

people to drunkenness, have no foundation in fact. We have spent more months in Lausanne and Vevey than Dr. Holland has weeks, and have mingled freely with all classes of society, but have failed to discover the "boozy set hanging around the multitudinous cafés" which he alludes to. A recent letter from an intelligent observer in Vevey, effectually pricks the bubble which Dr. Holland has taken such pains to inflate, and shows the kind of wind that is in it. "It is absurd," says the writer, "to say that there is as much intemperance in the vine-growing regions of Europe as in England, Scotland, or America. The people of those countries are constitutionally more gay and merry than the descendants of the Puritans, and more demonstrative in their conduct. I suppose that every time Dr. Holland sees a Swiss laughing, singing, gesticulating, or capering about, he sets him down as drunk, for the same reason that he characterizes as "all sorts of insane jabber" the foreign languages, which he only very imperfectly understands." Dr. Holland's assertions belong to that class of hasty generaliza-

tions which newspaper correspondents are extremely prone to make. A rather amusing specimen of the same kind is the conclusion to which he has arrived after travelling on the cars all the way from Geneva to Lausanne (a two hours' ride) viz.: that the picturesque costumes of the peasantry have disappeared from Switzerland. A short tour in Valais or the Bernese Highlands would have shown him his mistake. His statements on the subject of wine drinking, and on the existence of costumes are of equal worth. If it were not irrelevant, we might enlarge upon this topic, and show that in Burgundy, where the whole country is devoted to the grape, drunkenness is rarely seen; wife-beating, the disgrace of working communities in England, is wholly unknown, and the licentiousness of many English, Scotch, and American manufacturing towns (not excepting Springfield, Mass.) is unheard of. The attempt to prove that the cultivation of the grape corrupts and demoralizes the inhabitants of a country, is the sheerest nonsense.

Kitty Howard's Journal.—No. VI.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

MAY 20.—Tom and I are not angels. I thought him a little unreasonable, and he said "Kitty, you are getting conceited and obstinate;" we had a little tiff, and he took a big law book and sat down to read and write. I sat near the window where he could not see me, and the tears ran down my cheeks, my nose rather, for tears do not at all run in the way story tellers write about; they will get over the nose, and in the nose, and are not as genteel as one would wish. Indeed, I was red in the eyes and red in the nose, and out of sorts in many ways. David had been running about the room, and rocking his baby to sleep, when he seemed to see that all was not quite right with his mother, for he came and leaned against my knees, and studied my face solemnly; then he held up his finger and said, "tut, tut, tut," as his father says to him when he is cross. Of course, I had to laugh! Who could help it?

He went away, and was gone some time, and at length returned with the sponge, and climbing into my lap proceeded to wipe my face, shaking his young judicial head, and looking at me with grave displeasure. Tom, it seems, had

watched the action, and how he did laugh! I should say, "roar with laughter," as all the books have it; but I never heard a laugh that sounded like a roar. I think these may be mistakes in writers, who call tears interesting, and laughs roaring.

Tom jumped up, and so did I, and we both laughed, and he called me Balm, and I called him King, and so I sat in my low chair at his side, and he now and then took my hand with the needle in it, and kissed it, just as though we had both been good-natured all the time; and David trotted about the floor, and twisted a chair here and a book there. I wonder if he knew what a blessed little peace-maker he was!

MEM.—I have been thinking that children keep the world always young. It is said that Minerva, who is one of the wise ones, was born full grown. I shouldn't wonder if some men and women would like this, they are always so grave and wise themselves; but I like foolishness, and little, blundering, growing ways better.

MAY 22.—I am obliged to think more and

more every day; indeed, I should not be at all surprised if I get wrinkles. I find myself drawing my face down over the cook book, and planning how to save soap, and keep things from being wasted, for I *must not let* dear Tom work and earn money, and I let it be used to any disadvantage. Of one thing I am resolved. I will never, as Mrs. Brown does, wear old shabby silks in the house. I will have pretty soft muslins and gingham and merinoes, and these, with white collars and cuffs, always may look fresh, and sweet, and dainty, and wifely.

I have a little maid to help me now. She is a mere child, and I teach her lessons every day, and instill morals into her savagely. I mean carefully, for I do not scold or frighten her. Gracious! I am such an earnest little creature, that I am sure I run the risk of being a vixen, only I have that disagreeable way of running over of the eyes, which counteracts it. Her name is Hannab, and she is inclined to tell falsehoods, having lived where she was in dread of blows and scoldings. I am growing profoundly wise in my method of managing her, for I am persuaded that the good may make the bad good, if they will be at any pains.

I want Hannah to be true and honest for David's sake no less than her own, but she is not altogether that as yet. I catch her stealing lumps out of the sugar bowl, and nipping off pieces of the cake, and picking out the plums. At first I said to her a little sharply:

"Hannah, did you break that cake?"

"No, mam," she replied, very red in the face.

I saw in a moment how foolish I was. I had caused the frightened, neglected child to lie, so I laid my hand very gently upon her shoulder, and said quite firmly:

"Yes, Hannah; you did. Now I want you to be a brave girl, and when you have done wrong own up to it."

David seemed to understand that there was something out of the way, for he shook his head from side to side, and then kissed Hannah, as if his instinct told him that the *littlest* one was the one most likely to be ill-treated. Hannah kissed him with tears in her eyes, and then said:

"Dear Mrs. Howard, I will try to be a good girl."

Whereat I told her I was sure she would be, and she and David had a time of playing "bo-peep," and giggling behind the chair backs.

I gave Hannah a saucer of sugar and told her not to be ashamed to eat it. I told her little children were apt to like sweets, but they must be honest about eating them, and no

philfer. If she wanted cake or pie or any such thing, she should have them whenever it was proper, but she must learn not to covet rich things too much, as it would make her like an animal that did not know how to govern its appetites.

MAY 23.—I saw Tom before he went to the office, lay a slip of paper upon my desk, which he had just cut out of a newspaper, and I found it the following:

"A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually on her countenance."

Now what a Daniel, Solomon, wise man of Greece, that even must have been whoever he was, that wrote that precious paragraph! It is well that I, Kitty, am not his wife, for, in that case, I would give him a surfeit of smiles! Morning, noon, and night he should see me "dressed in smiles" as all story books say, till he would be glad to see me once more wearing a *human* expression; till he would beg and implore me to frown, look cross, drink vinegar, eat green butternuts, any thing to relieve him of my horrible smile!

When Tom came home I told him I had been practicing all day, and hoped in time to be quite perfect in the smile business. But I shall "put you through a course of sprouts," too, Tom, I said, and if you do not give me smile for smile, I'll throw up the game. The goodness must not be all on one side; I'll be as good as you are, and no better. I want to go where you do, and have no idea of going smiling into heaven, when you go where all the black looks, and cross looks, and wicked looks go! Besides you men say that women are "the weaker vessels," and you have no right, in that case, to expect very much of us. In the law we are no more than babies and idiots, and aliens, and you have no right in *that* case to count upon reasonable doings, or smiles, or sense in any way, but everlasting caprice, foolishness, and badness.

I ran myself quite out of breath in saying all this, and Tom's eyes were as big as saucers. I think he was astonished, and so was I. He laughed rather gravely and said,

"Balm, it was a jest, darling," and I told him I was sure of it, for I thought I was inclined to be too smiling, or rather was not quite grave enough, if any thing was the matter with me. I told him I must be a sort of Hamlet in petticoats, and even quoted Shakespeare:

"It must be that I am pigeon livered,
And lack gall to make oppression bitter."

"So, dear Tom, don't come down too heavy with the crushing heel, or I shall get a forlorn, ill-used, miserable aspect, which will be a shame to you."

I kept my countenance for awhile, and then had to laugh at my own absurdity, and Tom exclaimed:

"O Balm, Balm! do not tell the women to be playful and witty, for if they are, they will get all they ask for, at the ballot-box, and everywhere else, and we poor fellows will be left out in the cold. We men have been using the battle axe of *Cæsar de Leon*, and now you women will use the scimitar of Saladin, and we shall be no better than feather cushions in your hands."

MEM.—As there are so many more women than men in the world, and women are fast getting into power, I hope we shall be kind and merciful to them!

After Tom went out again, and I had put David to sleep, for he grows very cross if I let the hour go by for his daily nap, I took down a book and read some letters that passed between old Governor Winthrop and his wife nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. I thought hers such as I might have the heart to write, if I only had as much mind. It seems to me Mrs. Winthrop was just as foolish fond as poor silly Kitty Howard, when she begins her letter,

"My most sweet husband," and goes on to say, "How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me I am unable to express. *The sweetness of it did much to refresh me.*" There, to think of these solemn old Puritans calling each other "sweet," refreshes even me at this late day. I should not dare to call Tom "Toaty," and "Pinkey," nor even "Tommy," as women do in their easy, care-for-nothing ways nowadays, for he is far too grave and manly, and dignified to permit me, were I so weak as to attempt it; but, "most sweet" is a darling expression, and not without respect also; for the sentiment of mutual respect is so wanting in the young married people about me, that I am careful to observe it.

Madam Winthrop farther talks very much like me where she says:

"I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I might always please thee, and that those comforts which we have in each other, may be daily increased,

so far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use the speech to thee that Abigail did to David: 'I will be a servant to wash the feet of my Lord.' I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I can not do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented."

Now one would think that this grave old Governor's wife of old was no wiser than Kitty Howard, when she talks in that loving way. She says many very sweet religious things, and I am sure that people without religion can never truly love, and then she talks again just like me:

"But I must leave this discourse and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife (governor's lady) to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. It will be two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

I confess I can not abide that word *obedient*. I feel as if I should flare up at once and be bad, the moment I hear it used. I shall keep it out of the way in training David, though as to that David trains me, and makes me wiser and better every day.

I do not think Governor Winthrop's letter any more wise than that of his wife Margaret. It is just as if Tom were writing to me, only Tom does put in more "dears." I suppose the age is more tender talking, but not a bit more tender acting.

"MY GOOD WIFE—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet having so fit opportunity, I must write to thee again, for I do esteem *one little sweet letter of thine* (such as the last was) to be worthy of two or three from me. . . . It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expressions of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things beside; therefore, my good wife, rise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thee meetest with in *family affairs* or otherwise."

I think John Winthrop writes beautifully, but something like the old soldier Bagnet, in Dickens, who was so careful that "discipline should be preserved," though always playing a sensible and deferential part in acknowledgment of her many resources.

It is wonderful how I study the part that women play in romance and history, and every day life, since I have been so long a happy wife.

JULY 20.—Hannah improves every day, and begins to love us all, and to have no fear. She rarely tells a falsehood now, though she will cheat me in many ways. She has conceived a great fondness for books, and I indulge her taste in that way quite enough, but sometimes my system is brought to a stand in unexpected results. For instance, I wished to read a little in my Latin, and sent Hannah and David into the dining room for awhile. I observed, at length, that there was an uncommon stillness there, not a sound of either child, and thought it best to open the door and learn the meaning of it.

Goodness! Hannah jumped from her chair and hid her book behind the cushion, and made a line for the store-room. I followed, and

there was David up to the elbows in a jar of jelly! Never was such a sight. Nobody would have ever guessed at the color of his hair, eyes, or skin! Pretty dress, pretty shoes, all were of one pattern, daub, daub! He could not be touched, and so I put him, clothes and all, into the bath tub. He was in high glee; but poor Hannah did scud right and left to repair mischief, evidently expecting her day of reckoning would come in good time, and she would have to take it.

I did not speak a cross word, but I must have looked bad enough. And I would not let David kiss me, though he tried hard to do so. I did not scold Hannah, but the poor child came to me and said:

"Oh dear, ma'am; I wish you would scold me, and whip me, for I deserve it."

I saw she felt punished in my silence, and I think she has learned a good lesson through her mishap.

Disease of the Heart.

BY E. F. MILLER, M. D.

ENLARGEMENT BY HYPERTROPHY.

AS previously stated, each person's heart is supposed to be about the size of his closed fist, the average weight, in adults, being about nine ounces for males and eight for females. The average thickness of the walls of the left ventricle, in health, is about half an inch in men, and a little less in women; the right ventricle and the auricles are somewhat thinner. In certain diseased conditions the heart becomes enlarged to four or five times its natural size, and the walls of the left ventricle become from one to two inches thick. This form of enlargement is called Hypertrophy.

Hypertrophy, or thickening of the muscular walls of the heart, may be confined to one ventricle or to one auricle, or it may affect any or all of the cavities at the same time. Hypertrophy may be for some time present without any change in the size of the cavities; in some rare cases, the cavities may become lessened in size, but usually they become enlarged. Enlargement of the heart, without change in the size of cavities, is called Simple Hypertrophy. When the cavity is lessened it is called Concentric Hy-

pertrophy, and when the cavity is enlarged it is termed Excentric Hypertrophy, or, hypertrophy with dilatation.

Simple hypertrophy, although quite common occasions but little inconvenience, and does not essentially interfere with the processes of life. Concentric hypertrophy so rarely occurs, that it is unnecessary to treat of it specially. Of excentric, or hypertrophy with dilatation, we shall treat more fully.

The walls of the heart being muscular, are subject to increase of size or thickness by exercise, the same as any other muscle of the body. When the heart has more than its usual amount of work to perform, or when there are obstacles in the way which must be overcome, the increased exertion it puts forth causes an increase in its muscular structure. This is, perhaps, a wise provision of Nature to enable this organ to do extra work, so that a moderate enlargement of the heart is, under some circumstances, an actual advantage. There is a limit, however, to the increase of power and increase of size, in every muscle, and when that limit is reached in the heart, important changes in its structure take place; the cavities become enlarged, the