

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON¹



1827



August 3, Friday: [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Senior](#) wrote a letter to his sons [Daniel](#) and [Joseph, Junior](#).

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

6th day feeling an engagement of mind to attend the School committee & Meeting for Sufferings at [Providence](#) I went on board the Steam Boat Babcock at 8 OC & arrived at the School House while the committee were at dinner. - & in season to their Second setting & to visit the Schools. - In the Boys School T Shillitoe imparted much excellent advice in a solid impressive manner. - In the Girls School he also had much to say & Alice Rathbone appeared in a very baptizing supplication on behalf of all present & the various classes of Society - I lodged at my dear friend [Moses Browns](#). -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1. This [Friend Joseph Ricketson](#) who befriended the Douglasses upon their arrival in 1838 was the younger brother of [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) who would later become a friend and hanger-on to [Henry Thoreau](#). The Ricketson family had been in [New Bedford](#) since at least the 1740s. (The elder Joseph, [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Senior](#), would deacease on October 9, 1841, so the bulk of this file is about the 2d Joseph, [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Junior](#), the abolitionist born in 1815.)



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1835



8th month 26th: [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Senior](#) of [New Bedford](#) wrote to [Dr. William Andrus Alcott](#) about his family's food habits:

VIEW THE PAGE IMAGES

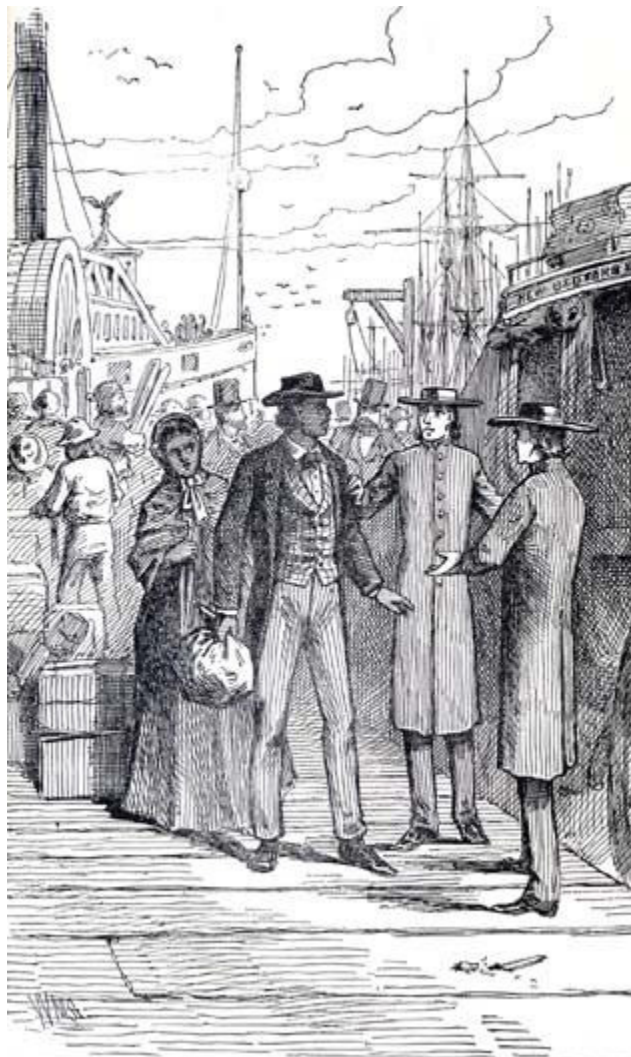
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JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1838

September 16, Sunday: Frederick Douglass and Anna Murray Douglass, as Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Johnson, were put by David Ruggles aboard the steamer *John W. Richmond* from New-York to [Aquidneck Island](#)² in [Rhode Island](#) and there boarded a stagecoach headed toward the whaling port of [New Bedford](#) in the company of [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Junior](#) and Friend [William C. Taber](#).³



In [New Bedford](#), known as a liberal town, the outlaw bridegroom would be seeking (but not finding, due to

2. There is possible irony here, that might be looked into. What is the probability that Anna's and Frederick's black ancestors had been brought to this continent in ships owned by the international slavetraders of [Newport](#)?

3. Although Frederick Douglass's various narratives all make the encounter in Newport seem quite accidental, it is rather more likely that David Ruggles had passed the word to the local anti-slavery society, and that Friends William C. Taber and Ricketson had been expectantly waiting for them to disembark from the steamer.



JOSEPH RICKETSON

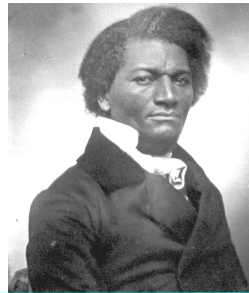
FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

race prejudice) employment as a caulker — and would be put to work on the docks as a stevedore.



ANNA MURRAY DOUGLASS



FREDERICK DOUGLASS



We arrived at [Newport](#) the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with "New Bedford" in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two [Quaker](#) gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage,— Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson, —who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: "Thee get in." I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached "Stone Bridge" the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford.



WILLIAM C. TABER

JOSEPH RICKETSON

"The capacity to get free is nothing; the capacity to be free, that is the task."

— André Gide, THE IMMORALIST

translation Richard Howard

NY: Alfred A. Knopf, 1970, page 7

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 16th of 9 M 1838 / I was so unwell for several days past that I could go out but little & have not attended Meetings today, but felt Able to be at the funeral of my Venerable Father in law Clarke Rodman, which was after the Afternoon Meeting - It was very numerously attended by people of all persuasions, & the sitting at the house was a very solemn Season leaving an evidence that words are not necessary to produce an evidence to the Truth but that it may be experienced in solemn Silence The

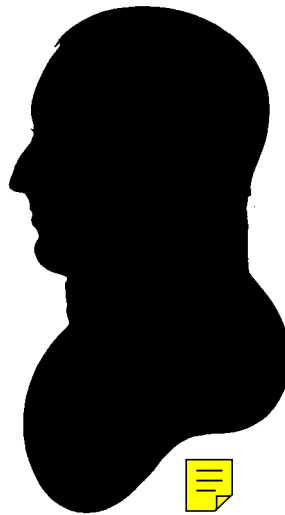


FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

only expressions were from Hannah Dennis simply the expression of the Scripture passage "Mark the perfect Man & behold the upright, for the end of that Man is peace."- this simply expressed, without enlargement, left a precious savor & I never felt more unity with Hannah on any occasion. -- At the grave we had a Silent Solemn pause & the countenances of the people exhibited a reverence & respect not usually discoverable to the same extent on such occasions -



RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



JOSEPH RICKETSON

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

September 18, Tuesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) to his journal in regard to the annular (partial) solar [eclipse](#) (#7260) that passed from Hudson Bay down across northern New England:

SUN

This P.M. the Eclipse. Peter Howe did not like it for his rowan would not make hay: and he said "the sun looked as if a nigger was putting his head into it."



Well, in some sense Peter Howe of Concord was right, black people were indeed raising their head into the sunshine. For on this day of eclipse Frederick Douglass and Anna Murray Douglass, as free Mr. and Mrs.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Frederick Johnson, were arriving in their new hometown, [New Bedford](#):

We arrived at [Newport](#) the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with "New Bedford" in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two [Quaker](#) gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage, —Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson,— who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: "Thee get in." I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached "Stone Bridge" the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford. I expected some objection to this on his part, but he made none. When, however, we reached New Bedford, he took our baggage, including three music-books, —two of them collections by Dyer, and one by Shaw,— and held them until I was able to redeem them by paying to him the amount due for our rides. This was soon done, for Mr. Nathan Johnson not only received me kindly and hospitably, but, on being informed about our baggage, at once loaned me the two dollars with which to square accounts with the stage-driver. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Johnson reached a good old age, and now rest from their labors. I am under many grateful obligations to them. They not only "took me in when a stranger" and "fed me when hungry," but taught me how to make an honest living. Thus, in a fortnight after my flight from [Maryland](#), I was safe in New Bedford, a citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts....

WILLIAM C. TABER

JOSEPH RICKETSON

NATHAN JOHNSON

Mary J. Tabor would allege in 1907 something that does not jibe with the popular appreciation of Frederick Douglass that is gathered from reading of his NARRATIVE, to wit, that at this point, with him arriving at freedom in New Bedford, he was not yet able to read, let alone to write. She would allege that in New Bedford after his escape from slavery, it had been her relative [William C. Taber](#) who had found for Douglass the stevedoring work he mentions on the wharves (help not acknowledged in Douglass's written account), and she would allege that at this point Douglass had been taught to read by her relative, the New Bedford bookseller Charles Taber:

Owing to the anti-slavery principles of Friends, New Bedford early became a station on the "underground railroad," and if a fugitive slave could once reach this haven of rest, he felt almost safe from pursuit, public opinion being so strong that

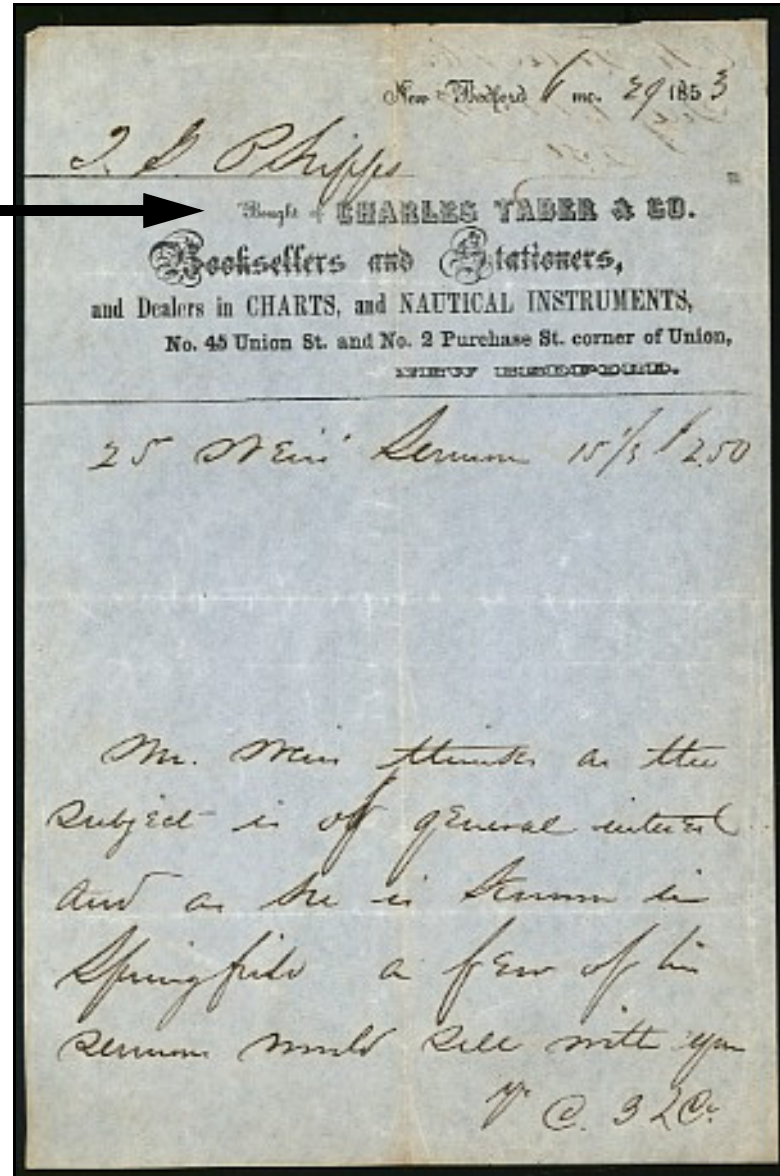


JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

New Bedford bookseller
Charles Taber, who taught
Frederick Douglass to read





FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

in the days of the Fugitive Slave Law it would have been impossible to capture a runaway slave in this town.

Frederick Douglass, one of the most remarkable of colored men, passed some time here in safety, and always retained a most grateful recollection of his sojourn among the Quakers. It happened on this wise: Having made his escape from slavery and reached Newport after many perils, he was very anxious to come to New Bedford, that place being known among the slaves as a heaven upon earth.

Hearing the name called out, he peeped shyly around the corner of a building and gazed longingly at the state coach which was filled with "women Friends" on their way home from New England Yearly Meeting. William C. Taber, sitting on the top of the coach, observed the pleading eyes, and said, "Yes, friend, it is all right, climb up here beside me."

No sooner said than done, William C. Taber paid his fare, brought him to his own house, and found work for him on the wharves, as he had been a stevedore at the South. While in New Bedford, he was taught to read by Charles Taber.

Thus the distinguished orator was launched on the road to fame.



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

What we have, above, is essentially an assertion that when Douglass arrived in [New Bedford](#) aboard that stage from [Newport, Rhode Island](#), he could not yet read, let alone write. —That that is importantly discordant with the fulsome manner in which the NARRATIVE is now conventionally read, is something that goes without saying.

For their wedding document, the newlyweds had adopted the family name Johnson, but soon this came to seem an unwise selection. At the time the Douglasses were there, New Bedford had the highest per capita income in America. When the fugitive slave Freddy Bailey, then calling himself Frederick Johnson, arrived at the home of Nathan Johnson and Mary “Polly” Johnson in New Bedford (the Douglasses are not the only guests

This is the recent dedication of a plaque at the site, attended by descendants of the original participants:



documented to have found refuge for a time at 21 Seventh Street, next door to the Friends meetinghouse),





FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Nathan was reading [Robert Burns](#), and within a day or two Johnson would rename him after the hero Douglas



in LADY OF THE LAKE, as Frederick Douglass. (Frederick decided to spell it “Douglass” because there were some black families in New Bedford who were spelling their name that way.)⁴

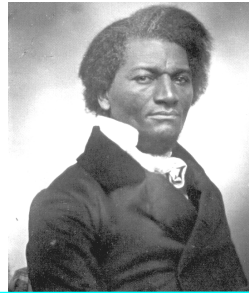
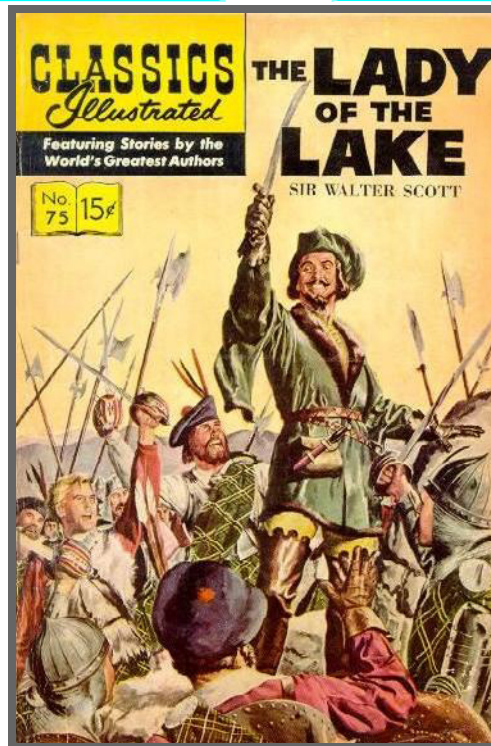
4. But why did Freddy Bailey *alias* Fred Johnson **accept** the proffered name “Douglass”? Merely because it had been suggested to him? I think not! The Following is from a collection of Douglass’s speeches entitled LECTURES ON AMERICAN-SLAVERY, which would be published in 1851:

It is often said, by the opponents of the Anti-slavery cause that, the condition of the people of Ireland is more deplorable than that of the American slaves. Far be it from me to underrate the sufferings of the Irish people. They have been long oppressed; and the same heart that prompts me to plead the cause of the American bondman, makes it impossible for me not to sympathize with all the oppressed of all lands. Yet I must say that there is no analogy between the two cases. The Irishman is poor, but he is not a slave. He may be in rags, but he is not a slave. He is still the master of his own body and can say with the poet,

“The hand of Douglass is his own.”



Thus in all probability the name was chosen because although it was intentionally opaque it nevertheless suggested, at least to its bearer, in the idea that “The hand of Douglass is his own,” the same sort of thing that was suggested in that time by the more usual name “Freeman” meaning “the free man.”

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**JOSEPH RICKETSON****FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM****ANNA MURRAY DOUGLASS****FREDERICK DOUGLASS**

The first thing these Douglasses with a wedding certificate in the name of Johnson, but with no [manumission](#) papers to produce for the husband whether he was named “Mr. Douglas” or “Mr. Johnson,” discovered in “free” [New Bedford](#) was that racial prejudice would prevent the husband from using his skills as a ship calker. It was explained that all the white calkers would quit. Work was found for him, by Friend [William C. Taber](#), as a stevedore, carrying oil aboard a vessel, and he then had to saw wood, shovel coal, sweep chimneys, and roll casks in an oil refinery. However, accounts of such Jim Crow experiences would not fit into the narrative he later needed to tell to righteous Northern abolition audiences, for whom South=Them=Evil meant North=Us=Good, and so Douglass ordinarily suppressed this experience of racial prejudice in New Bedford.⁵




Finding my trade of no immediate benefit, I threw off my calking habiliments, and prepared myself to do any kind of work I could get to do.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Although a skilled craftsman could not get work in his craft in that city at that time, due entirely to the color of his skin, Frederick Douglass did not speak of this until 1881 , when in a reference to “the test of the real civilization of the community,” he suggested that the [New Bedford](#) of the 1840s had failed that test:

I am told that colored persons can now get employment at calking in New Bedford.

5. If “French” innocence consists in the refusal to be shamed by the nature of one’s pleasures, and if the “German” variety consists in an awareness that so long as one is sacrificing oneself, no-one has a right to object to one’s sacrificing them as well, and if the “English” consists in a principled refusal to take responsibility for one’s obedience to improper instructions from one’s betters, and the “Italian” in not happening to notice where you have your hand, then the innocence of the USer must consist in a refusal or a failure to recognize evil of which we ourselves are the beneficiaries.



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

In fuller detail:

... The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. I had, however, while living in [Maryland](#), dispensed with the Augustus Washington, and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name—the one by which I have been known for three and forty years—Frederick Douglass. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and so pleased was he with its great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson—black man though he was—he, far more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure am I that, if any slave-catcher had entered his domicile with a view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the "stalwart hand." ...My "Columbian Orator," almost my only book, had done nothing to enlighten me concerning Northern society. I had been taught that slavery was the bottom fact of all wealth. With this foundation idea, I came naturally to the conclusion that poverty must be the general condition of the people of the free States. In the country from which I came, a white man holding no slaves was usually an ignorant and poverty-stricken man, and men of this class were contemptuously called "poor white trash." Hence I supposed that, since the non-slave-holders at the South were ignorant, poor, and degraded as a class, the non-slave-holders at the North must be in a similar condition. I could have landed in no part of the United States where I should have found a more striking and gratifying contrast, not only to life generally in the South, but in the condition of the colored people there, than in New Bedford. I was amazed when Mr. Johnson told me that there was nothing in the laws or constitution of Massachusetts that would prevent a colored man from being governor of the State, if the people should see fit to elect him. There, too, the black man's children attended the public schools with the white man's children, and apparently without objection from any quarter. To impress me with my security from recapture and return to slavery, Mr. Johnson assured me that no slave-holder could take a slave out of New Bedford; that there were men there who would lay down their lives to save me from such a fate.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1841

October 9, Saturday: [Joseph Ricketson, Senior](#), father of [Friend Joseph Ricketson, Junior](#) and [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#), died.

The force under Colonel Monteath, sent out to suppress a local rebellion in [Afghanistan](#), proved to be too small to be able to penetrate into the district it was intended to overawe or to subdue. It consisted only of the 35th Regiment of native infantry, 100 sappers, a squadron of the 5th Cavalry, and 2 guns. When it had ventured out only 10 miles from Cabul, it was attacked in its camp and 35 of its sepoy suddenly became ineffectives by being “killed or wounded” — to employ the utilitarian military category of the report. Before it could proceed with its assigned mission, it would need to wait in camp for awhile for reinforcements.

[Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) to his AMERICAN NOTEBOOKS:

Saturday, October 9.—Still dismal weather. Our household, being composed in great measure of children and young people, is generally a cheerful one enough, even in gloomy weather. For a week past we have been especially gladdened with a little seamstress from Boston, about seventeen years old; but of such a petite figure, that, at first view, one would take her to be hardly in her teens. She is very vivacious and smart, laughing and singing and talking all the time,—talking sensibly; but still, taking the view of matters that a city girl naturally would. If she were larger than she is, and of less pleasing aspect, I think she might be intolerable; but being so small, and with a fair skin, and as healthy as a wildflower, she is really very agreeable; and to look at her face is like being shone upon by a ray of the sun. She never walks, but bounds and dances along, and this motion, in her diminutive person, does not give the idea of violence. It is like a bird, hopping from twig to twig, and chirping merrily all the time. Sometimes she is rather vulgar, but even that works well enough into her character, and accords with it. On continued observation, one discovers that she is not a little girl, but really a little woman, with all the prerogatives and liabilities of a woman. This gives a new aspect to her, while the girlish impression still remains, and is strangely combined with the sense that this frolicsome maiden has the material for the sober bearing of a wife. She romps with the boys, runs races with them in the yard, and up and down the stairs, and is heard scolding laughingly at their rough play. She asks William Allen to place her “on top of that horse,” whereupon he puts his large brown hands about her waist, and, swinging her to and fro, lifts her on horseback. William threatens to rivet two horse-shoes round her neck, for having clambered, with the other girls and boys, upon a load of hay, whereby the said load lost its balance and slid off the cart. She strings the seed-berries of roses together, making a scarlet necklace of them, which she fastens about her throat. She gathers flowers of everlasting to wear in her bonnet, arranging them with the skill of a dressmaker. In the evening, she sits singing by the hour, with the musical part of the establishment, often breaking into laughter, whereto she is incited by the tricks of the boys. The last thing one hears of her, she is tripping up stairs to bed, talking lightsomely or warbling; and one meets her in the morning, the very image of bright morn itself, smiling briskly at you, so that one takes her for a promise of cheerfulness through the day. Be it said, with all the rest, that there is a perfect maiden modesty in her deportment. She has just gone away, and the last I saw of her was her vivacious face peeping through the curtain of the cariole, and nodding a gay farewell to the family, who were shouting their adieux at the door. With her other merits, she is an excellent daughter, and supports her mother by the labor of her hands. It would be difficult to conceive beforehand how much can be added to the enjoyment of a household by mere sunniness of temper and liveliness of disposition; for her intellect is very ordinary, and she never says anything worth hearing, or even laughing at, in itself. But she herself is an expression well worth studying.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to Rufus Wilmot Griswold, editor of numerous poetry anthologies.

*Concord Oct. 9th 1841.
Dear Sir,*



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

I am sorry that I can only place at your disposal three small poems printed in the "Dial" — that called "Sympathy" in no. 1. — "Sic Vita" in no. 5 — and "Friendship" in no. 6. If you see fit to reprint these will you please to correct the following errors?

In the second stanza of "Sympathy"

[see MS p.]for posts read ports.

5th breeze phaze.

the eyes our eyes

worked works.

13th dearest truest.

4th "Friendship"

for our read one.

10th warden warder.

I was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817, and was graduated at Harvard University, in 1837.

Yrs respectfully

Henry D. Thoreau.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1849

January 15, Monday: In downtown [Boston](#)—where everything that happens of course happens for the greater glory of God— Chief Justice [Lemuel Shaw](#) lectured [Washington Goode](#) for an hour and a half on the habits of “intemperance” which he had had, the “ungodly” associates which he had had, the “dens of crime” which he had frequented, etc., informed him that having led such a life there was simply “no hope” that the governor of the state might reduce his sentence. The lecture probably was just what Seaman Goode needed. The judge then consigned him to be [hanged](#) by the neck, on May 25, Friday, 1849 (this seems to have been a traditional day upon which to conduct public hangings), until he was dead.⁶ The opponents of the death penalty, to wit, the Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, would have a little more than four months to mobilize public opinion to bring pressure to bear on Governor George Nixon Briggs:

Why Sir, even the boys, and they are worth saving, for we have nothing else to make men, and even Governors of, are now saying in our streets, “it is only a nigger.”

During those four months 24,440 signatures would be collected, petitioning the Governor Briggs to commute Seaman Goode’s sentence, from death by hanging to life in prison without any possibility of parole.

For instance, [Friend Joseph Ricketson](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)’s brother who, if I mistake not, was a birthright [Quaker](#) in good standing with his Monthly Meeting, reported that:

I have exerted myself very much for the last month in behalf of Washington Goode; there were several petitions here and we obtained 746 signatures.

In addition to the 24,440 signatures mentioned, there was one petition, from Woburn, Massachusetts, bearing a total of nine signatures, which demanded that Governor Briggs remain steadfast in the plan of “exicution.”

An article would appear in the [Boston Republican](#), pointing up the fact that in France the guillotine had been adopted, after consultation with medical men, as the least painful mode of execution, and that since the last hanging in Boston, “the [Ether](#) discovery has taken place.”

The question now arises, how shall the *hanging* be performed here in Boston.... Shall not the convict share also the advantage of this benign discovery? He is to be hanged by the neck. Shall not this be done *with the least possible pain*? If we follow the spirit of the law, there would seem to be no doubt that it must be done with the least possible pain. And it seems equally clear that it is within the *discretion* of the Sheriff, to permit any form of alleviating the pain, which is consistent with the one thing imposed upon him by the law; namely, the hanging of Goode, by the neck, until he is dead. We will not undertake to determine, whether Humanity does not require, that the convict, if he chooses, shall be allowed the benefit of ETHER. We content ourselves with saying that it is clearly within the *discretion* of the Sheriff to permit the pains of the convict to be thus

6. In fact, [Boston](#) had not [hanged](#) anyone for simple homicide since 1826, almost a quarter of a century before, and there was another prisoner, Augustus Dutée, whose sentence to be hanged was being commuted during this period to life in prison — but then, we may presume that Augustus Dutée was a white man, not only because his sentence was commuted but also because the documents do not comment on his race as they would most assuredly have commented had he been anything other than white. In addition to Dutée, seven other murderers were then serving life in Massachusetts prison after having had their sentences to be hanged commuted by the state governor.



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

alleviated.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

The petition to commute the sentence of seaman Goode to life in prison without opportunity for parole that was being circulated and sponsored in Concord (either by [Anna Maria Whiting](#), one of the town's leading abolitionists, or by Caroline Hoar, the wife of Rockwood Hoar) is still in existence and bears, on the men's side of the sheet, the signature of [Henry Thoreau](#) as second in that column. It bears, on the women's side of the sheet, the signature of his younger sister, [Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau](#), as 5th in that column, followed in immediate succession by the signature of his mother, [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#), the signature of his elder sister, [Helen Louisa Thoreau](#), the signature of his aunt [Louisa Dunbar](#), and the signature of his [Aunt Jane Thoreau](#). The signature of his father [John Thoreau, Sr.](#), however, appears nowhere on this petition. **Why not?** Thoreau's father was 62 years old at this point and still very actively engaged in his home business. Is one to suppose that he, quite alone in his home, **wanted** Seaman Goode to dance on air?

The full text of that petition, as it came to be circulated in the [Prisoner's Friend](#), had been as follows:



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, solemnly protest against the intended execution of Washington Goode, as a crime in which we would under no circumstances participate, which we would prevent, if possible, and in the guilt of which we will not, by the seeming assent of silence, suffer ourselves to be implicated.

We believe the execution of this man will involve all who are instrumental in it in the crime of murder – of the murder in cold blood of a helpless fellow being.

The arguments by which executions are generally defended are wholly wanted here. The prisoner is not one who in spite of good instruction and example, for purposes of avarice, revenge or lust, deliberately planned the murder of a fellow-being. The intended victim of law was a man of misfortune from birth, made by his social position, and still more by the color which God gave him, the victim of neglect, of oppression, of prejudice, of all the evils inflicted upon humanity by man. If in a paroxysm of drunken rage, he killed his opponent, (and this is the utmost alleged against him,) his case comes far short of premeditated murder.

But even this fact is extremely doubtful. It is supported only by the most suspicious testimony, and such as would not have weighed with any jury to touch the life of a white man. And since the trial, facts have come to light materially lessening the credibility of the evidence which led to conviction.

The glaring unfairness of his mode of trial is of itself sufficient ground for this protest. The maxim which gives to the accused a trial by his peers was essentially violated. In a community where sympathy with a colored man is a rare and unpopular sentiment, the prisoner should have been tried by a jury composed partly, at least, of his own race. This violation of the principles of equal justice demands our solemn protest.

We claim also that the petition of more than 20,000 of our fellow-citizens to have this man's life spared, demands respect. Such a number of voluntary petitioners, all upon one side, indicates the will of the sovereign people of the State, that the penalty should be commuted. Our respect for the right of the people to a voice and a just influence in the administration of public justice, also demands this solemn protest against the legal murder of Washington Goode.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

March 24, Saturday: The box containing Henry Brown was put right-side-up and unpacked at the Anti-Slavery office in Philadelphia. William Still, the free black man who served as the local Philadelphia coordinator for the underground railroad, was present.



With the assistance of Charles Stearns, Brown would create his NARRATIVE OF HENRY BOX BROWN, WHO ESCAPED FROM SLAVERY IN A BOX THREE FEET LONG, TWO WIDE, AND TWO AND A HALF HIGH, WRITTEN FROM A STATEMENT OF FACTS MADE BY HIMSELF, WITH REMARKS UPON THE REMEDY FOR SLAVERY BY CHARLES STEARNS, and during this year it would be published in Boston, presumably out of the downtown Anti-Slavery office of Garrison.



(Later in this year, the fugitive Henry Brown would be offered refuge in the home of [Friend Joseph Ricketson](#) of [New Bedford](#).)



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1856

December 22, Monday: [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) to his journal, in [New Bedford](#):

WALDO EMERSON



JOSEPH RICKETSON

Rode to the Tarkiln Hill station at noon in expectation somewhat of seeing Mr. R.W. Emerson, but he did not come. At the depot in town while awaiting the arrival of the P.M. train from Boston, had an adventure with a coachman who abused his horse. Rather successful on my part. Mr. Emerson arrived, took him to brother Joseph's to tea, heard his lecture before the Lyceum. He came out with me and spent the night. His lecture without a name very good.



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1857

May 25, Monday: [Italian](#) forces under [Giuseppe Garibaldi](#) defeated the Austrians at Varese, 50 kilometers northwest of Milan.

It was [Waldo Emerson](#)'s 54th birthday. In [New Bedford](#), [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) wrote in his journal:



JOSEPH RICKETSON

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Friend Daniel also completed his journal entries about his recent stay in Concord:



Fine and warm summer weather. Walked through the village, over the river, north to the hills, and returned by the Battleground and the old Parsonage House. On the river with Thoreau in his boat this P.M. The excursion upon the Concord River this P.M. with Thoreau in his boat was very pleasant, although when we started I hardly felt able to walk to the boat, which was upon the shore, some distance up the river, near Fairhaven Bay. But after a bath and swim with T. I felt much refreshed and my dull headache passed gradually off. Walked alone after tea as far as the old red-painted house beyond the railroad crossing west. Halted on my return at the railroad depot, and was much interested in an ingenious young fellow who was earning his livelihood selling humming-tops, of whom I purchased one for Joseph's little boy Frank. Thoreau accompanied me to my room, and after a long talk upon character, &c., I retired at 10.

Meanwhile, Emerson was making some comments to his journal about what Ricketson had told him:

At home, Daniel Ricketson expressed some sad views of life & religion. A thunderstorm is terror to him, and his theism was judaical. Henry thought a new pear-tree was more to purpose, &c. but said better, that an ecstasy was never interrupted. A theology of this kind is as good a meter or yardstick as any other. If I can be scared by a highwayman or a thunderclap, I should say, my performances were not very high, & should at once be mended.



May 25. P. M.—With Ricketson to my boat under Fair Haven Hill.

In Hubbard's Grove, hear the shrill chattering of downy woodpeckers, very like the red squirrel's *tche tche*. Thermometer at 87° at 2.30 P. M. It is interesting to hear the bobolinks from the meadow sprinkle their lively strain along amid the tree-tops as they fly over the wood above our heads. It resounds in a novel manner through the aisles of the wood, and at the end that fine buzzing, wiry note. The black spruce of Holden's, apparently yesterday, but not the 23d. What a glorious crimson fire as you look up to the sunlight through the thin edges of the scales of its cones! So intensely glowing in their cool green beds! while their purplish sterile blossoms shed pollen on you. Took up four young spruce and brought them home in the boat.

After all, I seem to have distinguished only one spruce, and that the black, judging by the cones,—perhaps the dark and light varieties of it, for the last is said to be very like the white spruce. The white spruce cones are cylindrical and have an entire firm edge to the scales, and the needles are longer.


Though the river is thus high, we bathe at Cardinal Shore and find the water unexpectedly warm and the air also delicious. Thus we are baptized into nature.



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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: October 22, 2013



JOSEPH RICKETSON

FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

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, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a



FRIEND JOSEPH RICKETSON

JOSEPH RICKETSON

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

button.

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which 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 your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.
Arrgh.