

Kitty Howard's Journal.—SECOND SERIES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

JULY 4th.

THE anniversary of the great proclamation, by which a race of men of rare virtue, forecast, and sense of what are the inalienable rights pertaining to our humanity, cut the thread that bound us to England, and laid the corner-stone of a great democratic empire. We had prayers in the church, and the Declaration of our Independence read by our beloved pastor, and Rachel sung the solo to our national hymn. How clear, how sound, how sympathetic was her voice! It is such a privilege to be young. Verily! the young boy and girl should be crowned with flowers, and treated daintily, reverently. Every hand should be held out to keep their feet from slipping, and to give them assurance and a firm tread till they are able to understand what it is to be a denizen of the world—one of its hereafter destinies.

Instead of this protectiveness they encounter gibes and irony and derision. In our country they pay this back with hearty contempt, and swing onward, reckless, heedless, profaning themselves, and unconscious of the mighty perils upon which they rush.

JULY 5.—I have been thinking. I am more impulsive than thoughtful, leaving many matters entirely for dear, good Tom to think out for me; but others will not be so disposed of, and my own brain will do its own work in spite of Tom or anybody else.

Well, I have been thinking. Tom is five years older than I am, and he is forty years wiser and stronger. How all this wisdom and power came about is not the point just now, but I have an idea that it is one of the designs of God to make men strong and wise, and fit to govern the world, and women intuitive and spiritual, in order that they may incite the world to high and holy, and Christ-like pursuits.

Again, let me say, I have been thinking, and why? Tom is five years older than I am, and that is only a trifle—perhaps better than less—but when our pastor, Rev. Mr. Hartman, read the Declaration of Independence my Rachel turned to me with brilliant eyes, and asked, "Mamma, was there ever such a beautiful voice?"

I replied quickly, "your father's is much finer," whereat she looked disappointed. I be-

gan to think. Mr. Hartman is ten years older than Rachel. Ten years! I had never thought of what I now see. That Rachel should be regular at church was to be expected—Tom and I go always, though, I confess, the dear man sometimes does beg off, and tells me to hear for him; and sometimes I have not the heart to insist upon his going, when he tells me what an *indulgent darling* I am, and all that sort of thing, for I must own that Tom flatters me when he has a point to gain. Generally I will not allow him to stay at home, for I have a suspicion that a wife must keep her husband straight in a moral and religious line.

Ha! ha! ha! laughed Tom over my shoulder, when I had written thus far. "That is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as we say in law, Kitty. I yield myself entirely to your supervision; what you do not forbid nor caution me not to do I shall feel is all right and proper, and do accordingly!"

Whereat I took a pin and pinned his coat to my gown, and told him I would trust him just as far as I could see him and no further. "Oh you bad boy! you have cost me a world of care to train you in the way you should go, and now you are old I will see that you do not depart therefrom." And we were quite merry, at which Rachel peeped in to enjoy the laugh; but we turned it off as best we could. I suppose we were ashamed of baby talk. Tom had made me look in the glass, and said I grew handsome every day, and I told him ditto, and Rachel said I blushed like a rose.

I am sure I did, and why not? My hair is beautifully white and soft, and I wear a rose, or blue ribbon tied around it, and it—the hair—waves very prettily. I suppose I ought, according to common ideas, to feel old, but I do not. My cheek is smooth and fresh, and my step as light as ever. I haven't a pain or ache in the world, and sleep like a baby. I do not sigh for my youth, because I have never lost it, and I regard songs and poetry like

"I would I were a boy again,"

and all that kind of stuff, as poor and maudlin. Now, to-day, we should be young and happy, whether at twenty or four score; and at the latter age we ought to hear the music from the golden harps stealing outward from the crys-

tal walls of Paradise. I am sure I felt all this when I wrote the following:

THE DAY DAWNETH.

Up to the mountains of our God,
Oh weary pilgrims hie!
With broken staff, and feet unshod,
And half despairing cry;
Ye only mark the uplifted rod,
Ye only yield the sigh.

Oh faint of heart! lift up your eyes,
Behold how breaks the day!
Oh deafened ears! along the skies
The joyous tabrets play;
Awake ye feeble souls, arise,
The Master calls away.

Stoop down, dear Lord! speak very low,
Lest we amid the noise
Of maddening sin, and weary woe,
May hardly dare rejoice;
May fail thy dulcet tones to know,
Nor hear thy loving voice.

Oh foot-sore pilgrims! heed ye not
The flinty path ye tread;
The Master's feet the path has wrought,
The night dews wet His head;
Your sorrowing tears are not forgot,
For He the like hath shed.

Oh feeble souls! depressed by fear,
Behold how breaks the light!
Trust the dear Lord, and ye shall hear
The songs He gives at night;
Though hang the dark clouds over near,
The lining still is bright.

JULY 6.—I have not yet told my thought, and I will hurry it up now, before I am tempted to digress again. Well, as I before said, we are a regular go-to-church family, and I now recall to mind that Rachel has been exceedingly punctual and very earnest in her responses. Her voice is so clear and round in the choir that her father and I often cease to sing in our pew, that we may listen to her, and when we do, Paul stops also, wondering what is the matter; and then Lily Burns looks up from her pew to see what ails Paul, and there is a little commotion, which I arrest by singing in my loudest voice, and so all is righted.

Rachel is quite handsome, with a lovely tone of look and manner, thoroughly the lady, and yet bright and joyous, as girls in good health should be. Sometimes when I have been playing chess with Mr. Hartman, Rachel will lean upon my shoulder, and I now remember he blunders in his game when she does so.

Another thing that has a little worried me. Tom and I are much older than our pastor, and we have entertained for him a paternal regard, sometimes giving him a hint in his vocation; and when he is perplexed about the conduct of a man or woman of the church, he comes to us for advice, for he is by no means disposed to admit people to the holy rites of the church whose walk is not in accordance with the requirements of worthy membership. This has made him like a son to us, and when we found him staying away, and rather reserved in his intercourse with us, I was somewhat distressed; for any estrangements by those once dear to me is exceedingly painful to me. I, with my natural candor, remonstrated with him. He was agitated, and exclaiming, "Oh, Madam! I am unworthy of your goodness," seized his hat and made his escape. I was grieved, and went to Tom as soon as he returned from his office, and asked what it could mean.

MEM.—It is such a comfort to have a wise, good man to go to when in trouble. I am losing faith in the wisdom of us women, but think both heads ought to go together—one man's and one woman's—and even then the world will not be over wise.

Tom listened in silence, and in turn seized his hat, and, in going out, exclaimed, "I hope the poor young man has not fallen upon any evil practice; I must see, Kitty, and help him out of his difficulty; and so he went, and came back with a mysterious, but right merry face. In the evening Mr. Hartman called and challenged me to a game of chess. I observed his eyes were bright, his cheek flushed and his hand trembled, but he played with even more than his wonted skill, while I, wondering what it all meant, blundered sadly, so that he finally exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Madam! you allow a wretched pawn to take your beautiful queen," and he took the piece triumphantly.

The game was spoiled, and I fell to thinking, and Mr. Hartman, bending his handsome head, asked, "Am I too presumptuous?"

"I will think, I replied. "She is nineteen in years—ten years in character. My baby! my pet lamb! Oh, Mr. Hartman! it is much very much. I will think."

"I am too old, I fear, Madam—an old fashioned religious man, also; one who believes in the sacredness of marriage, one who would not take the most beautiful woman in the world, unless her dear heart went with her hand, unless she felt that her soul would find growth

and peace in my companionship, unless all that is pure and lovely in her mind would find repose in mine. I must worship my God truly—as truly as a monk of old—but I can love and cherish a wife with singleness and devotion," and he kissed my hand.

At this moment Rachel's beautiful voice came from the piano, singing in mournful recitative the following

SONNET :

Immortal made by Love! The time will be
When men will say, "Ah! she was passing fair,
Her voice lent sweetness to the summer air,
Like murmur of the Hælyon o'er the sea,
With eyes half passion and half reverie
Beneath her wealth of golden shadowed hair;
But ah! she drove her poet to despair;
He who had worshipped her on bended knee;
The gentlest heart that ever beat she broke;
The manliest heart, enshrined in manliest frame,
The love of ladies, and the pride of men.
He loved her, madly loved her, nor awake
Till all had perished; manhood, hope, life,
fame
And she loved *him* as madly, whisper then."

She paused before she gave the last line, which was rendered with infinite pathos. Mr. Hartman started, turned pale. "May I join her?" asked he earnestly.

"Go," I replied, and then I sat thinking. Ten years! when she is thirty he will be forty! So intently did I strive to penetrate the future, and divine if it were wise and well that these two should join their hands, that I did not notice that Tom was standing over the back of my chair, till he said:

"Ten years are nothing, darling, where the parties are intelligent, and generous, and affectionate. I should love you if you were twenty years older than myself."

"Now Tom, don't be foolish. Had I been twenty years older than you, never once would you or I have thought of each other in connection with marriage. Never, Tom. Had I been ten or even five years older, you, who are so young yourself, would have thought me too old."

"You would have been Kitty, and I should have loved you any way."

"Now don't be foolish, Tom. We do love, and that is enough. 'We might have been' is a silly way of viewing things in this world. I hate to see an old woman tying herself to a young man, and not the less do I dislike to see an old man tying a young girl to his bald head and grey hairs. Such things are unnatural and

indecent, in many points of view. People should marry for the sake of companionship, for the sake of a home, and for the sake of children. Where none of these conditions suitably exist, marriage ought to be out of the question. You know, Tom, that I speak the truth. Marriage should go with youth, and love, and beauty. Old people do not need it."

"My wise little Jungine! But Hartman is young, and will be young at fourscore. He is a handsome fellow, too. I like to hear a handsome man speak, the sex is then better represented."

"But ten years, Tom! I am trying to think had you been as much older should I have felt toward you as I now do?" and before I thought of it, Tom took me upon his knee, and I kissed him, and felt that "neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any creature," could have separated us two; and when I looked up and saw Rachel in her virgin bloom resting upon the arm of George Hartman, and the moon shining upon their royal heads—shining as if Dion had kissed Endymion through them—I saw it was a destiny, or design, which must work its own way through these two.

While Tom and I gazed after them, Paul and Lily came in, and the former, peering from the lattice, gave a long whistle, and then the four lovers joined hands and the two girls embraced, while Tom whispered, "It seems as if it were you and I, Kitty. I only hope they will be as tender and true."

"Why, Tom, these are fine boys, but nothing equal to what you were when of their age," whereat my husband laughed with tears in his eyes, saying he "didn't know as it was quite right to bedizen a nice little head in that way."

But I am sure there never was a happier household than ours has always been, which is in part, I think, because Tom has always been the head of the house, as a man should be, and I have so honored him, believing by so doing I honored myself; and if I have sometimes been petulant, or have uttered or looked any crossness, I have always been ashamed of it, and have said, brightly and cheerfully, "forgive me, darling," and then he would kiss me, and call me "queeny," and so all was forgotten; and we never, never have had a sulky hour, and never, in the family, little tiffs and broils and sharp words, and ugly repartees; all of which things are ill-bred and uncomfortable.

Sometimes Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones have said that Madam Howard was very precise, and

so polite they were afraid of her. Polite people are never afraid of each other, and the most Christ-like people are the best bred, because, in all things, they do as they would be done by, and put themselves in the place of another, in order to do the kindly, genial, Christian act.

While I thought over all these things, which I did, leaning my head upon Tom's shoulder—for we two old lovers were too happy to talk—Mr. and Mrs. Burns came in, and they looked out and took a peep at our good, beautiful lovers—pure and innocent as angels—and then Mrs. Burns kissed me and thanked me for giving her daughter such a worthy husband, and then I thanked her for Lily; and we two mothers-in-law to be, talked and made our plans and agreed about the presents to be made to the young couple, just as if mothers-in-law were not the most exacting, cruel, hateful creatures in the world, and just as if Paul was not bound to hate and quarrel with Lily's mother, and Lily to hate and quarrel with me! This has been a day marked with a white stone.

I ought before this to have noted, as I did in my journal, that Paul's house is nearly done. We have given advice as to plans, most especially Mrs. Burns and I, about the store-rooms and cellar, as our experience in house-keeping has resulted in many improvements, which it is too late to make in our own premises, and we both agreed that, to careful housekeepers, the routine becomes like good machinery, that seems to work of its own volition, and we never need be solicitous about it. The truth is we have both been very devoted wives and mothers—though, to be sure, Mr. Burns is by no means a Tom—how could he be?—and now we are quite exempt from care, and are able to ride, and walk, and visit, like young girls.

Mrs. Burns goes with me to the prisons and poor-house, where we carry a bright, or sympathetic thought sometimes, and even Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones, who say we are “stuck up,” begin to like us.

Oct.—Mrs. Burns and I have had a pleasant time in fitting up Paul's and Lily's house ready for their marriage and occupancy. So many little comforts we were bent upon furnishing for our darlings, that we decided it was best to act in concert, lest we should cumber the house with duplicates. We have agreed to have a grand house-warming, and a dance for the young people. Subsequently we will have prayers, and dedicate the house to God and the spirit of love and divine peace. After this little ceremony we are all to go to the church, where the Bishop and Rev. Mr. — will perform the

double ceremony, for Mr. Hartman desires to be married at the same time with Paul.

Mrs. Burns aided me in arraying the pretty parsonage for Rachel, and neither bride knows aught of the treasures stored away for their comfort in their new homes. We have prepared the linen and silver, and the unostentatious embellishments of the two houses. They will begin housekeeping moderately, not by any means as handsomely as the homes they leave. Simple furniture, simple ornaments. They have their own fortunes to make, and must not expect to begin where their parents left off. They must, by economy and self-denial, provide for the comforts of coming years when all endeavor will be more toilsome than in early life. Paul, the darling, works like a Trojan—trujent, the neighbors say, if anybody knows what that means—up in the morning with his men, planting, sowing, gathering in his crops, and going from cellar to attic, in supreme admiration of the home to be, and all the youthful hopes inspired thereby. Then he studies manfully, Latin, and French, and German, etc., and reads history, biography, and works of science. He is thoroughly temperate in all things, and helps those who are otherwise, by good words, reproof, or encouragement. In truth, Paul may be winnowed and little chaff found.

Mr. Hartman is even more than ever devoted to his people, and has broken out into sudden cheeriness—sings and walks, and works, and acts as if his own happiness might bless and magnetize the whole parish. Lately he asked me to go with him to visit several old members of the community, men and women not over wise nor provident and, as to that, not over good. I found a great parcel, or rather, several of them, and these I was to help him to distribute. There were petticoats of wool, and warm gowns, and drawers, and trousers; not one a piece, but a change of each, thus providing for cleanliness. How the old, dim eyes ran over at the sight of so much comfort! and how they all promised to read the Bible, and go to church, or to pray to God at home! But Mr. Hartman was the sight to behold—a Saint John with his Christ-like face. I blessed him with my whole heart, and told him he was worthy to be the son-in-law of the good Judge.

MEM.—When I said this I thought I saw a smile upon his face, not quite evangelical. I told Tom so, at which he laughed terribly, and rather displeased me by so doing.

Oct.—To-morrow morning, Sunday, is to be

the wedding day, before church, when the brides will go to their own pews, and at noon go to their new homes. All is in readiness to receive them. They go no journey, which I think is an indecency, but like young, modest people, stay at home rationally and comfortably.

Mrs. Burns and I got a little flustered and over busy in getting things ready, as was natural, and Mr. Burns and Tom joked us a bit, and called us "old girls," but we have subsided now. I presented Mrs. Burns with a handsome dress to be worn on the occasion, and, to my amazement, she produced one almost like it, a present to me!

Oct.—It is now Saturday night. Tom is out to a hateful political meeting, for he goes to Congress this year. To-day I had a letter from David, a dear, good letter, such as boys write to a mother, and I took it in my bosom and walked in the woods, and read it again and again, for the comfort it inspired. I was quite alone, for I needed no companionship in this precious comfort. The following is a part of my thought:

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

The green-draped hills and bending sky,
The water-fall and glen,
With all the melody of earth,
Are beautiful, as when
With bounding step and throbbings wild,
A part of each I was, a little child.

No tumult now, but o'er me comes
A sweet, yet sobered pleasure:
It sinks into my inward sense,
A calm that has no measure,
And now I feel each thing to be
An oracle of peace and love to me.

I mark the blossoms, loving still
The shadow of green wood;
The lowly trailing vine becomes
A minister of good;
And gurgling on, the pebbly brook [look.
Smiles upward, with its pure and tranquil

The last year's leaves are grey and old,
And damp beneath the tread,
But 'mid them golden rods appear,
And asters lift the head—
The uncouth root is rounded green
With velvet moss and winter's dreary sheen.

And here, beneath the roots, behold!
'The squirrel's store is left,
A heap of mouldered walnut shells,
Piled in this cosy cleft—
How like the poet's musty rhymes
On musty shelf away, in after times!

David says, "I am quite myself, my precious mother. I have seen Blanche more than once at Baden Baden, where, I regret to say, her husband is a noted gambler. Poor Blanche looked distressed and mortified, and somehow she looked coarse and common to me. The scales have fallen from my eyes. I am a little ashamed of myself, dear mother, but not much, for it was all real, true, and the best of myself at that time. Blanche seemed to me made up of Cleopatra and Aspasia, with a touch of the calm Lady Russell. Such is the glamour of young eyes. I used to thrill under her musical voice, and even now forgive all but her treason. I say this, and drop the subject forever.

"But mother, how like a revelation it comes to me, that the passionate love, of which we dream, fills up but a small portion of the life of a true man. I recall your own beautiful life and that of my father, made up of pure, rational enjoyment, transparent as truth, faithful and loyal as love, if true, must ever be. The less the life is based upon the passions the nobler it becomes.

"So Paul and Rachel are to be married. I like these marriages, suitable in every way, good stock blending with good stock. Blunt, good Paul, the very best fellow in the world, and worth a dozen of me. Mother, Ada Burns is but little younger than Lily, and used to be much more thoughtful and a great deal prettier. Is anybody figuring round her? If so, I should like to wring his neck for him. I am coming home, and I will sit on the bench yet, a solemn, learned judge, and get married if I can, and be a comfort to you all, for I have been but a graceless boy, I feel."

Sunday night—Paul and Rachel have gone home, and Tom and I are quite alone, when Ada Burns slipped in. I kept thinking how lovely, how almost holy the two brides looked this morning, and did not see that Ada was troubled. But Tom, who is never self-involved as we women are, saw it, took her to his side and whispered something as to what is the matter, at which she burst into tears, and laying her pretty head on his shoulder had a good comfortable cry. At length she said:

"Judge Howard, I am so lonesome, and here David sends me a piece of poetry, just as if I was a spirit-rapper, a ghost, or something dreadful. Just hear him. I should think I might think of Paul's brother without wanting him to be rock-crystal, or an Æolian harp screaming in at a window."

Tom is awful at a laugh. When he got his breath he cried out, "Here you have it, Kitty.

The poets are always playing the mischief. Plato did right to banish them from his republic."

Then I took the paper from Ada's hands, and read the following, which he had sent her from London, and written nothing else. I ought to say that Ada responded to the Judge's remark in this way :

"I am sure Judge, David is twice as handsome as Paul, only it is such a pity that he writes verses!" at which Tom laughed again without mercy, and I said "poor, dear David!" But here is the poem :

LET ME BE A FANTASY.

Like the faint breathing of distant lute,
 Heard in the hush of evening, faint and low,
 For which we lingering listen, though 'tis mute,
 I would be unto thee, and nothing more—
 Oh nothing more!

Or like the wind-harp, trembling to its pain
 With music joy, half covetous of woe
 Ere it shall sing itself to sleep again,
 So I would pass to thee and be no more—
 A breath no more.

Like luster of a stone which wakens thought
 Pure as the cold, far-gleaming mountain snow,
 Like water to its crystal beauty wrought,
 Like all sweet fancy dreams, but nothing more
 A shade, no more.

Like gleams of better worlds, and better truth,
 Which our lone hours of aspiration know,
 I would renew to thee the dreams of youth,
 Touch thy good angel wing, oh, nothing more!
 Oh never more!

Ada continued to cry with great enjoyment till her father and mother came, and we had a pleasant chat.

MEM.—Ada will not understand David. Perhaps it does not matter. What a pity men could not pare off half the heart and give it to a woman, which is about as much as she knows what to do with! But what will become of the other half?

OCT.—It is a year since I made my last entry, and now I am grandmother. Dear, beautiful, endearing term, which implies some authority and a wise maternity. It seems such a brief space since I opened my journal and wrote, "My First Baby." Scarce a day, and now it is my first grandchild!

Surely life is full of blessedness. We had begun to feel the need of more to do, more in the house. One can not read law forever, nor write poetry, nor cook and darn stockings; and soon these children of ours, by proxy, will be filling the house with cheer. They must be trained,

and loved and cared for; and Kitty Howard has joyous work before her. The child is Paul's and Lily's, strong and smiling, a fair boy, which we call Judge and John, for variety.

David has returned, and there will be another wedding ere long.

Last night I had a curious dream, which I think very significant, but I do not infer thence that I am to lay aside the material and take on the heavenly garment; for I think Tom and I being both young, temperate, and perfect in health ought to live at least a hundred years. This would be undesirable, if we must either of us fall into dotage and decay, but while the capacity of so much enjoyment remains, we are young. People talk too much about years. I once read Cicero on old age, which seemed to me formal and artificial, but good old Cornaro, at a hundred years, fairly sings for joy. But I must tell my dream:

I seemed to be in a large, beautiful country with hillsides and valleys, and a sense of infinite peace. My invisible friend was with me, and we wandered along, filled with content. At length he whispered, "It is time to go back," and we entered my house and chamber, where I saw all things as usual, my books on the table, and garments upon the chair. At first I did not see the bed, but presently my vision became better adjusted, but not till I had read several times, "Where is my body? where is my body?" Then I saw myself lying upon my bed, with one hand under my cheek, and sleeping. I said in a low voice to my companion, "There, I have slipped in, but I liked to have lost the chance."

Tom says he is afraid I shall wander away some time and not come back, and then I tell him, if I do it will not matter, for I shall be still with him; we who have begun our heaven here below can never be separate. We, who are one in spirit, are truly and righteously married, and are eternally united. We are made partakers of a great joy, a great mystery, and whereas others are tossed about with many sorrowful conflicts, we have been able to effect perfect harmonies.

What more can Kitty Howard say? Should she write about her grandchildren it would be but a repetition of the story, without an end; the godliness of love, the holiness of the household; and so Kitty will close the leaves and write no more. Her journal is done.

A PROSPEROUS merchant has for his motto: "Early to bed, and early to rise, never get tight, and advertise."