid ground in the middle of the bog. This we found on the proverbial back side of beyond by dint of asking a knowledgeable man unloading crates of drinks at an isolated pub: "Quaker burying ground? Right up that road. Big stone wall around it. Can't miss it."

Just as we began to think we had missed it, it appeared. Timahoe was a feeble Meeting when JS was there, and was laid down in 1806. However, the BG is carefully maintained by a historical society, and has a large stone with a plaque on it standing inside the gate, which explains that it was unveiled by US President Nixon in honor of the Quakers of Timahoe--because his Milhouse ancestors emigrated from there.

Then--on the Ballitore, where JS visited, came down with smallpox, and died. For that, you'll have to wait.

June, 2005

Dear F/friends--

*Reeve and Sabina have flown home, I've been to study Ballitore, and I'm back at Woodbrooke, hopefully to pull together some of the things that I've gathered. This will be the final installment of the Job Scott Journal. I don't really expect to make any thrilling discoveries in Birmingham, but if I do, you'll have to wait to hear about them when I get back. So here's "Following Job, Part VII," plus an Epilogue.*

## **Scott Journal , Part VII**

**25 May, Wednesday (continued)**--Ballitore. First impression--very tiny village (more housing up the road, maybe?). Big signs on the main highway: "QUAKER VILLAGE." It was in fact founded by Quakers, and is home to the only locally situated Quaker heritage museum in Ireland. Mary Shackleton Leadbeater's nicely restored house (she was a friend and admirer of JS--like many of her family) is both museum and public library.

Village does need help--it's a mix of buildings, some simply shabby, some badly decayed (no doors, windows, roofs--nice crop of weeds and old beer cans inside) though some are very nicely restored.

Walked up to the Meeting House--and had an odd reaction. It's forbidding--looks like a tiny castle, complete with window slits on the ground floor and a very high wall around a small courtyard. Why? When most of the neighbors were Quakers? Defense against "worldliness" with bells on? (No distractions to worship on our territory, thank you very much?)

Paradoxically (?), Ballitore was also home to nationally famous Ballitore School for boys; its headmasters were several generations of Shackletons (Mary Leadbeater's grandfather, father, and brother), progressive, well educated, thoughtful men who were also deeply committed Friends. The founder, Abraham, opened the school to non-Friends, taught Latin and Greek classics in their original languages (required for university entry)-- except those which recommended the "illusions of love" or glorified war. The great Edmund Burke was a graduate--never a Friend, he was nonetheless profoundly grateful to the school and maintained a life-long correspondence with the Shackletons. Abraham II (grandson of Abraham I, and Job's contemporary) began to question both literalistic readings of the Bible and the dictates of London Yearly Meeting (of which all Irish Quakers were then a part). And JS saw (but probably didn't recognize) the first gale warnings of a gathering storm of conflict that was to shake Irish Quakerism. Much of what he wrote and preached was later quoted by the Shackletons and others in their own defense. Some called him a prophet.

Anyway, I decided to stay outside the village when I came back. Didn't care for MH, only B&B was a bit pricey, and village in and of itself didn't seem to have much to offer. Plus, somebody was burning trash--foul smelling smoke hung over the village square--never an enticing prospect for the traveller.

Then we were off again--through the Wicklow Mountains by means of Wicklow Gap, a spectacular barren pass, crossed by a modern road and another, very ancient

one known as the "Pilgrim Way"--possibly used by pilgrims going to St. Kevin's Shrine, but probably was also the road through the mountains even in prehistoric times. A small high lake in the pass is known as Lough Nahanagan--"Lake of the Beast"--gotta be a story there! --though there is a modern "beast" lurking under (literally) the nearest mountain--a power station that uses water power to generate electricity.

Then back down to Glendalough again, and the excellent hostel near the ruins. Good to collapse there after a long day--even had a four bed dorm room to ourselves.

**26 May, Thursday**--Gorgeous day! Spent morning at the hostel, catching up my journal; R&S out hiking the mountain trails around the upper lake. They're great outdoorswomen (got it from their dad, not me) and it's a wonderful place for hikers--trails all over the place designed for walkers of varying abilities who want to investigate the most gorgeous mountain scenery in Ireland. It's a glacial valley--perpendicular sides in some places. Two lakes, ancient ruins all over the valley floor--it's a national park, so it's well cared for--and free! (except the video and exhibit at the Visitor Centre) I did walk up to the Poulaness Falls after lunch--"hanging" falls which shoot out of a narrow gully sliced off by the glacier. Never mind if I sound like the Irish Tourist Board--if you visit Ireland, [see this place](#). (With a weekend on the west coast squeezed in!)

**27 May, Friday**--Back to Bray. R&S off to Dublin where Reeve's boyfriend Glenn and his sister Nicolle will meet them at the hostel. I check into modest hotel; will turn in the big car in the AM--but for tonight, managed somehow to get it in---verrrrry slowly--to the hotel parking lot through a narrow alley past giant rubbish bins on one side and huge pile of dirt on the other (they're digging up every road in Ireland this spring).

**28 May, Saturday**--Into Dublin via the delightful DART to meet R, S, and rest of crew for dinner. Left early so could do some errands on Grafton St. and see who the featured street artists are today--there's a bagpiper and a group of Hare Krishna's (thought they'd evaporated with the sixties) playing the usual drums and bells, but with an addition: an accordion(!)

Met R&S et al to discover their plans to go to New Grange fell through because Glenn's sister heedlessly left her passport and money on the hostel bed while she showered--"Everybody there seemed so nice!" Well somebody wasn't, so Nicolle and Glenn, with Reeve along for moral support spent day in the Garda (Police) station. Sabina went off to a museum. N was leaving tomorrow, but now must stay 'til Tuesday--with no money--Embassy closed due to US Memorial Day. (Thought embassies were supposed to be always available to citizens for emergencies--this isn't one???)

**29 May Sunday**--Attended a fairly innocuous service at Presbyterian Church across street. Were announcements about ecumenical activities with the Roman Catholics--seemed very much like home--until one realizes that few a hundred miles north, a good Presbyterian wouldn't be caught dead in a Catholic Church--consorting with the enemy! Recent newspaper editorial commented that most people in England and in the Republic of Ireland really don't understand why this stupid tribalism persists. But my

time in the north convinced me that it really is changing, especially recently as it becomes clear that the IRA is more and more involved in crime and violence that has nothing to do with "patriotism."

Great evening--R,S, G and N came out to Bray in late afternoon--all but S hiked up to Bray Head; she went sketching somewhere. Then we all went to the traditional music session at the pub next door to my hotel. Great music! Man at the next table even hauled me up to dance--though my skills at Irish Step Dancing are next to nil! Grand time had by all!

R&S leave tomorrow--I miss them already--we had such a great time!

**30 May, Monday**--met crew at hostel to go out to airport--I'd offered to pay for taxi, but people kept wandering off. Taxi was waiting and only S was there, guarding everybody's luggage. Talk about trying to herd cats!

Everybody seen safely off at last--except poor Nicolle, who must hang around and deal with American Embassy tomorrow.

**31 May, Tuesday**--First day out driving alone in new teeny-weeny car--delightful little black Opel. Doesn't have the power or easy handling of the big Toyota (that could climb mountains in fourth gear!) But oh, the relief of feeling that when I meet some elephantine tour bus (and they are everywhere, even on the narrowest country roads) I've got room to move over without losing the side door to the nearest stone wall--also a feature of many narrow Irish lanes.

Lovely B&B tonight--an old coaching inn part way down the Vale of Avoca--with a surprisingly comfortable window seat, a window box full of geraniums, and old fashioned wooden shutters that close from the inside.

**1 June, Wednesday**--In a wonderful country home/working farm B&B near Kilkea Castle (a real castle, now a hotel). Have discovered both of the owners have Quaker ancestors--Godfrey Greene is a descendant of the Greenes of RI, and a distant relation of General Nathaniel Greene. His wife Marion is a descendant of the Jacobs--Waterford Quakers who made Jacobs Biscuits. Both very hospitable.

Athy is 20 minutes drive to the northwest, Ballitore 20 minutes to the northeast--and they are 20 minutes from each other. Athy (pronounced At-high) has two plusses--a MH visited by Scott, and a public library with surprising amounts of stuff on Quakers. Finished off afternoon with quick trip to Ballitore--arrived just a half hour before the Ballitore Museum/Public Library closed, and met the wonderful Mary Malone, the enthusiastic librarian/curator--a large, grandmotherly woman known to every one in Ballitore simply as Mary--and apparently to the folks of Athy as well--or at any rate, to the library staff. She sat me at the library table, produced a cup of tea, a small mountain of fruitcake and shortbread, and a book full of transcribed letters from Mary Bewley in Dublin (of the Bewley's Coffee House family) to her friend Molly (Mary Shackleton Leadbeater)--Job stayed with the Bewleys in Dublin and Mary B's brother Thomas (Tommy) accompanied Job on his visit to the north of Ireland. Six (!) of the letters refer

to Job's visit to Ireland (JACKPOT!!) Judging from the tone, I think she may have had a bit of a crush on him--it's certainly hero worship, at the very least.

And Mary Shackleton Leadbeater deserves a whole book to herself. Member of a leading Quaker family in Ballitore, she was postmistress, purveyor of kindly gossip, and gifted recorder of the ordinary life of the village and its people, Quaker and non-Quaker alike. Her book, *The Annals of Ballitore*, (as well as several other books) were published, and had a wide circulation. Two of her books, *The Annals* and *Cottage Dialogues* are now classics read by Quakers and non-Quakers for their detailed descriptions of Irish village life at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries; her descriptions of the horrors of being alternately occupied by rebels and soldiers during the Rising of 1798 are widely quoted. (They dragged mattresses on to the floor to sleep, to avoid the bullets whistling through the windows--and that was by no means the worst of it.)

Mary promised to make me copies of all the letters to take tomorrow.

Lovely evening back at the Greene's--Godfrey built me a wonderful fire in the sitting room, and stayed to chitchat.

**3 June, Friday**--Morning by the sitting room fire, working at a tiny writing desk while Marion produced shortbread and large cups of cappuccino (sp?)--ah, luxury! Trivia note--there's a little sign on the front window, "Beware of dog." Said dog is Leo, an enormous golden Labrador mix--the main danger is that he might sit on your foot and trip you when you get up. He also might prevent you from rising with a large paw in your lap if you stop scratching his ears. He does bark--but only at people he hasn't met yet. In short, a total cream puff.

Off to Athy library. A garrison town in Scott's day, it has a small castle guarding its equally small bridge over the River Barrow. Useful to remember when one gets too gloomy about the state of the world, that the English and Irish no longer build castles for garrisons to keep the locals under control--even army bases are disappearing in the North of Ireland--may they never return! Now--in the Republic of Ireland, anyway--there are the Gardai--citizens themselves, not troops of the monarch or the lord. (Ballitore has a delightful Garda station--office at one end--traditional blue "Garda" lamp at the door; house at the other end, with backyard full of little kids toys)

No more Quakers in Athy--old MH in a sad state--boarded up windows and door, courtyard of cracked and broken paving. But the cracks and bare spots are full of wildflowers in full bloom.

Back to Ballitore again, more tea and cake and books from Mary, the treasure of the village. Everybody coming in got introduced: "This is Marnie, a lady from America." Mary produced another book of letters--none about Scott, but charming and poignant letters home from two young boys, John Bewley and his little brother William (nephews of Thomas and Mary). Both entered the Ballitore school (at ages 6 and 7) the August before Job died--they didn't mention him, but would certainly have known about his arrival. The letters give a wonderful image of school life in Scott's day. John sends home copies of maps he has drawn for geography class, says they have gone sledding,

and later complains to his father “Please tell the master to make William stop drinking the ink!” (apparently little boys haven’t changed very much over the last 2 centuries).

Received a big goodbye hug from Mary, and walked down to burial ground--a fair number of graves with markers, including most of the Shackletons--but Job’s grave (as I already knew) is unmarked--as are many others. He might have requested that, but a local historian who kindly looked up the MM record for me suggested the Shackletons might have been concerned that his grave would become a shrine, since by this time he was regarded by a number of Irish Friends with an admiration little short of adoration. (London Friends had the same concern about G. Fox’s grave, and went to considerable lengths to prevent its exact location from being known.)

Burial ground has a lovely site--a view over the village. Trees hide the housing estates off to the west, so from here it actually must look very much as it did when Scott saw it--small, peaceful, nestling in a shallow valley on the banks of a little river bordered by hay fields, and rich pastureland occupied by a placid herd of black and white cows.

**4 June, Saturday**--Libraries closed for Bank Holiday weekend. Cloudy and chilly. Decided that rather than try to fit in a visit to one more MH, I’d rather have an unpressured day, gathering up both thoughts and possessions for the trip back to Bray. I’ve seen a lot now--it’s time to make a closing, and consider what I’ve found and what I’m supposed to do with it.

## Epilogue

My perspective has shifted. I came to follow Job’s tracks, hoping to discover how English and Irish Friends responded to him. That was easier in Ireland than in England, because official records are mostly uninformative or conventional, and there are more Irish letters and journals available, perhaps because he had a greater long term impact there.

That purpose remained, but was expanded by another--trying to understand what Job was seeing and how he reacted to it. That meant digging into both Quaker and national histories of the time. This was fascinating--most of it quite new to me. Job doesn’t talk much about local events, though he did describe a riot in Cootehill where British troops and local residents battled up and down the main street of the town. Such clashes were becoming more common as simmering hostility made open rebellion only a matter of time.

So it was an uneasy and increasingly turbulent time to live in. There were most certainly “wars and the rumors of wars.” (Matt. 24:6) Nation was rising up against nation (Matt. 24:7) England was already fighting in France; rumors of a French invasion constantly floated about, even among Friends. The Irish situation was far worse--resentment of English oppression was growing, inspired in part by the success of the American Revolution.

But when Job records his reactions to events, he interprets them in a theological way, not the political or social way which shaped the vision of other men of his time. There is no way I or any other scholar can ever know precisely what Job thought or felt, yet he was very intelligent, spiritually sensitive, and deeply thoughtful about his own spiritual experiences. He remarks on the “corruption” and injustice that characterized both the treatment of Quakers (and of course other Dissenters) in England and even more, the English governance of Ireland, particularly in regard to the greed and exploitation which characterized the system of tithes, and the lack of “true religion” among the clergy of all denominations. These are amply confirmed by other sources, but Job “reads” them theologically, using the Biblical imagery he knows so well--as signs of the End Times. He is sure the “mystical Whore of Babylon”--represented primarily by the Anglican Church, which he sees as the toxic source of all corruption--is about to be overthrown. Yet in 1798, it became clear that at least one of the awful events he felt coming was not the wrath of God, but the wrath of the Irish.

Moreover, as Job and many others agreed, the Society of Friends was in a “low state.” He wrote to Martha Routh, “Low lies the life in these Northern Climes, and Truth has too much fallen in the Streets of our poor faded Society.” He continued, “My little services be mostly among other Societies [i.e., other Dissenters, such as Methodists, and--especially in Ireland--Presbyterians] Amongst them is much the most both of Enlargement and substantial Relish to my tribulated [sic] Soul.” Membership was declining. Job saw, and commented on, the worldliness of some Friends, their self-satisfaction and sense of spiritual superiority, and their tendency to rely on following the letter of Scripture or of the Book of Discipline to sustain the Society, rather than on union with the Spirit. He deplores this tendency “to centre in lifeless formality,” and complained to Martha Routh that among Friends he often found that “a listless, stupid Silence prevail[s] over all, as dead a Form as any in the Land.” Furthermore, during the time of Job’s visit to Ireland, the first stirrings of dissension between Friends were beginning in the some of the very Meetings he visited. The “Little Apocalypse” of Matthew 24 must have seemed to be coming true before his eyes. (*“And then many will fall away, and betray one another, and hate one another.” Matt. 24:10*) No wonder that he speaks of ‘reading the signs’ and being convinced that he cannot be mistaken.

Knowing what was happening not only among Friends but in the world at large can shed considerable light on the Journal and on other statements attributed to Scott at this time. I believe, for instance, that it explains his increasingly apocalyptic tone, and the intensification of his opposition to “hireling priests,” whom he came to see not just as “eclipsing” the Spirit (his image) but actively leading people astray.

What he missed, of course--because a political vision was not part of his world vision--was the possibility of alternative readings of events. In some sense, he wasn’t equipped to understand that the world of Europe and America were in the throes of a profound cultural shift. Scientific and political thought were altering the way people saw the world, and were challenging both rulers and theologians. Friends tried to be in but not of the world--but they couldn’t escape being affected by this. And Friends are what they are today because of what began to happen at this time--and continued to happen well into the 19th and 20th centuries.

On this journey, I have come to feel that instead of my “following” Job, he has become my companion and guide. He pointed me to things I never expected to study. He couldn’t see them clearly himself, because his vision (as is true for all of us) was limited by his particular beliefs about the nature of the world and the ways of God. He surely knew, for instance, that his good and dear friends, the Shackletons of Ballitore, were as deeply troubled as he was by (in the words of the great Irish Quaker historian, Isabel Grubb) “the tendency to reduce religion to doctrinal statements and declarations of creed.” But was Job at all aware that his friend and contemporary Abraham Shackleton II (then headmaster of Ballitore school) was beginning to wonder about the older ways of reading Scripture? and to be troubled by the contradictions, especially between the warlike God of the Old Testament and the great Advocate of peace in the New? There is no evidence that such issues ever arose for Job, yet Abraham II and others were inspired by Job’s words (again as Isabel Grubb says) to a “spirit of reaction” against the growing evangelical movement, with its insistence on the primacy of Scripture and on Biblical literalism.

I too, of course, have a vision limited by my beliefs--but I do have the advantage over Job in knowing what happened next. (And knowing the history of Job, I hope I will be given the gift of uncertainty when I start trying to “read the signs.”) I know about the rising of ‘98. And I know what miserable things Irish Quakers went on to do to each other. What would Job have thought if he had known how his writings would be seized upon to justify an increasingly “liberal” interpretation of Scripture and of the concept of Salvation? Being dead, he couldn’t stand up and object that he was being quoted out of context, or that this or that idea wasn’t quite what he meant. Yet his words became a significant influence on the dissension which eventually led to a split in Irish Quakerism.

At this point, I also found myself wondering--as I sat by the lovely fire in the Greene’s sitting room--what did I get out of visiting all those Meeting Houses--or in many cases, Meeting Houses that replaced the ones that Job saw, or, in some instances, just places where Meeting Houses once stood. One answer is a very non-utilitarian one--it was just fun. And interesting--pursuing Meeting Houses led me to parts of England and Ireland it would never have occurred to me to visit--Frenchay, or Neath, or Cootehill, or the Bog of Allen are not at the top of anybody’s tourist agenda. I met some great people--people who love their Meeting Houses--people who want to rescue some old Meeting House from collapse or just plain oblivion--people who want to revive a Meeting that was laid down long ago, and meet in a Meeting House that has some history to it--people who believe, as I do, that Meeting Houses or even simply the locations of Meeting Houses speak to us now about the Friends who built them and who worshipped there. And--again like me--people who for some inexpressible reason just love old Meeting Houses.

None of this connects necessarily with Job’s travels. But when I did find a Meeting House that Job actually saw--or sometimes simply the location, the surroundings, that he saw--then I felt like I knew something more about him. Take the Meeting House in the Irish port city of Waterford, with its 18th century simple but costly elegance. One hardly needs a local historian to explain that it was built by wealthy and

influential Quakers--its broad and sweeping staircase whispers "movers and shakers of Waterford built me." The worshippers would have worn gray and black--but the bonnets and gowns would have been silk, and the black waistcoats cashmere, not homespun. Yet they were most careful to follow the rules of discipline that centered them, Job would argue, "in lifeless formality"--their bonnets at the correct angle, and their cuffs of the specified width.

Or take Oxford--the old Meeting House was only a few doors away from the modern one. Walk out the entryway and there is the beginning of an enormous sea of medieval stonework that radiates the power and privilege of Anglicanism. Might this explain his fierce outburst at Oxford against the Anglican clergy, and his warning that "the English Episcopal hierarchy must and will be shaken!"?

This was why I wanted to conclude my wandering at Ballitore--to see the last Meeting House that Scott saw, the village where he came down with smallpox, the place he died and was buried. I mentioned my initial negative reaction to the Meeting House (see May 25, above). Nevertheless, I wanted to attend Meeting there--I knew it had been revived by a Quaker who lived not in Ballitore but nearby, someone determined that Quakers should meet once more in the ancient Meeting House in the (once) Quaker Village.

That person turned out to be George Allen, the clerk, a cheerful soul about my age who arrived shortly after I drove up. When I got inside, I could guess at the reason for the slit windows on the ground floor: they lighted the room where Friends left cloaks and pattens (wooden clogs used as overshoes)--why spend money on expensive glass for a coat room? Meeting for Worship met in the room above this, a pleasant small room, originally used for the Women's Meeting for Business. It had a low, barrel vaulted ceiling and ample windows on two sides, with benches on four sides. (This was probably not the original arrangement--the "box" arrangement of benches or a circle of chairs we think of as "traditional" are in fact a modern development. Every old Meeting House I saw had rows of benches facing a raised "ministers gallery" where ministers and elders sat. In some cases the gallery was quite high--despite the theoretical equality of all members.

After Meeting, we had coffee in the original main Meeting room, which was probably built slightly earlier than the front section of the building (which forms an ell off the main section) where we met for worship. This main room was much larger--it might perhaps hold about a hundred people--it was pleasant and well lighted, and had high ceilings and a ministers' gallery. Scott--as a visiting minister--would have sat there--it was recorded by a Friend that on First Day, the 10th of 11th Month, "he spoke largely in the morning meeting," and "very powerfully in a publick meeting which was held in the evening at his request." (This was the day before his final illness struck.)

So I had to change my view of the Meeting House--shows the danger of jumping to conclusions (But I'm still glad I wound up at the Greenes--that was too good to miss.) And the Friends at Ballitore are quite wonderful. There were about ten or twelve people--very welcoming and friendly--much conversation and many questions about me and my project. George Allen has done a good thing in reviving this Meeting--it shows what one determined person with energy and enthusiasm can do--and it does help, of course, that

the Kildare County Council now owns the building and maintains it as a historic property--it even provides the heat and electricity. Though the Meeting is small, it is spiritually lively, and has even attracted an attender who actually lives in Ballitore. Who knows, maybe some of those Dubliners who will move into the planned new housing development next door will visit and discover they are Quakers!

However, I still think the building itself looks forbidding--yet early 18th century Friends didn't think in terms of making a building "open" or "welcoming"--we forget that those are modern notions of what a Meeting House should be. They thought in terms of practicality and virtue, and they had pretty well gotten past the expansive phase of the 17th century. They were beginning to consolidate, and counted on increasing membership mainly by the natural increase of children being born into families which were already Quaker. By the end of the century, when Job came through, many of them pretty much kept themselves to themselves. Travelling ministers did sometimes call "publick" Meetings, and, as I said above, Job felt that much too often he got a better response from the Presbyterians and Methodists than from Friends at such occasions. He complains that Friends tended to see themselves "in their own estimation far advanced..." beyond such obviously unenlightened folk.

Another interesting note--I mentioned the number of derelict buildings in the village center, and a member explained that many people had emigrated to America in the 18th and 19th century, simply abandoning their homes, and nobody knew who owned them. After all, who knew when an heir might turn up, so the houses were just left to stand--or rather, to fall down. Another message from the past written in buildings--the tide of people leaving Ireland included Quakers, who, like their neighbors, hoped to find a better life elsewhere. It wasn't until the late 20th century that this trend was finally reversed by the new prosperity--which is now producing its own set of problems.

So farewell Ballitore. And I now think of this journey less as "Following Job," (though he led me here), and more as "The Road to Ballitore." Job is here--but now he is surrounded not only by the world of English and Irish Quakerism in 1793, but by the greater world--a world more and more haunted by anxiety and edged with the threat of violence as the century moved to its close. War had come to the continent; rebellion was brewing at home. Among Friends, places like Ballitore looked placid, but below the surface, dissension was taking root and beginning to grow, and with it came fear, and its companion, anger. These tensions were barely visible when Job was there, but men and women like the Shackletons could not--and would not--guard the gates of the Quaker status quo. Not long after the turn of the century, Abraham Shackleton would be disowned and many other Irish Friends would either also be disowned or would resign from the Society.

As for Job's predictions--well, God's wrath may not have struck down the Established Church, but Job was right about the low state of Quakerism. His calling was to bring a Truth to British and Irish Friends that many readily gave lip service to; however they appeared tone deaf to the possibility that it might apply directly to them. The Memorial written by the national half-year's meeting of Friends in Ireland admires

him in very conventional terms. It mentions his emphasis in the need for a “fresh anointing” before proceeding in any new ministry or “transactions of the discipline,” and of course they are delighted with his attacks on “all those who preached for hire and divined for money.” (Hadn’t they always said so themselves? One can almost see them patting themselves on the back.) They seemed to feel that this was the whole point of his ministry among “those not in profession with us”--dump the priests and vicars!

Yet they seem spiritually deaf to his insistence that they were themselves getting away from “true religion” which demands submission to “the work of God’s holy spirit in men’s’ hearts.” And Job would probably have been profoundly distressed to know how his own words became weapons used by one group of Quakers against another. Yet in hindsight--I cannot be surprised. Isn’t the message still relevant? But how clearly do we hear it, and understand its implications in *our* lives?

*The scriptures are good, very good; discipline, good rules and good order, all very necessary; but still it is the spirit that quickens and giveth life; and every departure from a right dependence on it, every zealous movement in support of Truth’s testimony independent of its necessary aid, tends to introduce death, and set man on the throne, instead of him who is God over all for ever.*

Job Scott, *Journal*