Appendix 2: From Mary Howitt's other publications

Mary Howitt was a highly popular author in her day and a pioneer in literature for children, including poetry, fiction and non-fiction. Although today we might find excessively didactic, her goal was to engage readers with lively stories in language appropriate to their ages. She edited several periodicals and translated the works of Danish writer Hans Christian Andersen and the Swedish Frederika Bremer. Howitt was well read in natural history and travel literature and, in spite of never having left Europe, often incorporated material from around the world in her writing, frequently with an air of exoticism she must have picked up from her reading. The selections here were chosen for their relevance to *Our Cousins*. They include several poems and excerpts from her *Popular History of the United States*, her translation of Bremer's *Homes of the New World* and *The Children's Year*. Other works relating to North America include "The Adopted Warrior," "Penn and the Indians," and "A Tale of the American Woods" from *The Desolation of Eyam* (1827) and "A Tale of the Woods"(an entirely different poem with a similar title) from *Ballads and Other Poems* (1847).

"**The Humming-bird" from *Sketches of Natural History* (London: Effingham Wilson, 1834).**

This poem informed Alderson's appreciation for the tiny ruby-throated hummingbirds common in Ohio. "Never did I feel the beauty of any poetry more than when I read Mary's piece 'The Humming Bird,'" she wrote to her sister in July 1845: "its truthfulness & poetic beauty threw even a charm over the bird itself" (Writing Home 235). Paradoxically, Howitt's own knowledge was derived second-hand, hummingbirds being native only in the Americas and, contrary to the poem's suggestion, not on any "radiant islands of the East." Yet Alderson's comment illustrates how thoroughly inflected was the perspective of this "American mother" by her English background and relationship to her sister.

The Humming-bird! the Humming-bird,
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand Humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad Palmetto leaves,
And through the Fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods
Where stately Moras tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet Passion-flower;

Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plate or Amazon,
The Cayman like an old tree trunk,
Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest, the Humming-bird
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the Campanero tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the Peacock shews.

Thou happy, happy Humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers:

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food the honey from the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven!

How glad the heart of Eve would be,
In Eden's glorious bowers,
To see the first, first Humming-bird
Among the first spring-flowers.

Among the rainbow butterflies,
Before the rainbow shone;
One moment glancing in her sight,
Another moment, gone!

Thou little shining creature,
God saved thee from the Flood,
With the Eagle of the mountain land,
And the Tiger of the wood!

Who cared to save the Elephant,

He also cared for thee;
And gave those broad lands for thy home,
Where grows the Cedar-tree!

"The Sparrow's Nest" from *Sketches of Natural History* (London: Effingham Wilson, 1834).

*During a visit to the Colored Orphan Asylum in January 1845, Alderson wrote, "one of the little girls repeated thy sparrow's nest, adapting it to the hanging nest of the Baltimore Oriel & did it very well too" (*Writing Home *211). With its celebration of the middle-class values of thrift and domesticity, the poem and this exchange between the sisters call attention to the power of a female-identified space of domestic economy in settler narratives such as Howitt's.*

Nay, only look what I have found!
A Sparrow's nest upon the ground;
A Sparrow's nest as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this,--
Not neatly wove with decent care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends:
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washer-woman's gown;

And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between;

O never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with mincing air,
How the pert Sparrow over-head,
Has robbed her gown to make its bed!

See, hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,
And shreads of silks, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together.

Well, here has hoarding been and hiving,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these!

Think, had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought,
Some man, of men a very gem,
Pray what could he have done with them?

If we had said, “Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing,
Just bits and scraps, so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all;

“And out of these, you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five;
Neat, warm, and snug; with comfort stored;

Where five small things may lodge and board."

How would the man of learning vast,
Have been astonished and aghast;
And vowed that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen.

Ah! man of learning, you are wrong;
Instinct is, more than wisdom, strong;
And He who made the Sparrow, taught
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,
These little creatures have been blest;
Nor have kings known in palaces,
Half their contentedness in this--
Poor simple dwelling as it is!

"Elian Gray" from Mary Howitt, *Ballads and Other Poems.* By Mary Howitt (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847). Originally published in *The Iris: A Religious and Literary Offering*, Ed. Thomas Dale (London: Sampson Low, 1831).

This poem represents Native Americans as alternately cruel and deeply compassionate.In discussing the poem's marriage of an English woman into a Native community, Kate Flint describes this "overall message…of Indian kindness…[with] no hint of unease at cross-racial marriage" as a literary trope contrasting sharply with actual English fears of miscegenation (68). Also interesting in this poem is the destitution of the woman and her husband in the heartless American cities, an idea that contrasting sharply with the idealized vision of an America where "worthy and industrious people never came to want, and [where] such as were in absolute poverty were the really lazy and dissolute" (158).

"Oh! Elian Gray, rise up, rise up!"
His neighbours cried. "Still dost thou sleep?
The bloody Indians are come down,
Flames rise from the near English town;

And hark!—the war-whoop, wild and deep!”

“I sleep not,” said the ancient man.
“Fly you; but tarry not for me!
I dare not quit this lonely ground,
Though the wild Indians camp around,
For God commands me not to flee.

“I know not what may be his will;
But, when I rose up to depart,—
‘Fly not, thou hast no cause to fear,
Thy place of duty still is here,’—
Like lightning-words passed through my heart.

“Therefore I dare not quit this place:
But you, whom no commands delay,
Haste and secure by timely flight
Your wives and little ones this night;
Fly, fly, my children! while you may.”

They fled like wild deer through the woods;
And saw, from each commanding height,
Afar, and all around, aspire
The red flames of consuming fire,
Marking the Indians' course that night.

Alone, alone sat Elian Gray,
With unbarred door, beside his fire,
Thoughtful, yet cheerfully resigned,
Awaiting with submissive mind
What the Great Master might require.

Seven days went on, and where is he?
A captive travel-worn, and spent
With weary marchings, night and day,
Through the far wilderness, away
To a wild Indian settlement.

And now the old man's strength had failed;
And, powerless as a child new-born,

Stretched in that lonely forest-place,
Among a fierce and savage race
  He lay, as if of God forlorn!

Forlorn! And yet he prayed to live,
  With a wild feverish agony;
And fearful, doubting, grew his mind;
And for a moment he repined
  That God had brought him there to die.

When, lowly murmured by the door
  Of the rude wigwam where he lay,
He heard, as if in dreams he heard,
Mournfully many an English word
  Cast to the desert winds away.

He looked: it was an Indian woman
  Singing, as if to soothe some woe
Which at her very heart was strong,
The sad words of an English song
  That he remembered long ago,—

The ballad of a broken heart;
  But how could her soul understand
The sadness of that story old?
How could an Indian tongue unfold
  The language of another land?

Ere long the mystery was revealed;
  And then the old man, Elian Gray,
Saw the great work of mercy clear,
And this was the poor stricken deer
  For whom his path through peril lay.

“No, I am not of Indian birth!”
  Said she: “I have an English name,
Though now none give it unto me;
Mahontis, ‘child of misery,’
  They gave me for my Indian name,
  And 't is the only one I claim.

“And yet I love the English tongue;
  And let us two our converse hold
In that dear unforgotten speech,
For it hath words my griefs to reach,—
  The Indian tongue is harsh and cold.

“No, I am not of Indian blood,
  My native home is far from here,
Nor is there on the face of earth
A fairer spot than gave me birth,
  The English vale of Windermere.

“Oh, pleasant vale of Windermere!
  There was my birthplace; there I grew,
Without a care my youth to dim,
A mountain maiden strong of limb,
  And free as the wild winds that blew.

“My step was firm, my heart was bold,
  I crossed the lake, I clomb the rock;
Clad in that simple country's dress,
I was a mountain shepherdess,
  And there I kept my father's flock.

“I grew, and I became a wife;
  And he who was my chosen mate,
Though midst our lonely mountains bred,
Much knowledge had, and much had read,
  Too much for one of his estate.

“He knew all lands, all histories old;
  He understood whate'er he saw;
His words poured out like waters free;
His was that native dignity
  Which could respect from all men draw.

“Wise as he was, he could not toil,
  And all went wrong about our place:
The years were wet; we had nought to reap;

Amid the snows we lost our sheep,
  And misery stared us in the face.

“We left the land that gave us birth;
  And I, who was become a mother,
Within my inmost heart kept deep
My burning tears, I did not weep;
  'Tis hard our bitterest griefs to smother!

“My parents' graves among the hills,
  We left them in their silence lying!
My husband's hopes were high and strong,
And with light heart he went along,
  Good omens in each thing descrying.

“My heart was heavy as a stone,
  And the poor children's weary cry
Fevered me till my brain grew wild;
And then I wept ev'n as a child,
  And tears relieved my misery.

“We came into this foreign land.
  Oh! weary is the stranger's fate!
He comes where none his feelings share,
Where he may die and no one care!
  This, this is to be desolate!

“He died—ay, in the city street,—
  God knows why such great grief was sent!
He died—and as the brute might die—
The careless people passed us by;
They were so used to misery,
  Their meanest sympathies were spent!

“Ah me! I by his body sate,
  Stupid, as if I could not break
The bonds of that affliction's thrall;
Nor had I roused my soul at all,
  But for my little children's sake.

“Want, total want of daily bread
  Came next. My native pride was strong;
And yet I begged from day to day,
And made my miserable way
  Throughout the city's busy throng.

“I felt that I was one debased,
  And what I was I dared not think;
Ev'n from myself I strove to hide
My very name; an honest pride
  Made me from common beggary shrink.

“Oh misery! My homeless heart
  Grew sick of life. I wandered out
With my two children, far away
Into the solitudes that lay
  The populous city round about.

“The mother in my soul was strong,
  And I was ravenous as the beast;
Man's heart was hard, I stole them bread,
And while I pined the children fed,
  And yet each day our wants increased.

“I saw them waste, and waste away,
  I strove to think it was not so:
At length one died—of want he died;
My very brain seemed petrified;
  I wept not in that bitter woe!

“I took the other in my arms,
  And day by day, like one amazed
By an unutterable grief,
I wandered on: I found relief
  In travel, but my brain was crazed.

“How we were fed I cannot tell;
  I pulled the berry from the tree,
And we lived on: I knew no pain,
Save a dull stupor in my brain,

And I forgot my misery.

“I joyed to see the little stars;
I joyed to see the midnight moon;
I felt at times a wild delight,
I saw my child before my sight
As gamesome as the young racoon.

“'T was a strange season; and how long
It lasted, whether days or years,
I know not: it too soon went by;
I woke again to agony,
But ne'er again to human tears.

“The Indian found me in the wood,
He took me to his forest-home;
They laid my child beneath the tree,
They buried it, unknown to me,
In a wild lonesome place of gloom.

“The Indian women on me gazed
With eyes of tenderness, and then
Slowly came back each 'wildered sense;
Their low tones of benevolence
Gave me my human soul again.

“And I have lived with them for years;
And I have been an Indian wife;
And, save at times when thoughts will flow
Back through those dreadful times of woe
To my youth's sunshine long ago,
I almost like the Indian life.

“But one cloud darkeneth still my soul,
I have forgot my fathers' God!
I cannot pray; and yet I turn
Toward Him, and my weak soul doth yearn
Once more for holy spiritual food.

“Oh that I had an inward peace!

Oh that I had a hope to bless!
A faith to strengthen, and sustain
My spirit through its mortal pain,
To comfort my long wretchedness!

“But I am feeble as a child,
I pine as one that wanteth bread;
And idly I repeat each word
Of holy import I have heard,
Or that in early creeds I said.

“But oh! my comfort cometh not!
And, whether God is veiled in wrath
And will not heed my misery,
Or whether He regardeth me,
I know not; gloomy is my path!”

With this arose old Elian Gray:
“My daughter, God hath left thee not!
He hath regarded thy complaint,
Hath seen thy spirit bruised and faint,
Thou art not of His love forgot!

“'Tis by His arm I hither came;
Surely for this I heard a voice
Which bade me in my place ‘be still;’
I came by His almighty will,
And greatly doth my soul rejoice!”

He gave her comfort, gave her peace;
And that lone daughter of despair
For very joy of heart shed tears;
And the dark agony of years
Passed by, like a wild dream of care.

Thus was the old man's mission done;
And she, who 'mong that forest race
Was wife and mother, won his life
From torture, from the scalping-knife,
And sped him to his former place.

Selections from Mary Howitt, *The Children's Year* (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847).

This work, which inspired Emma Alderson to begin collecting material for what would become Our Cousins in Ohio*, describes a year in the lives of Howitt's two youngest children. Parts were based on accounts by her older son, Alfred William, and it was illustrated by her older daughter, Anna Mary*.

Preface

I have often wished that in books for children the writer would endeavour to enter more fully into the feelings and reasonings of the child; that he would look at things as it were from the child's point of view rather than from his own. There are very few children's books written with this purpose kept in view; but my own knowledge of children, founded upon the every-day experience of many years, convinced me that to write successfully for them we must come down in some measure to their level. I resolved therefore to try the experiment of keeping for one whole year an exact chronicle, as it were, of the voluntary occupations and pleasures, and of the sentiments and feelings, as far as I could gain accurate knowledge of them, of my two youngest children. This little book is the result; every thing which it contains is strictly true.

If some things are childish, let it be remembered that it is of simple, artless childhood that I have written. Had the little chronicle been kept during the present year instead of two years ago, the same character and the same individuality of temperament would be preserved, though somewhat more advanced, and in some cases more strongly developed.

Last year I received, from month to month, precisely the same kjnd of chronicle from my sister in America of the life and experience of her three children. The record is similar in spirit, but different in character, inasmuch as the life of healthy, happy children on the banks of the Ohio

must of necessity be full of a fresher, more physically active, and less sophisticated life than with us.

In a short time I hope to have this work also ready as a companion volume to the present.

CHAPTER I. The Children's Home.

The children were Herbert and Margaret, or Meggy as she was called at home. They were very happy little children; they had kind parents, a pleasant home, a kind brother and sister older than themselves, good health and loving hearts, so that it would have been strange if they had not been happy.

We are going to tell other little children some of the things that they did, and some of the pleasures which they enjoyed for one whole year. All little children who read this book may be quite sure that every thing in it is true; they will see what Herbert and Meggy thought and did for one whole year, and very likely they will find that they have thought and done the very same things themselves.

Herbert and Meggy lived in the outskirts of London. Their house stood on a high road, from which it was separated by a little green paddock and a row of tall old elm trees. Carts and omnibuses were always passing along the road, and gentlemen and ladies riding past on horseback, or driving in gay carriages. It was very amusing to sit at the windows on this side of the house to see all that was passing on the road, though it must be confessed that the leafy branches of the elm-trees made the view much less distinct in summer than in winter. The little paddock, however, was visible both in winter and summer, and it always looked green and pleasant. It was enclosed by neat white palings, and sheep now and then were turned into it to graze, which made it look still more country-like; but that which interested the children still more than the sheep, who might be said to be only occasional lodgers there, was the old couple who lived there every day, and these were a goose and a gander. Those two creatures belonged to a good, old poulterer who lived on the opposite side of the road. Every morning, when Herbert and

Meggy were getting up, if they looked out of the window they could see the old goose and gander either waiting to set off, or on their way to this little paddock. …

This side of Herbert's and Meggy's house which we have described was the front: at the back it was all as green and quiet as in a country village. There was a pleasant garden, in which grew plenty of evergreens; there was a deal of smoothly mown grass in it, on which were many flower borders; there was a greenhouse, on the glass roof of which was trained a beautiful vine that bore plenty of grapes; there were green seats here and there in the garden where people sat in summer. According to Herbert and Meggy's opinion it was the most charming garden that ever was seen.

CHAP. XIII: The House in the Garden, and the Misfortunes that Happened there.

The children played now many hours each day in the garden, and as they still had great pleasure in playing at living in a house, they began to consider where their house must be. But there was no long consideration needed for this. There was, in a secluded part of the garden, a little tool-house; there was a little sort of rustic porch to it, overshadowed by a flowery acacia, and the whole front was overrun with ivy and a Scotch rose. It consisted of two rooms, the inner one of which had a little casement window of four panes; here, in former times, Alfred had kept his guinea pigs, but it was now filled with rubbish. This was the place which of all others Herbert and Meggy wished to have for their house, both rooms were so pleasant. The first looked out from its door under the acacia tree, and the other had such a pretty picturesque window, which would open and shut, and which was surrounded with ivy. The children fancied that the little old woman who lived in the wood with her dog and bird in one of Tieck's fairy tales, had just such a little room and such a little window as this. Nobody can tell how charming it was to Herbert and Meggy to shut themselves up in this pretty little house. They fancied a great many charming things about it which they told to nobody, and as their father saw that they enjoyed it so much, he said that it should be theirs, and that nobody should disturb them in it. …

It was still a favourite amusement to them to play at having a troublesome and bad neighbour. They played that the same Mrs. Gingham, who had disturbed them so much in their other house, had, like themselves, removed, and that she now lived just by them in the melon-bed, and that

whenever their backs were turned, she came and put all their thing into disorder. They pretended that she had a husband as bad as herself, and children a great deal worse.

“Why do you not play that Mrs. Gingham is a good useful neighbour?” asked somebody, one day, “and that she has a friendly husband and good children?”

“It would not be half as funny if she were,” replied they, “and then we have always such a deal to do after any of the Ginghams have been.”

Pleasant as this playing at a house was, it did not always happen that Herbert and Meggy perfectly and entirely agreed about things; trouble even arose now and then between themselves. Sometimes Meggy wanted the fish-kettle to be on the fire, when Herbert persisted that they had dined, and therefore the tea-kettle must be put on; and if one of them was not in a humour to yield to the other, a deal more would be said about it than such a trifle deserved.

From Fredrika Bremer, *Homes of the New World: Impressions of America*, transl. by Mary Howitt (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1853)

A good deal of Howitt’s reputation must rest on her translations, especially of the Danish Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1865) and the Swedish Frederika Bremer (1801–1865). For a history of their strong but sometimes rocky professional relationship, see Woodring (esp. 90–3 and 154–6). Like Howitt, Bremer advocated for women’s rights, abolition of slavery and political reform, although in this selection, we can see at least an openness to considering the moral legitimacy of slavery. Bremer’s two years (1849–51) spent travelling throughout the United States provided the material for Homes of the New World.

We were conducted to our room, refreshed and dressed ourselves; then came breakfast and all the neighbors, and I had to shake from sixty to seventy kindly-extended hands, which would not have been a difficult task if a deal of small talk had not followed, which, through the repetition of

the same word and thing; became wearisome, and made me feel like a parrot. The assembly was beautiful and gay, and the breakfast, which was magnificent, was closed by a dance. It was a pleasure to me to see so many lovely and lively young girls – delicate figures, though deficient in strength. The ladies dress with taste; have small hands and feet, and remind one of the French, but are more lovely than they. Something, however, is wanting in their countenances, but what I do not rightly know – I fancy it is *expression*. I was not quite in spirits, and felt to-day somewhat fatigued. When, however, in the evening, I came forth into the open air, and, accompanied by the silent Mr. Downing, wandered quietly beside the glorious, calm river, and contemplated the masses of light and soft velvet-like shadow which lay on the majestic Catskill Mountains, behind which the sun sank in cloudless splendor; then did the heart expand itself, and breathe freely in that sublime and glorious landscape; then did I drink from the mountain springs; then did I live for the first time that day.

In the evening I enjoyed an unusual pleasure. Mrs. D. played on the harp and piano, and sang remarkably well, with extraordinary power, like a real musician, which I believe is a rare thing in this country. There were both words and expression in her singing, and so there is also in her demeanor; hers is a noble figure, with a free and independent carriage; “she sustains herself,” as you would say. She neither sings nor talks by rote. She sings and talks out of her own independent, feeling, and thinking soul. Her eldest son, a boy of thirteen, has, it appears to me, a real genius for music, even though he broke off and was not able to sing to the end – and I believe that he really could not – a little fantastic song, the first notes of which, however, were sufficient to foretell a something beyond talent in the boy. He was not in the mood, and in that state he could not sing. Mrs. D. told me, during our conversation at table, that her son was to learn a handicraft trade, because, although they were now wealthy, the time might come when they would be so no longer, but when it might be necessary for him to earn his bread as a common workman – so uncertain is the stability of wealth in America; why so, I could not rightly understand. …

He [William Lloyd Garrison] expressed himself mildly regarding the Southern slaveholders, said that he valued many of them personally, but that he hated slavery, and would continue to combat with it as with the greatest enemy of America. And a man who had endured the maltreatment of a

mob – who had borne the halter and disgrace, and has still stood firmly as before, combating fearlessly as before; the resolution and character of such a man deserve esteem. This gentleman brought to us two lately escaped slaves, William and Ellen Craft.[1] She was almost white; her countenance, which was rather sallow, had the features of the white, and though not handsome, a very intelligent expression. They had escaped by means of her being dressed as a man; he acting as her servant. In order to avoid the necessity of signing her name in the travelers' books, for she could not write, she carried her right arm in a sling, under the plea of having injured it. Thus they had succeeded in traveling by rail-way from the South to the Free States of the North. They appeared to be sincerely happy.

"Why did you escape from your masters?" I asked; "did they treat you with severity?"

"No," replied she; "they always treated me well; but I fled from them because they would not give me my rights as a human being. I could never learn any thing, neither to read nor to write."

I remarked in her the desire for learning peculiar to the white race.

"How is it," said some one in company to the negro, "that the assertions of the anti-slavery party regarding the treatment of the slaves, that they are often flogged and severely beaten, are declared to be false? Travelers come to the North who have long resided among the plantations of the South, and have never seen any thing of the kind."

William smiled, and said, with a keen expression, "Nor are children whipped in the presence of strangers; this is done when they do not see."

Neither of these escaped slaves complained of their masters. And though, like every other thinking Christian, I must condemn slavery as a system and institution, I wait to pass judgment on American slaveholders and slavery in America until I have seen it nearer. l am, from

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[1] William and Ellen Craft tell their own story in *Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom*. Readers may also want to consult McCaskill's analysis of the Crafts' lives and work.

experience, suspicious of party spirit and its blindness, and whenever I see this in activity I can not accede to it, but, on the contrary, feel myself inclined to opposition. I will, at all events, see and hear for and against the question before I join either party. Justice and moderation before every thing! …

Since I last wrote, I have spent an amusing evening at an anti-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall (a large hall for public assemblies), which was very animated. Mr. Charles Sumner, who wished me to see one of the popular assemblies here, accompanied me. Some runaway slaves were to be introduced to the public, and the talking was about them. The hall and the galleries were quite full. One of the best, and certainly most original, speaker of the evening, was a great negro, who had lately succeeded in escaping from slavery with his wife and child, and who related the history of his escape. There was a freshness, a life, an individuality in this man's eloquence and gestures which, together with the great interest of the narrative, were infinitely delightful. Sometimes he made use of such extraordinary similes and expressions, that the whole assembly burst into peals of laughter; but John Brown, that was his name, did not join in it; he did not allow himself to be moved, but went on only the more earnestly with his story. …

The assembly clapped their hands in tumultuous applause. After this speaker a group came forward, which was also saluted with much clapping of hands; a young fair lady, in a simple white dress, and hair without any ornament, stepped forward, leading a dark mulatto woman by the hand. She had been a slave, and had lately escaped from slavery on board a vessel, where she had been concealed. Her owners, who suspected her place of concealment, obtained a warrant for searching the vessel, which they did thoroughly, burning brimstone in order to compel her to come forth. But she endured it all, and succeeded in making her escape. It was a beautiful sight, when the young white woman, Miss Lucy S., one of the ladies whom I had seen at my little doctress's, placed her hand upon the head of the black woman, calling her sister, and introducing her as such to the assembled crowd. It looked well and beautiful, and it was certainly felt by all that the white woman stood here as the friend and protector of the black. Miss Lucy performed her part very well, in a perfectly womanly, quiet, and beautiful manner. She then related the history of the late slave, and talked about slavery for a full hour with perfect self-possession, perspicuity, and propriety of tone and gesture. But instead of speaking, as she might and ought to have done, from her own womanly feeling of life – instead of awakening sympathy

for those wrongs which woman especially suffers in slavery, inasmuch as her very children do not belong to her; that the beings whom she brings forth in sorrow are the property of her master, and may be taken from her and sold whenever he will – instead of laying stress upon this and many other circumstances repulsive to the heart and to every sense of justice, and which especially befall the female slave – Miss Lucy struck into the common track of so-much hackneyed abuse of the pro-slavery men of the North, and against Daniel Webster and his warm zeal for Hungarian freedom, while he saw with indifference three millions of native Americans held in slavery. She repeated merely what the men had already said, and said better and more powerfully than she had done; she entirely mistook her own mission as a female speaker. When will women perceive that, if they would worthily take a place in the forum, they must come forth with the dignity and power of the being who has new and mighty truths to enunciate and represent? They must feel and speak from the centre of the sphere of woman. Not all the good nature and courtesy of man will enable them to maintain their place on the public platform, if they do not take possession of it on their own positive ground. There is no want of this in itself; it lies near to the heart of woman; it is within her, around her, if she will but see it. But she must yet obtain a more profound knowledge both of herself and of life. …

The gentlemen who followed her brought with them more life and interest. But they offended me by their want of moderation and justice; by their style of declamation; by their endeavoring to point out, even in the galleries of the hall, individuals who did not agree with them in their anti-slavery labors; it offended me to hear family life desecrated by making known dissensions; for example, between the father and the daughter on these questions; thus overlooking the divine moral law of "Judge not!" These tirades were carried to an extreme, and with much personality. But all was animated and amusing, and the best understanding seemed to exist between the speaker and his audience. Wendell Phillips, the young lawyer, seemed to possess the greatest share of public favor; and he is really an unusually gifted and agreeable speaker, carrying the public along with him, and seeming to know his own power of moving and electrifying them. A Mr. Quincy, a young man, of one of the highest families in Boston, spoke violently against anti-slavery people, and among others against his own eldest brother, now mayor of Boston. But the public did not like his outbreak, especially against the mayor, and hissed and clamored terrifically. Mr. Quincy proceeded with still more violence, walking up and down the platform,

his hands in the pockets of his coat skirts, which he fluttered about as if he enjoyed himself, and was fanned by the most agreeable of zephyrs.

At length the tumult and the cry of “Phillips!” “Wen-dell Phillips!” was so overpowering, that Mr. Quincy could not be beard. He paused, and beckoned with a smile to Wendell Phillips that he should take his place. …

I was glad to have been at a popular assembly where so much license prevailed, but which was yet under the control of order and good temper.

Selections from Mary Howitt, *A Popular History of The United States of America, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time*. Vol. 2. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1860.

*Although she never visited North America, Howitt published an immense two-*volume Popular History of the United States. *The aim of this work, as of much of her work, was to provide entertaining and useful information to a growing reading public, infused with her own progressive values and ideology. As such, it calls attention to injustice and oppression while celebrating a general movement toward liberal, protestant enlightenment. This extract covers the war with Mexico leading to the United States annexation of Texas, which figures in the July chapter of* Our Cousins in Ohio *and even more prominently in the original correspondence. In their strong condemnations of the war, the attitudes expressed in these texts are perhaps more consistent with the abolitionist and pacifist outlooks of the two Quaker sisters. Although in this later work, the United States is gently criticised for “their natural impulse at extension and colonization,” most of the account treats the war as one of liberation from an oppressive Mexican government dominated by Roman Catholic “aversions, prejudices, and jealousies.”* Our Cousins *offers grim descriptions of rapidly deserting solders being dragged, intoxicated, to “pestilence and death” and “inevitable destruction” (120). Here, although Howitt (still a Quaker and a pacifist at heart) reminds us that such a war “perhaps cannot be justified on strict principles of Christian morality,” she nonetheless impresses her readers with the “adventurous and romantic character” of this war, conducted by flocks of “young adventurers… impatient to take part in a enterprise which was dangerous and exciting in the highest degree.”*

CHAPTER XXII. WAR WITH MEXICO.—ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.—VAST INCREASE OF TERRITORY.—THE MORMONS.

As regards the relative positions and feelings of the Mexican government and that of the United States, we will give a few remarks from an American writer.[2] "The Mexican authorities were not so desirous of occupying Texas as of keeping her a desolate waste; that she might present an impassable barrier between themselves and their Anglo-American neighbours. The cause of this is not of difficult solution, and is derived from the old mother-country. At the time when Mexico was first colonised, Spain was at the head of the Roman Catholic countries, and all heretics were held in abhorrence by her, and exterminated by the inquisition and the sword. The changes which knowledge and general enlightenment have produced in the Protestant world universally, and even in the Catholic when it has been forced into closer contact with progressive opinion, have not reached Mexico, which has been shut up as it were, and which has jealously retained all her native aversions, prejudices and jealousies. Besides which, Mexico as a colony belonged less to the Spanish nation than to the Spanish kings, and was governed by their viceroys, regardless of the well-being of the people, merely as an estate to produce a revenue. No possible rivalry with the mother-country was permitted; meanwhile the mines were industriously worked, no commerce was permitted to the Mexicans, nor might they rear the silkworm or plant the olive or the vine.

"When, however, the English colonies asserted and established their own independence, Spain, fearing a similar revolt in her own colony, somewhat relaxed her laws regarding their trade with foreign nations, but only under severe restrictions and enormous duties, so that the freedom on the one hand might be nullified by the restrictions on the other. Very little change took place in Mexico.

"At length, in 1810, when the Spanish nation fell under the arm of Napoleon, the Mexicans revolted. But the people were not united, and after a war of eight years the Royalist party prevailed. A second revolution took place in 1821, under Iturbide, when the Mexicans succeeded in throwing off the Spanish yoke. Iturbide proclaimed himself king, and the people, wishing for a republic, deposed him; he was banished, and returning was executed. A new leader arose in the person of Santa Anna, under whose auspices Mexico was divided into States, with each a legislature, and over the whole a general government with a federal constitution similar to that of the United States. But Santa Anna was not a second Washington; the constitution became subverted, and he the military tyrant of the country."

Having given this brief sketch of the condition and government of Mexico, we now return to Texas. When, in 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France, the disputed claim to Texas became transferred to them, and in 1819, when Florida was granted to them by Spain, they ceded to that country their claims to Texas as a portion of Mexico. But although they had resigned their claim to Texas, the United States could not resist their natural impulse at extension and colonisation, and, in 1821, favoured by the Mexican authorities, who hoped that the bold and determined Anglo-American settler would be a good defence against the hostile Comanches, the

[2] Mrs. Willard [MH].

first attempt at the colonisation of Texas was successfully made. The intended leader of this movement was Moses Austen, of Durham, in Connecticut, who obtained a grant of land from the Mexican authorities for the settlement of a colony between the rivers Brazas and Colorado. Death prevented Moses Austen from carrying out his plans, which, however, were fully and most successfully executed by his son, Steven F. Austen. The success of Austen's colony soon alarmed the Mexican authorities; and well it might, for these sturdy republicans once planted there would soon take such firm root as to displace any other possessor. Nor was it long before evidences of their intentions were apparent. In 1827, a movement was attempted by the settlers of Nacogdoches to throw off the Mexican yoke and to establish a republic under the name of Fredonia. The attempt was unsuccessful, but the Mexican authorities were alarmed, more especially as soon after some overtures were made on the part of the United States government to purchase Texas.

In 1833, there were about 10,000 American settlers in Texas; and at that time dissatisfaction and discontent were prevailing largely among them. The Spanish Mexicans of the province carried against them every measure in the government, and when Steven Austen was sent to the city of Mexico to petition for redress, he was first neglected, and then thrown into a dungeon. In 1835 Austen was once more in Texas. The usurpations of Santa Anna had in the meantime increased the public discontent, and the Texians generally prepared to throw off the yoke of his despotism. Adventurers from the American states hastened to take part in the approaching contest, which sooner or later was sure to be advantageous to their nation. A provisional government was appointed, and Samuel Houston placed at the head of the army in Texas.

In December the Texian forces, under General Burleton, besieged the strong fortress of Alamo and the city of Bexar, which was garrisoned by General Cos and 1,300 Spaniards and Mexicans. In a few days the fortress was taken, and the Mexicans obtained permission to retire; so that within a very short time not a single Mexican soldier remained east of the Rio Grande.

Santa Anna, who understood too well the spirit of the people, no sooner saw the stronghold of Bezar taken by a party whose purposes were so adverse to his own, than he entered Texas in person, and with 4,000 men invested Goliad and Bezar, which had unfortunately been left in the hands of a very inadequate force. The attack commenced and continued for several days, the fortress of the Alamo in Bezar being defended by its little band with a courage, says Samuel Goodrich, worthy of Leonidas and his Spartans. After having held out for a considerable time they sustained a general assault on the night of the 6th of May. They fought until Travis, their commander, fell, and seven only of the garrison were left when the place was taken, and the little remnant was torn to pieces. Two human beings only were left, a woman and a negro servant. Among those who fell on this terrible occasion was the celebrated David Crockett of Tennessee, a man well known from the eccentricity of his mind and the independence of his character; he was found surrounded by a heap of dead whom he had slain.

Colonel Fanning, who commanded at Goliad, by direction of the Texian authorities evacuated this place on the 17th of March, but had scarcely reached the open country when they were surrounded by the Mexicans with a troop of Indian allies. They defended themselves all day, and killed a great number of the enemy; during the night, however, the Mexicans being reinforced, they were obliged to surrender, on condition of being treated as prisoners of war: good faith, however, was unknown to Santa Anna, and no sooner were they in his power than he ordered them to be drawn out and shot. Four hundred men were thus murdered in cold blood; one of the soldiers saying to his fellows, when the inhuman order was given, “They are going to shoot us; let us face about and not be shot in the back.” This bloody tragedy, which stamped the name of Santa Anna with infamy, took place on the 27th of March, 1836.

These direful tidings aroused, at the same time, the American hatred and sympathy. After this they would not permit Texas to remain in the hands of so cruel and false an enemy.

Santa Anna, encouraged by his victory and confident of success, pursued the Texian army, now under the command of General Houston, as far as San Jacinto, where Houston resolved to risk a battle, although his force was less than 1,000 and the enemy double his number. This was on the 21st of April. The Texians commenced the attack, rushing furiously forward to within half-rifle distance, with the ominous battle-cry of “Remember the Alamo!” The fury with which they assailed the enemy was irresistible, and in less than half an hour they were masters of the camp, the whole Mexican army being killed, wounded, or prisoners. The following day Santa Anna himself was taken, without arms and in disguise.

The plausibility of this artful leader induced his captors to believe him favourable to the independence of Texas. At his request he was sent to the United States, and had an interview with President Jackson, whom he succeeded also in winning, and by whom he was permitted to return to Mexico. No sooner in Mexico than he disclaimed his late proceedings and again commenced war on Texas. In the meantime the United States, England and France recognised the independence of that country. But her struggle was not at an end; and gaining strength by the contest, the Texians, in 1841, assisted by a body of American adventurers, proceeded to take possession of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, lying on the eastern side of the Rio Grande. This attempt was unsuccessful, but it opened, as it were, a door into New Mexico, and the American foot being once planted there, as elsewhere, was but the forerunner of possession.

In 1844 Texas made application to be received into the American Union. Great discussion followed; both President Jackson and his successor, Van Buren, opposed it, on the ground of the existing peaceful relations with Mexico, but the great body of the American people were favourable to it. The question of annexation was made the great test question of the following election, and James Polk and George M. Dallas owed their elections to its support. Accordingly, on the 4th of March, 1844, they were inaugurated, and Texas already in February had been admitted into the Union. The annexation of Texas was of course resented by Mexico, her minister at Washington declaring it to be “the most unfair act ever recorded in history.”

The conditions of annexation required from the authorities and people of Texas were as follows: 1st. That all questions of boundary should be settled by the United States; 2nd. That Texas should give up her harbours, magazines, etc., but retain her funds and her debts, and, until their discharge, her unappropriated lands; 3rd. That additional new states, not exceeding four, might be formed *with slavery* if south of lat. 36½°, but if north, *without*.

The annexation of Texas led to war with Mexico. In July an armed force under Colonel Zachery Taylor, was sent out to protect the new territory against the threatened invasion of Mexico, besides which negotiations were opened for the adjustment of the quarrel, the United States being desirous of purchasing a peaceful boundary on the Rio Grande and the cession of California.

Whilst these negotiations were pending with but little hope of a successful termination, a difficulty arose between the United States and England respecting the northern boundary of Oregon. The brief history of this north-western state is as follows. In the spring of 1792, Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, discovered a river to which he gave the name of his vessel, the Columbia. This was the first knowledge which the Americans had of this river. In 1804–5, Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, under the commission of the American government, explored this river from its mouth to its source. After the year 1808, the country was occupied by various fur companies. These are the circumstances upon which the United States based her claims to the territory as far as 54° 40′. But English merchants being settled in the country, England also asserted her claim, and a discussion of rights and claims ensued, which became so hot on both sides as even to threaten war between the two countries. Fortunately, however, the question was amicably adjusted by the treaty of 1846, by which the 49th degree became the frontier of the United States to the north, Vancouver's Island was wholly relinquished to the British, to whom also the right of navigation in the Columbia was conceded.

War with Mexico continued through the whole of 1846–47, and in May of the following year, left the Americans in quiet possession of the northern provinces of Mexico proper, a vast and important territory including New Mexico, Utah, and California. The incidents of the war were of an adventurous and romantic character. The wonderfully varied and tropical character of the country, and the wild and guerilla kind of warfare amid scenes rendered memorable in the old chivalrous days of Spanish glory and enterprise, gave an extraordinary charm to a war which perhaps cannot be justified on strict principles of Christian morality. Young adventurers flocked to the armies of Generals Wool, Kearney, and Taylor, impatient to take part in a enterprise which was dangerous and exciting in the highest degree. It is said that when the news of the imminent danger of the army on the Rio Grande reached the United States, that everywhere young men hastened westward to defend their brethren, fight the Mexicans, and push forward for the Halls of the Montezumas; and that Prescott's work, the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," being just then published and universally read, greatly increased the enthusiasm.

In April, 1847, Peubla, the second city in Mexico, was taken by the Americans under General Scott, and in the following September, the grand city of Mexico itself. “Three hours before noon,” says Mrs. Willard, who seems to have the strongest sympathy with this war, “General Scott made his entrance, with escort of cavalry and flourish of trumpets, into the conquered city of the Aztecs. The troops for four-and-twenty hours now suffered from the anarchy of Mexico more than her prowess had been able to inflict. Two thousand convicts let loose from the prisons attacked them from the house-tops, at the same time entering houses and committing robberies. The Mexicans assisting, these fellows were quelled by the morning of the 15th.

“General Scott gave to his army, on the day of their entrance into Mexico, memorable orders concerning their discipline and behaviour. After directing that companies and regiments be kept together, he says, ‘Let there be no disorders, no straggling, no drunkenness. Marauders shall be punished by court-martial. All the rules so honourably observed by the glorious army in Peubla must be observed here. The honour of our country, the honour of our army, call for the best behaviour from all. The valiant must, to win the approbation of God and their country, be sober, orderly, and merciful. His noble brethren in arms will not be deaf to this hasty appeal from their commander and friend.’

“On the 16th, he called the army to return public and private thanks to God for victory; and on the 19th, for the better preservation of order and suppression of crime, he proclaimed martial law. Thus protected by the American army, the citizens of Mexico were more secure from violence, and from the fear of robbery and murder, than they had ever been under their own flag.”

Nor does this statement appear to be overdrawn. An English writer[3] on Mexico, who was in the country the two years following the war, dates the commencement of an improvement in this degraded people from the American invasion. “Nothing,” says he, “could exceed the jealous suspicions with which the Mexicans formerly regarded other nations, more particularly perhaps the people of the United States. The hatred and rancour with which the very name of American was mentioned while hostilities were in progress, were immeasurable. But at the present time kindly feelings are being fostered with a large proportion which will lead to happy results for both countries.

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