

Kitty Howard's Journal.—SECOND SERIES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

JANUARY 4

TOM was grave—even solemn, after reading my journal, and said to me with tears in his dear eyes,

“Kitty, the more I learn of the goodness of which a woman is capable, of her tenderness and wisdom, the more I am convinced that her true sphere is in the moral, not in the political world.”

“I am not sure it may not be well to combine them, dear. Perhaps the laws might be made more humanizing if our women assisted in legislation.”

“No, no, Kitty. The world will be made only the more corrupt. Our only safety is in the family. The race must come to an end, as the Shakers believe, because no more children will be born, or wise men and women must leave the outside noise and scramble of the world to itself and look to the family. It is there that reform must begin. You do well, Kitty, to insist upon the training of the child; he is plastic as wax, and can be moulded to any form.”

“And yet there is the old family blood to assert itself, you remember!”

“Yes, yes, but the strongest will be the good blood, and that will eradicate the evil tendency, if parents and guardians are sedulous in training even the poorest descended child.”

Then I told Tom the following story in illustration of what education might achieve. It had been the custom in New England for old well-to-do families to take children from the Alms-house or elsewhere, to “bring up,” as it was called. My mother brought up several in this way, teaching them the best methods of housework, training them to pure, just, and honorable morals, affording them a good English education, and a trade if they desired it. At eighteen they received the fit out of an entirely new suit, from “tip to toe,” and remained in the family with wages, or left at their option.

Among these girls was one so incorrigibly bold and badly inclined, that she was for several years a greater trial to my mother than we children supposed, for to us she was nothing but a great romping girl, “up to fun,” and always ready to do for us every little office that

we might heedlessly shirk. She grew at eighteen to be a tall, large girl, lithe, but full in form, with bright rolling eyes, round dark face, smiles and dimples, red lips and white teeth, and a wonderful quantity of black curling hair. Indeed, realizing physically an idea of what Cleopatra might have been. At a glance one might see that Sarah would “never be a Nun,” that the laws of her being ran in slippery channels, and that all that could be done for her would be so to fill up her brain with high moral axioms that she might have through them a restraining force.

Accordingly my mother was diligent early and late, in exacting daily from Sarah a certain number of verses from the Bible, which she was to learn by heart. I, naturally reverent, could not often refrain a laugh at the wry faces made by Sarah as she went to my mother's room with her instalment of Scripture. At length she was eighteen and went away; suddenly blazing out like a full-blown peony with all the colors of a rainbow in her dress, which, sooth to say, became her royally. We saw her sometimes in the street, but she rather kept out of the way, and her name was interdicted. Subsequently I learned that my mother sometimes called upon her with solemn, wholesome warning.

In time a change fell upon the girl. She came with many tears and told my mother she could marry well if she dared. Then she was directed to make a clean breast of it, and my mother desired that the man should call upon her. I need not state the substance of the talk, but the result was they were quietly married in my mother's presence, who presented the bride a simple marriage costume. The husband proved to be a resolute, manly fellow, who ruled Sarah wisely and well, and though she sometimes might break from the traces, she was upon the whole a good wife. She and her husband were on board the San Francisco when she was wrecked at sea, and her poor husband having fastened his gold about his person, in attempting to jump into the life-boat, fell short and was drowned. Sarah has since told me that all through the fearful peril, verse after verse from the Bible, which she had been taught by my mother, now in Heaven, rushed through her brain. “Out of the depths I cry unto thee, O Lord—the waters overwhelm me,

but my trust is in thee," she repeated with frantic earnestness.

She came to shore a staid and religious woman, and returned to the old home where her mother before her had led her evil life, and to be rid of the care of her child, had sent her to the workhouse. Sarah opened there a school and a Sabbath school, and thus did her work of reform and Christian love. Thus the bad blood was in this case surmounted, and the leopard had literally changed his spots.

January 9.—Tom is now a Judge. I always said he should be, and he is. I am proud of him. I look after his clothes with great care, so he may look well on the bench, and keep a sharp eye upon his hair and whiskers—they curl nicely and are beautifully gray. I think Tom has unconsciously a little more imposing air in his manner, and is a little more grave and abstract.

January 11.—I have laid aside some of my dresses, which, though very pretty, seem hardly adapted to the gravity of a judge's wife. These will do for Rachel at some time. My good mother, a true lady of the olden time, used to say that after a woman is forty she ought not to change her dress with the fashions, but have a matronly style adapted to herself. Mary Knox, the wife of the General, and first commandant of artillery, as well as first Secretary of War under Washington, was a woman of good capacity and of very great beauty. Indeed, she was a Waldo, a family distinguished for grace and talent. After the disbanding of the army, she retired with the general to the comparative wilderness of Maine, but retained much of the courtliness that prevailed in the revolutionary army. To the last she wore at breakfast the little velvet hat worn by ladies of that period who followed their husbands to the war. This, with her abundant white hair, was said to have been very becoming. It showed, at any rate, an independence of fashion.

I shall never equal Lady Russel, Elizabeth Fry, nor any of those grand women of our revolutionary period, but in my poor little way I try to do what seems right and proper.

January 12.—I never, never in my life knew what it was to be either envious or jealous. The first evil quality is well symbolized, by "a snake gnawing at a file," for indeed, it is a reptile quality that must corrode and pain the heart of the possessor, and do itself more injury than it can inflict upon others. Jealousy is indeed "cruel as the grave," only an utterly selfish, exacting disposition can yield to this baneful

vice. I have been trying to account for a sort of coldness with which I have been met by some of my neighbors since Tom became judge. Mrs. Brown quite gave her head a toss as she passed me on my way to church, and Mrs. Jones whispered with a sneer, she hoped I "would not put on any more airs now, for I had enough before." I repeated this to Tom, with tears in my eyes, whereat he took me under his arm and swung me round with a great laugh, and called me a "goose," and so I am. He just said "envy and jealousy, my good little chicken." There, I can write no more. Cousin Annie is at the door. What a pretty foot she put out upon the carriage step to alight.

January 14.—Annie is bright as a butterfly. She has promised to give the children their music lessons, which will be quite a relief to me, and she and David are rattling away at the piano at a great rate. I do not like her style, but perhaps I am too grave, and a less thoughtful method may be of advantage in the family. Yes, I think it will, for there is my solemn Judge singing "Who is that knocking at the door," with great zest. Kitty, don't you cavil at that bright, pretty cousin.

April 18.—I think Cousin Annie is not a comfort in the family. She is a great care, being naturally careless and idle. Hannah and her father so dislike her that the good old man actually said to me, "Ah, madam, such women keep the world bad."

At which I reprimanded him as guilty of impertinence, when he, with tears gushing into his eyes, answered,

"When the horse is stolen shut the stable door."

The children make good progress in their music, most especially Rachel, who has a high artistic sense of all that is beautiful. Paul, in his honest lumbering way, improves also, and David rather neglects his other studies for music. Annie would sit and read novels, thump the piano, and gossip with the idle girls in the neighborhood all day, but this I can not permit, she being the inmate of the household, I am responsible for her habits. She is very pretty and knows it, which is natural, but her selfish levity are not to my taste.

April 19.—I have been greatly annoyed of late by a family just moved into the village, by the name of Runyon. They have a dashing independent way which greatly attracts the young people; plenty of money and fine dress and furniture, also. Their vanity, ostentation, and vulgarity are like flaming banners, and

every body is running after them. Annie told me they invited her to pay them a visit of several weeks. This I forbade, and I told her I should first send her home, and then if she went upon a new start it must be under the sanction of her parents. I told this to Tom, although I do not like to trouble him with such petty

matters, but, dear, good man, he kissed me tenderly and said, "You have rightly decided, Soc-ratina (a new name), and all that troubles you must be put into my goblet, that we may drink the whole cup of life together."

I have come to the solemn conclusion that a man is a comfort.

A Visit to Bonner's Stable.

BY PROF. D. MAGNER.

"CALL at my house at 8 o'clock this evening," said Mr. Bonner, after cheerfully greeting me from behind a large pile of papers. Promptly at the time I called, and found the editor at his stable, sitting behind one of his favorite horses (Joe Elliot) while a smith adjusted a shoe to one of his feet. Every little detail was carefully scrutinized by Mr. Bonner, even taking the shoe and holding it upon his camp chair while he patiently filed away the objectionable part, and when finally nailed to the foot, hammering down the clips himself.

"Now walk him a little," said he, when the same careful attention was given to see if the bearing of the shoe was easy and natural.

"The inside of the cork is a little too high, and must be filed down," said he; and when finally approved, the adjustment was indeed perfect.

During this time I looked around. Every detail exhibited the most perfect adaptation and taste. Truly a palace would be a more appropriate name for so perfect and expensive a stable. Five large box-stalls on each side of a wide alley; the divisions are about six feet high, with an iron railing extending around the top, completely isolating each occupant from the others, as well as from the gaze of visitors. As the door is open to admit Joe Elliot to his stall, I notice there is no manger; the hay is eaten from the floor. In one corner is an iron receptacle for feeding grain. It is low, very simple, and convenient. The nearer nature is imitated the better. That I knew, and often advised. There is more economy and less trouble to feed from a manger than from a rack, yet in nineteen out of twenty stables through the country the manger will be found so high and extending so far out over the head that a horse of ordinary size must reach up to eat his

hay, and in so doing sifts the seed and dust from it upon his head and eyes.

Nature has designed the horse to eat his food from the ground, else the pasturage would be raised to a level with the head. The proper exercise of the muscles of the forelegs and shoulders require this, and a neglect of it is often the cause of weak knees.

While looking at the floor, Mr. Bonner anticipated my inquiry by saying, 'the floor is made up by a series of slats, with spaces between large enough to allow the passage of water. Beneath this is a water-tight floor, with a pitch of two inches on one side for drainage, with the false flooring just that much thicker and higher on that side.

The extra flooring is so constructed in two sections that it can be raised from the center both ways, and placed on edge when removing the accumulation of objectionable matter beneath.

By this time my attention was called to the occupants of some of the other stalls. "Here," said Bonner, "is Princess, Flora Temple's greatest competitor. When I bought her, a short time ago, and placed her under my treatment, she moved like a foundered horse; this I knew was the effect of contraction and bad shoeing. The result of my treatment is proof of the correctness of my judgment, as you see she now moves as freely and natural as any horse. She is a little vicious, and we will take her in hand when convenient, if you wish." Princess looked at me with suspicion, but I soon made her *ladyship* submit to a caress. Of an irritable nature, she needed careful handling, and a little watching, to prevent a *snap judgment* in the way of a kick.

The next horse shown me was a bay, four years old, named Startle, one of the finest modeled horses of his age I ever saw, and from