

The corset is the greatest modern promoter of ugliness. It is responsible for sallow, leaden complexions, crooked spines, round shoulders, bowed backs, high shoulder blades and collar-bones; for red noses, pimples, swollen feet, and purple hands, and a general weariness of look and motion; for it makes women too tired to do any thing that they can help doing. It takes the womanliness out of them. Can you think of a tightly-corseted woman as the mother

of Christ? The face of the pictured Madonna bending over the infant Saviour, has no traces of the pain caused by compression.

Worse yet, a mother who has ruined her figure and her health by corsets, transmits both in that state to her daughter. Where, then, is the evil to stop? Have we not already departed too far from the proper standard of health and beauty?

## Kitty Howard's Journal.—SECOND SERIES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

SEPT. 20.

A COLD, drizzling rain, the wind howling around the chimney like some demon intent upon entrance, threatening, muttering denunciation and spite. Thus do the wicked strive to distress the good. The Judge has been called away upon a very serious case in a neighboring town. David went with him. Paul has gone to visit Uncle James Howard, who is a prosperous farmer—cultivated and diligent. He holds his own plow, swings an axe, if need be, and is practical in every sense of the word; and yet his hands are not grimed with dirt, nor does he ever carry about him the odor of barn or stable. He is a gentleman-farmer in the high sense, honorable, out-spoken, true, warm-hearted, and religious. Aunt Betty, his wife, is a model farmer's wife, attends to every thing, makes the best butter in the market, has the finest breeds of poultry; and every thing from Cedarhedge Farm is as perfect as can be. Aunt Betty's round, white arms and peachen cheek are beautiful to look upon, the more beautiful that they are the outward expression of the wholesomeness and sweetness of her daily life. Swedenborg says the angels know the state of a man by the tones of his voice, and I am sure they must love to listen to Aunt Betty's. When I have been rather under the weather (for Kitty is altogether too sensitive), and nervous, Aunt Betty always comes to me, and brings me something fresh and nice from the farm, but it is her dear voice that helps me most—tender and gracious, as if a

cooing dove had learned to speak words, and my threadbare nerves are soothed as by a poultice. And then their children are the natural expression of father and mother, well mixed. It is good for Paul to be there.

Rachel is learning a duet with Blanch Runyon. Hannah is gone for a few days to minister to the Widow Giles, who is sick, most probably dying, and is so cross-tempered that people will not serve her, even in her utmost need. Every day that I live I see how all-important for the comfort of a household is sweetness of temper, most especially in a wife and mother. The Widow Giles suffers the natural consequence of her jealous, violent, and envious temper, for when you sift down the glum looks, harsh words, and violence of men and women, they all resolve themselves into the vices of envy and jealousy. I never yet saw any body great enough or good enough for Kitty Howard to envy, and as for jealousy, I may not be the most charming of women, and have little thought in that direction, but to be jealous of the charms of others will not heighten mine, nor lessen theirs. What is, is, and it would be better for men and women to smother their selfishness, and make the best of themselves by letting other people alone.

Aunt Betty's "Dear sakes! where is the good of fretting? Does not the rain come, and the sun shine just the same?" is good philosophy. I think she never sees a sin or a fault for which she does not find an excuse. She said of the Widow Giles. "Poor soul! when a wo-

man hasn't good books, nor money, nor wit, nor wisdom, what can she do but scold! She has an excuse, and, Kitty, those that have friends, and comforts, are right down wicked if they do not bear with such."

Sept. 25.—Lilly Burns called this morning, and after talking in her pretty childish way about the birds and flowers, and playing "Auld Lang Syne," with such distinct, unembellished emphasis that the piano talked, she put her lips close to my cheek and whispered,

"Won't Paul come home soon?"

"Yes, darling, and you must study, and be very diligent while he is gone."

"Do you love me, Mrs. Howard?"

"I think you a good, sweet-tempered child, and love you," I said; whereat she put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and ran away.

Lilly is more than lovely, she is a Muse—a poem. Paul sits with his large, calm eyes, and looks at her as he does at the marble Psyche in my room. I am glad he is gone for awhile, for though less impulsive than David, he has a profound earnestness and depth of feeling that will lead him to breakers, should mishap come to him.

Sept. 30.—It is but too true, the story about Sally Liscom. She is in prison, accused of infanticide, and my husband is away. I made up my mind at once what to do. I went to the prison, and asked to see the poor, unhappy girl. It was a sad, sad sight. Her beautiful golden hair was all tangled and over her face, and her eyes swollen with weeping. I sat down by her and combed out her long hair, without speaking. Sally sobbed at intervals, but seemed stunned—too distressed to fully analyze her misery. She kept pinching her throat, and shuddering. At length I said to her:

"Can you tell me all about yourself, oh! it shall not harm you. I will be your friend."

"Friend!" she sobbed out. "It is all true. Nobody can befriend me. I must die! die!" and a gush of tears came to her relief.

"Have none of your friends been to see you—your father, mother, or sisters?"

She shook her head mournfully. "Not one. Father turned me out of doors as soon as he found out how I had disgraced the family."

"And your mother?" I asked.

"Oh! women have no minds of their own."

And she dropped her head upon her arms again. As she lay thus, her fine shape in its total abandon strikingly visible, and her long,

bright hair falling in heavy masses over her shapely shoulders, she presented a striking image of the frail, beautiful Magdalen. I laid my hand upon her forehead, and tenderly importuned her to tell me the particulars of her case. She did so, dwelling with a remorseful horror upon the final catastrophe. I observed she suppressed the name of the father of her child, and I asked if she could not reveal it.

"Never, never!" she ejaculated. "He loves me. He dare not come to me. He has to carry a calm face to the world. He is more miserable than I am."

"He is weak, wicked, and cowardly," I said, with warmth. She answered not a word. Oh! how many sorrowful things a generous, loving woman garners away, uncomplaining, while the coarse woman flaunts imaginary wrongs, and complains where she only is at fault!

I went away leaving the poor girl at least with a better sense of comfort.

Oct. 1.—A beautiful autumnal day. I used to dread the "melancholy days" of the falling leaf, which seemed to me the prelude to decay and death, but now that I have less of selfishness the mellow autumn days grow very lovely to me. I think when a woman approaches her autumn, she is like the peach and the apple, fully ripe.

I hastily wrote the following while waiting for my carriage, and with a deep sense of content and happiness:

#### EMBLEMS.

Thy virgin heart, white Lily, show,  
Nor blush that bright the sun-god stays  
To kiss thee at thy golden core.  
Thus maidenhood should only know  
That sweetest are sweet spring-time days,  
Nor think of summer at the door.

Bloom brightest, oh, thou loveliest Rose!  
Bloom bright beneath, protecting thorn!

Around thy bodice green the while.  
Thus doth true womanhood disclose  
A finer grace when guarded worn,  
With not too beaming bright a smile.

Oh racy, rich, oh, mellow prime!  
With sweet aromas overdown—  
Apple, acacia, and heartsease!  
Oh, fairest Indian-summer time!  
With sons and daughters fairly grown,  
And little care, yet sure to please.

White, lily white, but snow-drops now  
Wove stainless o'er the matron-head;

'Tis autumn at the winter's fall;  
Faint areolas light the brow—  
Along a brightening pathway led  
She walks, and hears the angels call.

No sooner had the above been penned, than I hastened to call upon the father of poor Sally. The latter has been well known for her distinguished beauty and superior intellect, but she has been regarded as reserved and somewhat taciturn, taking little interest in the gayety of girls of her own age. She was diligent in her habits, and by her taste and good economy, kept the family comfortable, and even genteel, with moderate expenditure.

I found the father one of those physically handsome men, who talk a great deal about their honesty and honor, and are ready to fight every body who may oppose them. He keeps a grocery, about which he lounges, and chews, and smokes, and talks of horses, and bargains in them, and swears, and bets upon politics and elections. I sent him word that I wished to see him, and he came in with an air of defiant swagger, saying:

"Madam Howard, I suppose you want to talk to me about my daughter. I turned her out of doors six months ago, and she is no more to me than any other loose woman."

"I wonder, Mr. Liscom, to hear you talk in this unfeeling way. Why did you turn her out of doors?"

"Why, indeed! because she was a disgrace to herself and family"

"I do not see that that is any reason for turning her out of doors. If you can not bear the disgrace, I do not know who else you can expect to bear it. I do not think disgrace before men is the point at all; it is sin before God, and you have driven her to a greater crime."

"I? I?" ejaculated the man, turning pale; but he rallied, declaring he would let her die. The family had suffered enough from her; and as to the women, not one of 'em shall disgrace themselves by going near her. I took the mother's hand, and implored her to go to her child. She sniffed a little, and said "It was all Sally's own fault, she'd done her best for her. They'd never hang such a pretty girl as Sally; she knew better." One of the sisters grew very red in the face, saying she should "never be able to hold her head up again; the family was disgraced."

"Suppose it is," I replied, "you are not alone in these matters. Do the kind, human thing. It does not matter to the world whether

you hold your head up or not. We have no right to turn our weak ones out upon the charity of others—which will always make them worse. We must help them, bear with them, pray for them. Let the world go, and do a human duty toward those that have your own blood in their veins."

"I tell you what it is, Madam Howard," replied the man, "that girl knows how to work her cards. She'll not die; she's too handsome for that."

"If your daughter is bad, sir, depend upon it, there is a black spot in father or mother, which she inherits." Kitty said this quite warmly, and went her way."

The world is full of cant about tender mothers and gentle women. It is one-half of it nonsense and affectation. The majority of the women, like the men, are vain, selfish, callous-hearted, and stupid. Now this mother of poor Sally will not realize the situation of her child till the final catastrophe, and never will realize that it was not only her Christian, but her human duty, to protect, shield and comfort her in her ruin and misery. The more wicked she became, the more did she need friends. Her suffering comes from a heart too tender, not from a cruel, selfish one.

Oct. 10.—The Judge is at home, and approved of all I have done for poor Sally, whom I have often visited.

David is causing me no little anxiety, and his father is quite out of patience with him. I had some fears that he would involve himself with Annie, but she is pretty and shallow, while Blanch Runyon is really handsome, and if not intellectual, is bright and well-informed. She pays great court to me, and though nine or ten years older than David, seems bent upon deluding him; and he takes the bait most willingly. He writes her poetry, and she puts it to music; and no sooner can he be rid of his books, or evade the eye of his father, than he is fooling himself with a woman who is much too old for him. But so it is. Old men hanker after young girls, and look foolish with them, like children with a toy, while young boys are sure at some time to involve themselves with women of mature years.

Oct. 11.—I have Hannah home, the good girl. To the amazement of every body, the Widow Giles is recovering, and as her strength increases so does her temper.

"Don't let Hannah go to nurse Mrs. Jones," said the Judge.

"Why not, dear?" I asked, for Kitty is not very quick-witted.

"Why, she will get well, and poor Jones will be in despair."

"Oh! you wicked cynic!"

"People must make themselves agreeable, if they want friends, or expect to keep them."

MEM. I think the books deal too much in heroics. People are made happy by very little things.

MEM. If we don't begin heaven here, we shall never find it.

Oct. 26.—I passed some time with Sally this morning, who is confined mostly to her bed. She tells me she is twenty-three years old, and I am sure she is a woman of great internal resource and profoundness; one who, under better auspices, had been strikingly fine in character. She is disinclined generally to talk, but to-day she turned her fine eyes full upon me and said:

"Mrs. Howard, why do you not reproach *him*, and call *him* bad names, as women do, and throw all the blame of my wretched state upon *him*?"

"Because, Sally, I do not think so. Women give the law in all matters between the sexes; I believe all the wrong to be mutual."

"I am glad to have you say so. I am sure it is true. The man is as often the victim as the woman, but where there is a fervent love—true, honest, unselfish, unexacting, there may be great misery, but there is something holy, also."

I took her hand—it was a well-formed, womanly hand, though hard from toil—and replied, "You think and feel this, Sally; and yet the last dreadful crime, my child!"

She rose up from her mattress, and pressed her hand to her temples, "Oh! that dreadful, dreadful hour! I knew what I did, and yet I could no more help doing it than I could stop the beat of my heart. I promised *him* that I would live, and bear all, all alone; and he promised to bear his misery without revealing one word. He will keep his promise, while I, 'the spirit truly was willing, but the flesh is weak,'" and she fell back, faint, and wiped the blood from her lips.

"Oh, Sally! he is a coward!"

"I have commanded him."

"God grant that you are right," I said.

"Madam, there is this one thing to be remembered by men and women, and they do remember it, and yet go on. Love that requires

secrecy and evasion, however deep, however soulful, is wrong. We know it is—we know that shipwreck is before us, and yet we plunge amid the breakers and perish, as I do."

Again she wiped the blood from her lips and lay perfectly still, her dark eyes shining through the thin lids. Sleep overcame her at length, and I sat by in silence. She smiled several times, and talked incoherently. I laid my hand upon her head, and she grew more composed. I was thinking of the utter wreck of the suffering being before me, when she whispered a name. I started with a surprised horror. I saw through the secret of her caution—read the whole terrible mystery. I saw the expediency which governed *her*; saw the position that governed *him*. What could be done? what said? Oh, these ill-assorted unions, how they goad men and women to destruction and death! I had not one word to say in my inmost heart to all this ruin, which must come, which had come. Had it been better that these had never met? Over this great evil gulf, can they spring to nobler heights? Can they out of the depths arise purified? Is this death; this utter wreck of all earthly things to her; this sword dividing thews and marrow, daily piercing the inmost heart of *him*, of no light account?

She opened her eyes and read my face earnestly, and whispered, "Let no one come to me. I and mine are sacred to a woman like you. Go, and God love you!"

I stooped over and kissed her brow, and my tears fell upon it.

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CIRCUS-ACTORS frequently live to an old age, providing they are temperate, and careful of themselves. A London paper says: "The 'artists' of the circus find their profession remarkably healthy, and they are a long-lived race. Joe Wallet, the famous clown in London, is considerably over seventy, and is as lively and active as he was forty years ago. Old Orde, whose out-door ring is still visible on many a village-green, and who was the instructor of Batty, lived to considerably over ninety, and a short time before his death he was jumping over a tobacco-pipe and an open razor on his bare-backed steed. Batty was a 'courier of St. Petersburg' till he was past sixty. Franks, who is now tumbling somersaults and posturing at Hengler's, is considerably over sixty years old, and as fresh as a daisy, as any one may see by visiting the circus in Argyle Street."