

## Kitty Howard's Journal.—No. V.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

**JUNE 21.**—Such a long, bright, beautiful day! The air so soft, so redolent of roses; and I so happy! It seems to me that when one *has* been truly happy, they can better bear sorrow, because of the blessed memories of the past; but when one can only look back upon long sorrowful days, and no better hope in the future, they must feel a weight of wrong and sorrow with no compensating relief.

I have now a second baby—such a darling! But nobody makes the fuss over him that they made over the first one. Even I, Kitty, seem to have lost much of my former interest. I am just as pretty, and a great deal wiser and better, but an old story as it were. Seeing all this, and being a little selfish, and a little exacting, I have had one great, long cry about it. Such a cry that I had to spread several handkerchiefs over the backs of chairs to dry. Then I knelt down and prayed, and it seemed to me that I never before prayed in my life, for I got up so cheerful, so bright, and so seeing that this was the natural course of life, that I am not only resigned, but happy and content. I will exact nothing—all the sweetness and goodness shall come to me, as what to the Jews was the “Free-will Offering,” and I will let my whole heart go out in love, whether it is or is not returned.

**MEM.**—Never to stop to think whether I am pleasing, wise or good, but go right on, to do what seems right and best, and most loving, without any regard to what follows.

**JUNE 22.**—I have been watching Tom of late with such little lynx eyes, that he would be distressed if he knew it; but I have settled the whole matter now and am content. The truth is this: I had been made such a pet of, that I felt the absence of my petting when the two children had converted me, poor little Kitty, into a sort of matter-of-course matron. Tom's kisses grew quite mechanical, proper, and a matter of course. This mortified and vexed me, till I solved the problem (using one of Tom's phrases).

I find Tom is entirely content with me. He is so assured of my discretion and desire to do perfectly right, so assured that I have no tricks nor deceptions of any kind, that I am true in the deepest recess of my heart; that he trusts me entirely, as I trust him. He knows that I will

not expend a cent beyond his income. He knows that the house is always fresh and neat, and our food wholesome and well cooked. He knows that I am no gad-about, and he knows too that Kitty has a will of her own, and a way of her own, and will think her own thoughts, and have her own views.

Now, these things may not be great. I do not expect to be great, but they are very respectable, and trustworthy, and create a sort of anchor ahead in case of emergency, and Tom, like a good honest blunderer as he is, has fallen right into my snares, and calls me Balm, and goes and comes as a matter of course, and kisses me just as he would kiss a rosary if he were a Catholic, because he is used to it; and goes out and works like a man among men, because nothing worries him at home.

There, that is the way Kitty has worked the whole thing up, and has grown content, and proud and young upon it. Every body reads Wordsworth's lines so pretty about a wife, and this morning I committed them to memory as a sort of prompter.

“A creature, not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

And now I am growing to be dignified. I hope to become so in time,—

“A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.”

**Aug. 12.**—My birthday, but I did not say a word about it, for after one is fully grown (if one ever is fully grown), anniversaries of any kind are the saddest things in the world. Tom and I have agreed to have little festivals, such as the feast of roses in June, and the feast of strawberries, feast of fruits, etc. in Autumn, which are pleasing to all, and less selfish and exacting.

David is very fond of his little brother Paul and has never known one jealous feeling. The first time he saw him he was wondrously grave and observant. Nurse, of course, poked her finger into his ribs and cried, “Now your nose

is put out of joint," at which he solemnly felt of his nose to see what was the matter, and then examined baby with great interest.

Next he came and looked into my face without a smile in the least, as if the whole matter was quite beyond his understanding. I kissed his poor little puzzled head, and laid it on my bosom, but he went away and brought forward his rag baby, and set down and rocked it. How oppressive must have been the working of his dear brain! At length he seemed to have arrived at some conclusion, for he went to nurse and laid his baby in her lap, and insisted upon taking the live child in his.

Nurse scolded, and laughed and screamed, and Hannah laughed too, but much more gently. David grew angry now, and tried to get hold of the child, and seeing the nurse hold it above him, he kicked and screamed lustily, at which I desired the nurse to lay it in his lap, which she did. Oh, how happy the poor child was! He kissed it and sang to it, and looked at it so tenderly! Then the baby began to scream, at which David was perfectly aghast, and pushed it from him as something he had not bargained for. Since then he seems ill-content unless with his little brother; but he is rather rough and needs looking after, for he likes to stick his little plump finger in his mouth, and has yet to learn that he can be hurt.

Aug. 14.—I have a slate for David, and am teaching him; to be sure I play games with him, "tit-tat-too," and "Walls of Troy," and I have taught Hannah these, that she may have the amusements of her age, and be the better able to aid me; and I find David draws the letters and figures and makes his cats and dogs and men nearly as well as she does, for his eye has been cultivated, while hers has been neglected. These images are made very primitive. For instance, we make a round O for the head, a long one for the body, two sticks on straight lines for the arms, and two for the legs.

David watches the process of creation with vivid interest, accompanied by a low chuckling laugh. Sometimes he grows excited and rubs it out. He does not yet achieve much, and is apt to carry great lines all over the slate.

This is all very simple, but it is the way the mind grows up, and David can not too soon acquire habits of attention, and acquaintance with forms. He can tell many of the letters as I draw them on the slate. It does not hurt his poor little brain to have some definite ideas in it any more than to let it run to chaotic waste, like a living hotch-potch. He can not be idle, and

if this amuses as well as instructs, it is well. It keeps him from mischief and fretfulness, which is a great point gained.

MEM.—I think I have done a good thing in taking my little maid Hannah, who promises to be all I could wish. A child is far better to be with a child than a grown person, they have so much more sympathy in each other. Besides, one can not be as sure that a grown stranger has the right moral qualities to safely trust a child to her.

SEPT. 3.—I found Hannah this morning carrying David back and forth in the room and he apparently enjoying it greatly, for he screamed when she attempted to sit. I at once took him from her arms and rubbed her shoulders and arms, greatly to her amusement, to let David see that it must be painful to her to carry him thus, and he certainly understood the lesson. It is a cruel thing to allow young, growing girls to carry children in their arms, as they are often compelled to do. David is to go on his own legs through the world.

SEPT. 20.—Spent some little time this morning teaching Hannah the rudiments of dancing, and David tried his little feet also. In this way I hope to make David more gentle and harmonious in his play. Children will be and must be much in motion, and there is no reason why their movements should not be made agreeable. I encourage the presence of the children of the neighborhood, because it is natural that the little ones should like to be together.

Paul promises to be quite as fine a child as David, and is growing splendidly. I think he is rather more forward than David was at the same age, and I account for it from the natural imitativeness of children; he studies after David, and tries to do whatever he sees him do, and hence advances more rapidly. There seems to be a sort of instinctive free-masonry between them, as if neither had quite forgotten some former language.

MAY 20, 18—David is now three years old, and I find him very companionable; he walks out with me, and really puts on the air of care and protectiveness, the latter quality being to my mind, one of the very finest of human attributes, involving benevolence and justice also. David is young to be sure, but I have strong ideas of educating him for the bench, and with that in view, I am slyly studying law myself. Tom laughs at the idea, but somehow I think women have more forecast than men, and it seems quite natural for us to make plans for our

children long years in advance. Besides this, I like to astonish Tom now and then with a new application of legal ideas, and see him open his eyes and laugh. He says he is beginning to think I am aiming at the ermine myself.

MAY 21.—This morning a pretty incident occurred which filled me with astonishment. I was walking with David, who did look like a little king—so strong, straight, and handsome, when I saw a tall negro coming toward us. It had never before occurred to me that the child had never seen one of his race, till he gave me a look fraught with amazement and courage also. He arrested my steps sharply, saying very firmly:

“Tand there, mamma.”

He dropped my hand and marched directly up to the man, and in a clear, defiant voice, lifting high his little head, said:

“Don't you dare hurt my mamma.”

The good-natured man laughed heartily to hear my young champion, and when I asked David to shake hands with him, he did so like a perfect little gentleman, but he was silent and thoughtful long afterward, and at length

seemed to have cleared it in his mind, for he said,

“Mamma, didn't he tome in the dark?”

MAY 22.—Every day I find a comfort in my little maid. She is entirely truthful, and so tender and thoughtful with the children. She had been so abused before I took her that her mind was warped and dwarfed, but not corrupted. In this way she was really more fortunate than if her lot had been cast with some fine lady who would have given her up to the companionship of bad servants, with their manifold methods of leading a young mind astray. I can trust the children with her now, knowing she will teach them no evil. She grows pretty with the prettiness of youth and purity. I take positive delight in teaching her, and she now reads with much propriety, and is studying history with a great deal of interest.

I remember Dr. Johnson said, “A girl can not have too much arithmetic,” and I am teaching her this with care. It is really comical to see David stand before the numeration board, and go over the numbers with as much earnestness as if he, and not Hannah, were the pupil.

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## The Deck of Life.

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BY M. JOSEPHINE BASSETT.

“'Tis merry to walk the deck of life.”—*Gerald Massey.*

'T IS merry to walk the deck of life  
 And eagerly watch the wanton strife  
 Of waves in tireless motion ;  
 To look abroad o'er the vast abyss  
 Of waters dark, and hear the hiss  
 And sullen roar of its caps, that kiss  
 The distant shores of ocean.

'T is merry to turn from outward view,  
 And look the scenes on shipboard through,  
 While winds without blow wildly ;  
 To list while a muttered curse is said  
 For heart strings bleeding, torn, and shred,—  
 To look on soft flushed cheeks of red,  
 And see pure eyes gleam mildly.

Oh, many the gay and varied scene—  
 Dark clouds, with rifts of joy between—  
 On this brave ship of ocean.  
 We see men passing to and fro,  
 Heedless, on their way who go,