

## Kitty Howard's Journal.—No. V.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

APRIL 2.—The snow is all gone from the garden, and this morning David and I went out to see if any thing green or lovely could be found, and there truly we found some

“Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty”—

I was quite overjoyed, and showed them to David, and quoted Shakspeare, as if the “toddling wee thing” could understand it. But, if one is really in earnest, warm and true to the core, one can say a great many things, I am sure, to a child, much beyond his comprehension, and he will enjoy it and sympathize with it, and grow into it in a blind, natural way, so much better than by hard thumps and brain work. David saw I meant something fine, and he kicked his little heels and turned and gave a little run, and then he was back again to look at the flowers, and shake his shoulders, and laugh and look into my face with his infant joy. Oh, he will not be a little clod of flesh and bones, but a living soul! Talk of fat children! fugh! they make me sick.

David is all filled out nice and round, but he is shaped just as finely as if I had trained him for a model, every limb clear and perfect, and such a chest! Well there! he's perfect, and that is enough. And now I am going to say another thing. I like David's name. Tom was in the right to call him by one good strong word. I've been of late thinking that names have a great deal to do with making us what we are.

In the times of our taking ourselves out from under the British rule, almost all the men had old Bible names—John, and Paul, and Seth, and Jacob, and the women were Hannah, and Elizabeth, and Sarah, and Mary, and Rachel; rarely Leah unless born with a squint eye; and what a steadfast, earnest, broad-thinking race of men they were, and as to that what legs they had to carry them through! Well, now that we call all the babies Willie, and Charley, and Georgie, and Harry, and Nellie, and Sallie, and Fannie, and Kitty—yes, Kitty, that is the way I am called—is there any wonder that we are such poor, imbecile, *little-legged* creatures as we are, doing our utmost to make a great nation the wickedest one on earth?

APRIL 3.—I was so overcome in writing that

sort of a speech yesterday, that I told Tom had to stop; it seemed just as though I did not say it, and somebody else put it into my head, and I suppose it is so when we do our best. Tom said there was honest truth in what I said, and some little plain Saxon English, too. The truth is I want to get clear of all moonshining and twattle.

Now I must finish about the flowers, because it first gave me an idea of letting David *teach me as well as I him*. I half think that I might have got a little stilted with ideas of parental dignity, and filial obedience, and theories of various kinds, had not David knocked them all in the head and set me to thinking. It was in this way.

After looking about the garden awhile, I went back to the Daffodils (daffas, and daffadown-dillies, all the same thing) and began to break them off, that I might put them in a vase in the parlor. Now spoke up my pretty, wise mentor. He squat his little shape down beside me, and bending his young head forward so that he could but just see under his eyebrows, with a baby stern look, and his plump finger stuck up to my face, he cried, “ah! ah!” and shook his sagacious head with the dignity of a judge. I felt myself reprimanded! He remembered my injunctions about the geraniums and roses in the house, and was commending the “chalice to my own lips,” and I took it, and left the flowers there where they grew, at which he seemed well content, and even tried to express his approval of my conduct by putting up his red lips and kissing me, and patting me on the cheek, and by a sort of dignified tenderness reversing the order of discipline. The young man really took the upper hand.

I reasoned about this, for I did not know where it might end with my arrogant, self-sustained young masculine.

I am sure children have a hard time in trying to reason out their baby experiences, and I begin to think that many a Solon and Egeria have been nipped in the bud, either because parents will persist in doing all the thinking for their children, and never throwing them enough upon their own responsibilities, or are too lazy or too pre-occupied to note how they are solving mental problems in their poor heads, where you can see on the top the brain boiling and throbbing.

ing as if too large for the skull; they knock their logic in the head, and leave their growling minds to doubt and uncertainty.

I expected David would continue to discipline his mother, and was not surprised when he took me to the pot of flowers on the carpet, and holding up a finger, repeated the admonitory "ah! ah!" I caught him up in my arms, and hugged him and kissed him, my eyes running over with tears, and laughing on the tear side of my heart. But David kicked and struggled, and would not take my kisses passively, from whence I inferred that he had got some big ideas seething in his brain, which made him sensitive all over, and made him wish, by an instinct, to be let alone.

APRIL 4.—David is now nearly a year old. Dear me, what a happy year it has been! My young democrat has been such a comfort to me; he has taught me so much, and Tom says, he has been more to him than all the professors and tutors in all the colleges. He has given me wisdom that he could not have ever learned except through him. He says, too, he has learned a great deal from me. Indeed, he calls me "Balm" always when there is nobody to hear it, and told me that he felt as if baby and I had, the last year, quite put his feet on the celestial ladder, and we should all go heavenward together, which, I am sure, is a comfort to me to hear, and I told him so, and told him that somehow, *I would rather go where he did, even if it were not to Heaven!*

MEX.—To consider whether children do not get tired of being hugged and kissed; whether they do not revolt at being treated like puppets. Whether all feel in this way; whether others do not natural machines and images, never to do any thing else in the world.

APRIL 5.—I am quite anxious and worried of late. I am weaning David, and he does not like kindly to the process. He coaxes in the sweetest way; but he fights, too, like a young wild creature. He and Smutty Nose, or Smutty, the cat (we call her so because she has a spot upon her white nose, looking as if she had kissed the kettle), have struck up a tender interest in each other, and Smutty allows David to pull her nice fur without growling or scratching him.

I must tell a little story, because it seems to show that Pussy's understanding is nearly upon a level with David's, for the time being, and that she reasons somewhat. Smutty has not long since gloried in a family of felines too

numerous to be tolerated in any household, and I saw to their destruction at once myself, so that I might be sure that no unnecessary suffering should ensue; having the four little blind creatures placed in a sack, with a heavy weight therein, and the whole sunk into a large tub of cold water. Of course they do not suffer; a bubble rises to the surface and all is over. This is not pleasant to do, but it is the best method suggested to me, if cats must be tolerated.

Smutty was left with one kitten, which, being well grown, was given to a child in the neighborhood. Poor puss was nearly inconsolable; she had caught a mouse, and went from room to room in search of kitty; failing to find her, she at length came to the parlor where David, tired of play, sat upon the carpet. Smutty went round and round him several times, and then she crushed the mouse and held it up to him. My little goose of a baby seized it at once, and of course stuck it into his mouth, wherewith she laid down beside him purring in the fullness of her content.

Now, this poor cat-brain must have had an idea that David was the small dependent of some superior providence, just as her kitten depended upon her, and she must have inferred that therefore a mouse meal might not be unacceptable! It is certain he fell into the logic at once, and kicked and screamed like a defrauded, ill-used biped, when I dissented from him in the matter of mouse for manikins, and took it away from him.

MAY 4.—David is very exacting. I told Tom last night that nothing so well contented him as to have me talk and sing to him, and I feared he would not exert himself as he ought to do. Tom replied that he "did not wonder at the taste of the child, for you know, Balm, that I have the same naughty boy trick of always wanting you to talk to me."

I was quite astonished to see how I blushed, just as I used to before we were married, when he made lover speeches to me.

"Dear Balm," he said, "I see so much in David like myself, that I begin to think he will find it hard to master himself. He's so like me, he's the worse for it," and we both had much more of this pretty speechifying, which, perhaps, it is well not to repeat.

I resolved, from this time, that David must not be too much helped in order to make him content. I gave him a cane to ride hobby-horse, and buttons, and a tin whistle to blow, but strange enough, he was longer pleased in blowing a white feather about than any thing

else. I suppose that most of us occupy ourselves to a like purpose in the world.

MAY 5.—I still feel that David must develop his own resources, and not lean too much upon others. I am sure it is not too early to begin, and habits of self-reliance ought to be coeval with the growth of the young brain. It is just as easy to help it on in a wise, good direction, as in a weak or wicked one. I tell him about "little boy blue, come blow up your horn," etc., and with suitable action. Then I tell about "Little Bopeep has lost his sheep," etc., and play "Patty cake, patty cake, baker's men," and, indeed, go through with the whole of "Mother Goose" in the most animated and loving manner, and he never tires; but I do, and feel sure that he can help himself to amusement with advantage. I gave him a spool of damaged cotton, and he soon got his fingers entangled and sat and screamed, and coaxed also for help, which I gave him, and soothed his irritability by gently running my hands adown his poor little back.

But to-day I have achieved a triumph. I have made him a rag-baby. Never, never, will any thing else in the wide world give him half the pleasure. He laid his little cheek against it, he hugged it up, he kissed it, and bit it, and beat it, and treated it just as human beings,

half of them, treat their children. He kept hugged close while he put his hands together for his little prayer, and went to sleep with his grotesque head upon the pillow beside him. This, to my mind, goes to show that boys have an equal proclivity with girls to play with dolls.

MAY 10.—David has already learned not to pull and haul things about the room. He rarely meddles with forbidden articles. His taste for art is being nicely developed. To-day I took a beautiful copy of the Madonna and Child (Madonna del sedia) from the wall and stood where he could see and learn to admire it, and his infant eye at once detected the baby, which he pointed out with his little finger. Having done this, he did not attempt to touch it, but he went back again and again to talk to the picture and look upon it, as if his mind at once enlarged in harmony with the design.

This [and his doll-baby] have made him very happy and very quiet to-day, and he has never once been cross or exacting. I made him a pink gingham dress, and it was wonderful to see his delight therein. The color pleased him, evidently, and he laughed and patted the garment as if he felt affection, not vanity in it. I take real pleasure in seeing his mind gradually unfolding to what is true and beautiful.

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## Disease of the Heart.

BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

### ENDOCARDITIS.

ENDOCARDITIS is an inflammation of the endocardium, a serous membrane lining the chambers of the heart, and forming its valves. This disease is generally confined to the left side of the heart, rarely proves fatal of itself, but is liable to occasion such changes in the structure of valves or orifices as develop valvular disease; this leads to enlargement by hypertrophy or dilatation, and other difficulties, which subsequently destroy life.

During the inflammatory process, there is more or less serum or lymph exuded from the inflamed membrane; most of this is washed away by the blood, but that which remains forms patches of false membrane of a rough, velvety appearance. These patches obstruct, in a measure, the natural flow of blood through the heart.

CAUSES.—Endocarditis rarely occurs except as

an accompaniment to other diseases; it is frequently caused by rheumatic and gouty poisons circulating in the blood, and is even more commonly associated with gout and rheumatism than is pericarditis. Nearly one-half the cases of rheumatism are accompanied, to some extent, by endocarditis. Pleurisy, pneumonia, kidney disease, syphilis, and urea in the blood, are frequent causes.

Every poison in the blood, whether generated within or taken into the system, tends to irritate and inflame the endocardium. Dr. Aitken says, "Of all substances alcohol has the most striking effect on this tissue." There are very few persons of intemperate habits, the lining membrane and large vessels of whose hearts are not more or less diseased, alcohol acting as a specific poison to the endocardium. Exposure to severe cold, mechanical injury, rupture of valves by violent coughing or sudden and im-