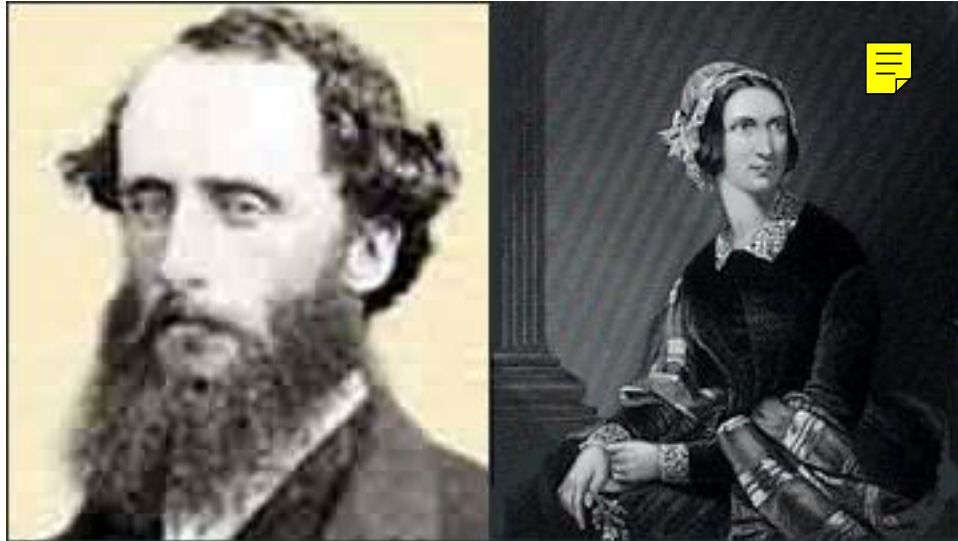


TRAVELLER WITH A PAINTER'S EYE¹



“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY

1. Description of William Howitt by Charles Reade.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1792

December 18, Tuesday: When, a month after [Ludwig van Beethoven](#) arrived in Vienna, he learned that his father had died in Bonn, he made no attempt to return home.

[William Howitt](#) was born in Nottingham, England in a [Quaker](#) family.

In London, [Thomas Paine](#) was convicted in absentia of violating the June proclamation against seditious writings. Associated with this trial were hangings and burnings of effigies of this author in the streets, and prosecutions by the English government of both printers and sellers of RIGHTS OF MAN.

READ THE FULL TEXT

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1799

March 12, Tuesday: Mary Botham was born at Coleford, Gloucestershire, a daughter of Friend Samuel Botham.

MARY HOWITT

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1814



[Friend William Howitt](#)'s poem on the "Influence of Nature and Poetry on National Spirit."

A period of literary animosity, that would endure until 1825, was beginning between Britain and the United States of America. A typical attitude would be "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?"

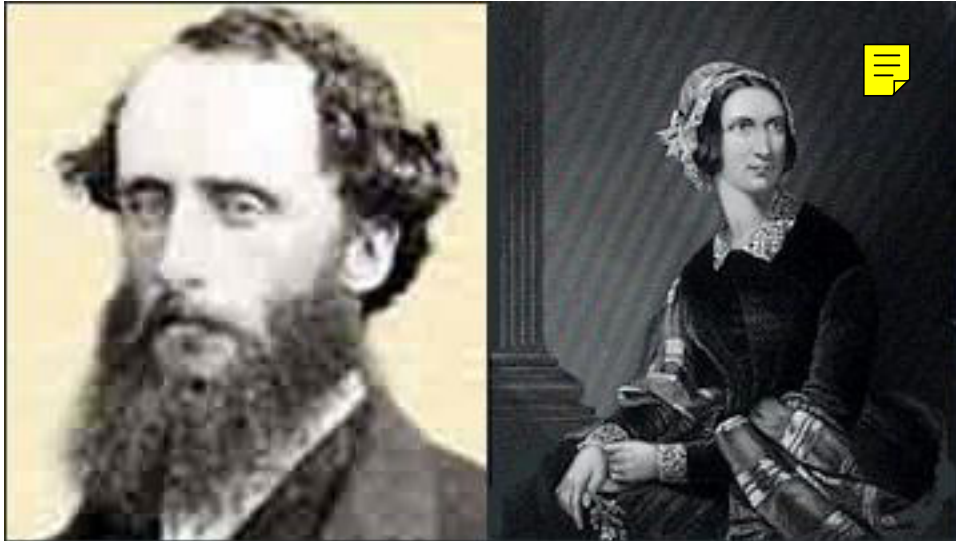
[CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE](#)

**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM HOWIT****WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM****1821**

[William Howitt](#) and Mary Botham of Coleford, Gloucestershire, married in the manner of Friends.

The married couple would turn to authoring and make a successful living at it. Their first production, published in this year, was a joint one entitled THE FOREST MINSTRELS AND OTHER POEMS. She would write novels such as WOOD LEIGHTON, and many poems and stories for children; and translate the Swedish novels of [Fredrika Bremer](#) into English, as well as putting out an edition of ten of [Hans Christian Andersen](#)'s fairy tales (as WONDERFUL STORIES FOR CHILDREN). [Mary Howitt](#)'s books of verse would include SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY (1834) and BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS (London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1847). She would write a history of the United States. Margaret Howitt would edit her mother's AUTOBIOGRAPHY (London: W. Isbister, 1889). He would write, among other things, LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD; OR TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA WITH VISITS TO SYDNEY AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND (Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1855) and THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS; OR, THE CALENDAR OF NATURE. They would reside abroad, for instance at Heidelberg and in Rome.

**RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS**



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT






WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1829

 [Friend Mary Howitt](#)'s poem "The Spider and the Fly."



The Kentucky Colonization Society was established to devise ways of sending [manumitted](#) former [slaves](#) back home to Africa where they belonged.

The term "corral" came from Spanish into American English. First use of the expression "in cahoots." Alfred Robinson visited Mission San Luis Rey de Francia, near today's Oceanside, California and wrote "It is not unusual to see numbers of [native Americans] driven along by *alcaldes* and under the whip's lash forced to the very doors of the sanctuary." Evidently this was benign, for as the mission brochure puts it, "While colonists in other parts of the world tried to expropriate and exterminate the natives, the Franciscan Padres and the Spaniards sought to save them."



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Birth of [Julia Louisa Hentz](#), who would write poetry and who would marry a Keyes.

NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE





WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1831



[William Howitt](#)'s THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS; OR, THE CALENDAR OF NATURE (London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley).

THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1834

 [Mary Howitt](#)'s SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY, a book of verse.



THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT






WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1836

 [Mary Howitt](#)'s novel *WOOD LEIGHTON, OR A YEAR IN THE COUNTRY*.

 March 31, Thursday: The initial monthly installment of Charles Dickens's 1st novel appeared: *THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB*.



(This was going to extend to 20 monthly magazine issues.)

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

5th day 31 of 3 M / Our Moy [Monthly] Meeting this day held in Town was a good Meeting Hannah Dennis, I thought was favoured in testimony -After Meeting heard my dear friend [Moses Brown](#) was very Sick

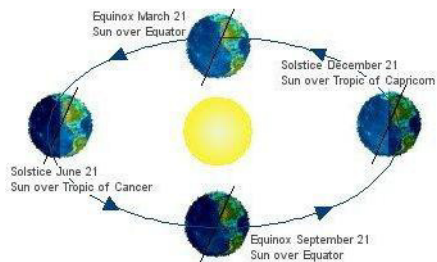
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT****WILLIAM HOWIT****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

In his [Harvard College](#) book report on [William Howitt](#)'s THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS; OR, THE CALENDAR OF NATURE, [David Henry Thoreau](#) attempted to commit New England weather banter:



...see how familiarly that North-western plays with the coat-flaps of the traveller, or sends him over stone walls and rail fences to fish his beaver out of a pond-hole. This is indeed melancholy.



[Thoreau](#) reviewed [Howitt](#)'s effort by opinioning that this was a "book calculated to do all that books can do to



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

excite a spirit of attachment to nature.”

THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS

In consideration of all the folks who have considered Thoreau to have been an early nature writer, albeit not a good one (not one who could stick to his topic but one who persisted in interlarding his nature descriptions with distractive side attempts to set up a new religion), would it be possible to characterize [WALDEN](#) thusly, as a “book calculated to do all that books can do to excite a spirit of attachment to nature”? No. Larry Buell’s sustained analysis in *THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMAGINATION* to the contrary notwithstanding, no.



Our budding author also referred humorously but quite pointlessly to Captain John Cleves Symmes’s



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

THEORY OF CONCENTRIC SPHERES:

The Greenlander, dwelling on the very brink of Symmes' hole, exposed to the rigorous cold of the northern latitudes, with the bear's flesh and train oil to solace him, an inhabitant of snow and ice not of earth, crawls into a snow-bank, and yet his heart is not so frozen but that he feels at home.

WALDEN

SYMMES HOLE



Thoreau cited Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Nightingale" in mockery of Howitt's association of the month of November with the affect of melancholy. Coleridge's poem went "'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!"



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

/ A melancholy bird? Oh! Idle thought! / In Nature there is nothing melancholy.” Thoreau’s citation of this was

“There is nothing melancholy in Nature.” If there is, where is it?... To the eye of the dyspeptic, to be sure, all is stamped with melancholy. Let him walk out into the fields....

Also, in this essay, Thoreau disparaged those “who are destitute of pure and elevated principle, whose sordid views extend no further than the profitable, who cannot contemplate the meandering brook, without, in imagination, polluting its waters with a mill-wheel.” He did this, however, by alleging that such white folks were “less enviable” than

The poor Indian! whose untutor’d mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him the wind.




Here he was referring, of course, to Alexander Pope’s ESSAY ON MAN and its “Lo” figure who “hears him in the wind.” One wishes this youth had possessed the wit, even at that time in his college studies, to refrain from such phrases as “less enviable” which give the appearance of being complicit with the general mythos of the dominant cultures of America, that a native American is rather a poor sort of American.



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WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

We may console ourselves, however, by noting that although Thoreau's word choice was inappropriate, indeed quite as inelegant as his having inadvertently omitted a word from the doggerel he quoted, nevertheless the mistake reveals no particular ill will and endorses no social policy of extermination of the inferior. It might prove useful for you to contrast this with a remark [Waldo Emerson](#)'s would make a few years later in his journal, on September 10, 1840 , in which the same Popish term "poor Indian" would be mobilized merely to conclude that for us officiously to take the positive steps that would be necessary to exterminate these human-seeming nonhumans ("similar") before their time would be a moral error — in that it would have an unfortunate moral impact on ourselves.



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

WALDEN: Yet we should oftener look over the taffarel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only great-circle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely. One hastens to Southern Africa to chase the giraffe; but surely that is not the game he would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sort; but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self.-

“Direct your eye sight inward, and you'll find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be
Expert in home-cosmography.”

What does Africa, -what does the West stand for? Is not our own interior white on the chart? black though it may prove, like the coast, when discovered. Is it the source of the Nile, or the Niger, or the Mississippi, or a North-West Passage around this continent, that we would find? Are these the problems which most concern mankind? Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is? Be rather the Mungo Park, the Lewis and Clarke and Frobisher, of your own streams and oceans; explore your own higher latitudes, -with shiploads of preserved meats to support you, if they be necessary; and pile the empty cans sky-high for a sign. Were preserved meats invented to preserve meat merely? Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no *self-respect*, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South-Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact, that there are continents and seas in the moral world, to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him, but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals, in a government ship, with five hundred men and boys to assist one, than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone.-

“Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.
Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.”
Let them wander and scrutinize the outlandish Australians.
I have more of God, they more of the road.

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some “Symmes' Hole” by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travellers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and Explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a worn-out China or Japan, but leads on direct a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

**PEOPLE OF
WALDEN**

LEWIS AND CLARK

SYMMES HOLE



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

March 31, 1836

[Review of [William Howitt](#)'s *THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS; OR, THE CALENDAR OF NATURE*, first published in 1951 by Professor Wendell Glick in the *Huntington Library Quarterly*. The "Advertisement" of the first edition (London, 1831) is dated Dec. 15, 1830. Besides the first, Harvard owns the following: (4th edition) London, 1836; (5th edition) London, 1837; (6th edition) London, 1839; (6th edition) London, 1840 (From the 6th London edition) Phila., 1842; (6th edition) London, 1856; (7th edition) London, 1846. Many others, doubtless, were in circulation. Thoreau's review, composed six months before the publication of Emerson's *NATURE*, probably introduced him to his lifelong quest for the objects and appearances peculiar to each month of the year. See Emerson's *JOURNALS*, III, 460-461 (Mar. 28, 1835.) See also Emerson the Essayist, I, 411, for a note on *NATURE*, 12.3.] [Copy in Concord Social Library before 1836.]

THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS;
OR THE CALENDAR OF NATURE,
by William Howitt

1st edition, London, 1831. A rather popular work, this book went through three editions before 1850.

We have here a book calculated to do all that books can do to excite a spirit of attachment to Nature—one expressly adapted to the climate and customs of England, but none the less acceptable to the lovers of natural scenery of whatever clime or nation—neither too scientific, nor too much abounding in technical term and phrases to be comprehended by the general reader, nor yet of too miscellaneous and catch-penny a stamp for the would-be literate or blue stockings. "My plan has been" says the author, "to furnish an original article on the general appearances of Nature in each month, drawing entirely from my own regular observation through many seasons; and finally, to superadd a great variety of facts from the best sources, as well as such as occurred to myself after the principle [sic] article was written. To these a complete table of the Migrations of Birds; a copious list of Garden Plants which come into flower in the month; a Botanical Calendar and an Entomological catalogue; a notice of Rural occupations, and finally, one of Angling, are added."

(Ibid., pp. vi-vii. I have not attempted to call attention to Thoreau's errors in transcription or to other than his most egregious slips in grammatical usage.)

See line 9. Howitt reads "regular observations."

T. abbreviated his quotations. Compare, for example, Howitt, ed. Princ., vii: "...a Botanical Calendar, including a select number of the most beautiful or interesting British plants, and an Entomological Catalogue of about three hundred of the most common or remarkable insects; a notice of Rural Occupations, and, finally, one of Angling, are added."

There are certain pure and substantial pleasures, pleasures springing from a never failing source, which are absolutely denied those who are destitute of pure and elevated principle, whose sordid views extend no further than the profitable, who cannot contemplate the meandering brook without, in imagination, polluting its waters with a mill-wheel⁸

"Mill-wheel." Cf. His theme, "Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Influence on American Literature" (April, before 6, 1836: "True, there are some amongst us who can contemplate the babbling brook without (in imagination) polluting its waters with a mill-wheel; but even they are prone to sing of skylarks...."

Far less enviable in my eyes, is their condition, than that of

"The poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him [in] the wind."



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

No one, perhaps, possesses materials for happiness in such abundance, or has the sources of contentment and pure enjoyment so completely under his thumb, as the lover of Nature. Her devotee is never alone; the solitary vale is as the crowded city, even there may he "hold sweet converse" with nature; even, did I say? Here is she most garrulous, most communicative; this her home—her country-seat, where she resides all the year round. This love is universal, it is emphatically natural. The inhabitant of the desert talks of home—prized home—he leaves home and he returns home; to him there is nothing like home and her homely comforts. The desert, in his eyes, is blooming as the rose. The Greenlander, dwelling on the very brink of Symmes' hole exposed to the rigorous cold of the northern latitudes, with the bear's flesh and train oil to solace him, an inhabitant of snow and ice not of earth, crawls into a snow-bank, and yet his heart is not so frozen but that he feels at home. The tanned and dusky African realizes the delights of "de dear native land" in dancing a jog on (not under) the equator. We find that no region is so barren or so desolate as not to afford some human being a home. But Nature's home is everywhere, and in whatever clime, her devotee is at home with her. The attachment to his country which is manifested by the mariner, as he looses [sic] sight of "the blue hue of his native land," (as Irving has beautifully expressed it,) and which is at no time more strongly felt than when, on some distant strand his thoughts revert to the well-known steeple, the most conspicuous object in a country village, the slowly winding stream which flows at the foot of the hill where he netted in Autumn and coasted in Winter, the cart path that leads down to the great meadows where the grapes were as thick as blackberries and cranberries were to be had for the picking, this attachment, I say, this love of natural scenery, (for they are equivalent—which explains the truth of the observation, that no one is more fond of home than the traveller,) is so interwoven with the best feelings of our nature that it would seem obscure to suppose it associated with meaner and baser sentiments, or vice in any shape. The great and good of every age and nation have felt its influence. Poetry, from Chaucer's to the present time has teemed with it. The lost of his sight did not shut out Nature from the view of Milton; the rich store-house of his mind was a source of serene and elevated pleasure in his hours of darkness—the inmost recesses of the Garden of Eden were as plainly visible to him as the light of day could have made them. "Between the poet and nature," says Schlegel, "no less than between the poet and man, there is a sympathy of feeling. Not only in the song of the Nightingale, or in the melodies to which all men listen, but even in the roar of the stream, and the rushing of the forest, the poet thinks that he hears a kindred voice of sorrow or of gladness; as if spirits and feelings like our own were calling to use from afar, or seeking to sympathize and communicate with us from the utmost nearness to which their natures will allow them to approach us. It is for the purpose of listening to these tones, and of holding mysterious converse with the soul of nature, that every great poetry is a lover of solitude."⁹

So much for Germany; with how much more truth would these remarks apply to America; "America," in the words of the Novelist, "with her beautiful and stupendous scenes of nature; her immense lakes; her broad and sweeping rivers; her clime melting into all the variety of the globe; her cataraacts shaking the earth; her mountains kissing the heavens; her solitudes and forests, yet hushed in primeval silence."

January is derived from the Latin, Janus, door-keeper of heaven, and God of peace. Under this head is described a great storm which will serve as a specimen of the author's style, "Frost-keen biting frost is in the ground and in the air, a bitter scythe-edged, perforating wind from the north; or what is worse, the north-east, sweeps the descending snow along, whirling it from the open fields, and driving it against whatever opposes its course. People who are obliged to be passing to and fro muffle up their faces, and bow their heads to the blast. There is no loitering, no street-gossiping, no stopping to make recognition of each other; they shuffle along the most wintry objects of the scene, bearing on their fronts the tokens of the storm. Against every house, rock or bank the snow-drift accumulates. It curls over the tops of walls and hedges in fantastic wildness, forming often the most perfect curves, resembling the scrolls of Ionic capitals, and showing beneath romantic caves and canopies."¹⁰

February is so called from the Roman custom of burning expiatory sacrifices, Februalia. "Nothing can perhaps illustrate so livingly our idea of a spirit," says Howitt, "as a mighty wind—present in its amazing power and sublimity, yet seen only in its effects. We are whirled along with its careening torrent with irresistible [sic] power."¹¹ Who can stand on the verge of the forest, at the approach of nightfall, on the eve of a tempest, and hear it as it comes rushing and roaring in its mad career, without being influenced by overwhelming ideas of majesty, grandeur, and the awful power of the elements.

March, the first month in antiquity, was named so after Mars the god of War, because he was the father of their first prince. All Nature is now reviving; the earth throws off her snowy mantle and puts on the garb of spring; the squirrel comes forth from his subterranean abode to snuff the fresh air, and commences his sprightly gambols along the walls and hedges, or skip from tree to tree, seemingly in mere sport. The air is still too chilly for the feathered race, though the shrill and doleful note of the jay is heard in the orchards.

April is so called from the Latin, Aprilis, which is derived from Aperire, to open. The allusion is obvious. "April shows/Bring forth May flowers," is one of the old sayings which possess no intrinsic merit of their own, but derive all their interest from the association of ideas, as Stewart would say.

[Pope, *Essay on Man*, I, 99-100.]

[See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IX, 909, and Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, iii, 31.]

[Isaiah 35:1.]

[Symes' Hole is mentioned in the last chapter of *Walden*. For commentary on Capt. John Cleves Symmes and his belief that the earth was hollow and open at the poles (*Theory of Concentric Spheres*, 1826) see Joseph Jones, *Index to Walden*, Austin, [1955], p. 49]

Unidentified. The language resembles that of passages in Lydia Maria (Francis) Child's *The Rebels*; or, Boston before the Revolution (see esp. The "Preface") and in Irving's "The Author's Account of Himself" at the beginning of *The Sketch Book*.

Cf. Whittier's "Snow-Bound: A Winter Idyl" and Emerson's "The Snow-Storm." This much of Howitt the New Englander could fully appreciate.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, pp. 4-5.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 42

T. had recently completed Dugald Stewart's *ELEMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND*—required for the first term of the Junior year. Chap. V. deals with the association of ideas.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

May is so called from the Goddess Maia. This is, perhaps, the pleasantest month of the 12. The Botanist may now commence his rambles without much fear of suffocating heat or intense cold. Now also commences the harvest of death, and woe be unto the unlucky squirrel[,] bob lincoln, or black bird that [ventures?] to approach the haunts of man, or sit within the range of an old French-piece or horse-pistol! Every stripling that can shoulder a musket, or can hold up one end while the other rests on a rail, or can muster courage to touch off a wooden cannon without shutting his eyes is up and stirring betimes. And then what a rattling of ramrods! What a demand for wadding paper with which to stuff the pockets of the ragged troop that one may see assembled around the instrument of death, ready to counsel and assist, nay, even to take charge of the weapon itself should the absence of its present proprietor make it necessary. And now if some stray sparrow should have the imprudence to perch upon a neighboring post, tree, or rock, or if a bob-lincoln holding in utter contempt the marksmanship of the musket-bearer, should approach within gunshot, then what a scateration takes place; some are seen to ensconce themselves behind a tree, others fall flat upon the ground, while some favored 2 or 3 boldly accompany their leader to the work of death. The barrel is slowly raised, the now diminished group satisfy themselves that the right angle of elevation is attained, and then the hero of the day, with the rest to back him pulls the trigger. Tick, goes the lock, and now succeeds a hissing noise which proves the success of the experiment, showing that the powder is subjected to the process of ignition; endued with the patience of Job our hero abides the result. The passerby will not probably have proceeded many rods before he is startled by the report, which reverberating through the surrounding forest produces a startling effect upon myriads of the smaller birds and quadrupeds, and, perhaps disturbs, for a moment, the calm, unruffled serenity of the victim. Then for the hurry, bustle, and confusion of the motley crew who are hastening to be in at the death. The victim is finally transmitted to the hands of the executioner as completely base and destitute of feathers, as the callow young who are piping anything but melody in the deserted nest.

June, probably from Juno, in honor of whom a festival was held at the beginning of this month. "June," says Howitt, "is the very carnival of Nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest side, when all is still and basking at noon; and to see the landscape suddenly darken, the black and tumultuous clouds assemble as at a signal; to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening air; and then to mark the glorious bow rise on the lurid rear of the tempest, the sun laugh jocundly abroad, and

Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out its soul to the delicious air.

It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if we are tempted to turn angles, it must be now. To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried, completely buried, in fresh grass; the foam-like flower of the meadow sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon fly, the ephemera, and the king-fisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream; and one of our 10,000 volumes of delightful literature in our pockets—then indeed might one be a most patient angler though taking not a single fin."¹²

July, from J. Caesar. "Now is the general season of hay-making. There is a sound of tinkling teams and waggons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over, ay, even at midnight, till at length, the fragrant ricks rise in the farm-yard, and the pale, smooth shaven fields are left in solitary beauty."¹³

Honest old Isaak Walton has done much in his quaint style, to impart an interest to quiet haunts and streams—to cool and shady banks, which if they are ever interesting are peculiarly so this month. Nature has spread her flowering carpet over the earth, and a thousand ripening berries invite the wanderer to prolong his walks.

Howitt's discussion of May is literary and concerns the month of marriages. T. substitutes a memorable picture of New England boyhood in Concord village. Compare the opening pages of "Higher Laws" in Walden.

[Continued from p. 144.] See Outre-Mer, II, 245-247: "...amid these scenes and musings—amid all the novelties of the old world, and the quick succession of images...there were always fond regrets and longings after the land of my birth, lurking in the secret corners of my heart. When I stood by the seashore, and listened to the melancholy and familiar roar of its waves, it seemed but a step from the threshold of a foreign land to the fireside of home; and when I watched the out-bound sail, fading over the water's edge, and losing itself in the blue mists of the sea, my heart

¹²Outre-Mer, II, pp. 176-7. Should read: "176-178."

¹³Outre-Mer, II, pp. xxv. Should read: "224-225."

T. here summarizes Howitt's p. Xxv.

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WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

August, from Augustus. The grand feature of this month is Corn Harvest. Berries of almost every description are now perfectly ripe; the sports-man may be seen, drenched with the morning dew,--rambling about the fields, or reconnoitering the hedges, in search of game; the orchards assume a rosy tint, which is a sign that the season for commencing depredations has already set in. A walk in any direction is delightful, but a quiet cart-path leading through the woods to some sylvan dell, some well known spot, a "Sleepy Hollow" for instance, is preferable. Sept. It is the height of enjoyment, reclined at length upon the turf, in the shade of a noble tree, to give reins to the imagination—to hearken to the audible silence that prevails around the hum of 10000 insects with which the air is filled—the materials, it would seem of which the atmosphere is composed. It is at such times that man realizes that he is indeed the Lord of Creation. What can be more majestic than a stately oak presiding with parental care over the surrounding fields, with arms outstretched, as it were, to protect the traveller! What an idea of independence it suggests! There it stands and there it has stood for ages; generation after generation has passed away, and still we talk of the oak; from year to year the birds have build their nests and carolled in its branches, and the squirrel frisked from bough to bough; The tired Indian, perchance, in times gone by, has sought shelter and refreshment in its shade. To use the words of a novelist, for novelists sometimes speak the truth, "The fruit of an insignificant seed, you were planted by accident, and grew in neglect; and now you appear flinging abroad your branches to heaven, striking your roots deep into the hearth, bending and groaning sometimes beneath the storm, but never yielding to its fury; and towering above the surrounding woods, till the remote revolutions of time and nature shall lay your lofty honors in the dust." Oct. Nothing can be more pleasing to the eye than the appearance of the woods at this season. Green is allowed by most oculists [sic] to be the color which the eye may dwell upon with the least injury, as it is certainly that to which it is most accustomed. The trees have now thrown off their green costume and assumed a variegated dress of orange, red, brown, and yellow, a yellowish brown predominating. The waving surface of the forest, as from some height the eye runs over the sea of colors, invites the beholder to come down and stalk sat large over the undulating, but seemingly compact plane, to explore each nook and cranny, the haunts of hawks and ravens.

Nov. There is nothing melancholy in Nature." If there is, where is it? It is in the op'ning bud of Spring—youthful boy-ant [sic] Spring, in the blooming flower of Summer, or the yellow harvest of Autumn? To the eye of the dyspeptic, to be sure, all is stamped with melancholy. Let him walk out into the fields—take no exercise, but get as much as he can—let him look at the butterfly pursuing its zigzag course from flower to flower, and from field to field, and then talk of Dyspepsia: why it would puzzle the Blue Devils to follow suite. Do you think they would feel at home by the side of its gaudy opinions? Oh no! They would 'vanish into thin air.' But some, in a doleful tone, will remind you of the fall of the leaf.

Every tree sends forth its thousands—away they go, flying hither and thither, up and down, in search of a resting place. Behold dame Partlet sailing up the avenue with feathers all erect, urged by rude Boreas to an unwonted pace; or see how familiarly that North-western plays with the coat-flaps of the traveller, or sends him over stone walls and rail fences to fish his beaver out of a pond-hole. This is indeed melancholy. The following are the words of one possessed of what he calls the golden abundance and profuse beauty of this magnificent globe, one who is ready to resign the true riches of this world to the uncivilised savage, and the poverty-stricken peasant.

"Those luscious ever-green valleys, those luxuriant hills, those rich slopes, clothed with the most gorgeous fruits and the tenderest and deepest verdure, and more than all, those gentle and transparent skies, seem beneficently designed for man in his more uncivilized state, or for the poor." The so-called rich may enjoy all the honors that titled rank can confer, they may revel in luxury and dissipation [sic], and count their wealth by thousands and tens of thousands,--but if they reject or are denied those gifts which Nature alone can bestow,--they are poor indeed. Is it poverty to breathe [sic] the free air of heaven, to satisfy the cravings of hunger with the simple fruits of the soil, to quench the natural thirst from the running water of the brook, or to seek refreshment for the wearied limbs on the lap of our common mother Earth? Is it wealth to monopolise the confined air of a pleasure carriage, to wage continual war with Nature, to pore over the hues of a few home-sick and stinted [sic?] exotics to gratify the least intellectual of the 5 senses? Does it consist in the profession of one half this sunny little farm the Earth without enjoying a foot, or in the putting in jeopardy the health and spirits by swallowing the earliest green cucumber?

Concord had its "Sleepy Hollow." The phrase also suggests Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle."

Probably T's paraphrase of Coleridge's famous line in "The Nightingale:"

'Most musical, most melancholy' bird! A melancholy bird? Oh! Idle thought! In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

Howitt begins his discussion of November with two pages on melancholy Ossian, whose harp is a "harp of sorrow." "It breathes perpetually of melancholy tenderness." (369) "...we are now surrounded by precisely the melancholy images in which he delight. We are in a month of darkness, storms, and mists." (370). T. Laughs at the concept. As a Transcendentalist, he holds to Quantum sumus scimus. To the alert and happy person—to the God-directed—November can be a month of glee. T. Indulges in delightful irony at Howitt's expense.

"Those luscious ever-green valleys..." Source?

"thousands and tens of thousands...." For this allusion, see 1 Samuel 18:7ff. T. Used it again in his theme, "Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Influence on American Literature," April, [before 6], 1835: "The Press is daily sending forth its thousands and tens of thousands; for the publisher says 't is profitable."



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December. Nature is left in undisturbed possession of the country, while man resorts to his burrow the city.

March 31st 1836

1836, MARCH 31+ [HM945] [The following is appended to T's review of William Howitt and was possibly written shortly thereafter. His source might have been: Francis Parkman, "Salem Witchcraft," Christian Examiner, XI (n.s., VI) (1831-1832) pp. 240-259 (a review of Charles W. Upham's Lectures on Witchcraft. Parkman quotes from Cotton Mather's diary: "July 1, 1724. This day being our insipid, ill-contrived anniversary, which we call the commencement, I chose to spend it at home in supplications, partly on the behalf of the College, that it may not be foolishly thrown away, but that God may bestow such a President upon it as may prove a rich blessing unto it and unto all our churches." Mather has some where observed, "July 1, 1724. This day being our insipid, ill-contrived anniversary, which we call the commencement

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**



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1838

Mary Howitt's BIRDS AND FLOWERS AND OTHER COUNTRY THINGS.



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1839

Mary Howitt's HYMNS AND FIRESIDE VERSES.



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1840

Mary Howitt's HOPE ON, HOPE EVER, A TALE and STRIVE AND THRIVE.



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1841

Mary Howitt's SOWING AND REAPING, OR WHAT WILL COME OF IT.



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1842

[Mary Howitt](#)'s WORK AND WAGES, OR LIFE IN SERVICE, WHICH IS THE WISER? OR PEOPLE ABROAD, and LITTLE COIN, MUCH CARE.

[Mary Howitt](#) translated many of the Swedish novels of [Fredrika Bremer](#) into English. In this year it was her *GRANNARNA* of 1837, translated as THE NEIGHBOURS: A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE; IN TWO VOLUMES.

Do I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



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1843

Mary Howitt's NO SENSE LIKE COMMON SENSE and LOVE AND MONEY.

June 8, Thursday: Henry Thoreau wrote to his mother Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau and father John Thoreau in Concord from Castleton on Staten Island:

*Castleton, Staten Island, June 8th
1843*

Dear Parents,

I have got quite well now, and like the lay of the land and the look of the sea very much— Only the country is so fair that it seems rather too much as if it were made to be looked at. I have been to N.Y. four or five times, and have run about the island a good deal. Geo. Ward when I last saw him, which was at his house in Brooklyn, was studying the Daguerreotype process, preparing to set up in that line. The boats run now almost every hour, from 8 AM. to 7 Pm. back and forth, so that I can get to the city much more easily than before. I have seen there one Henry James, a lame man, of whom I had heard before, whom I like very much, and he ask s me to make free use of his house, which is situated in a pleasant part of the city, adjoining the University. I have met several people whom I knew before, and among the rest Mr Wright, who was on his way to Niagara.

I feel already about as well acquainted with New York as with Boston, that is about as little, perhaps. It is large enough now and t hey intend it shall be larger still. 15th Street – where some of my new acquaintances live, is two or three miles from the Battery where the boat touches, clear brick and stone and no give to the foot; and they have layed out, though not built, up to the 149th Street above. I had rather see a brick for a specimen for my part such as they exhibited in old times. You see it is quite a day's training to make a few calls in different parts of the city (to say nothing of 12 miles by water and three by land, ie. not brick or Stone) especially if it does not rain shillings which might interest omnibuses in your behalf. Some Omnibuses are marked "Broadway – Fourth Street" – and they go no further – otherss "8th Street" and so on, and so of the other principal streets. This letter will be circumstantial enough for Helen.

This is in all respects a very pleasant residence – much more rural than you would expect of the vicinity of New York. There are woods all around. We breakfast at half past six – lunch if we will at twelve – and dine or sup at five. Thus is the day partitioned off. From 9 to 2 or thereabouts I am the schoolmas-



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ter – and at other times as much the pupil as I can be— Mr and Mrs Emerson and family are not indeed of my kith or kin in any sense – but they are irreproachable and kind.

I have met no one yet on the Island whose acquaintance I shall actually cultivate – or hoe around – unless it be our neighbor Capt Smith – an old fisherman, who catches the fish called moss-bonkers – (so it sounds) and invites me to come to the beach when he spends the week and see him and his fish.

Farms are for sale all around here— And so I suppose men are for purchase. North of us live Peter Wandell – Mr Mell – and Mr. Disusway (dont mind the spelling) as far as the Clove road; And south John Britton – Van Pelt, and Capt Smith, as far as the Fingerboard road. Behind is the hill, some 250 feet high – on the side of which we live, and in front the forest and the sea – the latter at the distance of a mile and a half.

Tell Helen that Miss Errington is provided with assistance. This were as good a place as any to establish a school, if one could wait a little. Families come down here to board in the summer – and three or four have been already established this season.

As for money matters I have not set my traps yet, but I am getting the bait ready. Pray how does the garden thrive and what improvements in the pencil line? I miss you all very much. Write soon and send a Concord paper to yr affectionate son Henry D. Thoreau

Thoreau also wrote to Waldo Emerson:

STATEN ISLAND, June 8, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND, — I have been to see Henry James, and like him very much. It was a great pleasure to meet him. It makes humanity seem more erect and respectable. I never was more kindly and faithfully catechised. It made me respect myself more to be thought worthy of such wise questions. He is a man, and takes his own way, or stands still in his own place. I know of no one so patient and determined to have the good of you. It is almost friendship, such plain and human dealing. I think that he will not write or speak inspiringly; but he is a refreshing forward-looking and forward-moving man, and he has naturalized and humanized New York for me.

He actually reproaches you by his respect for your poor words. I had three hours' solid talk with him, and he asks me to make free use of his house. He wants an expression of your faith, or to be sure that it is faith, and confess that his own treads fast upon the neck of his understanding. He exclaimed, at some careless answer of mine, "Well, you Transcendentalists are wonderfully consistent. I must get hold of this somehow!" He likes Carlyle's book, but says that it leaves him in an excited and unprofitable state, and that Carlyle is so ready to obey his humor that he makes the least vestige of truth



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the foundation of any superstructure, not keeping faith with his better genius nor truest readers.

I met Wright on the stairs of the Society Library, and W.H. Channing and Brisbane on the steps. The former (Channing) is a concave man, and you see by his attitude and the lines of his face that he is retreating from himself and from yourself, with sad doubts. It is like a fair mask swaying from the drooping boughs of some tree whose stem is not seen. He would break with a conchoidal fracture. You feel as if you would like to see him when he has made up his mind to run all the risks. To be sure, he doubts because he has a great hope to be disappointed, but he makes the possible disappointment of too much consequence. Brisbane, with whom I did not converse, did not impress me favorably. He looks like a man who has lived in a cellar, far gone in consumption. I barely saw him, but he did not look as if he could let Fourier go, in any case, and throw up his hat. But I need not have come to New York to write this.

I have seen Tappan for two or three hours, and like both him and Waldo; but I always see those of whom I have heard well with a slight disappointment. They are so much better than the great herd, and yet the heavens are not shivered into diamonds over their heads. Persons and things flit so rapidly through my brain, nowadays, that I can hardly remember them. They seem to be lying in the stream, stemming the tide, ready to go to sea, as steamboats when they leave the dock go off in the opposite direction first, until they are headed right, and then begins the steady revolution of the paddle-wheels; and they are not quite cheerily headed anywhither yet, nor singing amid the shrouds as they bound over the billows. There is a certain youthfulness and generosity about them, very attractive; and Tappan's more reserved and solitary thought commands respect.

After some ado, I discovered the residence of Mrs. Black, but there was palmed off on me, in her stead, a Mrs. Grey (quite an inferior color), who told me at last that she was not Mrs. Black, but her mother, and was just as glad to see me as Mrs. Black would have been, and so, forsooth, would answer just as well. Mrs. Black had gone with Edward Palmer to New Jersey, and would return on the morrow.

I don't like the city better, the more I see it, but worse. I am ashamed of my eyes that behold it. It is a thousand times meaner than I could have imagined. It will be something to hate, — that's the advantage it will be to me; and even the best people in it are a part of it, and talk coolly about it. The pigs in the street are the most respectable part of the population. When will the world learn that a million men are of no importance compared with one man?

But I must wait for a shower of shillings, or at least a slight dew or



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mizzling of sixpences, before I explore New York very far. The sea-beach is the best thing I have seen. It is very solitary and remote, and you only remember New York occasionally. The distances, too, along the shore, and inland in sight of it, are unaccountably great and startling. The sea seems very near from the hills, but it proves a long way over the plain, and yet you may be wet with the spray before you can believe that you are there.

The far seems near, and the near far.

Many rods from the beach, I step aside for the Atlantic, and I see men drag up their boats on to the sand, with oxen, stepping about amid the surf, as if it were possible they might draw up Sandy Hook. I do not feel myself especially serviceable to the good people with whom I live, except as inflictions are sanctified to the righteous. And so, too, must I serve the boy. I can look to the Latin and mathematics sharply, and for the rest behave myself. But I cannot be in his neighborhood hereafter as his Educator, of course, but as the hawks fly over my own head. I am not attracted toward him but as to youth generally.

He shall frequent me, however, as much as he can, and I'll be I.

Bradbury told me, when I passed through Boston, that he was coming to New York the following Saturday, and would then settle with me, but he has not made his appearance yet. Will you, the next time you go to Boston, present that order for me which I left with you?

If I say less about Waldo and Tappan now, it is, perhaps, because I may have more to say by and by. Remember me to your mother and Mrs. Emerson, who, I hope, is quite well. I shall be very glad to hear from her, as well as from you. I have very hastily written out something for the Dial, and send it only because you are expecting something, — though something better. It seems idle and Howittish, but it may be of more worth in Concord, where it belongs. In great haste. Farewell.

HENRY D. THOREAU

WILLIAM HOWITT

(The “Bradbury” he mentions in this letter was of the publishing house of Bradbury & Soden, which had published, in Nathan Hale’s BOSTON MISCELLANY, and promised to pay for but so far neglected to pay for, “Walk to Wachusett.”)



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1844

[Mary Howitt](#)'s MY UNCLE THE CLOCKMAKER and THE TWO APPRENTICES.

In this year and the following one, English poet [Mary Howitt](#) would be issuing [Fredrika Bremer](#)'s novels in English translation, *FAMILJEN H.* as THE H—— FAMILY, *GRANNARNA* as THE NEIGHBOURS, *HEMMET* as THE HOME, etc., for a total of 11 volumes.



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1845

Mary Howitt's MY OWN STORY, OR THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD and FIRESIDE VERSES.



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1846

Mary Howitt translated ten of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales (as WONDERFUL STORIES FOR CHILDREN).



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1847

[Mary Howitt](#)'s BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS (London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans).



Also, her THE CHILDREN'S YEAR.

In this year Friends [Mary Howitt](#) and [William Howitt](#) left the [Religious Society of Friends](#) (the couple would become involved instead in [Spiritualism](#)).



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1848

Mary Howitt's THE CHILDHOOD OF MARY LEESON.

April 17, Monday: A letter to Henry Thoreau from Horace Greeley in New-York indicates that the difficulties about getting any payment out of Graham's Magazine had been continuing:

New York, April 17, 1848.

My Friend Thoreau,

I have been hurried about a thousand things, including a Charter Election, and have not yet settled your business with Graham. I went to Philadelphia last Wednesday, and called twice at Graham's office without finding him; and though I did see him in the evening, it was at a crowded dinner party where I had no chance to speak with him on business. But I have taken that matter in hand, and I will see that you are paid, —within a week, I hope, but at any rate soon.

I enclose you \$25 for your article on Maine Scenery, as promised. I know it is worth more, though I have not yet found time to read it; but I have tried once to sell it without success. It is rather long for my columns and too fine for the million; but I consider it a cheap bargain, and shall print it myself if I do not dispose of it to better advantage. You will not of course consider yourself under any sort of obligation to me, for my offer was in the way of business and I have got more than the worth of my money. Send me a line acknowledging the receipt of the money, and say if all is right between us. I am a little ashamed of Graham's tardiness, but I shall correct it, and I would have done so long ago if I had known he had neglected you. I shall make it come round soon.

If you will write me two or three articles in the course of the summer, I think I can dispose of them for your benefit. But write not more than half as long as your article just sent me, for that is too long for the Magazines. If that were in two it would be far more valuable.

What about your book? Is any thing going on about it now? Why did not Emerson try it in England? I think the Howitts could get it favorably before the British public. If you can suggest any way wherein I can put it forward, do not hesitate, but command me.

WILLIAM HOWITT

MARY HOWITT



WILLIAM HOWIT

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Yours,

Horace Greeley.

*\$25 enclosed
\$5. Appleton Boston
5. Bridgeport, Conn
5 Globe, Providence
5 Brattleboro, Vt.
5 F & CU. Burlington Vt.*



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1849

[Mary Howitt](#)'s OUR COUSINS IN OHIO.

The 1st [Ohio](#) State Fair.



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1850

[Mary Howitt](#) translated many of the Swedish novels of [Fredrika Bremer](#) into English. In this year it was her *HEMMET ELLER FAMILJE-SORGER OCH FRÖJDER* of 1839, translated as THE HOME; OR, FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.



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1851

Mary Howitt's THE HEIR OF WAST-WAYLAN.



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1852

June: [Richard Henry Horne](#) and [William Howitt](#) migrated to Australia during the early gold rush era, as passengers aboard the same vessel.

September: [Richard Henry Horne](#) and [William Howitt](#) arrived in Melbourne, Australia. Almost at once Mr. Horne secured a position as Commander of the Victorian Gold Escort. Mr. Howitt, however, a temporary visitor, was unhappy at the nasty surprise that greeted him in this port:

Melbourne, Port Phillip, September 26, 1852.

Be so good as to place the fact which I now state in a prominent part of your paper, that it may be copied as widely as possible. Up to the time of my quitting England for this place on the 10th of June last, I never saw it published anywhere, either in the newspaper correspondence from the Australian gold fields, or in any of the books or pamphlets on these gold fields, that Bank of England notes are held to be no legal tender in these colonies. Such, however, is the case. They are utterly refused here, even the bankers, except at a discount of 20 per cent. Numbers of persons are coming out daily. There are a thousand arriving at this port per diem, and not ten men out of each thousand are aware of this fact. In the ship in which I came, the "Kent," there were numbers struck with consternation at the news. Some lost from £40 to £100 by their Bank of England notes; almost every one something, more or less. If it be not therefore, well known, make it so without delay; if it be known at all, make it more so. Every journalist in town or country will do an important service to his countrymen intending to sail hither, by warning them not to take out a single Bank of England note, but only orders on the Australia banks, or gold. Whoever brings Bank of England paper will assuredly and inevitably be mulcted of one-fifth of his money. I speak from actual experience. It is in the interest of the bankers here to exclude Bank of England notes, that they may circulate their own, but there needs no addition to the terrific demands which are made here on the emigrants. Everything is charged at digging prices, that is, ten times its natural price; and the astonished arriver will have enough to do to escape through the town up to the gold-fields with the skin of his teeth. There is a fine bay, but no quay; all vessels are anchored out in the bay, and no soul can reach Melbourne by the steamers that go up the river, seven miles for less than 5s., without any luggage. That is 16s. every individual to the shore and back; and many such trips must be made before passengers can get their goods out of the ship. For the moment the vessel anchors every sailor runs away, and there are next to no men who can be hired to get out the luggage. Once out, the freight is 30s. per ton, half the amount that it has cost for the whole voyage of 13,000 miles. Some luggage which



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cost me 7s. 6d., carting from the City to the East India Docks, cost here for this seven miles by steamer, £3. In the town the same fiery furnace rate of charge exists for everything. It is impossible for any one to get lodgings at any price. Hundreds are camping out and the town council is about to erect temporary places of reception. Two and three pounds a week are given for little empty rooms at which a respectable English dog would turn up his nose. Houses, which in good parts of London would be held dear at £40 a year, let for £400, and all the articles of life are at a like rate. Bread 1s 6d. the 4lbs. loaf, butter 3s 6d. meat 6d., and is expected every day to be 1s per lb. If you want books such as in London you might buy for 18s., are £4. Folding bedsteads, which are 15s. 6d. in London, are £5 and so on. Freight up the country to the diggings has been £140 per ton, and is yet £70. Omnibus fare thither £10. Now it is needless to add to these inflections a direct deduction from your money of one-fifth. This can only be avoided by avoiding bringing Bank of England notes.



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1853

[Mary Howitt](#)'s THE DIAL OF LOVE.

In this year and the next was published [Fredrika Bremer](#)'s *HEMMEN I DEN NYA VELDEN* (translated as THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD: IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA, VOL. I-III by [Mary Howitt](#)), in which she described her 1849/1850 visits with [Waldo Emerson](#), [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), and [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#).

[Franklin Benjamin Sanborn](#) visited [Emerson](#) briefly in [Concord](#).

After two years with reasonable success in the gold fields of Australia, [William Howitt](#) would return to England, leaving behind his son Alfred William Howitt, who would become himself well-known as an adventurer and explorer.



[Richard Henry Horne](#) became Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Australian gold fields.



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April 9, Saturday: Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion depicted a [Japanese](#) wedding:



WHAT?

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A. Wilson, 1998, *in situ*, from a beach at a public beach area.

Accepted for publication 12 November 2003

[illegible]

Finally, it is important to remember that many "financial" and other gifts which are representative of the province or the government of a particular office. The money, having been given for a specific purpose, is placed in a separate pool, or *caja*, which is used to pay salaries for the various staff members, and which is offered to be

how the green things will present any real. Things are there scattered, and the movement made by the green as movement is the beginning. Brown leaves falling, for example, move with the fall in green things is not. Brown of the things, in position, involved with the very heart of things. Brown of the things, in second nature. Brown, both the things, moving the things, and

[illegible]

small, soft-skinned, and fragile, having only a rudimentary shell. Molluscs are very slow, have limited vision, limited hearing and spend most of their lives hidden in a hole or shell. In many ways, the molluscs are the most primitive of the large invertebrates around us. They are also very much among the least interesting group being found today. They are the only invertebrates that have been found in the fossil record, and fossils of them which occur in the same strata as the trilobites are of little interest. The highest mollusk body is that of a giant nautilus which resembles something a little bigger, perhaps, than a snail, or indeed the nautilus, but even so, it is very primitive, resembling in the main the form of the nautilus of the Cretaceous.

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM



April 9. P.M. — To Second Division.

The chipping sparrow, with its ashy-white breast and white streak over eye and undivided chestnut crown, holds up its head and pours forth its *che che che che che che*. On a pitch [pine] on side of J. Hosmer's river hill, a pine warbler, by ventriloquism sounding farther off than it was, which was seven or eight feet, hopping and flitting from twig to twig, apparently picking the small flies at and about the base of the needles at the extremities of the twigs. Saw two afterward on the walls by roadside.

A warm and hazy but breezy day. The sound of the laborers' striking the iron rails of the railroad with their sledges, is as in the sultry days of summer, — resounds, as it were, from the hazy shy as a roof, — a more confined and, in that sense, domestic sound echoing along between the earth and the low heavens. The same strokes would produce a very different sound in the winter. Men fishing for trout. Small light-brown lizards, about five inches long, with somewhat darker tails, and some a light line along back, are very active, wiggling off, in J. P. Brown's ditch, with pollywogs.

Beyond the desert, hear the hooting owl, which, as formerly, I at first mistook for the hounding of a dog, — a squealing eee followed by *hoo hoo hoo* deliberately, and particularly sonorous and ringing. This at 2 P.M. Now mated. Pay their addresses by day, says Brooks. Winkle lichens, some with greenish bases, on a small white oak, near base. Also large white earlike one higher up. A middling-sized orange-copper butterfly on the mill road, at the clearing, with deeply scalloped leaves [*sic*]. You see the buff-edged and this, etc., in warm, sunny southern exposures on the edge of woods or sides of rocky hills and cliffs, above dry leaves and twigs, where the wood has been lately cut and there are many dry leaves and twigs about. An ant-hill covered with a firm sward except at top. The cowslips are well out, — the first conspicuous herbaceous flower, for the cabbage is concealed in its spathe.

The *Populus tremuliformis*, just beyond, *resound* with the hum of honey-bees, flies, etc. These male trees are frequently at a great distance from the females. Do not the bees and flies alone carry the pollen to the latter? I did not know at first whence the humming of bees proceeded. At this comparatively still season, before the crickets begin, the hum of bees is a very noticeable sound, and the least hum or buzz that fills the void is detected. Here appear to be more bees than on the willows. On the last, where I can see them better, are not only bees with pellets of pollen, but more flies, small bees, and a lady-bug. What do flies get here on male flowers, if not nectar? Bees also in the female willows, of course without pellets. It must be nectar alone there. That willow by H.'s Bridge is very brittle at base of stem, but hard to break above. The more I study willows, the more I am confused. The epigæa will not be out for some days.

Elm blossoms now in prime. Their tops heavier against the sky, a rich brown; their outlines further seen. Most alders done. Some small upright ones still fresh.

Evening. — Hear the snipe a short time at early starlight.

I hear this evening for the first time, from the partially flooded meadow across the river, I standing on this side, at early starlight, a general faint, prolonged stuttering or stertorous croak, — probably same with that heard April 7th, — that kind of growling, like wild beasts or a coffee-mill, which you can produce in your throat. It seems too dry and wooden, not sonorous or pleasing enough, for the toad. I hear occasionally the bullfrog's note, croakingly and hoarsely but faintly imitated, in the midst of it, — Which makes me think it may be they, though I have not seen any frogs so large yet, but that one by the railroad which I suspect may have been a *fontinalis*. What sound do the tortoises make beside hissing? There were the mutilated *Rana palustris* seen in the winter, the hylodes, the small or middling-sized croakers in pools (a shorter, less stuttering note than this to-night), and next the note of the 7th, and tonight the last, the first I have heard from the river. I occasionally see a little frog jump into a brook.

The whole meadow resounds, probably from one end of the river to the other, tills evening, with this faint, stertorous breathing. It is the waking up of the meadows. Louder than all is heard the shrill peep of the hylodes and the haverin!; note of the snipe, circling invisible above them all.

Vide again in [Howitt](#), pp. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 49, 54, 95.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS

Is it the red-eye or white-eye whose pensile nest is so common?

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM HOWIT****WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM****1854**

February 9, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) went to Pine Hill at 9 AM. He read [Marcus Terentius Varro](#), [Lucius Junius Moderatus Columella's](#) *DE RE RUSTICA*,

REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES...

and [William Howitt's](#) THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS; OR, THE CALENDAR OF NATURE.

There were a great many holidays at Plumfield, and one of the most delightful was the yearly apple-picking, — for then the Marches, Laurences, Brookes, and Bhaers turned out in full force, and made a day of it. Five years after Jo's wedding, one of these fruitful festivals occurred. — A mellow October day, when the air was full of an exhilarating freshness which made the spirits rise and the blood dance healthily in the veins. The old orchard wore its holiday attire; golden-rod and asters fringed the mossy walls; grasshoppers skipped briskly in the sere grass, and crickets chirped like fairy pipers at a feast. Squirrels were busy with their small harvesting; birds twittered their *adieux* from the alders in the lane; and every tree stood ready to send down its shower of red or yellow apples at the first shake. Everybody was there, — everybody laughed and sang, climbed up and tumbled down; everybody declared that there never had been such a perfect day or such a jolly set to enjoy it, — and every one gave themselves up to the simple pleasures of the hour as freely as if there were no such things as care or sorrow in the world.

Mr. March strolled placidly about, quoting Tusser, Cowley, and Columella to Mr. Laurence, while enjoying

“The gentle apple's winey juice.”

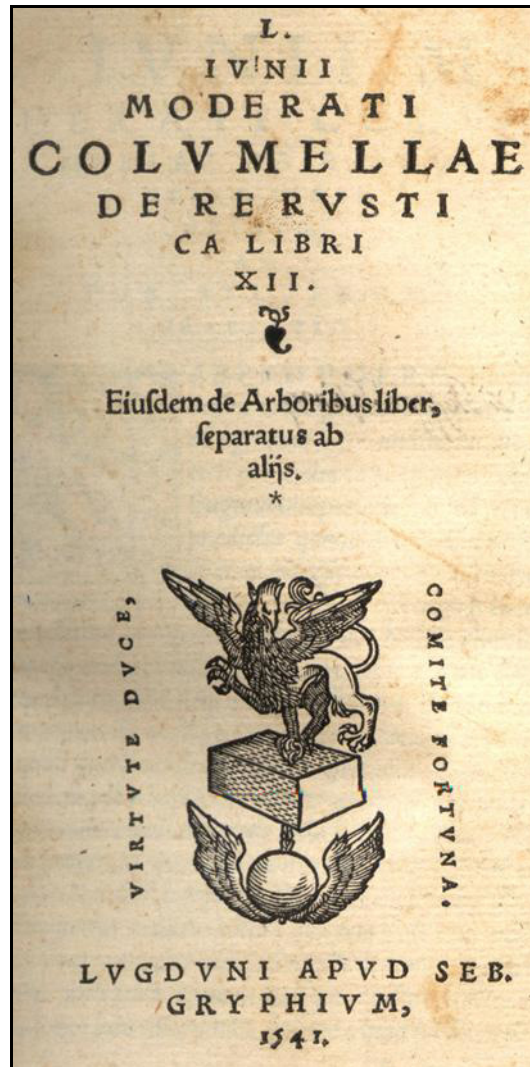
COLUMELLA

Feb. 9. High wind in the night and now, the rain being over. Does it not usually follow rain-storms at this season, to dry up the water? It has cleared off very pleasant and is still quite warm.
9 A.M. —To Pine Hill.

Some of these thaws succeed suddenly to intensely cold weather, and the sky that was tense like a bow that is bent is now relaxed. There is a peculiar softness and luminousness in the air this morning, perhaps the light being diffused by vapor.

It is such a warm, moist, or softened, sunlit air as we are wont to hear the first bluebird's warble in. And the brightness of the morning is increased tenfold by the sun reflected from broad sheets of rain and melted snow-water, and also, in a peculiar manner, from the snow on the sides of the Deep Cut. The crowing of cocks mid the voices of the school-children sound like spring. I hear the sound of the horses' feet on the bared ice as on pavements; and the sun is reflected from a hundred rippling sluices of snow-water finding its level in the fields. Are not both sound and light condensed or contracted by cold?

The jays are more lively than usual. That lichen with a white elastic thread for core is like a tuft of hair on the trees, sometimes springing from the centre of another, larger, flat lichen. There are show-fleas, quite active, on the half-melted snow on the middle of Walden. I do not hear Therien's axe far of late. The moment I came on his chopping-ground, the chickadees flew to me, as if glad to see me. They are a peculiarly honest and sociable

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT****WILLIAM HOWIT****GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM**

little bird. I saw them go to his pail repeatedly and peck his bread and butter. They came and went a dozen times while I stood there. He said that a great flock of them came round him the other day while he was eating his dinner and lit on his clothes "just like flies." One roosted on his finger, and another pecked a piece of bread in his hand. They are considerable company for the woodchopper. I heard one wiry phe-be. They love to hop about wood freshly split. Apparently they do not leave his clearing all day. They were not scared when he threw, down wood within a few feet of them. When I looked to see how much of his bread and butter they had eaten, I did not perceive that any was gone. He could afford to dine a hundred.

I see some chestnut sprouts with leaves on them still. The hollows about Walden, still bottomed with snow, are filled with greenish water like its own. I do not find any willow catkins started, though many have lost their scales. I have brought home some alder and sweet-gale and put there in water. The black birch has a slender sharp bud, much like the shadbush. In Stow's meadow by railroad causeway, saw many dusky flesh-colored, transparent worms, about five eighths of an inch long, in and upon the snow, crawling about. These, too, must be food for birds.

I have seen two red squirrels and heard a third since the snow covered the ground. I have seen one gray one, but traces of many.



WILLIAM HOWIT

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

After “putabant” in [Varro](#), four pages back, comes “Itaque annum ita diviserunt, ut nonis modo diebus urbanas res usurparent, reliquis VII ut rura colerent. (Therefore they so divided the year as to attend to town affairs on the ninth day only, that they might cultivate the fields on the other days).” Hence *nundinae* means a fair, and *oppidam nundinarium* (a ninth-day town) is a market town, and *forum numlinarium* is the market-place.

Columella, referring to [Varro](#), hives the same reason for the setting aside of the ninth day only, and adds: “Illis enim temporibus proceres civitatis in agris morabantur; et cum consilium publicum desiderabatur, a villis arcessebantur in senatum. Ex quo qui eos evocabant, Viatores nominati sunt. (For in those days the chief men of the state stayed on their farms; and when a public council was wanted they were sent for from their villas to the senate. Whence they who called them out were named Road-men.)” These were the times which all Romans loved to praise. But now, so far as the rulers of the State are concerned, the city for the most part, instead of being a ninth-day town, gets six days, while the country gets only one day and the nights at most. We go to market every day. The city is not a ninth-day place but an every-day place, and the country is only a night or Sunday place. In a Yankee’s estimation, it is perhaps the greatest satire on a New England country village to say that it has an air of quietness which reminds him of the Sabbath. He loves the bustle of a market, where things are bought and sold, and sometimes men among the rest. The boys swop jack-knives on Sunday, and their fathers, perchance, barter their own souls.

[Howitt](#) describes the harvest moon in August. Did I not put it in September? He speaks of “willow-holts on the banks of rivers.” Bailey defines “holt, — small wood or grove.” Does not our “holt” on the river answer to this? It is in this case a poke-logan.

NATHAN BAILEY

THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS

My ink was frozen last month, and is now pale.

[Howitt](#) says that in Britain the law “is opposed to tracking game in a snow.” I feel some pity for the wild animals when I see how their tracks betray them in calm weather after a snow-storm, and consider what risks they, run of being exterminated.

Is not January alone pure winter? December belongs to the fall: is a wintry -November: February, to the spring: it is a snowy March.

The water was several inches deep in the road last evening, but it has run nearly dry by morning. The illustrious farmer Romans who lived simply on their land, to whom Columella refers, are Q. Cincinnatus, C. Fabricius, and Curius Dentatus.

BAILEY’S DICTIONARY



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1855

William Howitt's A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA: OR, HERBERT'S NOTE-BOOK (Boston: Ticknor and Fields).

THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA

Henry Thoreau would notice this book at the Concord Public Library, and copy from it into his Indian Notebook #10.

Mary Howitt's BIRDS AND FLOWERS AND OTHER COUNTRY THINGS and THE PICTURE BOOK FOR THE YOUNG.

Publication by Ticknor & Fields in Boston of William Howitt's LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD; OR TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA WITH VISITS TO SYDNEY AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, which would come to be available at the Concord Public Library and from which Henry Thoreau would learn of the gold-diggings at Ballarat and Bendigo in Australia — diggings about which he would wax sarcastic in "LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE".

LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD I

LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD II

After reading Howitt's account of the Australian gold-diggings one evening, I had in my mind's eye, all night, the numerous valleys, with their streams, all cut up with foul pits, from ten to one hundred feet deep, and half a dozen feet across, as close as they can be dug, and partly filled with water —the locality to which men furiously rush to probe for their fortunes, —uncertain where they shall break ground, —not knowing but the gold is under their camp itself, —sometimes digging one hundred and sixty feet before they strike the vein, or then missing it by a foot, —turned into demons, and regardless of each other's rights, in their thirst for riches —whole valleys, for thirty miles, suddenly honey-combed by the pits of the miners, so that even hundreds are drowned in them, —standing in water, and covered with mud and clay, they work night and day, dying of exposure and disease. Having read this, and partly forgotten it, I was thinking, accidentally, of my own unsatisfactory life, doing as others do; and with that vision of the diggings still before me, I asked myself, why *I* might not be washing some gold daily, though it were only the finest particles, —why *I* might not sink a shaft down to the gold within me, and work that mine. *There* is a Ballarat, a Bendigo for you, —what though it were a Sulky Gully? At any rate, I might pursue some path, however solitary and narrow and crooked, in which I could walk with love and reverence. Where-ever a man separates from the multitude, and goes his own way in this mood, there indeed is a fork in the road, though ordinary travellers may see only a gap in the paling. His solitary path across-lots will turn out the *higher way* of the two.

WILLIAM HOWIT

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CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS OF THE NATIVES. 293

They tattoo, as we have said, and the natives of Gippsland, the Worrigals, wear the hands of their deceased friends slung round their necks in a state of fine preservation. A much more common ornament is a necklace of cane beads, which you see the men, particularly, adorned with. They have some very odd customs connected with the burial of their dead. People here thought they had discovered large numbers of the graves of the blacks, lying lengthways, as amongst the whites, but these have turned out to be a natural phenomenon, and called Dead Men's Graves. The natives generally bury their dead in a sitting posture, with the face to the east, or they place the body in a hollow tree in that position; or they burn it, and place the bones there. But, as we have said, they more frequently roast and eat the young and tender; and where that is not the case, they cut off the head, and make a drinking-cup of the skull, and the gins or women in particular possess these cups manufactured from the skulls of their nearest relatives. Some have an odd custom, after the head is cut off, of doubling up the body and legs into a square package, wrapping it in an opossum-rug, and carrying it with them and using it as a pillow. They have a horror of the spot where one of their friends has died, and immediately abandon the place, never more mentioning the name of the deceased, so that one tribe had to give a new name to fire, a black fellow of that name having died.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

Men rush to California and Australia as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting farther and farther away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when they think themselves most successful. Is not our *native* soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden mountains flow through our native valley? and has not this for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and forming the nuggets for us? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away, prospecting for this true gold, into the unexplored solitudes around us, there is no danger that any will dog his steps, and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley even, both the cultivated and the uncultivated portions, his whole life long in peace, for no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom.

Howitt says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed twenty-eight pounds, at the Bendigo diggings in Australia: –“He soon began to drink; got a horse and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was ‘the bloody wretch that had found the nugget.’ At last he rode full speed against a tree, and I think however nearly knocked his brains out.” I think, however, there was no danger of that, for he had already knocked his brains out against the nugget. Howitt adds, “He is a hopelessly ruined man.” But he is a type of the class. They are all fast men. Hear some of the names of the places where they dig: – “Jackass Flat,” –“Sheep’s-Head Gully,” –“Murderer’s Bar,” etc.

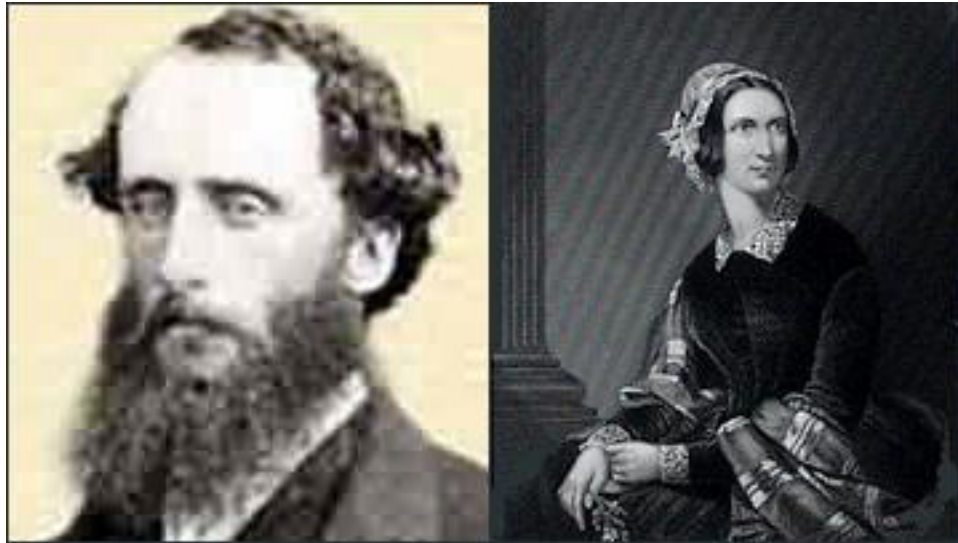


WILLIAM HOWIT

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GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

[William Howitt](#)'s book amounted to a collection of the letters he had written to his wife, [Mary Howitt](#), and contemporaries in England.



The well-traveled author was intent to dispel much of the “rose water romancing” that Australian newspapers used to describe their new gold rich colony. “All this sludge and filth and confusion, swarms of people, many of them gentlemen of birth and education, all labouring as for life.” Of Bendigo he wrote that “There is an appearance of a more thorough mining population here than I have seen at any other digging ... huts and people all busy among the hills, reminding you a good deal of the lead mines of Derbyshire.” “We diggers are horribly destructive of the picturesque.” “Neither the snows of Canada or the heats of India present any obstacles to them.” “Others had nothing but a pick and shovel. These you see are rough fellows, who can live any how, and who can lie out of doors in winter pretty much like horses and cows. The lighter they travel the faster they go.” “Drunkenness therefore goes on in reality on the diggings uncontrolled ... you can not avoid running your heads against crowds of drunken diggers, your noses against the fumes of vile rum and your ears against the din and uproar of dozens of the dens of debauch.” “One of them [the “hairy hairystocracy” of the suddenly



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rich] the other day asked the fare for a cab for the day. 'Perhaps more than you like' said the Jarvie, for the digger was a very common looking fellow. 'What is it?' asked the digger. 'Seven pounds for the day,' 'There is ten,' said the fellow; 'you can light your pipe with the difference'." "A gentleman high in government, told me the other day that he was about to take one of these carriages for some distance; but the man said 'We don't drive the likes of you now 'a days'. 'Well but what is the fare? My money is as good as another's I suppose', 'oh!' replied the fellow hesitating 'I don't know — in fact we don't drive the likes of you now!' And that was all he could get out of him."

[Thoreau](#) transcribed a section from volume two of the book that surely must have reminded him of his own epic about the ant battle:

AUSTRALIAN PORCUPINE.

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trees in lovely masses. There is a plant of it near our tent, running over the fallen bole of a huge blue gum-tree like a garland. It is worthy of a painter. There is also, in the wet places of the woods, a yellow-flowered rush, which smells exactly like pine-apple (*Xerotes longifolia*).

The insects, as I have often said, are countless; swarm everywhere and over everything. Their tenacity of life is most amazing. I have told you of the manner in which one half of a bull-dog ant fights the other if cut in two. I saw an instance of it just now. Our giant cut one in two that was annoying him. The head immediately seized the body with its mandibles, and the body began stinging away manfully at the head. The fight went on for half an hour without any diminished sign of life; and this is what they always do. Instead of dying, as they ought to do, they set to and fight away for hours, if some of the other ants do not come and carry them away; whether to eat them or bury them we know not. But the flies immediately eat flies that are crushed, and ants eat the remains of crushed ants. Mr. Swainson, the eminent naturalist, has been some time in Australia; and we may naturally expect many curious details of this kind from him.

To-day we have killed a porcupine, the first that we have caught. It is, in appearance, between the English hedgehog and the porcupine. Its quills are only about an inch long; but it has tremendous claws, and is a truly Australian creature, having a horned snout, something like the beak of a bird, and a long, small, round tongue; being, in fact, an ant-eater. It has the rudiments of a pouch, but does not appear perfectly marsupial. Its skin is very thick, and, with the spines, weighs about as much as the body. The flesh resembles pork, and is excellent eating; but we had no proper stuffing; notwithstanding which it was very good.

October 18, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) was written to by [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) in [New Bedford](#).

Brooklawn, Oct. 18th 1855.
Dear Thoreau,
I received yours of the 16th



WILLIAM HOWIT

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*just yesterday. I am very sorry that
you did not conclude at once to come
to Brooklawn and finish the visit which
you so unceremoniously curtailed.
But I cannot release you on so
light grounds. I thought that you
were a man of leisure at any rate
by your philosophy which I consider
the best you are so. You appear to
be hugging your chains or endeavoring
so to do. I approve of your courage
but cannot see the desperate need*

Page 2

*of your penance.
But I must appeal to you as a
brother man, a philanthropist too.
I am in need of help. I want a
Physician & I send for you as the
one I have the most confidence
in. I also enclose a small
retainer, which I beg you to avail
yourself of as I can put it to no
better purpose & meet me at
Tarkiln Hill on Saty noon the
20th [Oct.]
I am already your debtor & I beg you
to feel perfectly easy so far as our*

Page 3

*book account is concerned.
You can bring your writing with you, but
I can furnish you with stationery in
abundance & you can have as much
time for "sucking your claws" as you
wish.
Dont fail to come
by Saty. noon the 20th.
Yours truly
D Ricketson
I am in need of a physician — So Dr Thoreau
come to my relief. I need dosing with country
rides & rambles, lake scenery, cold viands &
Jack Knife dinners.*



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

I find the following in Sterne's Koran

Page 4
*which is the best thing I have seen
for a long time.
"Spare diet & clear skies are Apollo
and the Muses."
I have got Channing's Poems — what I
have read I should consider as
good as Tennyson's Maud, though
none resembling it.
I think however if he had observed the
Horation advice of nine years
keeping he would have done better.
I have discovered in my cursory
examination of them some very
good things.*

[Thoreau](#) made a journal entry that resulted in portions of the following paragraphs from "LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE":

Men rush to California and Australia as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting farther and farther away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when they think themselves most successful. Is not our *native* soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden mountains flow through our native valley? and has not this for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and forming the nuggets for us? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away, prospecting for this true gold, into the unexplored solitudes around us, there is no danger that any will dog his steps, and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley even, both the cultivated and the uncultivated portions, his whole life long in peace, for no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom. [Howitt](#) says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed twenty-eight pounds, at the Bendigo diggings in Australia: — "He soon began to drink; got a horse and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was 'the bloody wretch that had found the nugget.'" At last he rode full speed against a tree, and I think however nearly knocked his brains out." I think, however, there was no danger of that, for he had already knocked his brains out against the nugget. [Howitt](#) adds, "He is a hopelessly ruined man." But he is



WILLIAM HOWIT

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a type of the class. They are all fast men. Hear some of the names of the places where they dig: -"Jackass Flat," -"Sheep's-Head Gully," -"Murderer's Bar," etc.



Oct. 18. Last night I was reading [Howitt's](#) account of the Australian gold-diggings, and had in my mind's eye the numerous valleys with their streams all cut up with foul pits, ten to a hundred feet deep and half a dozen feet across, as close as they can be dug and half full of water, where men furiously rushed to probe for their fortunes, uncertain where they shall break ground, not knowing but the gold is under their camp itself; sometimes digging a hundred and sixty feet before they strike the vein, or then missing it by a foot; turned into lemons and regardless of each other's rights in their thirst after riches; whole valleys for thirty miles suddenly honeycombed by the pits of the miners, so that hundreds are drowned in them. Standing in water and covered with mud and clay, they work night and day, dying of exposure and dis ease. Having read this and partly forgotten it, I was thinking of my own unsatisfactory life, doing as others do without any fixed star habitually in my eye, my foot not planted on any blessed isle. Then, with that vision of the diggings before me, I asked myself why I might not be washing some gold daily, though it were only the finest particles, or might not sink a shaft down to the gold within me and work that mine. There is a Ballarat or Bendigo for you. What though it were a "Sulky Gully"? Pursue some path, however narrow and crooked, in which you can walk with love and reverence. Wherever a man separates from the multitude and goes his own way, there is a fork in the road, though the travellers along the highway see only a gap in the paling.

P.M. — To Great Meadows to observe the hummocks left by the ice.

They are digging the pond at the new cemetery. I go by Peter's path. How charming a footpath! *Nihil humanum*, etc. I was delighted to find a new footpath crossing this toward Garfield's. The broad and dusty roads do not remind me of man so much as of cattle and horses. There are a great many crows scattered about on the meadow. What do they get to eat there ~ Also I scare up a dozen larks at once. A large brown marsh hawk comes beating the bush along the river, and ere long a slate colored one (male), with black tips, is seen circling against a distant wood-side. I scare up in midst of the meadows a great many dark-colored sparrows, one or two at a time, which go off with a note somewhat like the lesser redpoll's, — some migrating kind, I think. [ANNOTATION: Probably what I think must be shore larks in fall of '58.]

There is a hummock in the lower part of the meadows near the river every two or three rods, where they appeared as thick; last year, sometimes consisting of that coarse meadow-grass or sedge but quite as often of the common meadow sod. Very often it has lodged on one of those yellowish circles of the sedge, it being higher. Last winter's hummocks are not much flattened down yet. I am inclined to think that the coarse sedgy hummocks do not fall so round at first, but are wont to grow or spread in that wise when a, fragment has been dropped. Perhaps the sedge is oftenest lifted because it is so coarse.

There is no life perceptible on this broad meadow except what I have named. The crows are very conspicuous, black against the green. The maple swamps, bare of leaves. here and there about the meadow, look like smoke blown along the edge of the woods. Some distinct maples, wholly stripped, look very wholesome and neat, may even ethereal.

To-day my shoes are whitened with the gossamer which I noticed yesterday on the meadow-grass. I find the white fragments of a tortoise-shell in the meadow, — thirty or forty pieces, straight-sided polygons, — which apparently a hay-cart passed over. They look like broken crockery. I brought it home and amused myself with putting it together. It is a painted tortoise. The variously formed sections or component parts of the shell are not broken, but only separated. To restore them to their places is like the game which children play with pieces of wood completing a picture. It is surprising to observe how these different parts are knitted together by countless minute teeth on their edges. Then the scales, which are not nearly so numerous, and therefore larger commonly, are so placed over the former as to break joints always, as appears by the indented lines in their edges and the serrations of the shell. These scales, too, *slightly* overlap each other, *i.e.* the foremost over the next behind, so that they may not be rubbed off. Thus the whole case is bound together lilac a very stout bandbox. The bared shell is really a very interesting study. The sternum in its natural position looks like a well-contrived drag, turned up at the sides in one solid piece.

Noticed a single wreath of a blood-red blackberry vine on a yellow sand slope, very conspicuous by contrast.

When I was surveying for Legross, as we went to our work in the morning, we passed by the Dudley family tomb, and Legross remarked to me, all in good faith, "Would n't you like to see old Daddy Dudley? He lies in there. I'll get the keys if you 'd like. I sometimes go in and look at him."

The upper shell of this tortoise is formed of curved rafters or ribs, which are flatted out to half an inch or five eighths in width, but the rib form appears in an elevated ridge along the middle and in a spine at the lower end,



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fitting firmly into a deep hole in an edge bone, and also a projection (or process?) to meet the spinal column at the upper end. Some of these plates (?) I fitted together far more closely and wonderfully, considering the innumerable slurr serrations, than any child's wooden sections of a picture. Yet it is impossible to put the whole together again, so perfectly do the plates interlock and dovetail into each other at different angles, and they could only have grown together and shrunk apart. It is an admirable system of breaking joints, both in the arrangement of the parts of the shell and in that of the scales which overlap the serrations of the former. The sternum consists of nine parts, there being an extra trigonal or pentagonal piece under the head or throat. The two middle pieces on each side curve upward to meet the edge bones, without any serration or joint at the lower edge of the sternum there; nor is there any joint in the scales there. In the upper shell there *appear to be* eight or nine small dorsal pieces, about sixteen rib pieces, and about twenty-two edge or marginal pieces; but of the parts of the upper shell I am not quite certain.

The sternums of the box turtles and the stinkpot are much flatter, *i.e.* not so much curved up at the sides, and are nearer to the upper shell. The painted tortoise has the flattest back; the *Cistudo Carolina*, the highest and fullest (with a ridge); the stinkpot, the sharpest. The *C. Blandingii* is very regularly arched. The *Emys insculpta* is of moderate elevation (with a ridge).

Those bright-red marks on the marginal scales of the painted tortoise remind me of some Chinese or other Oriental lacquer-work on waiters (?). This color fades to a pale yellow. The color is wholly in the scale above the bone. Of the bright colors, the yellow marks on tortoise-shells are the fastest.

How much beauty in decay! I pick up a white oak leaf, dry and stiff, but yet mingled red and green, October-like, whose pulpy part some insect has eaten beneath, exposing the delicate network of its veins. It is very beautiful held up to the light, — such work as only an insect eye could perform. Yet, perchance, to the vegetable kingdom such a revelation of ribs is as repulsive as the skeleton in the animal kingdom. In each case it is some little gourmand, working for another end, that reveals the wonders of nature. There are countless oak leaves in this condition now, and also with a submarginal line of network exposed.

Men rush to California and Australia as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting further and further away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when most successful. Is not our native soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden Mountains flow through our native valley? and has it not for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and the nuggets? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away prospecting for this true gold into the unexplored solitudes, there is no danger, alas, that any will clog his steps and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley, even the cultivated and uninhabited portions, his whole life: long in peace, and no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom. To rebuild the tortoise-shell is a far finer game than any geographical or other puzzle, for the pieces do not merely make part of a plane surface, but you have got to build a roof and a floor and the connecting walls. These are not only thus dovetailed and braced and knitted and bound together, but also held together by the skin and muscles within. It is a *band-box*.

October 19, Friday: [William Thaddeus Harris](#) died in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[Henry Thoreau](#) made a journal entry that resulted in portions of the following paragraphs from "LIFE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE":

Men rush to California and Australia as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting farther and farther away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when they think themselves most successful. Is not our *native* soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden mountains flow through our native valley? and has not this for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and forming the nuggets for us? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away, prospecting for this true gold, into the unexplored solitudes around us, there is no danger that any will dog his



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steps, and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley even, both the cultivated and the uncultivated portions, his whole life long in peace, for no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom. [Howitt](#) says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed twenty-eight pounds, at the Bendigo diggings in Australia: -"He soon began to drink; got a horse and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was 'the bloody wretch that had found the nugget.' At last he rode full speed against a tree, and I think however nearly knocked his brains out." I think, however, there was no danger of that, for he had already knocked his brains out against the nugget. [Howitt](#) adds, "He is a hopelessly ruined man." But he is a type of the class. They are all fast men. Hear some of the names of the places where they dig: -"Jackass Flat," -"Sheep's-Head Gully," -"Murderer's Bar," etc.



Oct. 19. P.M. — To Pine Hill for chestnuts.

It is a very pleasant afternoon, quite still and cloudless, with a thick haze concealing the distant hills. Does not this haze mark the Indian summer?

I see Mrs. Riordan and her little boy coming out of the woods with their bundles of fagots on their backs. It is surprising what great bundles of wood an Irishwoman will contrive to carry. I confess that though I could carry one I should hardly think of making such a bundle of them. They are first regularly tied up, and then carried on the back by a rope, — somewhat like the Indian women and their straps. There is a strange similarity; and the little boy carries his bundle proportionally large. The sticks about four feet long. They make haste to deposit their loads before I see them, for they do not know how pleasant a sight it is to me. The Irishwoman does the squaw's part in many respects. Riordan also buys the old railroad sleepers at three dollars a hundred, but they are much decayed and full of sand.

Therien tells me, when I ask if he has seen or heard any large birds lately, that he heard a cock crow this morning, a wild one, in the woods. It seems a dozen fowls (chickens) were lost out of the cars here a fortnight ago. Poland has caught some, and they have one at the shanty, but this cock, at least, is still abroad and can't be caught. If they could survive the winter, I suppose we should have had wild geese before now. Sat and talked with Therien at the pond, by the railroad. He says that James Baker told the story of the perch leaping into a man's throat, or uncle (Amos?).

The woods about the pond are now a perfect October picture; yet there *have been* no very bright tints this fall. The young white and the shrub oak leaves were withered before the frosts came, perhaps by the late drought after the wet spring.

Walking in E.'s path west of the pond, I am struck by the conspicuous wreaths of waxwork leaves about the young trees, to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. These broad and handsome leaves are still freshly green, though drooping or hanging now closely about the vine, but contrast remarkably with the bare and the changed leaves above and around.

I hear many crickets by this path and see many warily standing on the *qui vive* in awkward positions, or running their heads under a chip, or prying into a hole, but I can see none creaking. I see at last a few white pine cones open on the trees, but almost all appear to have fallen. The chestnuts are scarce and small and apparently have but just begun to open their burs.

That globular head of pale-yellow spheres of seed parachutes along the wood road is the rough hawk-weed. The single heads of savory-leaved aster are of the same color now.

When, returning at 5 o'clock, I pass the pond in the road, I see the sun, which is about entering the grosser hazy atmosphere above the western horizon, brilliantly reflected in the pond, — a dazzling sheen, a bright golden shimmer. His broad sphere extended stretches the whole length of the pond toward me. First, in the extreme



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distance, I see a few sparkles of the gold on the dark surface; then begins a regular and solid column of shimmering gold, straight as a rule, but at one place, where a breeze strikes the surface from one side, it is remarkably spread or widened, then recovers its straightness again, thus:



Again it is remarkably curved, say, thus:



then broken into several pieces, then straight and entire again, then spread or blown aside at the point like smoke from a chimney, thus:



Of course, if there were eyes enough to occupy all the east shore, the whole pond would be seen as one dazzling shimmering lake of melted gold. Such beauty and splendor adorns our walks!

I measured the depth of the needles under the pitch pines east of the railroad (behind the old shanties), which, as I remember, are about thirty years old. In one place it is three quarters of an inch in all to the soil, in another one and a quarter, and in a hollow under a larger pine about four inches. I think the thickness of the needles, old and new, is not more than one inch there on an average. These pines are only four or five inches thick. See slate-colored snowbirds.

Talking with Bellew this evening about Fourierism and communities, I said that I suspected any enterprise in which two were engaged together. "But," said he, "it is difficult to make a stick stand unless you slant two or more against it." "Oh, no," answered I, "you may split its lower end into three, or drive it single into the ground, which is the best way; but most men, when they start on a new enterprise, not only figuratively, but really, *pull up stakes*. When the sticks prop one another, none, or only one, stands erect."

He showed me a sketch of Wachusett: Spoke of his life in Paris, etc. I asked him if he had ever visited the Alps and sketched there. He said he had not. Had he been to the White Mountains? "No," lie answered, "the highest mountains I have ever seen were the Himalayas, though I was only two years old then." It seems that he was born in that neighborhood.

He complains that the Americans have attained to bad luxuries, but have no comforts.

[Howitt](#) says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed twenty-eight pounds at the Bendigo diggings in Australia: "He soon began to drink; got a horse, and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was 'the bloody wretch that had found the nugget.' At last lie rode full speed against a tree, and nearly knocked his brains out. He is a hopelessly ruined man." In my opinion there was no danger, for he had already knocked his brains out against the nugget. But he is a type of the class. They are all fast men. Hear some of the names of the places where they dig: "Jackass Flat," — "Sheep's-Head Gully," — "Sulky Gully," — "Murderer's Bar," etc.



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September 26, Wednesday: State Whigs and Republicans convened in Syracuse and formed a coalition under Thurlow Weed. An anti-slavery stand was stressed, rather than alcoholic prohibition. The Free Democratic and Liberty parties nominated Stephen A. Douglas for secretary of state and anti-slavery orator Lewis Tappan for comptroller.

[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to H.G.O. Blake.

*Concord Sep 26th 55
Mr Blake,
The other day I thought that
my health must be better,—that
I gave at last a sign of vitality,—
—because I experienced a slight cha-
grin. But I do not see how
strength is to be got into my legs
again. These months of feeble-
ness have yielded few if any
thoughts, though they have
not passed without serenity, such
as our sluggish Musketaquid
suggests. I hope that the harvest
is to come. I trust that you
have at least warped up
the stream a little daily, holding
fast by your anchors at
night, since I saw you—
and have kept my place
for me while I have been
absent.*

*Mr Ricketson
of New Bedford has just
made me a visit of a
day and a half, and I
have had a quite good
time with him. He and*

FRIEND DANIEL RICKETSON

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Channing have got on par-
ticularly well together. He is a
man of very simple tastes, not-
withstanding his wealth, a lover
of nature, but, above all, sin-
gularly frank and plain-spoken.
I think that you might enjoy
meeting him. Sincerity is a*

ELLERY CHANNING

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*great but rare virtue, and we
pardon to it much complain-
ing, and the betrayal of many
weaknesses[.] R. says of himself
that he sometimes thinks that
he has all the infirmities of
genius, without a hair-pillow,
&c[]expresses a great and awful
uncertainty with regard to “God”,
“Death,” his “immortality”, says,
“If I only knew”—&c. He loves
Cowper’s Task better than any
thing else,—& thereafter perhaps
Thompson, Gray, & even Howitt.
He has evidently suffered for
want of sympathising companions.
He says, that he sympathises
with much in my books, but
much in them is nought to
him— “namby-pamby”,— “stuff”,—*

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*“mystical”. Why will not I having
common sense, write in plain
English always,—teach men
in detail how to live a simpler
life, &c.,—not go off into—?
But I say, that I have no
scheme about it,—no designs
on men at all; and, if I had,
my mode would be to tempt
them with the fruit, and not
with the manure. To what
end do I lead a simple life
at all, pray? That I may
teach others to simplify their
lives?—and so all our lives
be simplified merely, like an
[a]lgebraic formula?— Or not,
rather, that I may make
use of the ground I have
cleared—to live more worthily
and profitably? I would fain
lay the most stress forever*



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*on that which is the most
important,—imports the most
to me,—though it were only (what
it is likely to be) a vibration
in the air. As a preacher, I
should be prompted to tell men
not so much how to get their*

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*wheat bread cheaper,—as of
[the] bread of life compared
with which that is bran. Let
a man only taste these loaves,
and he becomes a skilful econ-
omist at once. He'll not
waste much time in earning
those. Dont spend your time
in drilling soldiers who may turn
out hirelings after all, but
give to undrilled peasantry a
country to fight for. The schools
begin with what they call the
elements, and where do they
end?*

*I was glad to hear the other
day that Higginson and Brown
were gone to Ktadn; it must
be so much better to go to than or Abolition
a [W]oman's [R]ight's Convention;— [better still], ^ to the delecta-
ble primitive mounts within you, which you have
dreamed of from your youth
up,—& seen perhaps in the
horizon,—but never climbed.
But how do you do?
Is the air sweet to you?*

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*Do you find anythin[g] at
which you can work[] accomplish-
ing something solid from day to
day? Have you put sloth
& doubt behind considerably?
—had one redeeming dream
this summer? —I dreamed*

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*last night that I could vault
over any height it pleased me.
That was something, and I
contemplated myself with a
slight satisfaction in the morn-
ing for it.
Methinks I will write to
you, methinks you will be
ready to hear[—] We will stand
on solid foundations to one
another—I a column planted
on this shore, you on that.
We meet the same sun
in his rising. We are built
slowly, and have come to our
bearing; we will not mutually
fall over that we may
meet, but will grandly
and eternally guard the
straights. Methinks I see an
inscription on you, which the
architect made, the stucco*

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*being worn off to it— The name
of that ambitious worldly king
is crumbling away— I see it toward
sunset in favorable lights. Each
must read for the other as
might a sailer by. Be sure
you are star-y-pointing still.
How is it on your side?
I will not require an answer
until you think I have paid
my debts to you.
I have just got a letter from
Ricketson urging me to come
to New Bedford,—which possibly I
may do. He says, I can wear my
old clothes there.
Let me be remembered in
your quiet house.
Henry D. Thoreau.*



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"To what end do I lead a simple life at all, pray?
That I may teach others to simplify their lives?
—and so all our lives be simplified merely, like an
algebraic formula?— Or not, rather, that I may make
use of the ground I have cleared — to live more
worthily and profitably?"

— Henry Thoreau, September 26, 1855





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A WEEK: We have heard much about the poetry of mathematics, but very little of it has yet been sung. The ancients had a juster notion of their poetic value than we. The most distinct and beautiful statement of any truth must take at last the mathematical form. We might so simplify the rules of moral philosophy, as well as of arithmetic, that one formula would express them both. All the moral laws are readily translated into natural philosophy, for often we have only to restore the primitive meaning of the words by which they are expressed, or to attend to their literal instead of their metaphorical sense. They are already **supernatural** philosophy. The whole body of what is now called moral or ethical truth existed in the golden age as abstract science. Or, if we prefer, we may say that the laws of Nature are the purest morality. The Tree of Knowledge is a Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. He is not a true man of science who does not bring some sympathy to his studies, and expect to learn something by behavior as well as by application. It is childish to rest in the discovery of mere coincidences, or of partial and extraneous laws. The study of geometry is a petty and idle exercise of the mind, if it is applied to no larger system than the starry one. Mathematics should be mixed not only with physics but with ethics, **that** is **mixed** mathematics. The fact which interests us most is the life of the naturalist. The purest science is still biographical. Nothing will dignify and elevate science while it is sundered so wholly from the moral life of its devotee, and he professes another religion than it teaches, and worships at a foreign shrine. Anciently the faith of a philosopher was identical with his system, or, in other words, his view of the universe.



Sept. 26. Went up Assabet for fuel. One old piece of oak timber looks as if it had been a brace in a bridge. I get up oak rails here and there, almost as heavy as lead, and leave them to dry somewhat on the bank.



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Stumps, partially buried, which were brought by the freshet from some newly cleared field last spring; bleached oak trees which were once lopped for a fence; alders and birches which the river ice bent and broke by its weight last spring. It is pretty hard and dirty work. It grieves me to see how rapidly some great trees which have fallen or been felled waste away when left on the ground. There was the large oak by the Assabet, which I remember to have been struck by lightning, and afterward blown over, being dead. It used to lie with its top down-hill and partly in the water and its butt far up. Now there is no trace of its limbs, and the very core of its trunk is the only solid part, concealed within a spongy covering. Soon only a richer mould will mark the spot.



October: The North American Review, Volume 81, Issue 169, reviewed [William Howitt](#)'s LAND, LABOUR, AND GOLD; OR TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA WITH VISITS TO SYDNEY AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND (Boston: Ticknor & Fields):

We are sorry that we have not room for an extended analysis of this book, undoubtedly the most trustworthy sketch of Australian life that has yet appeared. One of the author's leading purposes is to exhibit the needs of the Australian colonies, the inefficiency of their present political administration, and the expediency of granting them constitutions, under which they may administer their own affairs, conduct the plans of internal improvement essential to the development of their resources, and hold under due restraint as heterogeneous a population as that of Noah's Ark. The work is in the form of letters, and evidently is a republication of letters actually written; for its only fault is the very repetitiousness and redundancy which would



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result from one's forgetting in a subsequent what he had written in a previous epistle. With this exception, the author fully sustains, and sometimes perhaps exceeds, his previous reputation as a descriptive writer.

The North American Review also reviewed in this issue a new edition of [Margaret Fuller Ossoli](#)'s WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND KINDRED PAPERS RELATING TO THE SPHERE, CONDITION, AND DUTIES OF WOMAN, issued as Part I of an extended volume AT HOME AND ABROAD, OR THINGS AND THOUGHTS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE as edited by her little brother the Reverend [Arthur Buckminster Fuller](#), with an introduction by [Horace Greeley](#) (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.):

No true word on the themes treated of in this volume can fail to awaken a deep interest. It comes to every home with its voice of counsel, perhaps of warning. The treatise which occupies the first half of the volume whose title is given above, was published by Margaret Fuller, shortly before her departure for Europe, and at that time was widely read and much valued by thoughtful persons, many of whom did not agree with its solution of one of the great problems of the age, but sympathized with its noble and pure spirit, and admired its unmistakable genius. The first edition, we learn, was soon exhausted, but the author's absence from the country prevented another edition at that time, and her tragical death by shipwreck, which is so well remembered by the public, still further postponed its republication. We are now indebted to her brother, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, for a new edition, carefully prepared, and enriched by papers, previously unpublished, on the same general theme. Every page is loaded, we had almost said overloaded, with thought, and the subject is one which the writer had so near her heart that it commanded her best powers and warmest sympathies, and cannot fail to instruct and interest the reader, even when there is not perfect agreement with the views advanced. There was much in the social position of Margaret Fuller to qualify her to speak wisely on this subject. Her Memoirs show her to have been surrounded by a very large circle of female friends, married and unmarried, with whom she occupied the most confidential relations. She had, too, a quick sympathy and a generous heart, which made her feel as her own the experience of others.

The general aim of the book is to elevate the standard of female excellence and usefulness, and to point out the means by which these may be promoted and their obstacles removed. While the writer clearly distinguishes the diversity of the sphere and characteristics of woman from those of the other sex, she would open for her every mode of activity for which she finds herself adapted, widening much her present range of avocations. The gross and selfish sentiment, seldom avowed in theory, but too often exhibited in practice, that woman is made solely for the advantage and service of man, is indignantly and justly rebuked, and woman is exhorted to live first for God, ever remembering herself to be an immortal spirit, travelling with man on the same pilgrimage to eternity, and preparing for that state where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the



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angels." The marriage relation, like every other, is one of those positions which, to be filled worthily, requires one to be ever noble and holy, and should never be lightly viewed; but its duties are not all that requires the earnest activity of woman, nor can even these be fulfilled without culture of both mind and heart. Viewing marriage and the relation of mother growing out of it as of the most sacred consequence, the writer impresses us with the importance of preparing for and fulfilling these relations with the most elevated motives. And here she finds enough to reprehend in the general customs of society. Parents are too apt to shape the whole education of the daughter so as to make her attractive to the other sex, and this by the conferment of showy and superficial accomplishments, as if it were the last of all misfortunes for a female to fail of being married, and as if her fate after that event were of comparative insignificance.

Wherever society is unjust to woman, the author is eloquent in her indignation. She severely deals with that social unfairness, which makes of woman, as soon as she falls, a hopeless outcast beyond the pale of sympathy or reformation, while the serpent who has been her ruin is hospitably received and permitted the opportunity to do more of the work of destruction, and even to make his boast of the evil he has done. At the same time, she attributes this state of things to the want of a proper public opinion among women, who ought to make the seducer aware that he has fallen with his victim, and to exclude him, no less than her, from respectability.

The views of the writer are illustrated by many shining examples, from both ancient and modern times, of true women. The author, while acknowledging the sphere of woman not to be identical with that of man, does not yield to the common notion, that woman is without equal intellect, or that it is improper to cultivate it. She holds that woman has a mind as noble as that of man, and is entitled to every fair opportunity to store it with useful knowledge, and to develop it in a legitimate exercise of its powers. In short, woman is, in her view, a soul preparing for eternity, and while on earth her position should be so noble, and the employment of all her powers so definite and earnest, as to call forth what is highest in her nature, and to fit her for a sphere yet wider and nobler in eternity.

The "Kindred Papers," which the Editor has judiciously selected, and which occupy some two hundred pages of this interesting volume, afford not merely a varied and enlarged expression of intellectual endowment and culture, but -exhibiting as they do the author herself as a daughter and sister, then as a wife and mother, and in all other relations as a faithful and true woman-furnish a valuable illustration of her principles, and give additional interest to what she has written.

[HDT](#)

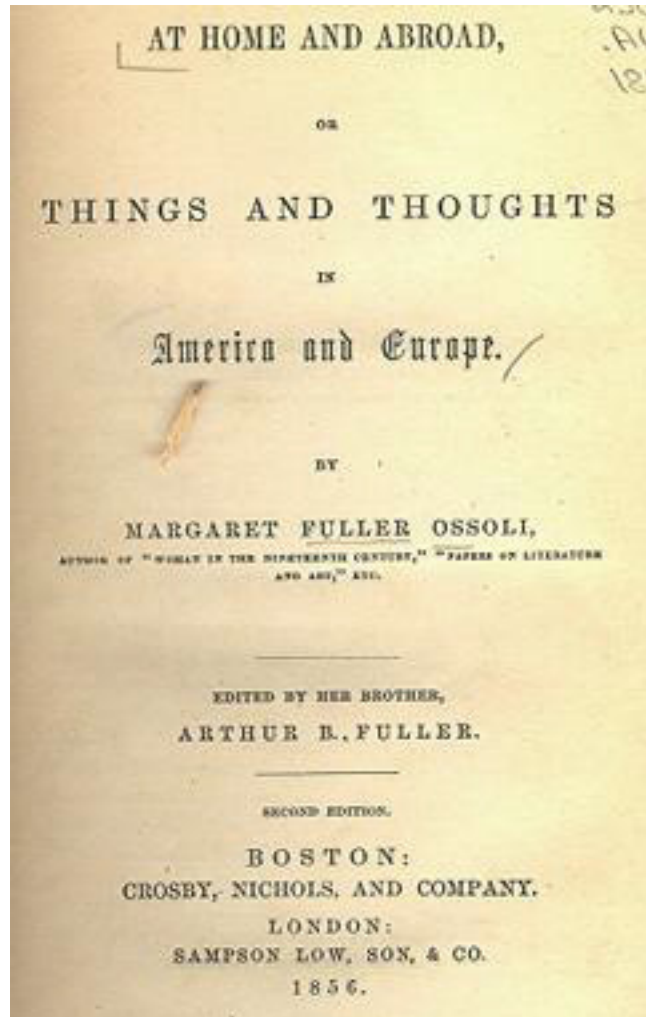
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1856

Mary Howitt's M. HOWITT'S ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY FOR THE YOUNG (two serieses).



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1857

William Howitt's TALLANGETTA, THE SQUATTER'S HOME. A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.



March 13. Thermometer this morning, about 7 A.M., 2°, and the same yesterday. This month has been windy and cold, a succession of snows one or two inches deep, soon going off, the spring birds all driven off. It is in strong contrast with the last month.

Captain E.P. Dorr of Buffalo tells me that there is a rise and fall daily of the lakes about two or three inches, not accounted for. A difference between the lakes and sea, is that when there is no wind the former are quite smooth, no swell. Otherwise he thought that no one could tell whether he was on the lakes or the ocean. Described the diver's descending one hundred and sixty-eight feet to a sunken steamer and getting up the safe after she had been sunk three years. Described the breeding of the capelin at Labrador, a small fish about as big as a sardine. They crowd along the shore in such numbers that he had seen a cartload crowded quite on to the shore high and dry by those in the rear.

Elliott, the botanist, says (page 184) that the *Lechea villosa* (*major* of Michaux), "if kept from running to seed, would probably form a very neat edging for the beds of a flower garden; the foliage of the radical branches is very handsome during the winter, and the size of the plant is well suited to such a purpose."

Rhus Toxicodendron (page 303): "The juice which exudes on plucking the leaf-stalks from the stem of the *R. radicans* is a good indelible dye for marking linen or cotton."

Of the *Drosera rotundifolia* (page 375), "This fluid never appears to fall from the hairs, but is secreted nearly in proportion to its evaporation, and the secretion is supposed to be greatest in dry clear weather;" hence called sundew. Howitt, in his "Boy's Adventures in Australia," says, "People here thought they had discovered large numbers of the graves of the blacks, lying lengthways, as amongst the whites, but these have turned out to be a natural phenomenon, and called Dead Men's Graves." The natives generally bury — when they do not burn — in a sitting posture. Is the country cold enough to allow these mounds to have been made by the ice?

ELLIOTT'S BOTANY, I

ELLIOTT'S BOTANY, II

WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS OF THE NATIVES. 293

They tattoo, as we have said, and the natives of Gippsland, the Worrigals, wear the hands of their deceased friends slung round their necks in a state of fine preservation. A much more common ornament is a necklace of cane beads, which you see the men, particularly, adorned with. They have some very odd customs connected with the burial of their dead. People here thought they had discovered large numbers of the graves of the blacks, lying lengthways, as amongst the whites, but these have turned out to be a natural phenomenon, and called Dead Men's Graves. The natives generally bury their dead in a sitting posture, with the face to the east, or they place the body in a hollow tree in that position; or they burn it, and place the bones there. But, as we have said, they more frequently roast and eat the young and tender; and where that is not the case, they cut off the head, and make a drinking-cup of the skull, and the gins or women in particular possess these cups manufactured from the skulls of their nearest relatives. Some have an odd custom, after the head is cut off, of doubling up the body and legs into a square package, wrapping it in an opossum-rug, and carrying it with them and using it as a pillow. They have a horror of the spot where one of their friends has died, and immediately abandon the place, never more mentioning the name of the deceased, so that one tribe had to give a new name to fire, a black fellow of that name having died.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1859

Mary Howitt prepared A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



WILLIAM HOWIT

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1861

Mary Howitt's LILLIESLEA, OR LOST AND FOUND and LITTLE ARTHUR'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER MARY.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1863

Mary Howitt's THE POET'S CHILDREN and THE STORY OF LITTLE CRISTAL.



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

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1864

Mary Howitt's MR. RUDD'S GRANDCHILDREN, TALES IN PROSE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, and M. HOWITT'S SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



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1865

Mary Howitt's TALES IN VERSE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



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1867

Mary Howitt's OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.



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1868

Mary Howitt's JOHN ORIEL'S START IN LIFE.



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1869

Mary Howitt's PICTURES FROM NATURE and VIGNETTES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.



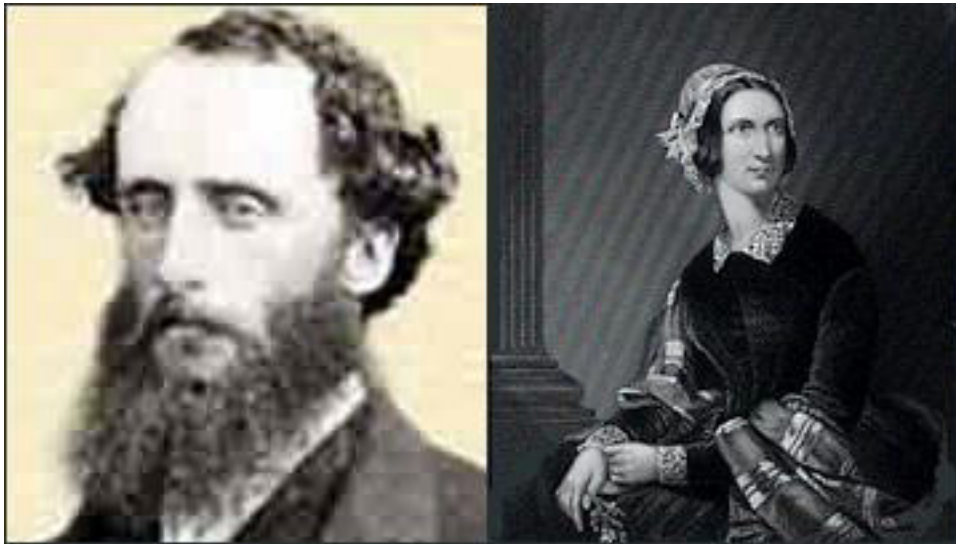
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1870

At about this point, [William Howitt](#) and his family established themselves in [Rome](#). Having begun in [Quakerism](#) and converted to [Spiritualism](#), [Mary Howitt](#) eventually would convert from [Spiritualism](#) to [Roman Catholicism](#).



In the course of this decade [Margaret Fox](#) and [Kate Fox](#) would journey from America to England, where their sort of [Spiritualism](#) was still attracting considerable attention.



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1871

Mary Howitt's A PLEASANT LIFE.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1872

Mary Howitt's BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1875

Mary Howitt's NATURAL HISTORY STORIES.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1879

[William Howitt](#) had been instrumental in having Australian gum trees planted in the Campagna near [Rome](#), where in this year he was buried.



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1881

Mary Howitt's TALES FOR ALL SEASONS and TALES OF ENGLISH LIFE, INCLUDING MIDDLETON AND THE MIDDLETONS.



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1882

[Mary Howitt](#) converted from Spiritualism to Roman [Catholicism](#).





WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1888

January 30, Monday: [Mary Howitt](#) died of bronchitis in [Rome](#).



WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

WILLIAM HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

1889

Margaret Howitt edited her mother [Mary Howitt](#)'s AUTOBIOGRAPHY (London: W. Isbister).

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM



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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: February 16, 2015



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

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, 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.



WILLIAM HOWIT

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWIT

GO TO MASTER HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

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.