

Kitty Howard's Journal.—No. XIII.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH,†

MAY 30.—To-day has been one of the most solemn days of my life. No person has a right to allow his children to grow up creatures of mere impulse, inclination, and passion. The whole nature of the child ought to be, from the first, subjected to God's immutable laws of truth, justice, and beneficence. He who brings a child to the world is in God's stead to that child, and should be alive to the responsibilities implied. Alas! poor little Kitty, soft-hearted, and little vain, has had so much to learn, and had never been a mother I fear she would have been almost idiotic. But, let me tell of my solemn day:

David had been to visit a young friend, and brought home a small dog, which had been presented him. I refused to accept the creature, giving sufficient reasons therefor, made perfectly simple and plain to his understanding, for he is now nine years old, and is by no means deficient in intelligence.

I do not think the dog is of sufficient value to the human race to justify the keeping of him with the hazards involved. He is faithful and teachable, it is true, but subject to a terrible disease, which he imparts to others, creating suffering, the utmost terror, and death. He has become a scourge, and should be dispensed with. I should never feel at ease with one in my family. Human beings suffer enough from the mad passions of each other, and it would be well for them to abstain from augmenting their trials by the presence of a creature liable to bring the fearful calamity of hydrophobia, superadded to the inevitable ills that flesh is heir to.

David submitted, but with a very bad grace; indeed, he was more violent than I had ever known him. I could readily pardon this, knowing the natural fondness of a boy for this most gacious and affectionate companion, but I was absolute in my denial. After awhile he asked me a question, which I felt must be answered by a mother, and only a mother. I would not run the hazard of his receiving the deeply sacred knowledge of the mysteries of life from coarse words, coupled with a jest, and made profane by vulgar association. I took him to my breast and in a low, solemn voice, explained all that was necessary for him to learn. The boy was led with an innocent and beautiful awe, a religious veneration most lovely and touching. It is a lesson he will never forget.

When Tom came home, and dinner was over, and the children peacefully in bed, and we seated, we two wedded lovers, for our precious evening chat, I told my husband what I had done, what solemn knowledge I had thought it best to impart to David, whereat, to my amazement, he dropped on his knees before me, and laid his forehead upon my two hands and prayed aloud, saying:

"I thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, for the gift of this woman, my true wife and mete-help in this world."

Whereat I, too, thanked God for the gift of my noble husband; and never did I more deeply feel the sacredness of the holy relation of marriage.

MEM.—A husband is such a comfort!

MAY 31.—David is a manlier boy to-day—holds his head higher, is quite grave, and sweetly gentle. My lesson of yesterday is a subtle and wholesome leaven, lifting and stirring his whole moral nature. Tom said this morning:

"Balm, a true mother is the wisest, noblest, most august of all God's creatures. Almost two thousand years the great lesson of 'The Virgin' has been a part of human history, and we do not yet penetrate the mystery."

Mr. Howard has been a judge on the bench for two years, and I will note it down here, where no one will see it, and where it will not seem vain nor proud, that he always talks over all his cases with me; and when little Kitty flares up at any wrong, or weeps over some victim, he smiles and tells how the law is, and then I put my heart aside, and think it all out; and Tom says he is often strengthened in his judgment by my *impressions* and *opinions*.

MEM.—Two heads are always better than one, and a woman's head is a great help to a man's, if she does not think too much of it. Angels do not need logic.

JUNE 2.—The birds are building in the trees and vines about the house; in the morning the children listen, and join in the morning chorus. Tom wakes earlier than he used to do; he says where the heart is at rest, and the head well furnished with early knowledge, less sleep is required.

MEM.—It is the wear and tear of the heart

that kills people. I should not wonder if Tom and I should live a hundred years. We are a sort of John Anderson and wife, and Tom likes to hear me sing :

“ John Anderson my Joe, John, we clum’ the hill thegither,
And many a cantie day, John, we’ve had wi’ ane anither ;
Now we maun ’totter down, John, but hand in hand we’ll go,
And we’ll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my Joe.”

JUNE 3.—Hannah was holding a skein of coarse thread and Rachel was winding it, when, suddenly, after a glance from the window, Hannah dropped the skein and with wild eyes, cried out, “ Oh, Madam ! ” and darted out of doors. Presently she almost dragged into the house a feeble man, more old from toil and hardship than from years. She kissed his hand and patted his back, weeping silent tears but speaking not a word.

The man twirled a hat with only a shred of brim, in his thin hands, and stood half bent looking me straight in the face, but with such a sad look at the eyes, and a sad smile at the mouth.

“ It is the fault of my little maid, Ma’am. You see I couldn’t help coming to see ’ow brave she looked ! ”

And the tears struggled, and the old honest face worked to keep the sobs down.

I placed him in a chair and gave him a glass of water, and then said :

“ How did you know Hannah, my good man ? ”

At this Hannah cried out, throwing both arms about his neck, “ It is my father, dear Madam, it is my father ; so good, so kind to his little maid while he had a crust to eat.”

The man seemed afraid to caress her, but looked indescribably fond and tender, and at length said :

“ You see, Ma’am, I’s e a walking advertisement.”

“ A walking advertisement ? ” I repeated mechanically.

“ Yes, Ma’am. In the city I is plastered all over with great letters, and walks in a hoop skirt, but I knows better than to appear before gentility in such a fix. I wanted to look on my little maid, not thinking she would see me.”

“ But why should she not see you ? ” I asked.

His old face worked again to keep down the sobs. “ You see I is getting old, and I wanted my little maid to forget me.”

“ Oh ! no, no, never, father ! ” ejaculated my

Hannah, and at this the old man fairly lay down, and for the first time placed his trembling arms around his child and wept aloud. At length Hannah lifted up her head, and coming to me said :

“ I have not seen him, poor dear, for some years ; but I knew his good old back on wae I have traveled for miles and miles.”

I then told him how cruelly his child had been treated, and asked him if he had known why he had not taken her away from such hard-hearted people.

He spoke slowly, and explained in this way :

“ You see, Ma’am, I was a porter in a great ware’ouse. My wife died in England, and I had nothing to live for but my little maid—a blessing in them times.”

I observed he repeated “ little maid ” with tenderness of accent, as if the term gave him pleasure. He went on :

“ I left Mary in the churchyard, and went to get away from my trouble, so I raked up my earnings and came to America. I did not complain, Ma’am, but people in this country work wondrous ’ard ; no let up—all work, woe for the poor man. I took a ‘ crick ’ in the back, and was laid up with it. I thought I might as well take off, and nobody to care for my poor maid. When I got better I traveled with my little maid on my back, and worked ’ere and there, as much work to do. Then I fell sick again, and went to the ware’ouse. My little maid began to thrive, and was bound out. When I got well I went to see her.”

He stopped for the sobs, and Hannah put her hand on his shoulder tenderly, and whispered, “ It is all right, dear father, all right.”

“ I thought so then,” he replied in an abstracted way. “ I reasoned in this wise way. My little maid will ’ave to work for her poor old father is getting past it, and she is treated tenderly, ’ardship and labor will come rough to her ; if she is *crucized* as she’ll bear her lot better.”

I burst into tears at this, but my brave Hannah exclaimed, “ All right, dear father, we were wise and good ! ”

MEM.—To remember this stern logic of the poor, and be more charitable.

“ Did you know that she had been taken from the place, and what had become of her ? ” I asked.

“ In course, I did, Ma’am. I could not work near by, so I went to the city and took care of it. You see my back was cricked, and my bones good for nothing but to ’ang about

ents on. I walked up and down all day, wondrous weary, but the thought of lookin' on my little maid at night gave me 'cart. I used to go it and sometimes it took me most all night to stand and come, just get a look at her, and go back."

"O father, father! and I thought you had forgotten me! wicked girl that I was."

"'Twould a made us both weak like to talk over. I thought 'twas the best way."

"Then you knew that Hannah lived with me, y' good men."

"In course I did. Ma'am you is larned in a Bible and will remember the story of the patriarch, who sat up a stone in Bethel, and lying down his head there, saw angels come and go."

"O Ma'am many's the hour I've watched the lights in your window, and when I heard a little maid singing God's praises I thought I heard an angel; and I knelt in the storms and sickness, and had no sense of them because of the brightness your goodness made."

Hearing this I said inwardly, Kitty Howard's heart is not utterly devoid of use, and I felt, not sorry to be glad, but thankful to know this.

He now arose to leave, and I asked him *where* he would go, to which he replied :

"I am off duty to-day, because I was weak, but to-morrow I shall not be a man—only a walking advertisement."

At this poor Hannah said, weeping :

"O Ma'am, it will break my heart to go away from you, but if my poor father is cold and hungry I must be so too! I can not lose him again."

The old man rocked himself to and fro, exclaiming :

"So much for my poor old eyes, that did not quick enough to get away! my little maid will be a beggar, and her old father the cause. My body could be not creep away and die alone? Oh! the weakness of the 'cart! the weakness of an old 'cart!"

At this moment Mr. Howard came home, and briefly explained the case to him, at which the man stood up, half bent, and held his hat over a washbowl before him. I thought Tom looked unnecessarily stern and penetrating at me, which caused him to say with a flush :

"It's a walking advertisement, yer Honor—no, but 'onest, yer Honor—not a beggar, to me my little maid."

At this Tom softened; and finally the man went away, leaving poor Hannah in tears.

CHAP. 4.—It is such a comfort to have a wise, far-sighted, strong-minded man for a husband. Suppose I had married one like poor Mr.

Brown! Gracious! I should have tormented his life out of him. It is too much for a woman to be obliged to think for herself, her children, and husband into the bargain. Tom is a treasure, a darling, a comfort!

To-night who should come home but Tom, with the "walking advertisement," in a new suit and hat, and shoes, and I don't know what not, and now he sits by the kitchen fire, turning griddle cakes! He is to live with us and help us, and we him, and David and Paul are planning boats, and martin-houses, and bows and arrows, delighted with a dear old friend.

MEM.—I have an idea that aged people are a comfort in a household.

JUNE 9, 18—. I do not think we should need sensation novels if people were attentive to what transpires around them, and even in their own families. Even Kitty Howard has her domestic tragedy, and we, conscientious, intelligent, and good as we are—Kitty being the worst of the lot—with her weakness, and tendency to flare up, have been the subject of more wicked gossip and scandal than any body in the place. I sometimes feel as if I had been skinned alive, and have learned to pity eels in the frying pan. It is women who make all this cruel mischief; women who do not read nor study, and have nothing upon which to expend their surplus energies but their neighbors. Every household should be considered safe in its own domicile, as its doings are nothing that concern others, unless detrimental to the public good.

MEM.—I wish I was a Judge, instead of Tom. I would get a stiff law passed, to restrain women from slander. Gracious! when we get power into our own hands won't there be doings.

JUNE 10.—Harriet is in prison! I have just been to see her. She is in great distress, and owns that she purloined from Mrs. Brown and Jane.

"I do not know what made me do so, Ma'am, I had enough; but somehow they lived so noisy and so quarrelsome—no order nor goodness—and I could not help it. Bad mistresses make bad girls, Ma'am."

I have been to beg Mrs. Brown and Jane not to quarrel against her, but they are inexorable. They declare that mistresses are not safe, when servants can steal with impunity. Jane told me that I was "*demoralizing* the public in trying to defend a thief." Kitty was rather flushed at hearing this, and when I repeated it to Tom he laughed heartily, and called it Satan rebuking sin, and sent me to read Milton.

JUNE 11.—Poor Harriet will have to go to the penitentiary. She is terribly cast down. I have promised to go into Court with her, and as her case will come before Tom, he will be lenient.

JUNE 20.—Poor Harriet has been carried away to prison. She plead guilty; being guilty, I told her it was better for her to meet her punishment bravely. I shall take her into my family again as soon as her time expires.

JUNE 21.—All this beautiful season seems partially lost to me by my increasing cares and anxieties; and yet not lost, for I am conscious of a delightful sense of joy coming to me by the odors of my roses; and my dear old man, Hannah's father, every day lays a bunch of flowers by my plate, and helps me in many ways. The angel child, Elizabeth, he carries in his arms, never tired of pleasing her. What a strange, unearthly beauty she has! Alas, alas! not for earth! To-day "Father Broom," as he likes to be called, spread her rubber mattress among the roses, and croned to her old ballads, which soothed the dear one. I sat by and saw how softly her blue eyes dwelt upon the blue sky, as if they belonged there; and when they closed in sleep, Father Broom whispered:

"The hangels are coaxing her away, Ma'am."

Mamma Howard came in her carriage to-day, and took us to ride. She truly loves me, and when I said it gave me pleasure to know it, she replied tenderly:

"We all love what is lovable, my daughter. I love you for your own sake, Kitty, and a thousand times more because you make Tom happy, and because you have strengthened and confirmed his manhood."

JUNE 23.—Elizabeth is now nearly three years old. At one time she grew quite strong, and we began to hope she might be spared to us, when we saw her pretty feet treading among the flowers, and chasing the butterflies, but now we see that she will leave us. She does not suffer in the least. The children are all so tender, so gentle with her, that the lesson is a lovely one in the household. Paul has an intuitive understanding of her. To-day the little ones covered her couch with roses, and brought their prettiest toys to amuse her. I heard Paul say:

"Tell me, sister, all about the children who come to play with you," and she answered very softly:

"There is David, here is Paul (kissing her and Rachel, and all the darlings, dressed in white;" and she looked around with a glowing smile.

"Pretty sister, don't you go away with the white children, will you, darling?" whispered Paul.

The child lifted her white hands and said a voice quite loud and distinct:

"Mamma, I'm going to play with the children by the bright water."

Pretty Elizabeth is gone!

It is June again, and Kitty writes—she has many, many pages filled with the tender glow of a tender mother, and we find scraps of poetry, which show that sorrow had idealized and sanctified the true woman. She gives a winter record, which she calls "After the Storm," and alludes to the departed child. It is dated:

JAN. 4.—The scene is lovely, indeed, after the storm, but the heart does not lay down a background of sorrow. The pine trees are bending under white garments, and each looks like a serene lady sitting with her hands folded. Snow, snow, every thing is new. The rails of the fence are a string of emerald—each part is a section with a silver head, for the top is a globe of snow. The uncouth statue is a Turk's head, with its silvery turban. The magnificent elm in front of my window still threaded in long folds of swan's down. One upper branch is a bird's nest of the last year, rounded cup, frosted to the brim.

Alas! for the beautiful bird's nest, cold and desolate, like the empty cradle which mother cherish, in still, cold, solitary rooms, and when they look upon alone and silent; and straightway they behold a small mound, rounded with white snow, out under the drear winter sky, at the little snow-filled nest upon the leafless tree.

JUNE 28.—It is a year since Elizabeth was. I wrote these lines with streaming eyes, and dear Tom sobbed like a baby when he read them.

THE LITTLE FEET.

Once when springtime roses came,
In our garden blooming sweet,
I one morning in the mold
Found the prints of Little Feet,
Two small feet which deftly trod
Over beds of mignonette,
All across the violets blue,
And where daffodils were set.

None of these had staid the pair
 In their light uncertain tread,
 Till they reached a lily bloom,
 Pure as her pure baby head.
 There the Little Feet were staid,
 Tiptoe prints were left behind,
 Where she plucked a lily bud,
 Sealed in beauty, like her mind.

Then my heart grew fond to trace
 All the prints of those dear feet,
 And my fancy saw the child,
 Golden-haired and winsome sweet.
 These small prints upon the earth
 Seemed a promise to me given
 That my little one should not
 Over soon be called to heaven.

She should walk with maiden grace—
 Be a woman in bright bowers—
 And her noble feet should walk
 Over thorns to find the flowers.

Months have come and passed away,
 June-time roses, as of yore,
 Bless the summer with their bloom,
 But the Little Feet no more

Leave their print upon the earth,
 My two hands, the dear, dear feet,
 Bound together, still and cold,
 Underneath the winding sheet.
 Now I close my eyes with tears,
 And again the picture trace
 Of the summer long ago,
 Gladlier made by her sweet face.

And I trace the Little Feet
 All along the darksome road—
 Down the valley, to the gates
 Of the Paradise of God;
 And I whisper, "it is well!
 Sometime we again shall meet;
 For to welcome me to heaven,
 First will come the Little Feet."

The Modern Artemis.

BY MARY ALICE IVES SEYMOUR.

USKIN has said, in "Queen of the Air,"
 "Of all types of young ladies' education
 is nothing so splendid as that of the
 daughters of Pandareos. They have liter-
 ally the four greatest goddesses for their govern-
 ess. Athena teaches them domestic accom-
 plishments, how to weave, and sew, and the
*Artemis teaches them to hold themselves up-
 right, Hera how to behave proudly and op-
 ulently to company, and Aphrodite—de-
 licious goddess—feeds them with cakes and
 wine all day long."*

We have heard of the athletic sports and
 gymnastic exercise practiced by the youth of an-
 cient Greece, but the fact that there were women
 athletes and teachers has not been so widely
 known. Nor is Ruskin our only authority, as
 we read of Count Caylus, Max Muller, Keightley,
 and a host of writers upon Mythology and Greek
 history very well know. Antiquity is no plea for
 the neglect of this much decried science of "Phys-
 ical Culture for Women," still it is pleasant to
 remember that beneath the sunny skies of
 Greece and amid the classic groves of the Cy-
 clades dwelt those whose duty it was to de-

velop the beautiful forms that haunted the
 dreams of Pygmalion and Phidias, and inspired
 the love which empowered them to impart life
 and immortality to cold, passionless marble.

But alas! our modern Artemis has fallen far
 below her sister of classic days; and she is seldom
 competent to mingle with the Heras and Aphro-
 dites of this world. And why? The fault is
 not hers. The blame rests with those who strive
 to decri physical culture, gymnastic exercise for
 women—those miserable, puny, feminine speci-
 mens of modern moneyed aristocracy who fear
 to tread outside the rules of French fashion
 plates, but order their manner and social rela-
 tions according to the pictured life of the *demi-
 monde*. We do not refer to the strictly aristo-
 cratic mothers and daughters of America, those
 grand old families whose names are found in
 our early colonial history, nor to the more re-
 cently wealthy, whose intellectual culture ren-
 ders them superior to those who merely boast

"The claims of long descent,"

but there is, in America, a class of snobs more de-
 testable than their English cousins who bear that