

FRIEND ARNOLD “THE QUAKER HATTER” BUFFUM¹



[Friend [Arnold Buffum](#) of old [Smithfield, Rhode Island](#). Son of an abolitionist, father of the Underground Railroad activist [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#) and of [Rebecca Buffum](#), who got married with [Marcus Spring](#). Friend [Arnold Buffum](#) began to sign himself "The Hatter" after his American Colonization Society opponents deprecated him as "the Quaker hatter."]

1. Since hatters were often subject to dementia due to exposure to mercury vapors used in the felting process, an [occupational hazard](#), to refer to someone as "[the hatter](#)" (in those [pre-PC](#) times) was to suggest the dismissibility of their ideas.



FRIEND ARNOLD BUFFUM

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1782

December 13, Friday: [Arnold Buffum](#) was born in [Smithfield, Rhode Island](#), a birthright Friend. According to the genealogy records of the Buffum family he was born on December 13th of this year — but in the Quaker records he is recorded as having been born as of January 13th of this year, which would be either eleven months earlier (if they were using a year that begins on January 1st) or one month later (if they were using the old-style year that begins in March).

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



FRIEND ARNOLD BUFFUM

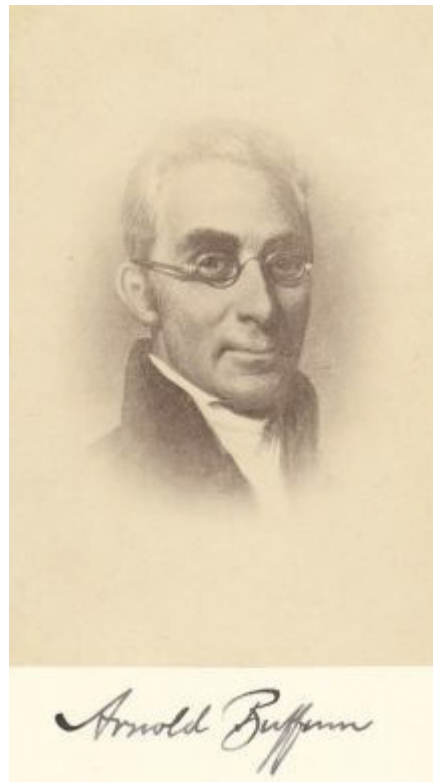
“THE QUAKER HATTER”

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1803

→ Friends [Arnold Buffum](#) and Sarah Gould were wed. In [Smithfield](#) and Fall River, [Rhode Island](#), this [Quaker](#) couple would produce ten children seven of whom would survive, and like their parents be actively involved in the antislavery movement. The daughters Elizabeth, Lydia, Rebecca, and Lucy would become writers. Elizabeth in particular would be prolific under her married name [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#), championing causes such as women’s suffrage, temperance and working conditions in the New England mills. Elizabeth also would produce a daughter who would become an author, Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman (refer to VIRTUOUS LIVES — FOUR QUAKER SISTERS REMEMBER FAMILY LIFE, [ABOLITIONISM](#), AND WOMEN’S SUFFRAGE, by Lucille Salitan and Eve Lewis Perera. NY: Continuum Publishing Company, 370 Lexington Avenue).

FEMINISM





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“It is simply crazy that there should ever have come into being a world with such a sin in it, in which a man is set apart because of his color – the superficial fact about a human being. Who could **want** such a world? For an American fighting for his love of country, that the last hope of earth should from its beginning have swallowed slavery, is an irony so withering, a justice so intimate in its rebuke of pride, as to measure only with God.”



– Stanley Cavell, MUST WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY?
1976, page 141

1811



June 8, Saturday: According to an article in the Cobbett’s Weekly Political Register of London, England, Lieutenant John Thoreau was among the wounded of the “1st Batt. 40th Foot.” (This would not have been a 2d wound, but another report of the same one. Again, there was no indication of the severity of his wound, and his subsequent career would indicate that although it might have put him on the sidelines for awhile, it not have been all that bad.)

Rebecca Buffum was born, daughter of Friend Arnold Buffum.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

7th day 8 of 6 Mo// Again much occupied both in trade & in the settlement of Daniel Holloways concerns –

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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1822

➡ Friend Elizabeth Buffum, daughter of Friends [Arnold Buffum](#) and Rebecca Gould Buffum, is stated in documents as during this year to have been attending the Friends Boarding School on College Hill on the East Side in [Providence, Rhode Island](#). There is, however, an apparent discrepancy on the record, for she was said to be eighteen years of age when she attended the school, and since she was born in 1806, she would not be eighteen until 1824.)

MOSES BROWN

ELIZABETH BUFFUM CHACE

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



Elizabeth B. Chace.




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1831

 November 13, Sunday: The abolitionists met in the law offices of Samuel Eliot Sewall on State Street in [Boston](#) to discuss the formation of an anti-slavery society in opposition to the gradualist agenda of the American Colonization Society.



STATE STREET, BOSTON

They agreed going in that it would be mandatory to secure at least a dozen positive votes to get this abolitionist society started. Present, besides of course Sewall whose offices these were, and William Lloyd Garrison, were:

- [David Lee Child](#), representing himself and also his spouse [Lydia Maria Child](#) who could of course not be present since this was an all-guys thing, a business meeting
- [Joshua Coffin](#)
- Isaac Knaap
- [Friend](#) Oliver Johnson
- Ellis Gray Loring
- The Reverend Samuel Joseph May
- The Reverend Moses Thacher

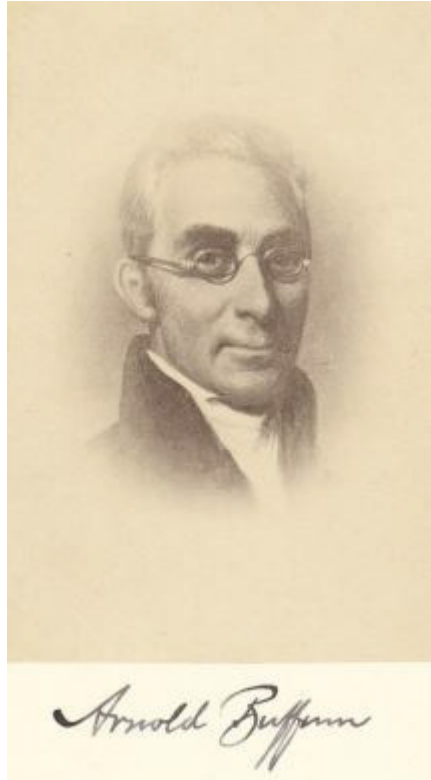





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- [Friend Arnold Buffum](#) of old [Smithfield, Rhode Island](#)



Their initial ballot unfortunately produced, among the fifteen who voted, only nine persons ready to proceed on an “immediatist” or “just do it” agenda rather than the agreed magic minimum number of twelve. They would therefore need to hold another meeting, in December,  and then three more such meetings, before they would be able to complete their agreement on January 1, 1832  and then confirm it with their dozen signatures, in the basement classroom of the African Meeting House on Belknap Street in the presence of black witnesses, on January 6, 1832. 

1832

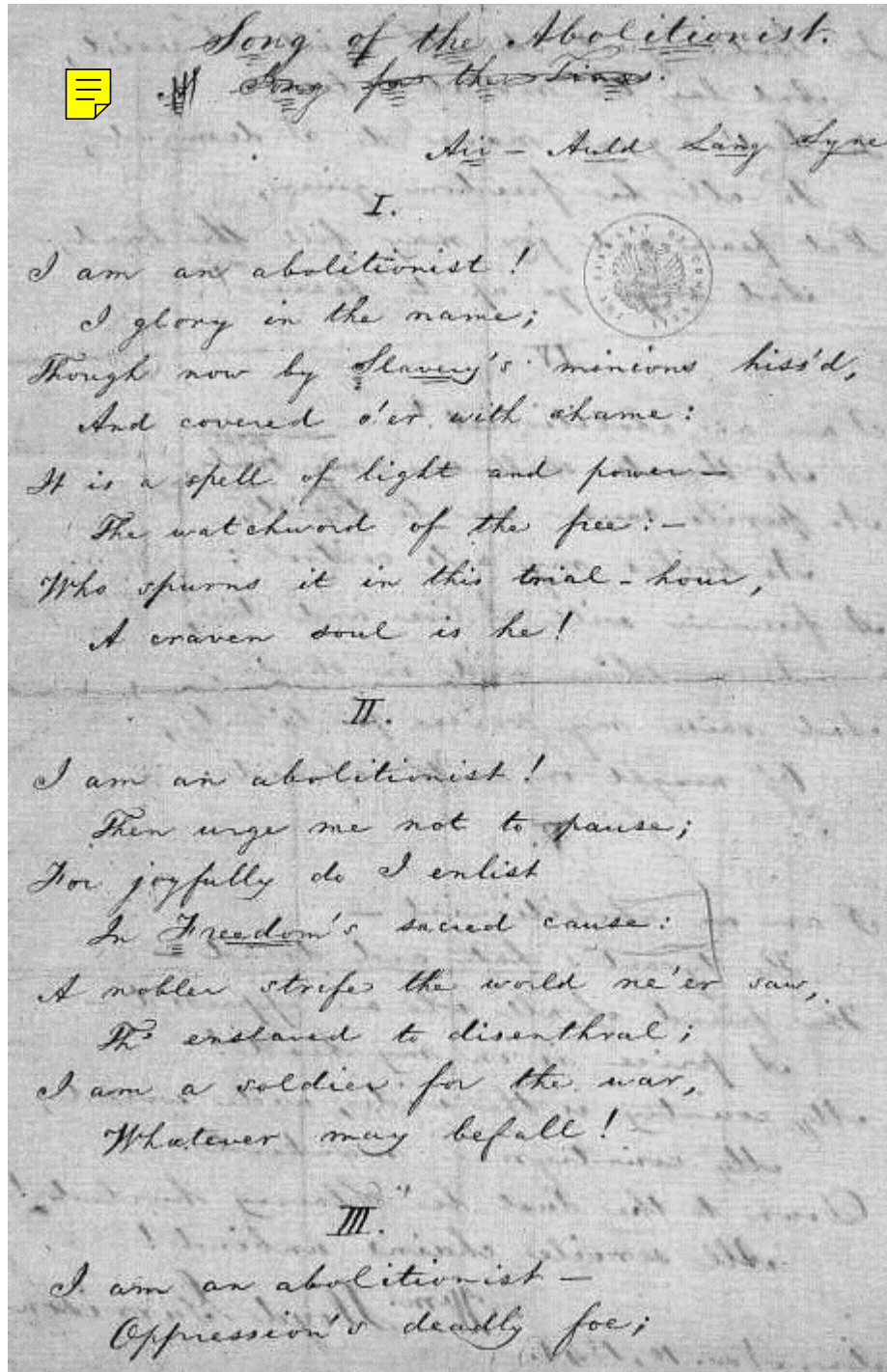
 January 6, Friday: In [Providence, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

6th day 6th of 1st M 1832 / This evening recd a letter from my old & long loved friend Thomas Thompson of Liverpool it contained a pleasant acct of the travels of our friend John Wilbour now in that country on a religious visit as well of Stephen Grillett & Christo Healy - it also contained the information of the decease of our dear friend Jonathon Taylor of Ohio, in Ireland, who was also in that country on a religious Mission, I was comforted with receiving a letter from Thomas &

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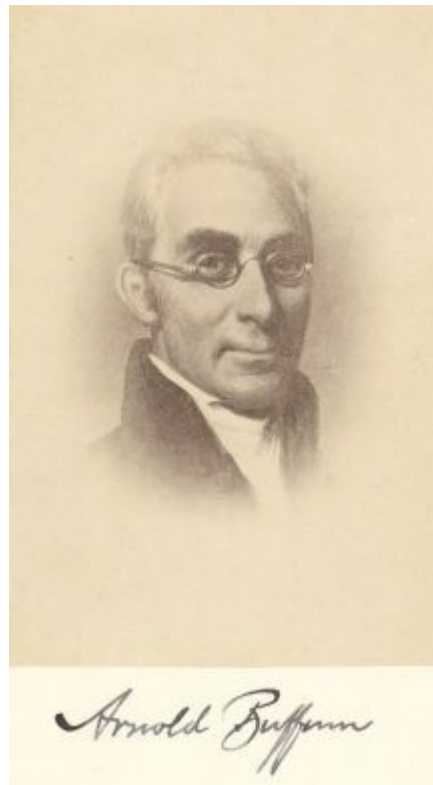
think I shall now renew my correspondence with him. —

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

That evening 12 abolitionists, William Lloyd Garrison and others, walked up “Nigger Hill” in Boston in a northeaster snowstorm to meet in the basement of the African Meeting House off Belknap Street and constitute themselves as a New England Anti-Slavery Society, in opposition to the agenda of the American Colonization Society which was seeking to return the freed Africans to Africa. There were “a number of colored citizens” present as observers as these white men filed to the front and placed their signatures in the meeting book. A number of black elders placed their names in a parallel column as a gesture of general support. [Friend Arnold Buffum](#) of Old [Smithfield](#) and [Providence](#) became president. Garrison became corresponding secretary, but declined to allow the new society any control over the editorial policies of his newspaper.

AME

ABOLITIONISM



March: [Friend Arnold Buffum](#) of Old [Smithfield](#) and [Providence, Rhode Island](#) initiated the New England Anti-Slavery Society, which would be based in [Boston](#) and of which he would become the 1st president.

Some mystery attends the [disownment](#) by Smithfield, Rhode Island, meeting of Arnold Buffum, a European American abolitionist and one of the most visible and vocal radicals in New England. Buffum had converted to the cause after buying the first issue of the [Liberator](#) and meeting Garrison. Though numerous sources refer to his disownment, none provide dates for the event, and monthly meeting minutes record no such act. Still, Buffum himself once



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stated that the Smithfield meeting had disowned him, and his daughter Elizabeth Buffum Chace recalled that the meeting told Buffum the matter might be “amicably settled, if he would give up this abolition lecturing.”²

2. Page 89 in Donna McDaniel’s and Vanessa Julye’s FIT FOR FREEDOM, NOT FOR FRIENDSHIP: QUAKERS, AFRICAN AMERICANS, AND THE MYTH OF RACIAL JUSTICE (Philadelphia: Quaker Press of Friends General Conference, 2009).



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1833



March 9, Saturday: [Johann Nepomuk Hummel](#) met Queen Consort Adelaide Amelia Louise Theresa Caroline at Windsor Castle, and played the organ for her. In the evening he played for both her and King William IV.

[Friend Arnold Buffum](#) of old [Smithfield, Rhode Island](#), and the Reverend Samuel Joseph May, representing the New England Anti-Slavery Society, appeared at the Canterbury, Connecticut town meeting



with instructions from Headmistress [Prudence Crandall](#) to agree to any reasonable compromise — and got absolutely nowhere.



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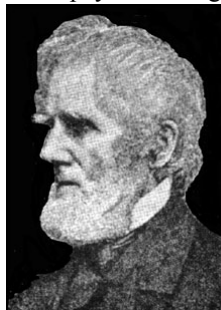
It is clear from the record that the spectre that was terrifying the white elders of the town of Canterbury was that of racial intermarriage. Prudence, let us be frank, did not disdain to pour fuel on these flames:

Moses had a black wife.


Further negotiation became impossible. The town's whitebread leaders, outraged by this frank acceptance of race mingling, would not stop short of the collapse of her academy.

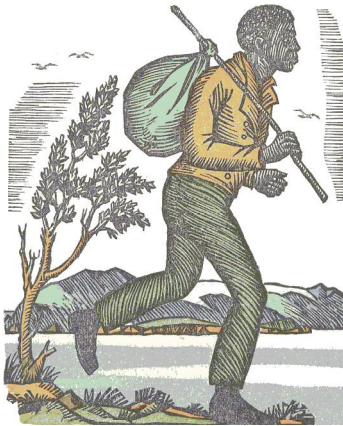


Arthur Tappan would contact her and offer to pay all her legal expenses.

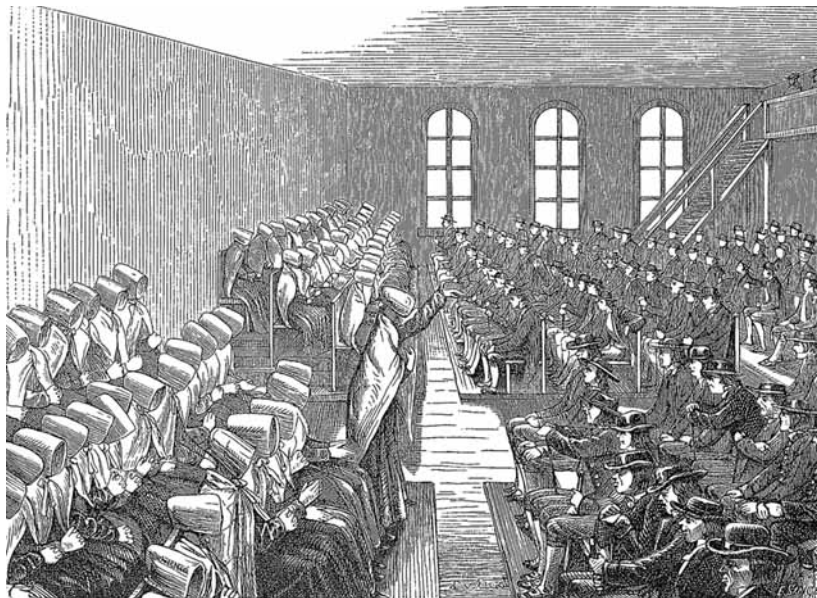


[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**FRIEND ARNOLD BUFFUM****“THE QUAKER HATTER”****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM****1835**

 [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#) and her sisters founded the Fall River Anti-Slavery Society, trekking door-to-door collecting signatures on petitions calling for the immediate freeing of slaves; for the following decade, until 1845, she and her husband would hide fugitive slaves in their home at the corner of Hunt Street and Broad Street in [Central Falls](#), operating as a station on the [Underground Railroad](#).



After much soul-searching, Chace, who lost a series of five children to illness, would leave her [Quaker](#) monthly meeting over its refusal to take a tougher stand against [slavery](#).



(She would eventually be brought to the opinion that “the prejudice against color, throughout New England, was even stronger than the pro-slavery spirit.”)

Here are the [Rhode Islanders](#) believed to have been active in the [Underground Railroad](#):



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Newport:

Jethro and Anne Mitchell (related to [Maria Mitchell](#) of Nantucket? –Jethro was born on January 27, 1784 on Nantucket Island)

Providence:

Robert Adams

Friend [Arnold Buffum](#)

William Buffum

Samuel B. Chace and Mrs. [Elizabeth Buffum Chace](#)

Daniel Mitchell of Foster and Pawtucket (related to [Maria Mitchell](#) of Nantucket? –her father’s name was William Mitchell)

Captain Jonathan Walker

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

1840

May: William Lloyd Garrison, [Friend Lucretia Mott](#), Wendell Phillips, Maria Weston Chapman, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, Ann Greene Phillips, and Charles Lenox Remond sailed for London and the World Anti-Slavery Convention. On the first day of the convention, however, the vote was that the female delegates would not be permitted to vote, whereupon all the Garrisonian immediatists boycotted the convention.

While Mr. Rogers was in London, in attendance upon the “World’s Anti-Slavery Convention,” in 1840, he was careful to go upon the ground at Smithfield, –now a cattle market– that was sanctified, in his sight, and that of all men who know where true greatness lies, by the martyrdom of his illustrious ancestor [John Rogers].

In 1840, a World’s Anti-slavery Convention was called in London. Women from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, were delegates to that convention. I was one of the number; but, on our arrival in England, our credentials were not accepted because we were women. We were, however, treated with great courtesy and attention, as strangers, and as women, were admitted to chosen seats as spectators and listeners, while our right of membership was denied – we were voted out. This brought the Woman question more into view, and an increase of interest in the subject has been the result. In this work, too, I have engaged heart and hand, as my labors, travels, and public discourses evince. The misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse heaped upon this, as well as other reforms, do not, in the least, deter me from my duty. To those, whose name is cast out as evil for the truth’s sake, it is a small thing to be judged of man’s judgement.

FEMINISM



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In a speech to the Anti-Slavery Convention in London, [Friend Arnold Buffum](#) of [Providence, Rhode Island](#) would charge that a woman had been denied membership in the Society of Friends in Philadelphia because she was black, and it would seem that in all likelihood he was making reference to Sarah Douglass’s account of how her mother had been encouraged not to apply for membership. In this speech Friend Arnold indicated that the practice of asking blacks to sit aside, in special seats, still was continuing among American Friends.)

1859

March 13, Sunday: [Arnold Buffum](#) died at the intentional community of [Eagleswood, New Jersey](#).



March 13: 7 A.M.–F. hyemalis in yard.

Going down railroad, listening intentionally, I hear, far through the notes of song sparrows (which are very numerous), the song of one or two larks. Also hearing a coarse chuck, I look up and see four blackbirds, whose size and long tails betray them crow blackbirds. [TWO QUESTIONMARKS IN PENCIL HERE.] Also I hear, I am pretty sure, the cackle of a pigeon woodpecker.

The bright catkins of the willow are the springing most generally observed.

P. M.—To Great Fields.

Water rising still. Winter-freshet ice on meadows still more lifted up and partly broken in some places. The broad light artery of the river (and some meadows, too) very fair in the distance from Peter’s.


Talking with Garfield to-day about his trapping, he said that mink brought three dollars and a quarter, a remarkably high price, and asked if I had seen any. I said that I commonly saw two or three in a year. He said that he had not seen one alive for eight or ten years. “But you trap them?” “O yes,” he said. “I catch thirty or forty dollars’ worth every winter.” This suggests how little a trapper may see of his game. Garfield caught a skunk lately.

In some meadows I see a great many dead spiders on the ice, where apparently it has been overflowed—or rather it was the heavy rain, methinks—when they had no retreat.

Hear a ground squirrel’s sharp chirrup, which makes you start, it is so sudden; but he is probably earthed again, for I do not see him.

On the northeast part of the Great Fields, I find the broken shell of a *Cistudo Blandingii*, on very dry soil. This is the fifth, then, I have seen in the town. All the rest were three in the Great Meadows (one of them in a ditch) and one within a rod or two of Beck Stow’s Swamp.

It is remarkable that the spots where I find most arrowheads, etc., being light, dry soil, —as the Great Fields, Clamshell Hill, etc.,— are among the first to be bare of snow, and the frost gets out there first. It is very curiously and particularly true, for the only parts of the northeast section of the Great Fields which are so dry that I do not slump there are those small in area, where perfectly bare patches of sand occur, and there, singularly enough, the arrowheads are particularly common. Indeed, in some cases I find them only on such bare spots a rod or two in extent where a single wigwam might have stood, and not half a dozen rods off in any direction. Yet the difference of level may not be more than a foot, — if there is any. It is as if the Indians had selected precisely the driest spots on the whole plain, with a view to their advantage at this season. If you were going to pitch a tent to-night on the Great Fields, you would inevitably pitch on one of these spots, or else lie down in water or mud or on ice. It is as if they had chosen the site of their wigwams at this very season of the year.

I see a small flock of blackbirds [**Red-winged Blackbird**,  *Agelaius phoeniceus*] flying over, some rising, others falling, yet all advancing together, one flock but many birds, some silent, others tchucking, —incessant alternation. This harmonious movement as in a dance, this agreeing to differ, makes the charm of the spectacle to me. One bird looks fractional, naked, like a single thread or raveling from the web to which it belongs. Alternation! Alternation! Heaven and hell! Here again in the flight of a bird, its ricochet motion, is that undulation observed in so many materials, as in the mackerel sky.

If men were to be destroyed and the books they have written [WERE TO] be transmitted to a new race of creatures, in a new world, what kind of record would be found in them of so remarkable a phenomenon as the



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rainbow?

I cannot easily forget the beauty of those terrestrial browns in the rain yesterday. The withered grass was not of that very pale hoary brown that it is to-day, now that it is dry and lifeless, but, being perfectly saturated and dripping with the rain, the whole hillside seemed to reflect a certain yellowish light, so that you looked around for the sun in the midst of the storm. All the yellow and red and leather-color in the fawn-colored weeds was more intense than at any other season. The withered ferns which fell last fall –pinweeds, sarothra, etc.– were actually a glowing brown for the same reason, being all dripping wet. The cladonias crowning the knolls had visibly expanded and erected themselves, though seen twenty rods off, and the knolls appeared swelling and bursting as with yeast. All these hues of brown were most beautifully blended, so that the earth appeared covered with the softest and most harmoniously spotted and tinted tawny fur coat of any animal. The very bare sand slopes, with only here and there a thin crusting of mosses, was [SIC] a richer color than ever it is.

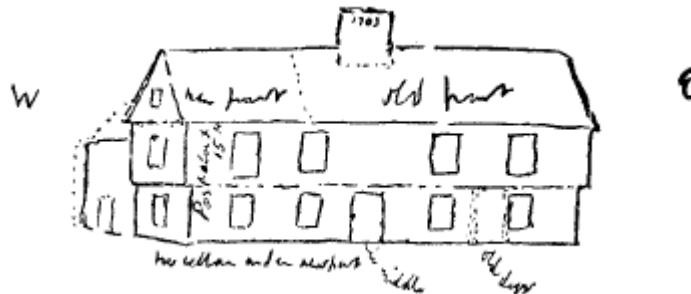
In short, in these early spring rains, the withered herbage, thus saturated, and reflecting its brightest withered tint, seems in a certain degree to have revived, and sympathizes with the fresh greenish or yellowish or brownish lichens in its midst, which also seem to have withered. It seemed to me –and I think it may be the truth– that the abundant moisture, bringing out the highest color in the brown surface of the earth, generated a certain degree of light, which, when the rain held up a little, reminded you of the sun shining through a thick mist.

Oak leaves which have sunk deep into the ice now are seen to be handsomely spotted with black (of fungi or lichens?), which spots are rarely perceived in dry weather.

All that vegetable life which loves a superfluity of moisture is now rampant, cold though it is, compared with summer. Radical leaves are as bright as ever they are.

The barrenest surfaces, perhaps, are the most interesting in such weather as yesterday, when the most terrene colors are seen. The wet earth and sand, and especially subsoil, are very invigorating sights.

The Hunt house, to draw from memory, –though I have given its measures within two years in my Journal,– looked like this:–



This is only generally correct, without a scale.

Probably grackles have been seen some days. I think I saw them on the 11th? Garfield says he saw black ducks yesterday.



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: December 13, 2013



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ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.



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Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.