

KATE CALLENDER;

OR,

SCHOOL-GIRLS OF '54,

AND

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

By ANNA L. WHITE.

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## PREFACE.

FROM information that I have received concerning facts, I am enabled to present the subsequent pages more as a true story than a work of fiction. Following somewhat in the course of a certain talented lady, I have devoted a *small* portion of my book to "revelation and vindication." And now, in answer to the question as to why I have made this disclosure," I will reply, in the very words of my illustrious predecessor, —

*"Because I considered it my duty to make it."*

The name of that person whom I call in these pages Arthur Richards was formerly associated with mine as contributor to the same magazine; and in those by-gone days his character ranked far above the average standard of mankind as regards virtue and uprightness.

Of my heroine, Kate Callender, I can say that she is *known* and *loved* by a friend who was once a former schoolmate of mine; and I am fully justified in the delineation of the character of my heroine by information received from that friend. I wish to believe that there is still something of purity, of virtue, and loveliness in this world of ours; and for this reason I shall preserve my faith in the *moral goodness* of those two people whose motives and conduct I may have defended in these pages.

My ambition and hopes are *moderate*. I do not expect these "vindications" of mine will convulse *two* continents, but shall

be well satisfied if they *thoroughly shake* but *one*. As much as I desire fame; and, even more than this, as much as I love those filthy "greenbacks" that come to me *occasionally*, too often redolent with the vile aroma of nearly every nationality under the sun, — still, I would rather move quietly on in this mundane sphere with my praise unsung and my purse unreplenished, than to realize a *profitable* and *unenviable* notoriety.

"Go, little book! From this my solitude,  
I cast thee on the waters. Go thy ways;  
And if, as I believe, thy vein is good,  
The world will find thee after many days."

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## KATE CALLENDER.

## CHAPTER I.

## WATERFORD ACADEMY.

THE young ladies who were pupils at the Waterford Academy were leisurely walking towards their homes, chatting together in that happy manner in which girls are wont to do when about to enjoy a few days' relaxation from study. The chief topic of conversation was the recent marriage of the principal of the academy with one of the assistants. Although the event had long been looked for, it was not strange that the marriage of the teachers should call forth anew the comments of their pupils, and that these young girls, whose sharp eyes had been for some time open to the state of affairs between Mr. Thorning and Miss Stanley, the teacher of French, should be by no means chary of expressing their opinions, now that the union was consummated.

They had done what they considered a pleasant duty, by subscribing money to buy a silver tea-service for the married couple, and, perhaps for this very reason,



felt justified in indulging a little gossip about the affairs of the wedded pair, as soon as they (the pupils) were away from the academic walls.

"I am very thankful that *I* have not become Mrs. Thorning, and been taken to the cars by the stage-driver. When I am married, it shall be to a person who can afford to buy me an elegant wedding-ring; I will have a gay wedding-party, with at least eight bridesmaids; and I will start on my tour in a barouche drawn by six white horses. The newspapers shall be filled with descriptions of the proceedings. Every lady will ask, 'Who is the bride?' and you girls will be ready to boast of having been schoolmates of the fortunate one."

This extravagant talk of pretty Matty Davidson was received with shouts of laughter from the other girls, who all expressed hopes that her expectations would be realized; that they would be invited to the wedding, and share in the honor of being her friends. The talk was continued in much the same strain; nearly all of them expressing their ideas with regard to marriage prospects.

During this animated discussion, Kate Callender, one of the party, remained silent; but, to all appearance, she was listening attentively. Her large brown eyes had a thoughtful expression. The other girls were accustomed to say of her at such times, "Look at Kate: her eyes are wide open, but she seems neither to wink nor to see any thing."

Taking advantage of a pause in the talk, Kate, all at once, began to speak. "Girls," said she, "this

marrying is a humdrum affair, at the best. It matters little to me whether I am married as plain Miss Stanley has been to plain Mr. Thorning, or whether some nabob comes for me with presents of diamonds, and takes me away in his coach-and-six. I am not willing, anyhow, to dwindle into the insignificance of a married woman. When you read a romance, do you not find that it usually comes to an end as soon as the heroine is married? Why is it so? Only because whatever may occur after that event is comparatively of little importance.

"Do you remember Nelly? and what a romantic yet jolly companion she was? and how you all envied her when she was married? You probably have not forgotten your calls on her three months afterwards, listening to her talk on domestic affairs, and examining her drawers of sheets and of table-linen. You must also remember that Charley Dupont, the husband of three months, whom you all, at one time, thought so splendid, came in looking rather ill-natured, and said he wished they could have tea earlier, in a cross tone, that he tried to conceal from the company, but was unable wholly to do.

"Nearly all of you expressed the same opinion,—that Nelly had become very dull and uninteresting; and that you were glad you were not in her place, but were still free, happy-hearted girls. None of you have any reason to expect that you will be better situated, if you marry, than she is. I prefer to be a romantic young girl, and then a romantic young woman. When I am what is called an old maid, I shall

try to put on a look of sweet, sad resignation and sentimentalism, as 'if I had loved and lost,' that will make me interesting still. But I have an ambition beyond all this. I would make for myself a name and a fame that I can enjoy while I live, and that will flourish long after I am dead. I aspire to be an authoress or an actress.

"I would counterfeit the great tragedian :  
 Speak, and look back, and pry on every side ;  
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
 Pretending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks  
 Are at my service; like enforced smiles ;  
 And both are ready in their offices,  
 At any time, to grace my stratagems."

Kate Callender at this time was somewhat conceited. We seldom find any person more self-satisfied than a newly-fledged author, aspiring to literary honors. Kate had written for a magazine, and tasted the joy of seeing her own ideas in print. The publication did not pay, certainly ; but her articles had always been accepted, while many other less fortunate (?) effusions were rejected. She was often stimulated and encouraged by a little implied praise from the editor ; as, "The sketch by Elsie Greenwood is well written, and is to be found in the present number. We shall be glad to hear from her whenever she can send us an article."

Kate was by nature proud and independent; and these editorial compliments tended to increase these feelings. She reasoned with herself, that many others had begun in this same small way, who had afterwards

distinguished themselves in the literary republic ; and why should she not equal, or even excel, any of them ?

The girls had now gathered together under a large pine-tree, — a place they were in the habit of resorting to whenever they had any interesting subject to discuss. This rendezvous had been selected on account of its seclusion, as well as its distance from the academy.

Here they felt at liberty to talk of their private affairs, and to speak words of approbation, or the opposite, of the management of the school, as occasion might require.

Fanny Fletcher, a roguish girl, who had listened to Kate's long harangue, now laughed uproariously, and said, "I know what Kate aspires to : she will be an advocate for 'woman's rights,' and will soon enter into the partnership of Lucy Stone & Co."

"No : you are mistaken there," replied Kate. "My notions regarding that subject are all *anti*. During recess to-day, I scribbled off an article that I may prepare for print, which expresses my opinion somewhat."

The girls *would* see it. Her school-bag was ransacked, and the manuscript found : and though Kate declared that it had been hastily written, and required revision and numerous corrections, the majority were for having it read aloud ; to which Kate finally assented. Margaret Morrison was appointed reader, and from her lofty stand-point thus began : —

"A scene anticipated in the 'golden age,' when woman's rights shall be established : —

"The women have assembled for the purpose of having one of their periodical consultations, and of keeping up the spirit of reform, so that the power they have obtained by so much labor shall not be lost by their negligence ; for they believe, with man, that 'liberty is the reward of eternal vigilance.'

"The hall for the meeting is densely thronged with maids and matrons, whose slovenly appearance betokens any thing but reformation ; for, alas ! politics and momentous affairs of state have engrossed so much of their attention, that they find no time to devote to the embellishment of their persons.

"We look in vain for the former lords of creation in this vast assembly ; for it is one of the recently acquired privileges of the women, that men should be excluded from the feminine councils.

"First rises Mrs. Baxter, the presiding officer of the meeting. In a loud voice, nasally modulated, she announces that one of the sisterhood is about to deliver a lecture. Moved by curiosity, each head in the audience is eagerly stretched forward, as far as length of neck will admit, in order to obtain a glimpse of the speaker. She is a tall, coarse personage, with a masculine expression of face, of which the nose is the most important feature. It seems to crave public notice by extending far beyond ordinary dimensions. A pair of small gray eyes are nearly concealed by the overhanging brows, and seem by their unobtrusive modesty to acknowledge meekly the supremacy of

nose. Her lecture is upon the happy emancipation of woman, and is delivered in a strangely discordant voice, which, beginning in low tones, gradually becomes louder and louder, till at last it resembles a distressing yell. This soul-disturbing, head-racking eloquence receives the unanimous applause of the meeting. Her gestures are uncouth ; and her long arm, raised on high, frequently brings her hand down on the desk with a startling effect. This motion causes the frail curls which hang about her face like Medusa's snakes to elongate themselves, and threaten the other sex, if any were so bold as to enter here, with instant destruction by their fangs, if they were not metamorphosed into stone by a sight of the head. Man, luckily, would not wish to endanger himself by interfering with *her* rights. At the close of the lecture, the hall resounds with *feminine* cheers in honor of the speaker.

"Matters appertaining to their freedom, and to the difficulties of maintaining it, are then discussed and expatiated on. One outraged woman relates that her rebellious husband has dared to dispute her right to reign, and shown resistance to female authority. For this atrocious conduct he receives their unanimous condemnation ; and measures are taken to punish or subdue such atrocity."

"Good ! excellent !" shouted several of the girls. "Kate understands well how to treat her subject."

Not so thought the reader, Margaret Morrison, who had maintained throughout an injured, indignant air ; and she immediately responded, "Kate has tried to

draw a ludicrous picture of a subject of which she has no knowledge whatever. I have always observed that the persons most inclined to oppose and ridicule the woman's movement are those who know the least about it. I don't believe Kate has ever heard a lecture on the subject." Kate acknowledged that she had not. Her idea had been suggested by hearing a woman lecture on phrenology. The lecturer's looks, manner, and voice were just what she had been describing. The lecturer had also a very unprofessional way of examining heads, fumbling round the hair of her subjects very much as a hen scratches for worms for her chickens. Kate said "the lecturer's manners were very disagreeable, and had impressed on her mind the idea that a woman could grace any position better than that of a public speaker."

"Now, please, Kate," said Margaret, "do not express your opinion or write upon this subject again, till you have seen and heard Lucy Stone. She is yet young; her face is round, and her cheeks are rosy; her eyes are bright and pleasing, her voice is soft and persuasive. She is giving up her youth and talents, estranging her personal friends, and sacrificing her popularity, for this cause, which is to elevate our position. But I do not wish to take up too much of your time, and will finish reading Kate's article, if you desire it."

They requested her to go on, and she continued the reading: "But, hark! there is a sound of nervous, tramping feet; and the privacy of this female meeting is being invaded. Behold their indignation, as each

maiden and matron places herself on the defensive: but this warlike array is useless; for the intruder is only a harmless, inoffensive man, the worthy spouse of Mrs. Baxter, whose dilapidated 'dicky' tells a sad tale of neglect; and whose tongue utters an account of screaming babes at home, which is still sadder. A song, all about woman's rights, is then sung, and the meeting disperses. Mrs. Baxter proudly takes the lead, and her dutiful husband meekly follows his *lord* and *master*. But in an unguarded moment, as he beholds her apparently forgetful of her usual vigilance, he quietly vanishes into a beer-saloon, where he may drown all sense of his misfortunes, and forget for the time the storm which will most surely await his arrival home.

"O you who would thus aspire to a situation beyond what Nature has intended you for! do you ever think that you are endowed with the responsible power of ruling a household? In asserting what you choose to call your rights, will you not cause man to forget your right to his love?"

This was received with almost unanimous applause.

Kate said, "That last clause may suit you, girls; but you know very well, from what I have said before about marriage, that it is not exactly my opinion. In writing, I often find it necessary, in order to make the article passable and give it a moral, to add something that does not exactly accord with my own sentiments."

"It makes very little difference," Margaret quickly

said, "whether any of us are married or not. As long as we occupy the position we now do in the social circle, we shall be of very little consequence, anyhow. My intention now is neither to marry nor to not marry: but I pray that power may be given to me, either by voice or pen, to aid Lucy Stone in the great work she has undertaken; and, in the event of success, I shall feel that my life had not been wholly in vain."

The discussion was drifting wholly beyond the comprehension of most of the company: they were much more interested in their beaux, ribbons, and laces, than in any renown they might acquire by political strife. Besides, they had lingered so long by the way, that it was past their usual dinner-hour; and they began to feel more interest in satisfying the natural cravings of hunger than in discussing matrimony or the rights of women. But the words of the school-girl, Margaret Morrison, were prophetic of the deeds of the woman.

Long years after, when these gay children were changed into sober wives and mothers, or into dignified old maids, hearing frequently from their old schoolmate, Margaret, through the paper she edited, and the lectures she delivered (for she worked hard, hand in hand with Lucy Stone, is still working with her, for the great cause to which they have both devoted their lives), they recalled the memorable events of that day. And after those long years there came, also, tidings of Kate Callender. Her name was mingled with one of the most exciting tragedies of the day. Many of

them had no knowledge of her whereabouts; none of them had forgotten her: and, when they recalled the bright promise of their gay, talented, and much-loved schoolmate, tears of sorrow coursed down their cheeks at the sad fulfilment.

## CHAPTER II.

### PLANS.

**R**ICHARD CALLENDER and his wife Mary had begun early the journey of life together. They had neither enjoyed any great prosperity, nor met with any great misfortune. By toiling early and late, they had managed to keep their little place, though not to pay for it entirely; and they had reared comfortably and respectably their three children.

Mr. Callender had always given his children to understand that he could do nothing more for them than to give them a common-school education; and, after that, they must manage for themselves. In view of this, John, their only son, a steady, quiet youth, had obtained a clerkship; and Hannah, their eldest daughter, had a prospect of teaching in the district school.

"But what shall we do with Kate?" was a question often propounded by Mr. Callender to his wife; and the wife would often ask the same thing of her husband. Of one thing the mother was pretty sure: that she could make her of very little use about domestic affairs. When there was any thing special to do, Kate was sure to be among the missing; or, if found, had something of great importance that

### PLANS.

required to be done for herself. Kate was a flighty thing, and loved to romp out of doors, free of restraint; and, if her mother had company, she never dared call on her, fearful of the condition in which she might present herself.

She had just graduated from the school of the village, and had received great praise from Mr. Shattuck, of the examining committee, for scholarship. In conversation with Mr. Callender, a few days after, he said, "Why don't you educate your daughter? She is smart and talented, and may be an honor to you some day. Send her to the academy of the neighboring town, and let her receive all the benefit that institution can give her." Mr. Callender pondered over this advice. That his daughter was "smart," he well knew. Sometimes he thought her too smart, after he had had an argument with her, and had come off second best, as frequently happened. He considered that she might be fitted for a teacher, and, perhaps, get a situation in the academy.

But would she accept it? Ah! there was a doubt. He had heard her say more than once that she would pull weeds, rake and pitch hay, even; but she would not sink into the insignificance of a "schoolma'am." Mr. Callender talked it over with his wife. She thought that Kate might hereafter be willing to become a teacher: she was too young then to have any decided opinion about it, and would probably change her mind when she became older.

The next question was, Would she be willing to enter the academy? She had been used to having her own



way, and was not easily influenced when she had made up her mind to the contrary. Her mother said that she seemed perfectly satisfied with the way of life she was living. She had often urged her to stay in the house, and work upon some dresses for herself, and had promised her new ones even: but Kate would reply, that she preferred old clothes, and wanted only one *good* dress for Sundays; she would only be tearing and spoiling them, if she wore better ones.

When they had finished breakfast the following morning, Mr. Callender said, —

“Kate, how would you like to commence at the Waterford Academy next term?”

Kate was overjoyed: she said she would like it very much. Fan Fletcher and Mag Morrison were going too; and she would not be among strangers. She had thought of it herself, she said, but did not venture to propose the matter, as she did not know as her father would feel able to meet the expense of board and tuition.

Mr. Callender said, “I can spare something for your advancement, as your brother and sister are in a fair way to do something for themselves; and I expect to be repaid by seeing you a teacher in the academy, or filling some equally useful position.”

Kate winced at this a little, but hoped she might be able to do him credit, and herself too, in some way.

Kate Callender had pride, though her friends were not generally aware of it; and there were times when a slumbering ambition would arise, and she would long for a destiny brighter than that of the people surrounding her. Though she had formed no particular

plan or purpose, yet she considered an education as a necessary step towards the glory and renown for which she was longing.

Busy were the days that elapsed before the beginning of the term; and Kate was willing, for once, to take a needle in hand, and assist in the necessary preparation to complete her outfit.

The three girls met often, to consult over their future plans and prospects, and rejoice that they were all going together.

Kate felt somewhat saddened when the day arrived for leaving home. She was dearly attached to her home, to her parents, and her brother and sister; and, as the moment of departure drew nigh, the tears filled her eyes. Her mother tried to cheer her with words of encouragement and comfort, though she, too, felt sad at parting with her child; for, in spite of her waywardness sometimes, Kate was the pride of both mother and father.

Kate felt a little more cheerful when Fanny and Margaret came in, laughing and talking, equipped in their travelling-suits. They were all going in Mr. Callender's large carry-all, which was an antique affair, handed down to Mr. Callender from his ancestors, and which was seldom used except on Sundays. John hurried in the trunks and then the girls; knowing very well that the fewer parting words spoken the better.

“Be sure not to moisten your handkerchief, Katy,” called John, who surmised, from appearances, that something of the kind was about to happen.

A cold, drizzling, spring rain, mingled with snow, had set in when they arrived at Judge Abbott's door, where a boarding-place had been engaged for them. It was not the kind of weather likely to raise depressed spirits; and Kate's heart was full nearly to bursting when her father bade her "good-by," and turned from the door. She had seldom been from home, and had associated with but few people besides her own friends and relatives. She was pretty well aware, too, from the comments which her brother and sister were wont to make of her, that her manners were somewhat awkward; which thought did not tend to create a comfortable feeling. Mag and Fanny, too, had ceased to be talkative, and had reached the same state of despondency. When the bell rang to call them to tea, they consulted together whether they had better go or not, as they had no appetite for food. Margaret thought it would look better to go down, at any rate, even if they did not feel any hunger.

Our friends managed to worry through the meal, but excused themselves as soon as they consistently could, and departed to their rooms.

Fanny immediately sank into a rocking-chair, and began to cry.

Kate, who had been longing to give vent to her pent-up feelings, followed her example. Margaret managed to keep her eyes dry; though she felt every whit as sad and gloomy, and made a few vain attempts to console her companions.

They turned the key of their door, that no one might intrude upon their grief. Now and then, they

would dry their eyes, and consult together; but something would be brought up about home, that would make their tears flow afresh. At last, Kate said she would get her pen and paper, and write to her mother: it might make her feel better. And she then commenced in the following style:—

"DEAR MOTHER,— You will be surprised to get a letter from me so soon, for I have not been here a whole day yet; but I am feeling so miserable, I shall have to express my feelings to somebody, or die. Fanny and I have cried for nearly an hour; and I can scarcely keep the tears off this paper: they flow from my eyes like brooks. You may think this is an exaggeration; but it is not. John told me not to moisten my handkerchief; but they are all wringing-wet now. Margaret has not cried yet; but she says she should feel better if she could. I would give the world to be with you, round the tea-table, to-night. I could not eat any thing here: not but what the food was good enough, but there seemed to be a hard lump in my throat, that prevented me from swallowing any thing. The people seem very pleasant here. Mrs. Abbott introduced me to her niece, Miss Stanley, a teacher in the academy, who boards here with us. I tried to make my best bow,— the one I learned at the dancing-school; but I don't know whether she appreciated it or not.

"I cannot realize that I am only five miles from you: every thing looks so differently, and seems so strange here, I feel as though thousands of miles separated us.



Don't forget to remind Hannah to feed my bantams and little doves. I left my hat and old shoes in the boat, by the pond, the day before I came away; but, oh, dear! perhaps I may never wear them again. I hope you will answer this letter as soon as you can: I shall be looking and longing for an answer. Tell father and John to write me also; for I want comfort from every one of you.

"Your affectionate but sorrowful daughter,  
"KATE."

Mrs. Callender was not at all surprised to receive this sad effusion from Kate. It was but natural that she should feel as she did, since she was so little accustomed to any place but her own home; and the mother trusted that time would heal her daughter's transient woes.

She immediately wrote a long letter to her daughter, filled with encouragement and affection. She told her she must try and realize that the distance was short between them, and she could come home at least once a week, if she chose. John and Hannah added little jokes and pleasantries. John told her that he had found her hat and shoes, but they were so soaked with rain, he did not think she would ever wear them again; but he would preserve them as a pleasant reminiscence of his little sister.

Kind words from home, — how they cheer the heart! Would that they might be oftener sent! Their cost is little, but their worth is incalculable.

## CHAPTER III.

HERBERT WILLARD.

**H**OMESICKNESS, though a very disagreeable feeling, as everybody knows who has experienced it, is neither fatal nor incurable; and the unpleasant impressions our friends received at first soon wore away.

Kate soon became generally acquainted, and enjoyed the scenes that opened before her in her new way of life. She made herself very popular with her schoolmates, and was at once the pride and plague of the teachers: she was often reprimanded and complimented at the same time. Fearless, mischievous, and regardless of consequences, she was in more "scrapes" than any other scholar, but, at the same time, manifested a remarkable faculty for getting out of them.

When visitors came, Mr. Thorning liked to have the school appear to good advantage, and relied much upon Kate for answering general questions. On these occasions, she was usually asked to produce and read one of her brilliant compositions, in the writing of which she excelled, or take part in some dialogue.

Though the teachers were proud to exhibit her tal-

ents and scholarship, she often proved herself a serious annoyance to them. Mr. Thorning and Miss Stanley had especial cause to complain of her. Their hearts had been pierced by Cupid's arrows, and Kate had found it out. She had no sympathy or respect for love's young dream; and the little endearments of her superiors furnished her with many a little joke for the entertainment of her companions.

Lovers do not like to be watched too closely, and Kate was a very close observer. If Miss Stanley blushed when Mr. Thorning spoke to her, she made note of it. If Mr. Thorning came into the recitation-room, as he often did, while they were translating their French lesson, Miss Stanley would lose her place; and Kate would show that she had noticed this confusion, by handing her own book to her, opened at the proper place. She was bold, brilliant, and vexatious.

Still, the teachers would overlook many of the little annoyances she caused them.

The academy, though situated in a quiet country-town, had long possessed a wide-spread reputation. At this period of our story, a few years before the civil war broke out, it was enjoying great prosperity, receiving pupils of every station in life. Here the rich Southern planter sent his sons and daughters to be educated; the country farmer and the city merchant their children; and many young men came here, who had neither parents nor friends to assist them, but had their own way to make in life, who managed, by toiling part of the year at some lucrative employment, to

pay for their tuition, a few months at a time, at this institution.

Among the students at this time was one Herbert Willard, who, though young, had seen a great deal of life's rough ways. He had run away from his father's house in Richmond, Va., when but thirteen years old, on account of having difficulty with his step-mother, and went to Boston, where he had some distant relatives.

For days and days he traversed the streets in search of employment, but with little success, until his only suit of clothes was worn nearly threadbare. For a while he obtained a situation as supernumerary at the Howard Athenæum; but it was not permanent. He then joined a Thespian club, and undertook to give Shakspearian readings; but his receipts did not pay his expenses. One day, when he had parted with his last cent, and his spirits had sunk to a low ebb, he caught sight of an advertisement in the daily paper: "Clerk wanted in a dry-goods establishment. Must apply in his own handwriting. Direct to box 52, Boston P. Office." He answered the advertisement, and, being an excellent penman, obtained the situation, and found himself, for the first time since leaving home, in comfortable circumstances. But the ordinary routine of business was not enough to satisfy him. He still belonged to the Thespian club, and had joined a young men's literary association. He possessed considerable elocutionary talent, which he dearly loved to display, and never neglected to make a public speech when the opportunity presented itself. At a sabbath-school con-

vention, the attention of Mr. Gordon, a man of great wealth and liberality, was drawn towards him. Willard had made a very excellent speech upon the importance of sabbath schools for training the minds of children aright; which awakened so much interest in Mr. Gordon, that he commenced immediately to make inquiries concerning him.

Mr. Gordon was a friend of education and religion. By his liberality he had enriched many churches and colleges. He believed that it was rare for a young man like Herbert Willard to take such an interest in sabbath schools, and that a person so disposed might exert a powerful influence as a minister; and he resolved to take upon himself the expense of his education.

He proposed the matter to Herbert, who gladly accepted it, and entered immediately upon a course of study.

Herbert Willard had been but a short time at the academy, when he received the nickname of "Director." This was owing partly to his being somewhat older than the other students, and partly to his domineering, dictatorial disposition. He was very energetic, ambitious, and original, but not very well balanced. He would make a speech, sometimes, filled with the wisdom of a philosopher; while, in some of the common affairs of life, he would show as little judgment as a child. He took an active part in the management of the theatrical entertainments occasionally given at the school. At such times he was much pleased to be Romeo, and selected Kate Callender as his Juliet. This was discouraging work, at first, for her.

At the rehearsal, Romeo would scold, dictate, and sometimes get angry, till poor Kate would give up in despair, and declare that she would have nothing more to do with it. But he would have none other for his Juliet; and after a while, by dint of scolding and drilling, Kate was enabled to perform her part in a satisfactory manner.

We have said very little thus far about the personal beauty of our heroine. Kate, at the time of leaving home, might have been called passably good-looking. She had been careless in the arrangement of her hair and dress, and her complexion had been freckled and browned by out-of-door exposure. But she is now in her fifteenth year, and is verging from girlhood to womanhood. The lines of her face are growing more softened and delicate, and the large, brown, mischievous eyes more thoughtful and expressive. Time will do much for her beauty, and polish her awkward manners. She is but a girl now: we shall behold her yet in womanly loveliness.

Kate had known little of style or luxury till she entered the academy. But seeing it displayed, as she did, by the elegant dresses and expensive jewelry of some of the girls, awakened new wants and ideas in her mind. Rich gentlemen's daughters, whose homes were in the sunny South, would tell her of their elegant houses, gay carriages, and numerous servants, till poor Kate would be dazzled, and would long that she, too, might be rich. At such times she would often wonder if girls like herself ever came into possession of a fortune, or whether she had any rich rela-

tive likely to bequeath her wealth. She had never heard her parents mention any thing about it, and she determined to ask her mother the question.

Mrs. Callender was a little surprised when Kate made this inquiry in one of her letters, Whether she had any rich relatives? Her mother answered that she did not know of any, though some of them had become comfortably well off while in middle life; and added that she hoped Kate would consider that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." In her letters to her daughter, she would always give her some advice upon the importance of keeping herself neat and tidy; though Kate's love of approbation was causing this thought to dawn gradually and spontaneously upon her own mind.

She began to build air-castles; and, though they soon tottered and fell, her hopeful spirit created more upon the ruins: and in after-years, when troubles came thick and heavily upon her, this same spirit kept her heart from breaking.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MISCHIEF.

KATE had been a whole year at the academy, and had made remarkable progress in her studies. She could learn a lesson in about half the time that was usually allowed for it, thus leaving a great deal of leisure time on her hands.

"An idle mind is Satan's workshop;" and Kate's many spare moments proved the fruitful source of her troubles, and brought her, at length, into a serious mishap.

One bright day in June, when there was to be no school, Mr. Thorning came to take Miss Stanley out to gather a few strawberries. The day proved to be a remarkably hot one; and Miss Stanley, not being used to the sun's rays, had her nose very seriously burned. As Kate boarded in the same house, she had good opportunity for knowing this little affair. She assisted Miss Stanley in many ways, by applying lotions; and they tried all sorts of means to allay the inflammation. But all in vain: erysipelas, or something of that sort, set in, and her nose became very much swollen.

Miss Stanley had some personal beauty; and this

little misfortune marred it very much, causing her to feel disagreeably. But what could she do? She could not cover up the offending member, nor leave it at home; and she must go to school, day after day, with her face comically disfigured. Miss Stanley liked to appear to good advantage in the presence of her lover, as is perfectly natural; and Kate noticed that she avoided him as much as possible.

There is always a certain antagonism felt by scholars towards their teacher, probably owing to the restraint so often put upon the former by the latter; and our school-girls, instead of feeling the sympathy they ought to have done for their teacher's misfortune, enjoyed many a sly joke at her expense.

Satan, the old adversary, found Kate idle one day, and set her to work.

She took her pencil in hand, and commenced drawing, first the countenance of Mr. Thorning, and next that of Miss Stanley, with her trouble largely represented.

Our heroine was no artist: her drawings were very crude. Still, she managed to put sufficient resemblance into her productions to cause them to be recognized, and sufficient of the ludicrous to make them amusing.

Mr. Thorning was represented as looking over his glasses in a very loving and comforting manner, and saying to Miss Stanley, "Never mind your nose, dear Phoebe. In color and brightness, it reminds me pleasantly of the charming fruit we had in June. Though it should grow to the size of a carrot, and remain so,

which seems probable at present, yet my love for you would be unchangeable."

Kate had drawn this caricature for her own amusement: but she was not selfish enough to enjoy it alone; and she passed it to her nearest neighbor, who smiled discreetly, and continued the circulation. Thus it was passed from one to another, till, as ill luck would have it, it fell into the hands of mirth-loving Emma Barker, who could not restrain her laughter, but burst out into a loud giggle.

Mr. Thorning looked up instantly, and said, "I should like to have Miss Barker bring to me whatever she has that causes her so much amusement."

Kate realized her situation at once. She knew that trouble was coming; and, gathering up all her courage (and a good stock of it she had), tried to put on an air of unconcern.

Poor Emma was in a dilemma. She rummaged her desk for a subterfuge; seized nervously a French grammar, but there was nothing amusing about that.

"You seem very reluctant to do as I requested, Miss Barker," said her teacher. He had laid down his book, and was closely observing her.

Emma, like Bluebeard's wife, wanted but a moment more. She made another vain attempt to light upon something amusing in her desk; but, finding it useless, walked slowly up with the offending article.

Mr. Thorning looked at it but for a moment; then his face grew red and pale by turns, and he shut his teeth firmly together. The girls had never seen such

an expression on his countenance before, and they began to grow fearful for Kate.

"Can you tell me who is the author of this caricature, Miss Barker?" he said, in a stern, husky voice.

Emma, though trembling from head to foot, maintained sufficient composure to reply, "I prefer not to, sir."

Mr. Thorning requested all those who had seen the drawing to rise; and about ten of the girls stood up. He asked them, severally, if they knew who had made the sketch. Some of them did not; those who did, stoutly refused to tell.

Mr. Thorning had suspected it all along to be Kate's work, though she looked more disinterested and innocent than any one in the room.

"Am I indebted to you, Miss Callender, for this extravagant delineation?" he said.

Kate had expected this; and, having tried to prepare herself as much as possible for the emergency, answered that it was her work.

"My opinion regarding this action of yours you can learn by remaining after school." Saying this, he opened the lid of his desk, and threw the unlucky slip of paper into it, and resumed the exercises that had been interrupted by the occurrence.

Mr. Thorning talked with Kate a long time after school. He told her that he should be obliged to expel her, in order to maintain his dignity as principal of the school. She had treated him and Miss Stanley in such a disrespectful manner, it could not be over-

looked. He was very much grieved to be obliged to take such a course, as he considered her, in many respects, an ornament to the institution. He spoke of her talents, and told her, if they were but rightly directed, they would insure her a brilliant future.

Kate, for the first time in her life, felt ashamed of herself. She had done this act thoughtlessly and unwittingly, and could offer no apology. But it proved to be a good lesson to her; and she never afterwards felt inclined to show disrespect to her elders.

While Kate was detained in the schoolroom, her companions had gathered under the old pine-tree to wait for her, and speculate upon the events of the day. When she came towards them, her eyes red with weeping, and told the result,—that she was to be expelled from the school,—their indignation knew no bounds. Not one of them but loved her; and they immediately began to devise some means for relieving her from her embarrassing position.

At last, Emma Barker, who accused herself of being the cause of the present trouble, hit upon a plan. She had just received a letter from home, saying that the teacher of their village school had been obliged to discontinue, on account of sickness. If Kate could only get the situation, it would be excellent; and better than for her to go to her own home, and have it noised abroad that she had been expelled from the academy. It was the only alternative; and Kate assented, though she had neither sufficient experience nor inclination for school-teaching.

They immediately commenced making preparations

to leave for Emma's home that afternoon, in the last train.

Kate, not wishing to see Mrs. Abbott, as she supposed she might feel somewhat indignant towards her, on account of the affront to her niece, wrote a few brief lines, stating that she was going home with her friend Emma, to stay over Saturday and Sunday, and would not be back till Monday morning. As there was no school on Saturday, it was customary for the girls who lived near by to leave for their homes on Friday afternoon; and no surprise was caused by their sudden departure.

## CHAPTER V.

### LITERARY ATTEMPTS.

WHEN Miss Stanley beheld the caricature, she felt mortified and vexed enough. But being by nature good tempered and fond of a joke, even when at her own expense, she soon began to take a more lenient view of the matter. Though Kate had ridiculed her trouble, no one had been more anxious in trying to find a cure for it. After consulting various medical books on the subject, Kate had become convinced that erysipelas had set in, and had suggested the remedy which now seemed about to produce a favorable effect. In consideration of these things, Miss Stanley could not but feel grateful, and ready to forgive the offender.

Mrs. Abbott also interceded for Kate, who had won her heart by her social and sunshiny disposition.

Though the production of Kate's pencil was indiscreet, and in bad taste, yet Miss Stanley and her aunt could not but appreciate the humor it exhibited. Finally, a more favorable state of feeling on the subject was brought about by the hearty laugh they had over the drawing.

If Miss Stanley could overlook being made an object of ridicule, Mr. Thorning certainly could also; as



he had been indignant on her account, rather than on his own. So when Kate returned on Monday morning, with Emma and her father, Miss Stanley was the first one to greet her kindly and cordially. Mr. Barker had influence in school-matters in his village, and had procured the situation for Kate; who had returned only for her clothing, and was to go back at once. Mr. Thorning, however, said, "We cannot spare Kate; but I can recommend another young lady for the school, who has had experience in teaching, and would therefore serve your purpose better."

This pleased Kate very much; and she told Mr. Barker that he could not do better than take Mr. Thorning's nominee: and this was accordingly done.

Kate was surprised and overwhelmed by the kindness of her friends; especially when Miss Stanley, with a comical expression of mouth, told her that she felt sorry that her own misfortunes should bring her pupil into a disagreeable position, and hoped that neither of them would experience any more trouble from the same cause, as it was rapidly disappearing, owing to the remedies that her young friend had applied.

These incidents caused new-developments in favor of our heroine. Miss Lovering, teacher of rhetoric and history, told Mr. Thorning that Kate could write sketches of sufficient merit to be worthy of publication; and that, if they could stimulate her to adopt this occupation, there would be no idle moments for Satan to fill with mischief.

The proposition was made to Kate, and received

with joy. She felt much flattered that her effusions should be appreciated.

Miss Lovering selected one from Kate's many sketches; and Kate, after revising it carefully, sent it, with many feelings of doubt and fear, to the editor of a magazine. She had adopted the *nom de plume* of "Elsie Greenwood;" hoping to persuade the public that she was a relative of Grace Greenwood, whose writings Kate much admired.

Kate awaited the result with nervous anxiety; and when she at last learned that her article had not only been accepted, but that the editor called for more from the same writer, her joy was such as to be indescribable to most persons. Those only can understand it who have had a like experience.

The success of her first attempt stimulated her to new exertion; and she began to hope, that, in this new field, some bright mines might be opened by her work.

Miss Lovering, one day, found Kate very busy with her pen, while the other girls were out at recess.

"What is it," she said, "that interests you so much as to keep you in, Kate?" coming close up to the writer before she was aware of the presence of any one. "Will you allow me to read it?"

"You may read it in a moment, if you wish; but I must explain to you, first, why I have thus written.

"I have been enjoying Mrs. Stowe's book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and wishing for the pecuniary success and fame which she has gained by it. I should like to write a book that would make me famous, and enable me to travel on the proceeds, as she has done. Then



I thought of Fanny Fern, who writes little racy sketches, for which she receives great pay. I was wishing that I might write *à la* Stowe or *à la* Fern; and the thought that I could do neither drew from me the following spiteful soliloquy:—

“Oh, dear! I wonder when the presiding literary characters will pass off the stage. I am tired of waiting for an opportunity of distinguishing myself.

“No sooner does an authoress establish her fame, than she immediately begins to travel. I have always had a strong desire to travel, in order to see the world. Now, to accomplish this object, and in order that I might everywhere be favorably received, I began to make literary pretensions.

“But only one American lioness can exist at the same time; and I seem doomed continually to behold the palm borne away by more fortunate competitors.

“First, Mrs. Stowe proved quite an extinguisher to my youthful aspirations. I had to struggle against the popular feeling, that could relish nothing but ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’ What a great *furor* that created!

“I stood for a time free from the attacks of the fever, but was at length seized by the universal mania, and exhibited the first symptoms by rushing frantically in search of a ‘Cabin.’ I had seen others weeping over its affecting narrations, and, having tears, prepared to shed them now. It might be owing to my unfeminine hardness of heart, or to my *anti*-abolition sentiments, or to my jealousy of the merit of the

writer. For these reasons, or some other, I would not weep; and the original purity of my cambric handkerchief remained unsullied.

“I had to confess that the story was good, but not worth making so much fuss about. ‘There is genius greater than that still slumbering in America,’ I said to myself, involuntarily casting a glance at a neighboring mirror.

“May you remain contented with the laurels you have won, Mrs. Stowe, and find forever a comfortable shelter in your ‘Cabin’!

“Next, Fanny Fern claimed public attention, placing her on the literary pinnacle.

“I threw down my pen a second time in despair; but I feel better now, and have summoned considerable courage to my relief: for you, Fanny, are said to be ‘stout and fat,’ and this destroys half your bewitching power; besides, you are so unromantic as to be a matron, and to have some interesting children, while I am yet in the heyday of my maidenly beauty, and my young ideas have only begun to shoot. But fear that you may wield against me that powerful pen of yours deters me from speaking my whole mind: and there is something I dread even more,—namely, a contact with you physically; for my own proportions are rather small, as I have pined away somewhat, on account of my romantic aspirations.”

Miss Lovering smiled when she had finished reading.

“You have begun early, Kate, to deal in personali-

ties," she said. "Take my advice, and imitate neither the style of Beecher Stowe nor of Fanny Fern. It is by your own originality, if at all, that you will succeed as an author. To lay down your individuality, and adopt another's, is like trying to wear borrowed garments that would not fit you or become you."

Kate disliked to correct manuscript; nor did she like to read again or re-write any thing once written.

Miss Lovering tried hard to impress upon her mind the necessity of submitting to this labor of correction, if she would ever attain to literary distinction. She quoted a remark of Horace, in his Epistles to the Pisos, and told her to ponder on it well: "Condemn that poem which many a day and many a blot have not corrected, and castigated ten times to perfect accuracy."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STRANGER.

MR. THORNING and his wife, after a wedding-tour of a few weeks, returned, and resumed their usual duties at the academy. Though they had become objects of less interest to their pupils, they were not, by any means, grieved on that account, and gladly accepted the new state of affairs.

They could afford to dwindle into the "little consequence" of married people, if, by so doing, they could enjoy more freedom of action, could go and come without having every little movement noticed and commented upon, and could enjoy more than before of each other's society, which had become so dear to them both.

They had married for love, — love tempered by reason. Neither of them had much worldly means: but Mr. Thorning considered himself rich in having obtained such a loving wife, with so sweet a disposition; and she regarded with pride the many manly and noble qualities of her husband. They immediately began housekeeping in a small way. Mrs. Thorning had brought from her home an old servant, who assumed the duties of housekeeper; and she still con-

tinued her instructions in the academy. This arrangement was continued on account of its pecuniary advantages; for Mrs. Thorning, like a true wife, wished to be a helpmeet for her husband. She asked Kate to come and board with them: and Kate accepted with pleasure, for she had become quite attached to her teacher; and, as she grew older and more companionable, they became as sisters to each other.

Mrs. Thorning would frequently allude to Kate's little indiscretion, which had been so near separating them, and say that she hoped to keep her nose within bounds for the future, that she might not lead her friend into temptation; and Kate would answer, good-naturedly, that, no matter what might happen, she would not undertake again to immortalize any feature of her face, either in poetry or prose.

Some weeks after the marriage of the principal had come to be a settled fact, another nine-days' wonder occurred at the quiet little village, which excited the interest and awakened the curiosity of our young ladies.

They had seen the stage-coach drive up to the only hotel in the place, and a young man alight therefrom. That he was handsome, their own eyes told them: they conjectured that he was rich, from the fact that his clothes were of the most fashionable cut and of the finest material, and his kid gloves of the nicest fit. What his name was, and what had brought him to that place, they were not long in finding out. Fanny Fletcher and Matty Davidson were out gathering botanical specimens one Wednesday afternoon, and this

same young man, about whom they had all speculated so much, suddenly appeared in their pathway.

Raising his hat gracefully, he apologized for coming so abruptly upon them, and said that he was sketching from Nature. Matty had dropped her flowers, and was speechless, so unexpected was the meeting. But Fanny replied, "I hope you find objects worthy of your pencil, sir."

"That I do," he said; "but this pencil-sketching is not exactly my forte: I paint faces."

He had been picking up Matty's flowers during this speech, and, as he finished, handed them to her, looking full in her face. Her face was immediately painted: it turned a deep scarlet. Matty thought she had never seen such bold-looking, handsome blue eyes as those that were gazing into hers; and he thought that he had never painted a lovelier face.

The stranger became very talkative. He told them that he was from New-York City; that he had come to that place for recreation and rest: whether he staid a long or a short time depended entirely upon how much he might enjoy himself. Matty found the use of her tongue after a while; and they all three were soon walking together, and talking like friends.

Mr. Arnold (for that was the name of the stranger) expressed a hope that it might be his good fortune to meet the young ladies often, as it had been a pleasant occurrence to him; and they expressed themselves gratified by the meeting.

When Fanny and Matty rejoined their companions, they were enthusiastic in praise of their new ac-

quaintance. Matty said he came up to her idea of a hero.

With Mr. Arnold there seemed to be no lack of money. He started all sorts of fishing-excursions and picnics, and was always ready to pay the expenses himself.

Among the young men it was whispered about that his habits were not wholly above reproach; but these scandals did not reach the ears of his fairer friends.

If the length of his stay depended upon his enjoyment, he was likely to hover round a long time, like a bee amid the flowers.

Mr. Arnold, as he had stated, was a portrait-painter by profession, and he excelled in his art.

He was an orphan, his parents having died when he was quite young, — so young, indeed, that he retained no remembrance of either of them; and he had been brought up and educated by a rich, morose old uncle, a brother of his mother.

From hints his uncle occasionally let fall, Frederic knew he had no reason to be proud of his father. His uncle would sometimes get quite angry at his childish words or acts, years ago, and say in an excited manner, "Never let me hear you say that again;" or, "Never do that again. It reminds me too much of your father." From this source he soon learned that his father had wasted his wife's fortune at the gaming-table; had received a wound in a drunken frolic, that was the cause of his death.

The uncle had supported his mother during three years, — as long as she had survived her husband, —

and, finally, at her death, had adopted Frederic. Old Mr. Manning and his nephew did not always get along together harmoniously. The uncle had but little patience: the nephew was self-willed and provoking.

The senior educated his junior well; gave him every opportunity to improve the talent he early developed for painting, and furnished him the means for making a sojourn in Italy, that he might receive instructions from the best masters. He expected to be recompensed for this by seeing his relative apply himself to, and distinguish himself in, his profession. In this he was, however, sadly disappointed. Frederic loved pleasure too well. He would paint when it suited him, for pastime. When in want of funds, he would call on his uncle. At such times, if his calls had been too frequent, his uncle would become fearfully angry, and threaten to disinherit him if he did not set about doing something for himself. But Frederic Arnold possessed attractive qualities, well-suited, when he chose to use them, to win a woman's love. His voice was finely modulated. His hair, which he with bad taste parted in the middle, was brown and curling. His forehead was white and high, and his large blue eyes, as we have said, were bold-looking and expressive.

A careless observer might have pronounced him handsome; but, if you had asked a physiognomist to express an opinion concerning him, he would have examined carefully the mouth, hidden by the beard, and, detecting there the existing signs of cruelty and selfishness, would have told you that you had better let

loose a wolf among a flock of lambs, than suffer this man to roam at will in company with romantic young ladies.

Mr. Arnold had an artist's appreciation of beauty; and he asked Matty Davidson, one day, if she would sit to him for her portrait. She felt flattered by the request, and willingly gave consent. Matty's face did credit to the artist's skill. She had that auburn-colored hair which approaches somewhat to red, and those peculiar reddish-brown eyes which frequently accompany such hair. Her skin was white, and her cheeks had been tinted with roses by Nature. Mr. Arnold was quite satisfied with his work: it was admired by everybody who saw it, and established the fame of the artist throughout the neighborhood. After finishing the portrait of Matty, Mr. Arnold requested to paint that of Kate Callender; but Kate objected, as she said that every thing which had been undertaken for her in that line had proved a failure. Frederic was so sure of success, and so persistent, that Kate finally consented. It was difficult work, he found, and it came near costing him his crown.

Mr. Arnold made repeated trials to delineate Kate's face, but in vain. When he had finished, the painting did not look much like her. He had drawn a good likeness of each feature, but the features united did not resemble her face. At one trial he tore the canvas in shreds before he had proceeded but little way. At the next, when the painting was nearly done, he thrust the unsuccessful representation into the stove. The artist was baffled and perplexed. At last he found

out the cause of his failure; but he was longer in finding out a remedy. Each feature of Kate's face, taken separately, was plain; but she had a wonderful beauty of expression. To be handsome, her face must be lit up, as it usually was in laughing, talking, or by some happy thought.

One day, she came into the studio, laughing, and said, "Good-morning, most unsuccessful of painters!"

"Good-morning," he replied, "most provoking of *demoiselles*! Why don't you wear that smile long enough for me to copy it?"

"For the reason that your chair is the dullest and most tedious of all places to sit in. I no sooner settle down in it, than I begin to consider myself a martyr. I wish, at times, that some good angel would appear, and carry me out of your presence forever. I am really fearful, sometimes, that you may treat me no better than you did the canvas."

"I was provoked with the canvas because my work upon it was so unlike you. If there had been the least resemblance, I never could have had the heart to do so."

"Please remember, Sir Knight of the Brush, that I can be at your service but a short time longer."

"Open not your lips again; but imagine that your publisher has forwarded to you a hundred dollars for your last literary production."

Kate smiled, but kept silence for a time.

Our artist displayed remarkable zeal in his work, and toiled on, day by day, persistently and indefatigably; and was at last rewarded by finishing his work in

a manner satisfactory both to himself and to Kate, as well as to her numerous friends. He had managed, by some means, to bring into Kate's face the expression that he desired, and had skilfully transferred it to the canvas. But his last trial seemed to have exhausted his energy, or to have discouraged him by the numerous difficulties encountered; for he declared that he would paint no more portraits.

One day, after he had spent eight weeks in the village, the neighbors were surprised at the announcement that he had taken his departure. He had started in the early train, with his numerous trunks, boxes, perfumery, &c.; and had bidden good-by to none of his many acquaintances.

His bills at the hotel had all been paid: in that respect he had left a clear record. For a wonder, the tongue of scandal was not let loose upon his name.

Some of the students, who had been on fishing excursions with him, thought that he sometimes appeared excited, as if with wine; but their suspicions had not become certainty, and, therefore, but little was said on the subject.

Poor Matty Davidson thought he must have forgotten something, — a declaration of love! He had flattered her, paid her every attention, and filled her heart with love fancies and dreams. He was her beau-ideal of manly excellence; and she was seen frequently to wipe the moisture from her eyes when his name was mentioned.

Happily, it proved to be but an ephemeral fondness, and made no lasting impression on her girlish heart.

Conjecture was in vain exhausted in attempting to assign a cause for the sudden departure of our artist from the place where he had seemed to realize so much enjoyment.

Why he had gone in this hasty and unannounced manner was known only to one man and one young woman, — Frederic Arnold and Kate Callender.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SCHOOL-GIRLS' AMBITION.

THE mere reward of seeing her literary productions in print had ceased to be sufficient incitement to Kate. She had many and increasing wants, which she knew her parents were not able to supply; and she began to set her heart on filthy lucre.

Having heard of a publication that paid for every thing that was considered worthy of acceptance, she immediately prepared an article for its columns. She awaited with much anxiety the result; for the acceptance or refusal of this article would prove whether her talents had any marketable value or not. For a long time, she received no information with regard to the matter. At last, she directed a note to the editor, inquiring the result. She soon received an answer, stating that her article had been accepted, but delayed; and a check for ten dollars was enclosed, as a recompense.

Kate was in high spirits. She could see, in this good fortune, an opening to future independence. She went immediately to the bank.

The cashier looked at the check shrewdly. "You are Elsie Greenwood, I suppose?"

Kate blushed, and said, No, not exactly. Her name was Kate Callender; but the check was intended for herself.

She had not been a sufficiently long time an authoress to be able to state the fact with indifference.

"You must bring in somebody who can identify you as the person meant in this check," answered the cashier.

Kate spoke to Mr. Thorning of the dilemma; and he immediately went with her, and made a satisfactory explanation of the case, and she received the money.

As they were walking towards home together, Mr. Thorning said to Kate, "Why is it that you never write a story? I notice that your productions are usually sketches."

"In answer to that question, I shall have to acknowledge a defeat. I have made the endeavor more than once, but I soon become tired of putting wise sayings into the mouths of my characters: then I am apt to plunge them into the lowest depths of despair; and, after I get them there, I do not know any way of extricating them, but have to kill them off, or marry them, to get them out of their own misery and mine. These attempts proved so unsatisfactory to me, that I never felt as though I could impose upon an editor by sending my stories to him. I think authors should be interested in their own subjects, if they would interest their readers."

"That is very true, Kate; and one of these days,



when you find out that you have a heart, you will give us a good love-story."

"I have no inspiration that way as yet," answered Kate, blushing.

Mr. Thorning noticed that she did not exhibit the self-satisfied assurance that she usually did when speaking of such matters.

This was to be Kate's last year at the academy; and she began to think of parting from her school-companions with regret. It seemed to her as if the happiest days of her life had been spent there; and she disliked to break up the pleasant association.

She would often have long talks with Margaret Morrison on the subject; and Margaret would say, "If it were not for you and I having some purpose in life, there would be nothing for us to do but to pile up our books, and go home, and wait patiently for somebody to come and marry us. In the mean time, we could manage to eke out our existence by fixing up our millinery, and retailing gossip."

Kate was glad that she had a purpose unlike Margaret's; but still, she was always willing to discuss her pet subject pleasantly with her.

One day, Margaret said, "Do you think women have a right to express an opinion on any subject?"

"Certainly they should," Kate would answer.

"Then you believe that women have a right to vote; for that is nothing more than expressing an opinion concerning political affairs. If a woman has a right to a voice in regard to household affairs, whose interests affect her, she also has a right to express an

opinion concerning the affairs of a nation, whose interests also affect her."

Kate thought there was much force in Margaret's argument, though she did not wish for any of the prerogatives of the male sex, or to become an advocate of the cause herself. She was always a willing listener; and Margaret felt grateful for that, as most of the girls treated this subject with ridicule or indifference.

These incidents that we have been relating happened some years ago, when this class of reformers was small, — a mere handful, — and were experiencing all the opposition that new ideas usually call forth.

Any person who has watched the progress of reform, either in politics or religion, knows that every new movement has to pass through certain stages before it is generally adopted.

There are some people who are always in advance of public opinion, and others who are half a century behind. To the former we owe our improvements in religion and politics, and our many ingenious inventions in mechanics. The latter are usually the croakers and opposers. We may be indebted to them for the prevention of too much haste in carrying out new movements. Like the country farmer of olden time, who opposed the erection of a new schoolhouse, they are apt to consider "reading, writing, and arithmetic enough learning for a boy, and *too much* for a girl!"

We cannot afford to dispense with our martyrs, fanatics, or monomaniacs, if we wish to improve as a nation.

Those who have watched the "woman's movement,"



know that it started in the same way, has met with the same reception, and has been through all the stages that all other reforms have. We can just as safely predict its final success, as say that the doctrines of Phillips and Garrison have been established.

I, as a woman, am not as yet sufficiently "progressive" to desire suffrage for myself; still, should it become a law of the land; should I hear a sound like "All quiet on the Potomac" inspiring me with confidence; should it please the *gentlemen* (I love to please the *gentlemen*); should it become fashionable (I like to be *fashionable*); should I see my neighbors on either side put on their best bonnets and shawls, and walk down the street to drop a bit of paper into a box, when there comes up such an issue, equally important, as whether a man like Grant or like Seymour should be President of the United States, — then I should put on my best bonnet and shawl, and do likewise.

There! I have confessed, without intending it, that I am for "woman's suffrage." I have made my first acknowledgment of it on this page.

Margaret Morrison was doomed to meet with much opposition and discouragement at home, as well as at school. When her father, Dr. Morrison, first heard of the bent her mind had taken, he made the remark that he would rather have put a strait-jacket on his daughter, and taken her to the lunatic asylum, than that she should have imbibed such fanatical notions. He considered that she and Kate Callender had acquired their peculiar ideas by going to the board-

ing-school; and he regretted, for his own part, that he had ever consented to let his daughter enter it. He hated all sorts of fanatics; and woman-fanatics he considered more hopeless than any. He tried, every way in his power, to divert Margaret's mind from the subject; but her opinions had become settled convictions, and it was all to no purpose.

"I hope you don't intend to lecture, as some of those crack-brained women are doing?" he said to her one day.

"I do not expect to be capable of it," she answered.

"Well, if you ever get the insane notion into your head, just let me know; and I will see that there are a thousand miles between us."

To undertake to reason Margaret Morrison out of these fixed ideas "was as absurd as would be the attempt to extinguish Vesuvius with a glass of water."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### POURING FORTH.

MR. THORNING and his wife had occasion to leave home for a few days on account of the marriage of a sister; and, wishing to take their housekeeper with them, to assist in the necessary preparations for the wedding, they made arrangements with Mrs. Abbott to board Kate and a nephew of Mr. Thorning during their absence.

But Kate said that she should enjoy the chance of keeping house, and preferred to remain where she was. She knew that she should get along well.

Mrs. Thorning consented, though with reluctance, and some doubts as to the success.

A few days after, Margaret Morrison perceived that her friend was in a sad state of despondency.

"What is the matter, Kate?" she asked. "You come late to school, and look as if you had been through a time of sickness."

"It is owing to my trouble and care," was the hasty answer. "I am housekeeping, and nearly distracted with my anxieties. If I am so fortunate as to live through them, I will write an account of my doings and failures. I will express an opinion."

### POURING FORTH.

True to her word, Kate did pour forth her sorrows, and Margaret had an opportunity of reading the melancholy adventures, as follows:—

### "EXPERIENCES OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

"I never shall forget those few days of toil and perplexity. They made too deep an impression upon my mind to be erased from the tablets of my memory.

"I had frequently wondered why housekeepers complained so much, since their lot seemed to me so comparatively happy; and had even gone so far as to presume that I should acquit myself creditably if ever placed in such a situation. I had frequently laughed in my sleeve, when I heard women, placed, as I thought, in such easy situations, complain of their trials.

"What would they think of my fate—of me? who am doomed to move submissively at the ringing of a bell, whether it is congenial to my own feeling, or not; am obliged, almost continually, to pore over books; and, what is worse, am bound to obey certain rules, which prohibit all communication with my dear fellow-pupils, even when I desire ever so much to communicate some desirable information; and, by the fear of a penalty, am prevented from turning round to behold the occupation of the loved ones. Methinks they would instantly cease from their complaints, and breathe a sigh for me instead, if they could only realize the anxious hours I pass, conning

exercises and translating Virgil, sternly demanded of me by hard taskmasters, whilst they enjoy a delicious repose.

"In my heart, I formerly envied those domestic beings whose only labor was to attend to the duties of housekeeping. But that time has passed away, and I now look back with bitterness on those days of ignorance and inexperience.

"I hailed with joy the first chance that presented itself for displaying my *domestic* capacities, and sincerely expected to show to my acquaintances an improved system of housekeeping.

"During the first day of my management, I got along perfectly well; for our housekeeper, just departed, being thoroughly skilled in her art, had left a good stock of provisions for our necessities.

"I knew that she was a good manager, — much better, in fact, than most of her class; but I still thought that she could not quite come up to that perfection which I intended to display.

"The morning of the second day, I was awakened by a knocking on the ceiling beneath me, caused by my companion, whose office it was to make the fire. This was his mode of signalling that his duty was performed, and of hinting, in no gentle manner, that it was time for me to be stirring. It excited my indignation, that I should be awakened in such an unceremonious manner. I felt provoked with the perpetrator of the mischief, who had so unhesitatingly disturbed my repose, and roused me from my oblivious state only to make me feel the weight of my impend-

ing cares. The noise was continued at intervals, with unremitting patience. There never was a more untiring rapper; but they were not spiritual rappings, for they were produced by that most unspiritual of things, a broom-handle. It might have been owing to a certain reluctance I felt for performing the necessary preliminaries attending breakfast; it might have been weariness caused by preceding labors; or it might have been some other reason: but I did not stir from my place, and soon fell fast asleep again.

"When next awakened, I was startled by the striking of the clock, which proclaimed, that, in another hour, the ringing of the school-bell would summon me to other scenes. With what haste I could, I made my descent into the kitchen, and bustled about with strange desperation. In my confusion I sprinkled some coffee-grounds upon a cooking steak, and put the pepper and salt into the coffee-pot; and then was so overwhelmed by my confusion, that the plate I held slipped from my nervous hand, and broke into many pieces.

"But my trouble had only commenced: the bread wouldn't rise, the fire wouldn't burn, and the coffee wouldn't settle.

"After breakfast had been despatched, I commenced flourishing a broom; only a flourish, — a mere setting in motion of dirt and dust, and sending it to seek unseen resting-places under chairs and tables.

"I hastened to school; and, when there, it required all the presence of mind that I was mistress of to avoid mingling with my recitations some extracts

from the cook-book that I had consulted just before leaving home.

"Never before did the walls of the old academy seem so kindly beneficent; and never did I so reluctantly retrace my way homeward. Instead of the busy housewife, bright fire, and good dinner that usually awaited us, was cold desolation, empty rooms, and uncooked dinner. I found, that, in my absence, the cat had been by no means idle, but had committed great depredations. She had devoured half the breakfast that I had left on the table, and upset various dishes that I had no time to secure in the cupboard. Alas! I had neglected to supply the wants of poor grimalkin, and she had taken the opportunity to supply herself.

"The dinner was that day a picked-up affair, and was partaken of with but little relish by either my companion or myself. I felt mortified to see him eat so sparingly of the food I had placed before him.

"The meal over, I began to make an attempt to clear up and put things to rights. This it was no easy matter to accomplish amid such confusion. Chairs, that had usually occupied modest stations by the walls, stood boldly forth in the middle of the room; tables were in angular positions; and dust showed itself to my sight, lying in obscure corners. I darkened the windows to hide the view; and, where dirt was most conspicuous, I placed a chair or some other piece of furniture.

"Blush for me and with me, all prudent, tidy house-

wives. I confess now, to my shame, that the dirt was not removed, but hidden from sight.

"After having restored something like order, I sat down to study. I took up my Virgil, and soon became deeply absorbed in the account of the siege of Troy, the treachery of the perjured Sinon, and stratagem of the wooden horse. So greatly was I interested, that I began to imagine that a siege of some kind was going on around me.

"Soon, however, I was aroused from my studies, and found that the noise of my fancied siege came from the kitchen. I rushed at once to the spot, and found the tea-kettle (pardon the word; but it was the *tea-kettle*, and nothing else,) sending forth its contents upon the stove, and smoking with all the fury of a steam engine. I snatched it quickly from the hot mist that enveloped it, but dropped it more quickly still; for the heated handle had left its impress on my hand.

"I did not resume my studies that day, for the thread of the story had been too roughly broken; but I immediately began to prepare tea. But it could not be called tea; for I had dispensed with the use of that article, having conceived, all at once, a wonderful antipathy against the tea-kettle and all its appurtenances (my blistered hand could well testify to its cruel power): neither could my preparations be called by so substantial a name as supper; and it was too meagre to be called even a meal. It was a chair placed by a table on which were a plate and a glass of water and a few fragments of food; and that was all. As for myself, I had no appetite; and I did not wait to wit-

ness the appetite of my companion at his scanty repast.

"The fourth day I was nearly distracted. My patience was exhausted, and so were the provisions. My lessons were sadly neglected, and the teachers began to look at me in an unpleasant manner.

"Where was my boasted power? It had vanished away; and in those few days I became very humble and subdued. I expected my friends at noon; but I had expected them the noon before, and they did not come.

"And now, as I neared the house, my steps became slower and slower; for I feared a renewal of my disappointment. But no: I obtained a glimpse of a well-known shawl, and soon heard the sound of familiar voices, — a sound that had ever been welcome, but was doubly welcome now.

"For a moment I halted on the threshold to gain breath, and tried to look self-satisfied, as if every thing had passed with me agreeably. But the attempt was vain; and before me was a discouraging picture. A skilful manager of the broom was already ejecting from the house the dirt that had accumulated while I had been its mistress; and dirty pots and kettles, that had been drawn from their hiding-places, glared threateningly at me whenever I assumed my cheerful looks. My friends observed that I seemed pale, and wished to know if I was ill. I answered mechanically in the negative. I was slightly emaciated, owing to those few days of anxiety and fasting.

"Thus I who had been eloquent in theory was

proved quite deficient in practice. But a change in my opinion has been wrought since then; and I never can hear another speak of household labors as light, without exclaiming, 'Thou fool!' and wishing that the person may pass through the same ordeal that I did.

"I have suddenly become a champion of woman's rights, and demand emphatically their claim to move in a sphere higher than that enclosed in a kitchen's walls, and to be bound to something more noble and ennobling than a tea-kettle.

"You men, or lords of creation (as sometimes called), have taxed your mighty intellects to invent many labor-saving machines, but have neglected to improve the important machinery for household work. My advice is to all votaries of the kitchen, that they would do well to serve a shorter or longer apprenticeship to some professor of the black art, and learn some process of performing culinary operations by that mode of magic that may be termed 'sleight of hand.'"

## CHAPTER IX.

### PHILOSOPHIZING.

HERBERT WILLARD sat in his room alone, meditating upon his future prospects in life. He should soon finish his course at the academy; and after that, he was to enter college, and prepare for the ministry. This plan had been proposed to him by Mr. Gordon; and, as it suited his inclinations, he was about to pursue it with pleasure.

Mr. Willard had a large bump on his head, where phrenologists had located the organ of self-esteem. He was thinking of the forcible and elaborate sermons that he would write, and that would be sure to carry conviction to the minds of his delighted hearers.

He meant to touch their hearts with eloquence and truth, in such a manner that they would feel *obliged* to award him a large salary in return for his services.

Under such circumstances, it would be a gratifying responsibility to convey spiritual instruction to the minds of the young and the old, and to point out the only safe road to salvation.

Next, he began to think of a wife, as a very important requisite for a minister. Not that he felt in any haste to marry; that event need not happen for

years: still, it would be comforting and encouraging to feel as if he belonged to somebody, and to have some one to feel a special interest in him.

His mind turned gradually towards Kate Callender. He thought she would be rarely fitted for the position of a minister's wife. She was every day gaining more of that womanly dignity and grace which he loved, and with what talent she possessed, and the education she was obtaining, would be able to render him much assistance in the profession he had chosen.

He knew that she already felt a great interest in his plans. Sometimes, when he had confided his glowing thoughts to her, he had watched the effect as *they caught her girlish fancy, illumined her fair brow, and caused the bright eyes to sparkle.*

He was in a philosophic mood, and looked sharply at all the advantages and disadvantages of the connection; and, at last, thought of an obstacle.

Mr. Willard was an important personage in his own eyes. Though the doors of his father's house were shut against him, it was to him a comforting reflection that he belonged to "one of the first families of Virginia." The station in life of Kate Callender was far beneath his own, and he knew very well of her plebeian origin. But he soon argued this objection away, to his own satisfaction. This was a democratic country and a democratic age; and many a person who started at the lowest round of the ladder had climbed to the top, while some who had commenced at the top would find themselves, in not



many years, at its base. Kate had talents that would lift her from a common station in life.

He determined to be wise and speculative concerning his matrimonial prospects; and he had counted on every thing likely to occur, as he supposed. But he never once imagined that he might meet with a refusal.

When Herbert Willard once had a purpose fixed in his mind, he could not easily dismiss it; and he determined to take the first opportunity that might occur, and speak to Kate on the subject.

But fortune did not favor him for some time. Whenever he chanced to meet Kate, she was in company with others, or in some situation unsuitable for private conversation.

One morning, however, he espied her walking towards home alone, and immediately hastened to join her. She had been taking a morning walk, and had gathered a few flowers by the roadside. Her cheeks were rosy from exercise, and her eyes were sparkling with delight. Herbert thought she looked remarkably handsome as he spoke to her.

"How happens it, Kate, that you are alone in your morning walk?"

"I like to go by myself, because I can think and can see so much more than when with company."

"But you do not desire to walk through life alone, do you?"

At first Kate did not understand what he meant to imply, and she answered, "Oh, no, indeed! I enjoy society very much; but there are times when I like

uninterrupted thought, and then I feel like secluding myself."

His little manœuvre for drawing Kate out had not succeeded: he must try again.

"The time we have spent at this academy has passed very pleasantly to me; and I regret very much, sometimes, that I am soon to leave such pleasant scenes."

"I shouldn't suppose you would feel so, as you have a profession in view, in which you are very much interested. With girls it is different. After leaving school, they have nothing particular with which to occupy their minds. They have no business pursuits, and have but little employment for their talents, or gratification for their ambition."

"But I find it disagreeable to have to break up pleasant associations, no matter what else the change may bring."

They were now very near Kate's home, and he began to feel the importance of having a decision soon; and he continued, —

"You and I have enjoyed each other's society much: but our paths may diverge hereafter; we may lose sight of each other."

Kate hoped not. She said that she should always be interested in his welfare, and glad to hear of his prosperity.

He would have to be quick now: they were almost at the house-door. He was used to speech-making, but this was a new and delicate subject.

"May I know if you take sufficient interest in my welfare to share it with me some day? I know you

are young, and it may be long years before I shall be able to marry: still, it would be an incentive and encouragement to my exertions to know that I was in possession of your love, and that you would some time become my wife."

His manner showed none of the timidity of a lover who expects a rejection of his suit.

When he began this last speech, Kate looked first interested, then astonished, and finally decided.

"That can never be, Herbert: I think you have mistaken your feelings towards me."

The comfortable, confident air he had maintained throughout most of the conversation immediately vanished. He looked mortified, not grieved. Kate's unexpected refusal had wounded his self-love, but had not affected his heart. He thought, perhaps, that Kate had refused him on account of his poverty; that she did not appreciate sufficiently his talents, that were sure to bring him prosperity and honor. He felt that she was throwing away a brilliant opportunity.

"You may some time think differently of my proposal."

"I am very sure that I shall not. I shall always be pleased to number you among my friends."

He wished her good-morning in a very dignified manner.

For a time he treated Kate with a stately superciliousness; he greeted her, when they met, with a cool "Good-morning, Miss Callender," or "Good-afternoon, Miss Callender:" but he soon forgot that

his dignity had been injured, and they resumed their former friendly intercourse.

Like a philosopher, he had reasoned on his matrimonial prospects; and, like a philosopher, he comforted himself after his refusal.



## CHAPTER X.

### SEPARATIONS.

**T**IME rolled swiftly on, and brought about at last the closing day of the school,—the day of sad partings. The school-girls assembled for the last time under the pine-tree,—their old trysting-place.

They expressed many sad regrets at parting, and made vows that they would always cherish pleasant recollections of each other and of the many happy moments they had spent together.

Many were leaving for homes near by, and others were going thousands of miles away. Some were leaving their girlish hearts behind, and taking a young man's image with them. Many remained true to these early attachments: others abandoned the old loves, and formed new ones.

Matty Davidson was going to her home in Charleston, S.C.; and she urged her friends, Fanny Fletcher and Kate, to make her a visit there.

She promised them abundance of luxury and pleasure if they would come. Her father was a rich cotton-planter, and his home was furnished with every thing that wealth could procure. Fanny accepted the invitation; but Kate knew that it would be utterly imprac-

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ticable for her, as she had not the means of paying the expenses of so long a journey.

With the closing term, Mrs. Thorning was to resign her situation as teacher of French; and Mr. Thorning offered the place to Kate,—nay, urged her strongly to accept it. She did not decidedly refuse, though she disliked much to confine herself to the monotony of teaching. She knew very well that her parents were not able to supply her many wants; and the returns from her literary productions were as yet an uncertain source. She might feel obliged to adopt this, to her, distasteful avocation after a while; and she wished Mr. Thorning to give her a little time to consider the matter before giving him a final answer.

Margaret Morrison was looking forward to her future prospect with pleasure. Her father had proposed to her that she should make a long visit to some relations in New York. He hoped that the gayeties and the excitement of city-life would drive that notion that he detested out of her head. This arrangement gratified Margaret much, as it offered to her a wider field for the development of her cherished purposes.

Kate's parents were plodding, hard-working people: they were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the joys of home and heart. They had only a moderate ambition, and their two elder children had taken positions quite satisfactory to them. They had never had any literary character in their family or among their acquaintances; and they were inclined to regard such as unhappy and unapproachable sort of people.

Kate had changed very much: she did not seem so

happy and light-hearted as formerly, and they supposed her literary aspirations to be the cause. But she had always had a will of her own, and this she still retained. They could advise with and dictate to her elder sister and her brother, but they could not succeed so well with her.

• She had gone from among them a romping, self-willed, sunny-hearted, careless, freckled-faced girl: she had returned a handsome, talented, self-reliant woman. She had a feminine fondness for dress, and liked to make a good personal appearance. Her parents could find no fault with the change, except that she was not so genial and companionable as before. Sometimes she would exhibit flashes of her old wit and merriment, and sometimes she would have moments of quiet and even depression.

John Callender, one day, remarked to her that boarding-school notions spoiled all the girls; that they had made Fanny Fletcher "stuck-up," Margaret Morrison half an "amazon," and herself a "blue-stocking."

Kate laughed, and said, "I will return that compliment some day."

John said this in an irritated manner; and he had some reason, as far as Fanny was concerned: for they had been schoolmates together, and Fanny had seemed much pleased with many little attentions John had paid her; but, since her return from the boarding-school, she had avoided him, and given him the "cold shoulder."

Hannah Callender was very different in character

from her sister Kate. She was sensible, prudent, and matter-of-fact, and could not sympathize with Kate's "longings after immortality." She considered "solid pudding better than empty praise;" and told her sister that she thought her very unwise to hesitate about accepting such a situation as that offered her at the academy.

"But there is a drudgery about school-teaching that I dislike. I expect to make my writings profitable in time: besides, there is a satisfaction in being able to leave an honorable record of my works here, that may be appreciated after I am dead."

"That may be a pleasant delusion to you, Kate: but I don't expect to know whether my merits are appreciated or not after I am dead; and, even should it be so, I should place but little value on posthumous fame."

"I have joys that you know not of," Kate answered laughingly; "and, in order to realize my feelings, you must have had my experience."

"I do not wish for it. I should prefer to go out washing, or undertake some 'floors to clean,' than to spend my time as you do yours,—on subjects that were so uncertain of bringing me any recompense."

"But I expect that both honor and profit will come to me in time."

In spite of all her efforts, the mind of Kate Callender was ill at ease. It had been so for a long time, though she had tried hard to conceal it; and the quiet solitude of her own home had only increased the feeling. She had found out, at last, that she had a heart.

She had had a cup of happiness pressed to her lips, but had dashed it away with her own hand; and now she regretted it. The face and the form of the painter Arnold rose up before her, haunting her sleeping and waking hours. She could not forget the whiteness of his face, nor the determined expression of his eye, when he told her that hopeless love sometimes broke the hearts of women, but that it drove men to ruin and madness; that the world was to him as nothing, without her love. While Frederic Arnold was painting Kate's portrait, he had fallen in love with his subject. He had told her so, and begged and pleaded (as a man of the world knows how to plead) for her love in return; but she had refused him. He told her she had now too much ambition to feel that she had a heart; but that she would find it out at some future time. He left the town immediately after: and he had scarcely gone, ere Kate regretted her refusal; his winning countenance and manners had more charms for her than she had at first realized. A sweet picture of happiness (of what life with love might be) rose up to tempt her; and she would have called him back, had not her pride prevented. She could not forget the beseeching eloquence of his look and language when he said that her love was necessary to his happiness; and there is always a tendency in a true woman's heart to pity and believe, where the affections are interested.

She was afraid that her refusal might drive him to some act of desperation; and, should this prove the case, she felt that she never could forgive herself. A

poet has said that a woman might do a more foolish thing than to fall in love, and a wiser one than to tell of it. Our heroine may have had a sentiment something like this; for no sooner did she discover herself to be in love than she determined that no other mortal should be able to detect the secret regret that filled her heart. She felt sometimes as if she would willingly give up all her ambition, and hopes of fame could she but find refuge within a heart that was all her own. Alas for women! they have too much trust in their nature; they make too many clay idols; they may be ambitious, "strong minded," intellectual, and self-reliant: but in their faith lies their weakness; and by misplaced confidence they are often deceived and ruined. Kate had a large soul, with wide sympathies and strange depth. Though she would confide her troubles to no ear, however friendly, she sought comfort in her own way, by "pouring forth," and commencing her first love-story. She gave it the title of "The Mind and Heart."

Her heroine was a young girl of talent and ambition, who aspired to be a star among actresses, and finally succeeded. Her long dreams and ambitious hopes were realized to the full extent. Newspapers rang with her praises, and with a stroke of the pen made her famous, and placed her at the summit of the histrionic profession. But, to accomplish this, she put away the love of her youth, and found out, when too late, that her best successes were but fleeting shadows; that the fruits of her ambition could not satisfy the longing of her heart, but, though splendidly

beautiful to the eye, were filled with nought but dust and ashes. Then she became dejected, disappointed, and lost all further interest in the stage; and, finally, died young, a martyr to unsatisfied ambition. As this was Kate's first effort in this direction, she was quite anxious to know how it might be received. She was soon gratified, and, as she opened the last number of the magazine, read the following: —

“‘The Mind and Heart,’ by Elsie Greenwood, has been too long delayed for so good a story, and shall appear in the next number.”

The story attracted the attention of Mr. Thorning, for he knew Kate's signature. He remembered what she had once said to him, — that she must feel an impression, and be herself interested in her subject, before she could do it justice. He considered this the best production of her pen, and conjectured that she must have had some experience to be able to tell her story in so striking a manner. “You may be sure that our Kate has fallen in love,” he said one day to his wife. “Why so?” As a reply, Mr. Thorning showed his wife the story. She read it through, and was of the same opinion. “But who do you suppose is the object of her affections?” she asked. “Perhaps Herbert Willard: they seemed very much interested in each other before leaving school.” Mrs. Thorning hoped it might be so, as she considered them very well suited to each other.

## CHAPTER XI.

FREDERIC ARNOLD.

IN an artist's studio, situated on Broadway, where that thoroughfare is most crowded, sat Frederic Arnold. The apartment was elegantly furnished; books in costly bindings were on the shelves; original paintings by the best masters graced the walls, and a row of marble columns were ranged along its whole length. The room had been fitted up in costly style by Mr. Manning. He thought he would encourage his nephew to a diligent pursuit of his profession by making his room attractive to him. There was nothing in the studio that looked like work, except an unfinished portrait of a lady resting on the easel. Our artist was altered strangely, both in look and manner. There was a wildness in his eye, and a careless negligence in his dress, entirely unlike his appearance when we saw him last. He looked like a man recovering from a fever, or some intemperate indulgence: he was trying to regain the energy and collect the senses that had been somewhat scattered of late. If he had wished to give a correct account of the manner in which he had passed the last few weeks of his life, he could not have done so. Of one thing he was sure: the time had not been spent in a creditable manner.

Disappointment caused by unrequited love was by him deemed a sufficient excuse for plunging into any excesses. With returning reason, again came to him the thought of Kate Callender. He accused her as the cause of all his wrong-doing. With such a woman's love as an incentive to usefulness and virtue, he could be a saint: without it, a devil. Had you asked Frederic Arnold, previous to his meeting with Kate Callender, if he had ever been in love, he would have answered, "Yes, twenty times;" but now he believed that he had experienced the sentiment for the first time. He who had usually been so successful in love could not endure the idea of being baffled and rejected by a country school-girl. At this point in his reflections, he turned his gaze towards the portrait of Kate hanging on the wall. The eyes seemed to look down upon him with encouragement and admiration, if not with love. She had bent that glance upon him more than once, he remembered, while he had been taking her portrait; and the thought gave him new courage. Kate's picture seemed to have a strange influence over him. "By Jove! I'll be a man, and win her love yet," he muttered.

He had hardly given utterance to this resolution, when he heard a noise upon the stairs. He knew by the step, and the peculiar thump, thump, of a cane, that his uncle was coming; and he would have preferred to see any one else while in his present condition.

Mr. Manning gave with his cane some hard knocks on the door, which was immediately opened.

The uncle was a sharp-sighted man: he noticed the nervous, excited manner of his nephew, so unlike his usual self-possession, and, suspecting something had gone wrong, said gruffly, "Then you have not either hanged or drowned yourself, as I expected, from not having seen any thing of you lately."

"If such an event had happened, you would probably not have been inconsolable."

"It might be worse, much worse. I would rather see my sister's son in his coffin than see him living only to be a disgrace to himself and to me."

Frederic explained his absence by stating that he had been unwell, and had been in a small country town to recruit.

Mr. Manning knew his nephew's habits too well, and surmised from appearances that some of the time had been wasted in dissipation. He began to look curiously round the room, and his eye glanced towards the half-finished portrait on the easel.

"How is it that you have not finished that painting? You commenced it at least six months ago."

Frederic said that sickness had interrupted his work: he expected to recommence upon it immediately.

"You do not mean to say that you have been unwell for six months?"

"No: I have not been sick all the time; but I have been in no mood for painting."

Mr. Manning was beginning to be angry. He had come to speak his mind; and he did not intend to go away till he had done so.

"It is the same old story: you will not work, because

you are not in the mood. Now, I wish you to understand that you will have to work, or starve; for you will get no more supplies from me. And, unless you reform your ways, I will see to it that not a particle of any thing that belongs to me comes into your possession after my death."

Frederic answered, that he intended to apply himself closely to his art in future. He did not wish his uncle to *give* him any money, but would ask him for the *loan* of five hundred dollars for present necessities, until he could finish the portrait, which would bring a great price, and then he would repay the loan.

After much grumbling and muttering, the old man consented to lend the money, but said he hoped his nephew would behave like a man of honor for once, and repay the debt. It was the first time Frederic had ever asked for a loan: he had seemed to expect to be gratuitously supplied heretofore; and his uncle was inclined to regard this as a new ruse to extort money.

Mr. Manning continued to examine the state of affairs about the room. He took down some costly volumes from the shelves, expatiated upon the amounts they had cost him, and the poor returns he had received for all his trouble and expense.

Frederic was in no mood to bear these reproaches: besides, his own conscience was awakened, and he was already feeling the penitence and remorse that usually follow evil deeds.

The taunting words aggravated him exceedingly; but he knew by experience that it would be of little

use to express what he felt on the subject, as his uncle would place no confidence in any good resolutions he might form.

He was very glad to shut the door, at last, on his retreating uncle, who was no sooner out of sight and hearing than the nephew gave vent to his wrath by shaking his fist irreverently towards the direction of the retiring form, and muttering fiercely, "If you should fall down those stairs and break your neck, you would do yourself no harm, and might bring good fortune to somebody."

Surely there could have been but little true affection existing between this uncle and this nephew.

Frédéric Arnold did apply himself to his work with new energy; and the pure image of that lovely girl that graced his room became to him an inspiration.

The determination he had formed of deserving and winning her love became an incentive for him to virtue and exertion.

Ah! could he have only kept these good resolutions!



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMA'AM AND THE BLUE-STOCKING.

ONE morning, very early, Kate was sitting in her room, with pen and paper before her. She was holding her pen indolently, and admiring the brightness of the sun through the window, and wishing she might transfer its radiant tints to her paper. Hannah was rattling the broom, and brushing away the dirt near Kate's door, and singing, "For I am to be queen of the May, mother," &c.

All at once she threw open Kate's door, and exclaimed, "I should certainly think, by your looks and attitude, that you were some moon-struck damsel."

"Oh, no! not moon-struck, but sun-struck, just now. I am wishing I could write a graphic description of that rising sun."

"What a useless occupation that would be! I have come to propose a more sensible way of spending your time."

"Well, let me know what it is: if agreeable to me, I will not object."

"I wish to make a visit to a sick friend for a few days, and should like to have you take charge of my school in the mean time."

"I will gladly do so, if you will only instruct me in your system. I have no experience, and do not understand managing very well."

"We can easily arrange matters if you will go into the school with me for a day or two, take notice of my mode of managing, and follow the directions I will give you."

Kate agreed, and went with her sister. That she watched her movements closely, Hannah had good reason to believe by what she discovered afterwards: that she profited by the directions given her was not so certain.

Upon her return, Hannah found her school demoralized, and in a state of confusion; her scholars in insubordination. Kate had given them long recesses and short lessons; letting them have pretty much their own way.

Hannah soon found out how Kate had contrived to amuse herself, and pass away the time; as she found in the desk a description, not very flattering, of herself.

The subject began with a prelude, as follows:—

"MISS CALLENDER, — As you saw fit to draw away my attention from the radiant beams of the rising sun, the fragrance of the early dawn, and the pearl-like glitter of the dewdrops, that were about to give eloquence to my pen, I feel bound in duty to employ my poor wit in your behalf, by sketching the interior of your village school, as it appeared to me.

"On a warm and sultry day, the presiding goddess of the village school was promenading her domains



with all the consequence and majesty imaginable, and wielding with merciless power her birchen sceptre. She seemed wonderfully suited to her vocation: her eye and ear had become quickened in the service; and the birch she bore appeared as if it naturally appertained to her, and, without that, she would constitute only a part of the perfect whole now presented.

"Hers was no picture of feminine loveliness. Such looks would not grace a heroine. There was nothing there for fancy to dwell upon, or likely to inspire a sonnet: love-lorn swains would have looked strangely out of place sighing for mercy at *her* feet, or pressing soft kisses upon lips too rigid and common-sensical to be either melted or flattered. In short, hers was a physiognomy plain and matter-of-fact, and expressed naught but unmixed utility and a shrewd, dearly-bought faculty for detecting youthful wiles. But enough of the schoolma'am.

"A few of the juveniles were stretched upon their hard benches, enjoying a blissful oblivion, notwithstanding the abundance and the impertinence of the flies, and of the oppressive heat; others, who had but lately been admitted to the school, and who as yet felt an awe of the birch, which was in perpetual motion, eyed with anxious look its awful activity, and sat erect upon their seats, as firm and motionless as if they had been pinioned.

"There were others, who had been longer at the school, and whom custom had hardened, who showed bold defiance and reckless disregard of birchen rule (whose smart, experience told them, time would soon

heal); and they tore their books and made ugly faces, in spite of its fearful threats and frequent applications. On the floor stood a group of delinquents, whose dirty, streaked faces bore witness that tears had been the only ablution they had received that day. Having neglected their appointed tasks, they were doomed to remain standing, with books in hand, as an expiation of their offences.

"Owing to their close proximity, and the extreme difficulty of maintaining their upright position, they were sipping draughts, by no means cooling, from the fount of learning. Frequently crowding each other for more room, they would jostle their next neighbor, nearly destroying his equilibrium, and causing him to utter discordant and forbidden sounds. But the magic wand had great power; for faces broadened by grins, and those distorted by fear, suddenly became lengthened over books, and the crafty urchins assumed an appearance of studiousness and gravity that would have done credit to their grandsires.

"Beneath the imperial throne, *alias* the desk, of her majesty, was confined a notorious reprobate of cunning rare. After the utterance of a shriek from Joe Scott, he had been convicted of inflicting a pinch on the arm of the said Joe; and it was for this offence that the young aggressor was sentenced to a separation from his companions, and to solitary confinement. His situation was altogether too secluded for one of his abilities and activity, and his limited bounds were ill suited to so free a nature and to so inspiring a genius: in short, our little friend was not at home. To relieve

the monotony of his confinement, he placed himself in every posture he could imagine, both rectangular and horizontal. He scratched out all the o's from his spelling-book with a pin; and, removing from it all the pictures that came under his notice, he pasted them around him, if they might, perchance, relieve the solitude of his prison-house. At length, remembering his companions, curiosity and his remarkably social nature aroused an interest in their welfare, and prompted him to peep forth that he might see their good works. Even *his* daring spirit felt some timidity at the undertaking. He ventured, however, and immediately shrank back, pale with fear; for he encountered the glance of his teacher, who showed her indignation by cuffing him severely with her horny nail.

"Now the schoolma'am seats herself, and lisping children assemble around her, that they may imbibe the rudiments of knowledge. With an expression of awful reverence on their young faces, they gaze into hers, and repeat the sounds she utters with studied imitation and noisy effect. Though the young aspirants might sneeze in her face, or wipe their noses on her apron, she does not wince, but, even at this not uncommon occurrence, sits sublime and unmoved in all her grandeur. Now her quick ear detects a slight commotion made by the regiment on the floor; and, waving the birch about their heads, each one feels the tingling dealt by her skilful hand.

"In a corner somewhat remote from the teacher, a youth of audacious mien sits upon his seat with great apparent uneasiness. He had caught all the flies that

had dared to venture into his vicinity, and kept them tied by the legs till they had become dismembered, or till existence with them had ceased. Having exhausted this source of amusement, he was looking round for a new pastime. At length he thinks of the window above him, and slowly raises himself that he may enjoy the prospect without, — a forbidden pleasure. From his observatory he perceives Farmer Brown trying to persuade an unruly cow into the pasture; and is exceedingly diverted by the proceedings. So greatly is he interested, that, at last, he loses all recollection of his whereabouts and the extreme danger of his present position.

"'Now she is going in,' soliloquized our hero, wholly intent on the subject before him. 'No: she is going by;' and he uttered an audible 'Heigh!' for the purpose of stopping the cow, but which, instead, draws down upon himself the wrath of the angry goddess. He hears a whizzing sound; and, as a blow falls upon him, the transgressor turns round, and perceives that it is the lady of the birch who is thus bringing him back to a painful knowledge of his true place. Shrinking into his seat, the discomfited boy is left to guess, amid his *smarts*, whether or not the farmer succeeds by the use of *his* stick. Though our hero might rend the air with his cries, he could not stun her; and she had been too long accustomed to such sounds to be in any degree softened by them.

"Now the proclamation is issued that will release the little culprits from their prison, will enable cramped limbs to resume their elasticity, and begins

to brighten all the sad faces. 'Put away your books : school is to be dismissed.' It has been so declared by the teacher herself; and though drowsy urchins, roused from their slumbers, and striving to peep from their half-opened eyes, hardly credit this good fortune, it is a fact, nevertheless. Still, they must await their turn, and file out with military precision, while she of the birch guards the march with watchful eye. They did not feel their freedom till the fresh breeze of heaven blew upon their faces. Then, only, did they regain the elasticity and joyousness of youth.

"They are all gone at last, and the schoolma'am is left alone; perhaps she tarries a moment to enjoy the quiet solitude. But, in a few moments, she, too, has departed, and left her dominion to the Goddess of Silence."

Having read the above with a dissatisfied air, Hannah turned the paper over, and, on the other side, discovered a description of "A Blue-stocking," from the same pen, written in Kate's exaggerated style. Feeling curious to know how that subject might be treated, Hannah began to read as follows:—

"What cause is there for the gloom that shrouds yonder farmhouse, for the silence that reigns within it? Can it be that the grim monster, Death, has entered the dwelling, and, with resistless power, has sought out and seized its victim? Has the great reaper cut down with his sickle some tender plant, snatching it from the bosoms of those that love it so

well? Has a soul escaped from the land of mortality, to seek an eternal abode in the land of the immortal?

"It is, in truth, a house of mourning; but the grief is not for the dead, but the living. The inmates mourn for a soul that they deem estranged from them.

"What a solemn group is assembled within! There is but one of them joyous, and her they seem to consider as cause enough for their sorrow.

"The father gazes moodily into the fire, which seems unable to light up his careworn brow, which is covered with many furrows of recent date. The mother is industriously plying her knitting-needles, and their click, click, is the only sound that breaks the solemn silence. Her fingers now and then cease their rapid motion, while she darts towards the one of dreams and visions a look of unutterable sorrow. A brother and a sister, gazing at her with reproachful looks, complete the assembled group.

"What can have caused so great sorrow? What canst thou have done, fair one, to awaken such deep grief? Thy broad, open brow speaketh not of guilt, and thine eyes sparkle with wit and genius. Ah! but this merry, light-hearted girl dared to soar above her humble origin,—was bold enough to write her name in the golden Temple of Fame.

"The terrible crime of which she is accused is, writing articles for a periodical magazine. She has bidden farewell to the broom, the spinning-wheel, and the shuttle, so skilfully wielded by her ancestors, to

weave the golden threads of fancy into a glittering web of romance.

"The mother, whose highest dream of ambition is to have stockings enough knit to supply the wear and tear of the winter months, and the father, who has built no greater castle above the earth than that his harvest may be abundant, now behold in their rosy-cheeked daughter the sad spectre of a *Blue-stock*ing.

"The power which has enrolled another victim in its well-filled pages is the *Press*, and the great reaper a *Publisher*!

"The father, wishing to obtain his Bible, that he may read a chapter for consolation, searches in vain for his spectacles, which, in his abstraction, he forgets are on the top of his head. He reaches the book; but, in reaching it, he stumbles, and the large family Bible falls heavily upon the foot of his wife. She, being afflicted with that dire nuisance, 'corns,' breaks the silence by uttering a loud cry of pain. How quickly, O weak mortal! do the pains of the body obliterate the sorrows of the mind!

"The mother is absorbed in her new affliction, the father recovers possession of the Bible, and the brother and sister resume the employments which the late scene had interrupted, occasionally glancing round to see if the spirit of their romantic sister is hovering near: whilst thou, whom they deem a fanatic visionary, dost laugh at them; thou dost look with merry eye on this solemn scene. O blighted household! Oh the horrors of possessing a blue-stock

Kate had dashed this off carelessly and thoughtlessly, not intending that it should be seen by any one. Had she thought that Hannah would have discovered it, and shown it to her parents, she would have applied to the ease some of the teaching that Miss Lovering had given her: "That she should carefully prune and revise whatever she wrote." From this article she would have pruned away many extravagances, and inserted more of filial respect. Kate's wit was daring, and her mirth sparkling; while underneath the laughing surface was a current of love and tenderness, ever full and flowing. Her parents knew this well; and they were ready to cover her faults with the mantle of charity.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DEPRESSION.

**I**T was one of those halcyon Indian-summer days of autumn, that make the young heart feel blithe and happy, and the middle-aged that their youth has come back to them.

There had been a gentle shower; and the clouds were rapidly disappearing, and the sun was beginning to send forth its warm rays. But Kate Callender seemed to be excepted from its genial influence. She was experiencing a season of depression; for, somehow, this bright weather awoke sad reminiscences, and she could not help comparing her present feeling and associations with what they had been in the past on similar occasions. She loved society; and the change from school-life to the quiet of home was not altogether congenial to her mind. She was meeting with some success in her literary labors, though the returns were insufficient for her wants. She began to think favorably of the situation at the academy: it would at least bring her good wages, and she might contrive to worry through half of her existence, for the sake of making the other half enjoyable. Besides, she had made many pleasant acquaintances, and even some friendships,

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while attending school; and it would give her an opportunity of renewing them.

Whilst in the middle of these meditations, Hannah bounced into the room, and exclaimed, "If you were any thing in the world but an authoress, you would not be able to stay in-doors such weather as this, sister."

"That is because we authors can create our own atmosphere and weather. We can make the sun shine, the clouds lower; the air warm and mild as June, or sharp and cutting like December; we can bring down the soft April shower, or send the hail and sleet driving against your windows; we can make the south wind fan your cheek gently, or rouse old Boreas with November breath to chill you almost to your soul, and drive you shivering to the warmest corner of the fireside."

This was uttered by Kate in her serio-comic style.

"I acknowledge and submit to the power you possess. I know very well by experience that you can transform me from a quiet, orderly person into a vixenish schoolma'am; you can afflict our dear mother with corns, if you choose; and, in fact, make any thing of us that happens to suit your fancy."

"But you will all forgive me, as you know very well that I had no malicious intent."

"We shall have to overlook it, I suppose, as 'what can't be cured must be endured.' But I wish to propose to you a walk to the village with me, if you are not too much engaged. I have some shopping to do, and would like to call at Dr. Morrison's."

Their way led across pastures, through woods, over



walls and fences; this being the shortest route to the village.

Hannah was cheerful and sociable, ever disposed to look on the bright side of life, and tried to entertain her sister with lively talk. Though Kate was in good health, and surrounded by comforts; though she could see nothing objectionable in the sky above or the earth around her, — there was yet a something undefinable, necessary to her contentment, that she did not possess.

Mrs. Morrison was very glad to see Kate. She had just received a long letter from her daughter, and was delighted with the chance of showing its contents to any one.

Margaret's letter was full of expressions of happiness and content. The gay and exciting mode of life in the city suited her exactly; and she should feel in no hurry to return home, but for enjoying more the society of her dear father and mother.

Dr. Morrison came in during the reading of the missive, and said, "He had no doubt but that Margaret had managed to get up to her neck in the sea of politics, or she would never be so contented away from home."

Kate held the same opinion, but she had enough discretion to keep it to herself; for she had often received letters from her friend, in which she spoke of the hopeful prospects of her reformatory plans.

Mrs. Morrison did not share in her husband's antipathy to Margaret's vagaries. She looked upon them as innocent delusions, not likely to harm herself or anybody else. She would have been glad to have

more of her daughter's society at home; but, like most mothers, she was willing to sacrifice her own pleasure for the sake of advancing the happiness of her child.

In the mean time, Hannah had been round gathering up the gossip of the village. She soon came in to Dr. Morrison, and made known the report she had heard, that Herbert Willard was engaged to Matty Davidson.

But little credit was given to the rumor, however; for those best acquainted with Matty said that she had a preference for a rich husband, and that Willard had nothing to depend on but his talents and energy. But the information came from a letter of Fanny Fletcher, who was visiting at Mr. Davidson's, and, therefore, would know the truth of the matter.

Kate believed it to be true. She knew that there was but little sincerity in Herbert's love-making to herself; she knew, also, that he desired some tender attachment, some one to cheer and encourage him, and that Matty had just the right kind of susceptibility of heart to charm him. She saw in each a fitness for the other, and was rejoiced at the engagement.

While on the way home, Kate told her sister that she had about made up her mind to accept the place of teacher at the academy, if she could still obtain it.

Hannah was pleased to hear this. She regarded it as the dawn of good sense and reason on Kate's part, and said all she could to encourage and fix the decision.

"I know I shall find the duties irksome; and I suspect that I have but little capacity for them," said Kate with a sigh.

"But that you will not know till you are tried. I should consider myself remarkably fortunate to have such a situation offered me."

"I should hardly take upon myself such a responsibility," said Kate, "were it not that Mr. Thorning, the principal, would give me his aid, and do all in his power to make my labors easy. Do you know, Hannah, that I often wish we were rich, that I might have a better opportunity of following my own inclinations?"

"But what would you do in that case?"

"I would go to the city, as Margaret Morrison has done, and would plunge into all its gayeties and excitements. I would see more of life, human life, than it is possible to do in this little village."

Kate said this in such a disappointed, sorrowful tone of voice, that it occurred to Hannah at once that she was suffering unhappiness from some unknown cause. Whatever was the occasion for her sadness, Kate kept it a secret in her own bosom: not even to her only sister would she confide the incessant yearnings of her heart.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HOPE.

IT was after sunset when they reached home. The moon had already risen, and was diffusing its silvery light over the landscape. Hannah opened the front door, and went immediately up stairs to put away her things. Kate was about to follow, but loitered a moment. She glanced carelessly through the half-open door of the sitting-room, and her eye caught a glimpse of a man's figure near the window. At the sight, the blood receded from her cheeks: she scarcely knew whether or not she was dreaming. That form was one she had often seen while asleep, but had given all hope of ever seeing again in reality. She stepped into the room, and Frederic Arnold rose and stood before her, his face beaming with love. He took both of her hands in his, and she made no resistance; he placed one arm around her waist, and softly whispered, "I have not cherished in vain the hope that I might yet gain your love. Will you not grant it to me now?"

Kate's face expressed love, serenity, and trust. She smiled; and, fixing her dark eyes, full of love pure as a seraph might feel, upon him, she said in her



lowest tone, "It is even so." He drew such a brilliant picture of happiness, that Kate was bewildered and dazzled. He told her that he would gain honor greatness, and wealth for both of them; that, when he sought for fame, it was only for her sake, and what he won he should lay at her feet.

He spoke of his prospects of wealth: that his profession was very lucrative, and that he was the only heir of a rich uncle. No wonder Kate's susceptible heart was thrilled; for he poured into her willing ear passionate eloquence and romantic adoration, and his graceful, insinuating address captivated her ardent imagination. He aroused her tender sympathies by speaking of the despair she had brought upon him by her rejection of his love, and saying that he had only been kept from some act of desperation by determined and unremitting application to his profession.

While engaged at his work, the hope of gaining her love had kept his spirits up, and he had delayed seeing her again, because he feared another rejection; for he had preferred to cherish even *vain* hopes, rather than endure the crushing reality of a refusal again.

He explained his sudden and unlooked-for appearance on that day by stating that he had waked up in the morning with an unaccountably hopeful feeling, that had inspired him with courage and determination to know his fate, to learn it from her own lips. Kate compared this, her lover's state of mind, with her own unsatisfied, inexplicable longings through the day, and thought she perceived in these mysterious circumstances the hand of fate working out her destiny.

A diamond ring of rare value glistened on Arnold's hand; and he proceeded to give Kate a very curious account (but the true one) of the manner in which it had come into his possession.

"When I took my departure from the city, to seek retirement and repose in the little village of Waterford, where I had the good fortune to meet you first, I left upon my easel an unfinished portrait. I knew but little of my patroness, except that she was a married lady of fine manners and distinguished appearance, and that she was wealthy. She was rather dilatory in attending to the engagements we made for her sittings, or I should have finished the painting before leaving.

"Soon after my return to the city, a gentleman came to my studio to make inquiries of the progress of the picture. His manner was excited and anxious; but he soon explained the cause by informing me that his wife, the original of the half-finished portrait, had died suddenly. He lamented that it had not been completed, and asked me if I could finish it in a satisfactory manner from memory. I told him I thought I should be able to do so, as I had now nearly all the outlines, and her features were of that peculiar style that were calculated to make an impression on the memory. The gentleman wished me to work on the picture only while he was present; and he came every day, regularly, to superintend and dictate; and sometimes he suggested alterations in the work. At last, assisted by his advice and by my own memory, I completed the portrait to his entire satisfaction. He told me that he scarcely knew how to adequately express

his thanks for the gratification I had given him. He paid me more money than I should have ventured to charge for my work, and gave me in addition this diamond ring, as a token of his appreciation of my success.

"I can make no better use of it than to transfer it to the hand of one who is dearer to me than wealth or fame."

As he said this, he drew the jewel from his own hand, and placed it gently on Kate's tapering finger.

Kate felt happy and proud as she received the ring. She was happy to accept such a proof of his love, and proud to think that it had been the reward of his genius.

When Frederic Arnold first arrived, he found none of the family at home but Mrs. Callender. He gave her his name, and asked for Kate; and said that he had formed her acquaintance while she had been attending the academy. Mrs. Callender remembered hearing her daughter speak of him incidentally as having painted her portrait, and cordially invited him to remain till Kate's return.

Having seen her guest comfortably seated, she commenced making preparations for tea. Every thing was hot and steaming on the table. Mr. Callender had come for his supper, but Kate did not make her appearance.

"Why is Kate absent so late?" said Mr. Callender.

"She is with a visitor in the parlor, whom she found waiting for her when we returned home," said Hannah.

Mr. Callender made some inquiries with regard to the visitor, but neither Hannah nor her mother could give him much information on the subject.

They delayed tea for a while, waiting for Kate to make her appearance; but, as she did not come, they finally concluded to ring the tea-bell.

The sound roused Kate from her blissful dreams. She had no idea of how the moments had flown. With blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, she went into the supper-room, Frederic Arnold by her side. He had already introduced himself to her mother, and Kate presented him to her father and sister.

Handsome, and possessed of insinuating manners, he soon gained the good will of the father and mother. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and adventure, and had a rare talent for relating them.

Hannah's eyes soon detected the diamond sparkling on Kate's finger, and surmised that there was more than a common interest between the parties.

A harvest-moon was shedding its mild beams over the earth. Love likes such half-illuminated darkness, and our lovers went out to walk in its silvery light. What the moon and stars saw and heard, we shall not tell. Suffice it to say, that they talked lovers' talk, and made lovers' vows. Everybody is supposed to know what love is; for, if they have not experienced it in their own lives, they have had plenty of opportunities for reading of its mysterious workings.

The dreamers rambled on in the winding paths, through pasture and woodland, and "took no note of

time." The pale moon looked down upon them, and the bright stars winked at them, as if they knew what was going on; but our lovers saw them not. The leaves rustled, and the wind sighed mournfully amid the trees; but they heard nought save the beating of their own hearts. The maiden forgot her cherished dreams of fame, and the realities of the present, in that blissful hour, as she was encircled by the arms of her lover, and listened to his protestations of devotion, and to such vows of love as could convert fancy into reality, and darkness even into day.

Alas for love's waking! 'Tis well that fancy can sometimes conceal the darkness of the future by a web of illusion; else how often would present happiness be marred by a knowledge of future woe!

In the mean time, the family were left to speculate concerning the visit and conduct of the new comer. That there was a love-interest between Mr. Arnold and Kate, they had no doubt: they did not require a wizard's power to discover that fact. But they could not conjecture why she had spoken so little of an acquaintance that seemed of so much importance to her.

Hannah remembered that Kate had been very much unlike her former self ever since she had quitted school. She also recollected how despondent her sister had been all that day, and how it had then flashed upon her mind that Kate had some secret trouble to oppress her.

She told her parents that she doubted not that Mr. Arnold and Kate were old lovers; and explained her

sister's silence on the subject by supposing that they must have had a lovers' quarrel, which had been set right by the re-appearance of the gentleman.

As this seemed probable, they were ready to accept Hannah's views of the case.

Kate's parents had ceased to be much surprised at any thing she might do, or any thing that might happen to her. She had always been somewhat peculiar and unaccountable in her conduct; and they could not measure her by the same rules that they did the doings of their other children.

The life of some people is like a boat without sail, moving gently over the unruffled surface of a lake, or "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean;" while that of others is like a full-rigged ship, with all sails set alow and aloft, which is now tossed about roughly by the winds and storm, ungoverned by its helm, and now sails rapidly and triumphantly over a smoother sea to its desired haven.

There was something in the very elements of Kate Callender's nature which prevented her from living a quiet, commonplace life. Just as impossible this would be for her as for her brother and sister to rise on the pinions of fancy and genius. Most fortunate was it for Kate that she possessed more than the common fortitude of woman, to enable her to endure the vicissitudes of her checkered life.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LOVE.

KATE'S cup of happiness was full to overflowing. The winter she had so much dreaded was warmed and cheered by the many letters and frequent visits of her lover. She resumed again those wild, out-door rambles that she had enjoyed so much before entering the academy. Every nook where she had strolled with Arnold was rendered doubly dear and sacred by pleasant associations and memories. Her clear, ringing laugh was often heard throughout the house, and it gladdened her parents' hearts to see her so happy. They were inclined to encourage Mr. Arnold's attentions, for he had made a favorable impression on their minds. Because marriage had brought *them* so much genuine happiness, they thought it would bring joy, content, and peace of mind to Kate also.

Hannah liked occasionally to joke her sister on her new prospects. One day, she said, "Though you have often expressed yourself against marriage, Kate, I can see some ominous signs that you will be likely to need a wedding-dress before long, and also have a matrimonial yoke around your neck."

"I have discovered that it is a pleasant thing to

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love and be loved, though I have not counted on my *married* joys as yet. If I thought that my bright illusions would all vanish with marriage, as seems to be the case with some couples, I would remain single, in order to keep my love-lamp still burning."

Hannah laughed outright: she could not appreciate sentiment, and answered, "Give me comfort and substantial things in preference to your *illusions*. My idea of matrimonial bliss consists in having a snug cottage of my own to manage. I would like to have it neatly carpeted and furnished. I should wish my husband to be steady and industrious; I should like to have him respect me, and be satisfied with my house-keeping. I should wish him to attend to his business, too, and not be sitting on a lounge, gazing into my eyes and holding my hands all day. That way of passing the time may suit gentlemen who paint portraits, and ladies who write love-stories and sketches; but it is not to my taste."

This was intended, as may be seen, for a sly thrust at Kate; but she enjoyed it.

Though the sisters were very different in character, they never disputed or quarrelled.

Somehow, Kate's lover had found but little favor in Hannah's eyes; but her objections were of a trifling kind, and she had kept them to herself. She thought his voice too effeminate, and his hands too soft and white: and then he wore his hair parted in the middle, which somebody has said "is a sign of a knave or a fool;" though we consider that a mistake. These little things did not correspond with her ideas of man-

liness. He wrote letters to Kate, filled with all sorts of endearments; and, when he came to visit her, would hardly be out of her sight for a moment. Hannah had no faith in such extravagant devotion: she did not believe it could be lasting.

They did not continue the conversation, as John came in, bringing a letter. His employment now kept him in an adjoining town most of the time; but he usually came home once a week.

"Is it for me? and is it a *precious* letter?" asked Kate.

"It is for you; but I don't know how precious it may be. It has, however, come from a long way off," said John, as he handed her the missive.

"Oh! it is from Fanny Fletcher," said Kate, glancing at the outside. She opened it, and commenced reading aloud. John betrayed some interest by remaining to listen.

"MY DEAREST KATE, — I have hitherto neglected to write you, because I have had so much enjoyment that I could not find time. We have parties or excursions of some kind nearly every day. But I cannot stop to enter into the particulars of my pleasures, as I have something of more importance and interest to tell you. Herbert Willard and Matty Davidson are engaged. This happened just before we left school: but Matty did not wish that any of us should know it then, for fear we might laugh at her; as, you know, she always said she would have none but a rich husband, and Herbert is neither rich nor handsome. But Matty

consoles herself now by saying that it is much better for a person not to marry their *ideal*, as they are sure to be disappointed if they do. She says if she should follow her first foolish fancy, she should probably marry some *perfumed dandy* like Frederic Arnold; and she is very thankful now, that she did not have a chance of accepting him."

Here Kate made a very wry face, and John and Hannah laughed.

"'Every one to their taste,' as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. — 'De gustibus non est disputandum,'" said Kate; and consoled herself with the quotations.

Be it remembered that Fanny Fletcher was many miles away, and was entirely ignorant as to how matters stood with Frederic Arnold and Kate, or she would not have expressed herself so candidly. People often make similar blunders, through ignorance of existing relations.

Kate resumed her reading: —

"But I have not told you all, nor the worst of it, yet. Her father opposes the engagement: he says that no daughter of his shall marry a poor charity-student. He knows nothing about him, and will listen to nothing in his favor. Matty has his picture, and her father has seen it; but you know it is not very prepossessing, and does not flatter him at all. Herbert has light hair and eyes, and one of those expressionless countenances that do not take well in a picture; but when he grows eloquent and impassioned in public speaking (as we have often seen him), he is very fine-looking.



"Matty gazes on his picture for hours, and drops tears over it: I think she must have discovered some *beauty* in it.

"She says she should surely die if she had not me here to whom to confide her troubles; and I am very glad that I can be of any comfort to her.

"We often speak of you, and wish you were here. There are many young people in the neighborhood, and some interesting young men. You might make a matrimonial alliance if you were here; though, I believe, you are not ambitious in that line. I am myself somewhat surprised that Matty should have fallen in love with a young man in such poor circumstances, when she has opportunities enough to do better. We often wonder whether or not you have joined Margaret Morrison yet in advocating '*rights*.' We always surmised that she would convert you, some day, to her faith. I have a great deal more news to write you than this sheet will contain; but shall have to defer it, as Matty wishes to add a few lines, which are to be *strictly private*. Give my love to John and Hannah, and remember me always as your *dearest* friend,

"FANNY."

Kate read about Matty's private affairs to herself:—

"DEAR FRIEND KATE,—Fanny has probably told you of my engagement to Herbert Willard. I know that I can safely confide my feelings to you, without fear of ridicule or indifference. I love as I have never loved before. I know that Herbert is poor, and

that it may be years before he is able to marry; but I do not care for that. Though he should never become prosperous enough to marry me, he will remain true to me, and I to him; and his image only shall be engraved on my heart. Father opposes the engagement decidedly, on account of Herbert's poverty; though, if he would only think so, he has riches sufficient for all of us. He says, if I should persist in marrying him in spite of his opposition, that Mr. Gordon, the gentleman who pays Herbert's expenses, will have to buy my wedding-dress, and take care of me afterwards. But I am *determined* to do as I please in this respect; and, whenever Herbert says that he is ready to marry me, I shall consent, whether I have any wedding-dress or not. I would join Margaret Morrison in her cry for '*rights*,' if I thought by that means a young woman might obtain the *right* of marrying the man of her choice.

"Herbert has told me all about his mistake as to his feelings about you, and how kindly you set him right. Though you do not *love* him (which is very fortunate for me), I know you respect him, and have a good opinion of his talents. I often wish you were here; for you have an eloquent tongue, and might influence father favorably with regard to Herbert's prospects. I shall be very sorry when Fanny returns home, as she is my greatest consolation. Don't say any thing to Herbert about father. I would not, for the world, have him hear the cruel things father says concerning him. I fear I have wearied you with my troubles; but it is a great relief to confide in somebody. If you have any

thing in the way of comfort to suggest, please write to your afflicted and loving friend,

"MATTY."

Kate was much pleased to learn the certainty of this engagement; for she esteemed both Herbert and Matty, and she knew that they were remarkably well adapted to each other. He liked to be regarded with deference and adoration, and she had just the right spirit to adore and respect him.

But in the father's enmity she could discern the black cloud that was to obscure their happiness. She knew that Herbert Willard was quick-tempered, self-willed, and conceited, and would not be at all likely to bear opposition and dislike patiently.

John Callender had listened attentively to every word of Fanny Fletcher's letter. Though she had mentioned his name but once, and that in a very careless manner, still it was sufficient to awaken a little hope in his heart.

Oh, how he wished that a little word from him might become as precious and important to her as that had been to him! They had been fond of each other as children, and *his* early affection had ripened into a manly love.

He was honest and industrious, but had little of that *style* about him which is attractive to a gay and worldly girl like Fanny Fletcher.

A thoughtless young maiden does not always appreciate as she ought an honest heart.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MARRIAGE.

**W**EEKS and months glided on, and Frederic Arnold began to talk frequently of a wedding-day. But Kate's life had been so happy, that she did not care for any change. Not that she had any misgivings concerning the character of her lover; but she was fearful lest marriage might disturb her fond dreams, and cause her love to grow cold. She was romantic and imaginative; and she could not get rid of her former impressions that there was but little romance in matrimony. She surmised that marriage bliss would not have for her the fascination that lovers' joys had.

She knew but little of the real world, and her ideal world was one of beauty and innocence. Her love was pure and full of trust, and had in it but a small portion of passionate ardor.

She had no opportunity of learning any thing concerning Arnold's antecedents, but what he chose to tell her himself; and he deemed it prudent to keep from her knowledge much of his previous course of life. He told her that part of it only which reflected credit on himself.

Ignorant of the world's vices and deceptions, and



incapable of artifice herself, Arnold was to her fancy just what he made himself to seem.

He was some ten years older than Kate; had seen much of the world, and plunged largely into its vices. But we will do him the credit to state here, that his life had never been so free from immoralities as since his engagement. It would be next to impossible for any man to be associated with a pure-minded young woman like Kate Callender, without his being influenced somewhat for the better.

He described to her in eloquent words the new joys likely to come to her as his wife. His income, he said, was sufficient to supply her every want, and gratify every wish of her heart; and she would find that there would be no need for employing her pen, except as a pastime.

He told her that he would introduce her to the gay scenes of city-life, which would open to her a new field of enjoyment, differing from any thing she had yet experienced.

Kate was pleased with the prospect. Luxury and ease, and every thing appertaining to wealth, had peculiar charms for her.

Besides, Arnold argued that he needed her society and influence near him always, to cheer and encourage him.

In view of all these circumstances, Kate consented to name the wedding-day.

Her parents were flattered at the prospect of having such a son-in-law. Though it was a sorrowful pleasure to give up the care of their daughter to the

keeping of another,—a holy sacrifice fond parents are often called upon to make,—they cared not to hinder or delay the arrangement which seemed necessary to the happiness of both the young people.

Swiftly passed the time away; and soon Kate saw the last day that was to be wholly her own arrive.

The ceremony was to be performed at her father's house, and only a few relatives and invited friends were to be present.

Mr. Arnold arrayed himself with great care for the occasion. He appeared in a suit of black cloth, which fitted admirably his graceful figure. He had the nicest of gloves on his hands, the best of boots on his small feet, an immaculate shirt-bosom and cuffs, and a white satin necktie. No expense had been spared in his outfit. His brown, glossy hair was brushed smoothly, and slightly curled, and his beard neatly trimmed. The least prepossessing part of his countenance was his full, heavy-looking mouth and receding chin; but that detracted nothing from his good looks on his wedding-day, for the lower portion of his face was carefully concealed by the full and well-arranged beard.

I have described the bridegroom, and now I cannot overlook the bride. A more lovely and richly-adorned one had never been seen in that little village. Kate Callender was a fully-developed woman. Her form was stately and symmetrical. She had a bright, oval face, lighted up by soft dark eyes, and a mouth expressive of self-reliance.

Her dress was expensive and elaborate. The

under-dress was of white silk, and the upper of India muslin, opening in front sufficiently to show a small portion of the silk under-dress. The front breadth was trimmed with rows of *valenciennes* and silk bows. A veil of illusion-net was confined to her hair by a band, and hung nearly to the floor. Where the veil was fastened to her hair, bunches of lilies-of-the-valley and orange-blossoms were arranged in profusion.

The marriage was solemnized in the form of the Protestant-Episcopal Church. The voice of Arnold showed no faltering, no doubt as to the fulfilment of his promises, when he took Kate by the right hand, and said,—

“I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God’s holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth.”

Certainly, there was earnestness and sincerity expressed in Kate’s tone and countenance when she made her responses; and, when Arnold placed the wedding-ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, she gazed up into her husband’s face with a look of confiding trust and happiness that was indescribable.

And why should she not be happy? Not a doubt came to her own mind to dim the brightness of her future.

All the joys of the world were before her; and with a lively imagination, and the keen appreciation of

enjoyment which attends eighteen, how could she help being charmed by their attractions?

Among the first to wish the young couple joy was Herbert Willard. He came forward with his usual self-possessed and satisfied manner, and said,—

“Mrs. Arnold, permit me to offer you my most sincere congratulations on this happy day: and you, also, Mr. Arnold; for you share largely in this good fortune. I hope sunshine and peace will always find an abode in your hearts and home.”

There was a roguish twinkle in the young bride’s eye as she answered, “May we have the pleasure of wishing you joy on a similar occasion, and at an early day, Mr. Willard!”

Herbert noticed her manner, and wondered if she knew of his engagement. He thought how he should some day tell her that he had wooed a *second* time, in *sincerity*, and met with success.

I have dwelt long over the details of this ceremony, because I love to linger in pleasant places. Here “my task is easy, and my burden light.” Should dark times come, and my subject grow sadly oppressive, I will despatch it hastily.—I would much rather bring smiles to your faces than tears to your eyes; but I must portray the experiences of human life.

Frederic Arnold immediately started with his young bride on a long wedding-tour. They visited the principal cities; they remained long at Niagara; also at other places where natural scenery exists in its greatest magnificence. Kate Arnold had an opportunity of observing the wonders of art and Nature. It is

not surprising that she was charmed and dazzled, and that she sometimes imagined herself in dream-land. Her previous life had been plain and simple, and she had known little of the world outside of her humble village. The novel scenes daily appearing to her view opened in her imaginative mind a current of thought and feeling hitherto unknown. Arnold had travelled much. He had been among the mountains and lakes of Scotland, whose legends had been consecrated by song and ballad; and he experienced less of novelty and interest in these objects: but he enjoyed much his wife's manifestations of enthusiasm.

Mrs. Arnold wearied at last of sight-seeing, and her husband took her to the home he had prepared in the city of New York. She thought her husband was rich, — possessed of great resources: and she had good reason to think so; for he had hired a suite of rooms near Fifth Avenue, and had furnished them in elegant style. The carpets were the richest tapestry, the chairs and lounges were covered with terry-velvet, and the heavy window-hangings were made of the same rich material. He had brought many of the fine paintings from his studio, and hung them on the walls. Among them was the school-girl, Kate Callender; and, as Mr. Arnold and his wife gazed upon it, he pointed out to her the loving expression of the eyes that had inspired him with sufficient confidence to hope again for her love. Mr. Arnold was by nature extravagant, and had spared no expense in furnishing these rooms. He had applied himself diligently to his profession; and, when he was willing to do so, he met with large pecuniary

returns. His uncle kept a watchful eye upon him, and was always ready to supply him with liberal allowances from his own purse, whenever he manifested signs of leading an honorable life, and attending to his proper business. Mrs. Arnold enjoyed highly the pleasures which wealth afforded, and used the good things around her without restraint. The change was so great from her former humble circumstances, that she almost imagined herself transported to fairy-land. Her husband appeared to cherish for her boundless love and devotion, and gratified her every wish.

No worldly care disturbed her tranquil bosom; no cloud obscured the brightness of her sky. It was pure, calm, and beautiful. Alas for the uncertainty of earthly hopes! Alas for the vanity of human expectations!

## CHAPTER XVII

### A SMALL CLOUD.

MRS. ARNOLD had scarcely become settled in her new abode, when the opera season commenced. Her husband seemed very fond of displaying his young wife, and wished her to attend them. Though she liked this amusement much, and it awoke within her all her old enthusiasm for the drama, still she sometimes wished that her husband would be content to live for a while a more quiet life, as she felt the need of rest for herself.

In that great, crowded city, Mrs. Arnold had but one acquaintance; and that was Margaret Morrison. Margaret no sooner found out where her former schoolmate was located, than she called to see her and offer congratulations. Mrs. Arnold was delighted with this visit of her friend: to see an old familiar face among such a crowd of strangers was to her an indescribable pleasure. They kissed each other over and over again, and rejoiced that their good fortune had brought them so near each other.

Kate Arnold soon found out that she should have to listen, as usual, to her friend's long harangues on her favorite subject. Margaret informed her that the

### A SMALL CLOUD.

cause was progressing; that people were becoming convinced that the minds of women were not unlike those of men. She said, "You will yet see women in our pulpits and legislative halls: they will also become practising lawyers and physicians."

"But who is to attend to the rearing of children and to domestic duties, when this state of affairs is brought about?"

"There will always be women enough who will be contented with this branch of usefulness, and who will find in it sufficient food for their large and small minds. But you know a great many women never marry. Some never have an opportunity; and some do not wish to take on themselves the responsibility. Now, supposing, among this large class of unmarried women, there are some who possess talents for the ministry, medicine, or the law: would you have them smother their talents, and take in washing, or go out sewing, for a bare living, when they might gain honor and competence in either of these professions, could they but have the liberty to follow out their own inclinations?"

"I should think they might employ themselves more honorably with the pen."

"Some men cannot distinguish themselves as writers, yet they make good doctors and lawyers. It may be the same with woman."

Kate had but little power in argument. Besides, she had never had an opportunity of learning much about the *pros* and *cons*. on the subject. She wished to direct Margaret's mind to some other topic of con-

versation; and accordingly asked, "Why have you never married, Margaret?"

"For the best of reasons: I have lived in this city long enough to have learned a great deal of life, — domestic life; and I consider matrimony to be a lottery, with few prizes and many blanks. You may have drawn a prize: I might have the misfortune to draw a blank. At any rate, I do not mean to sacrifice the *few rights* I possess as a woman by marrying. But how did it happen that you, Kate, should have been drawn into the matrimonial noose? While we were at the boarding-school together, you advocated the cause of single-blessedness with as much seeming good faith and decision as I did my own ideas. While you have departed from your own teachings, I am still carrying out the principles which I advocated in those by-gone days."

It was rather difficult to explain the "situation" to an unromantic, unimaginative young woman like Margaret Morrison; but Mrs. Arnold undertook to do so.

"What I said on the subject of matrimony was my true feeling at the time, and expressed with honesty of purpose. I had an idea, that, by remaining single, I should be of more use in the world, and should have opportunity of exercising and improving myself intellectually. I hold the same opinion now, to some degree; for I find this happiness that I now enjoy tends to produce a sort of intellectual apathy. Present enjoyments seem to satisfy me; and I feel less of the interest and inspiration that formerly prompted me to a diligent use of the pen."

"But before I can make you understand thoroughly my reason for changing my course of life, you must yourself realize the mysterious workings of love."

Margaret Morrison opened her eyes wide, and gazed at her friend in a wondering and mystified manner. Romance was not in her nature; and she had a very indistinct and undefined idea of what were the "mysterious workings of love." However, as she tried to turn every thing she possibly could to the advantage of her theory, she replied, "I believe the mysterious something you speak of is the very thing that keeps poor weak woman in a state of subjection and inferiority."

"I have no doubt," said Kate, "that it has brought much misery, as well as happiness, to many a woman."

"I hope," said Margaret, "to steer clear of any of these dangerous shoals."

And, true enough, Margaret Morrison never did realize "the mysterious workings of love."

The doctrines of the "strong-minded woman" had such complete possession of her mind, that they allowed no space for the indwelling of the sentiment of love. Wedded to her cherished hobby, she feels no necessity for a husband's love, but is moving on in the steady march of events, performing faithfully her allotted portion of work in the world, and adding, we believe, something to its improvement and advancement.

At this point of the conversation, Mr. Arnold entered. He recognized Margaret Morrison at once, as being one of the former pupils of the academy, and soon joined with her in pleasant conversation.



After talking a while on indifferent matters, Margaret expressed a wish that he would some time paint her portrait.

"I can do that with little difficulty," he replied. "Your countenance has some decided characteristics which will make the work easy, comparatively speaking."

"Only paint me as I am, with all my hopes and high resolves expressed in my face, and I shall expect that my portrait in future ages will find a place in some public hall, and be cherished there as the image of one who was a martyr for her sex."

Arnold and his wife both laughed, and Margaret joined them.

"Such an event will entirely depend on the success of your cause," said Mr. Arnold.

"'Fail' is a word that we do not believe in; and our success is but a question of time," answered Margaret.

Margaret Morrison had a faculty for introducing her favorite topic on all occasions. If strong faith *can* remove mountains, she may yet put aside all the obstacles. Margaret was a little inclined to be inquisitive, and asked Mr. Arnold why he had left Waterford so suddenly, without saying "Good-by" to his acquaintances.

"I would prefer that you should ask Kate that question."

"But Kate has such an air of mystery about such matters, that I think you can explain them to me more clearly."

"Well, if you must know, I had left upon my easel an unfinished picture that required my attention. You know there is such a thing as a person being struck by a sudden sense of duty." Mr. Arnold and his wife both smiled in a conscious manner.

Margaret did not feel quite satisfied with the explanation. She concluded that there was something kept from her knowledge; but her further questions were prevented by a rap at the door.

A servant brought a letter for Mrs. Arnold: she took it, and, looking at the direction, wondered who could have sent it, as it was in a gentleman's handwriting, and was post-marked New Orleans.

On opening it, she found it was from Herbert Willard. As she did not mean to receive letters from gentlemen, and keep her husband ignorant of their contents, she commenced reading it aloud.

"NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"DEAR FRIEND KATE,—Though I am well aware that you are a married woman, we have been too long friends for me to address you in any other manner than the above. You will be surprised to learn that I have strayed so far from home. I know that you will be glad to hear of any good fortune which may attend my footsteps; and this is my motive for writing you at this time. I am temporarily supplying the pulpit of a minister who has been obliged to leave for a short time on account of ill health. Though this is my first experience in ministerial duties, I consider that I am meeting with pretty good success. I shall probably be

absent a long time from those scenes where I have spent so many happy hours, as I intend to finish my theological studies in this vicinity; and I hope that, in due course of time, some field will be opened to me where my services will be acceptable, and where I may distinguish myself in the line of duty I have chosen. Hoping that my welfare may be as dear to you as yours will ever be to me, I remain,

"Your sincere friend,

"HERBERT WILLARD.

"P.S. — I have written a few lines, as 'A Farewell to New England;' and, knowing that you will appreciate them if they contain any merit, I append them here: —

"Adieu, adieu, thou rock-bound shore  
Where oft with joy I've strayed,  
Around whose snow-clad mounts of yore  
My clustering fancies played!

Adieu, adieu! I ne'er may greet  
Thy foam-dashed earth again:  
Far lands receive my wandering feet,  
And echo to my strain.

Dear clime! where those I ever loved  
Still dwell, as once I dwelt;  
Where in my happiest hours I roved,  
And in my holiest knelt, —

I prize thee far above the land  
Where gorgeous Summer reigns,  
And strews bright flowers with lavish hand  
Through all her wide domains.

I love thee! — love thy northern star,  
Thy frozen fields and rills,  
Thy leaf-stripped forests sounding far,  
The echoes of thy hills.

Methinks I hear thy bells ring out  
Their merry peal anew;  
And laughing school-boys' sportive shout.  
Land that I love, adieu!"

Mr. Arnold had a somewhat displeased expression on his countenance while listening to the reading of this letter.

Margaret Morrison expressed herself as much pleased at hearing from their old schoolmate; and, recalling to her mind the interest that he and Kate had formerly manifested for each other, she said innocently, —

"Now, Kate, if I had only known you to be marriageable, I should have supposed that you would have united your fate with Herbert Willard sooner than with any other person."

Mr. Arnold's brow grew blacker at the words; and Margaret's eyes for the first time noticed the anger expressed in his countenance. She thought instantly of those lines of Shakspeare, —

"Oh! beware, my lord, of jealousy:  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on."

Margaret Morrison perceived a cloud arising in Kate's future, "a little larger than a man's hand."



She determined to be more cautious in expressing herself, that no words of hers might serve to mar the brightness of the honeymoon.

Kate Arnold had been gazing upon her letter abstractedly, and had not noticed any of her husband's black looks. But she made a reply to Margaret's remark, —

"Herbert Willard and I respect each other sufficiently to remain always the best of friends. I never should wish to be his *life-long* Juliet, as I was much annoyed by his rather too despotic treatment of me while I occupied that position temporarily."

Mrs. Arnold was referring to the old scenes where Mr. Willard had taken the part of Romeo, and she that of Juliet.

Mr. Arnold had a mind capable of imagining all sorts of evil; for he had had abundant opportunities of observing the worst side of human nature. He believed that Mr. Willard had been an old lover of his wife's; and he could ascribe it to nothing but evil intentions that a man should wish to keep up a friendly correspondence with a married woman. Ignorant of this worldly view of the matter, Mrs. Arnold was somewhat astonished when her husband said, in a voice unlike his usual tone, —

"If you act in this matter as a sensible woman ought, you will throw that letter into the fire, and never make any reply."

Mrs. Arnold said she did not care for the letter, as she had read it; but she should prefer to keep the lines.

Frederic Arnold walked out of the room abruptly, shutting the door behind him with a sound. His wife wondered what had provoked him.

Shrewd Margaret said, "You may be sure he is jealous. The men are all given to that failing."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### WORLDLY WISDOM.

**E**XPERIENCE was teaching the young wife something new every day. The truth has dawned on her that a husband whom one associates with every day is not so agreeable as he was while a lover; but she regarded this as one of the inevitable consequences of matrimony, and endeavored to reconcile herself as much as possible to this state of things.

Then Mr. Arnold manifested some signs of selfishness, and would often form plans for her own occupation and amusement, without consulting with her beforehand,—

He would come in suddenly and say to her,—

“Katy, I have bought tickets, so that we can hear the play of ‘Hamlet’ to-night;” and Mrs. Arnold would feel in duty bound to accompany him, even though she was obliged to give up some engagement that she had formed for herself.

Strict economy had been maintained in the management of Kate Arnold’s former home; and, knowing something of the cost of luxuries, she imagined her husband must have almost inexhaustible resources to enable him to keep up their lavish expenditure.

Her husband told her very little about the affairs of his profession, and seemed not much interested in it himself.

She knew that he had a studio, and he had often spoken to her of some rare books that he had there; and one day she asked him to accompany her to his rooms, that she might examine some of those volumes. Though somewhat reluctant at first, he finally assented. They found the place presenting the appearance of neglect and disuse. Pictures, busts, draperies, and books were crowded into this room, and covered with dust, showing that brushes and brooms had been sparingly used. The windows were so darkened with dirt, that scarcely a ray of light could find its way through. The numerous cobwebs showed that the cunning spider had had plenty of opportunity to weave his web, and draw into it the silly, unsuspecting little fly, without fear of disturbance. Mrs. Arnold selected from the confusion some very elegant books, and wished to have them taken to their own rooms: it troubled her much to see so many costly articles in such a state of neglect. In looking round, she espied a picture of her husband, and made inquiries concerning it.

“That was painted by my teacher, Mr. Loraine, in Italy, nearly ten years ago, during the time I was receiving instruction.”

“But why do you let it remain here to become soiled and defaced? Why not renovate it, and hang it in our rooms?”

“If you must know, Mr. Loraine did not flatter me

much with regard to that picture. He said that he disliked to paint such a mouth and chin as I had."

"I like it because it was taken so long ago, and has such a youthful expression: besides, it has not so much of that beard about your face that I notice in the later ones," said the wife.

"But you would not care to hang it in our room, and have some physiognomist tell you that your husband's countenance indicated cruelty and instability, I think."

Mrs. Arnold was no physiognomist, and observed nothing objectionable about the portrait, and insisted upon taking it home. It hung upon her wall but a short time however.

Kate Arnold concluded that Mr. Manning, from what her husband said, must be very wealthy, and generously disposed towards his nephew. She often wondered why he never visited them; and her husband informed her that he was rather eccentric, and did not stir about much.

Mr. Manning was very much displeased when he heard of his nephew's marriage. He had warned him, over and over again, never to take a step so likely to entail misery on others. He remembered the life of wretchedness his own sister had endured with Arnold's father, and how she had died of a broken heart at last, before she had reached her twenty-fifth year. He had hated the father; and to see the son manifest a disposition to follow his vices aroused in his heart all the old enmity and bitterness.

He was willing to assist and encourage his nephew

every way in his power, when he chose to conduct himself properly; but he had no patience to bear with his idleness and dissipation.

During his engagement to Kate Callender, Frederic Arnold had applied himself to work more diligently than ever before, and seemed in a fair way of gaining fame in his profession. For this industry he was doubly rewarded; as his uncle, who ever kept a watchful eye over him, willingly assisted him with large sums of money.

It was this good fortune that enabled him to commence his married life with such an appearance of wealth.

But alas for the weakness of his moral nature! he was gradually relapsing into idleness and into his old habits.

Mrs. Arnold enjoyed city-life much; and it opened to her mind new fountains of joy and knowledge.

She formed many acquaintances and friends; but, among them all, none were dearer to her than the friend and schoolmate of her earlier years, Margaret Morrison.

Happily for Kate Arnold, she had a disposition capable of appreciating every thing lovely and pleasurable in life; and out of her sorrows even, she would manage to extract some ray of hope.

She was social and lively; and, possessing rare conversational powers, she soon drew around her the society of the young, the gay, and the cultivated.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE MINISTER PLOTTING.

TIME rolled on, and Herbert Willard had attained at last the long-looked-for and much-wished-for success in his profession, — that of the Unitarian ministry. He had been installed pastor of a flourishing flock in a Southern city. He was considered an eloquent preacher, and received for his labors a rich reward. Naturally endowed with a talent for dramatic representation, he had taken considerable pains in early youth to cultivate it thoroughly. Though we may consider the profession of an actor as somewhat lower in the moral scale than that of a minister of the gospel, still, we cannot but acknowledge that the expounder of religion must have much of the actor's tact, in order to gain popularity. He must have power of voice, grace of manner, and a capacity for touching pathetically the hearts and imaginations of his hearers. As an example of this, we have among us many popular preachers who made their first appearance before a public audience by the foot-lights. I should not like to be understood as intending to cast aspersions against the Christian ministry. If there has been any thing inappropriate and unequal

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in the comparison I have made, I have purposed by it rather to elevate the calling of the actor than to lower that of the ecclesiastic.

Happily, the ban which formerly attached to the vocation of an actor is passing away. He was obliged once to strive against prejudices which deprived him of his place in society, and dishonored his profession; but now he takes his proper position among artists of corresponding abilities.

But I am diverging from my subject. I wish merely to state that the Rev. Herbert Willard found favor in the minds of his people; and he owed this good fortune more to his eloquent tongue and powerful imagination than to any "grace" he had received from the Lord.

Although Mr. Willard has realized his most sanguine expectations, as far as success in his chosen profession is concerned, still, we do not find him at this time in his usual self-satisfied mood. He had not yet obtained a wife, — that is of such essential importance to a minister's, as well as other men's happiness. For the very reason that he was successful and prosperous, he wished for some person to share with him that success and prosperity.

There were among his flock any number of "young lambs" who would have been willing and glad to cheer his loneliness; but he had no tender regards for them.

His love for Matty Davidson had proved true and unchangeable; but dark clouds had lowered, that had caused doubts and fears to arise in his mind. He

was too far away from Matty for her to feel the influence of his presence. She was under parental authority, and that authority was working strongly against his interest.

He had been out to see Matty at her home, and had met with a very unfavorable reception from her father.

He had walked into the house with the assured manner of a person who considers that he has a right there.

Mr. Davidson looked upon this conduct as bold assumption and insolence; and, with words more forcible than eloquent, requested Mr. Willard to take his departure, and never darken his doors again.

In vain Matty pleaded with her father, with tearful eyes, that he would think more favorably of Herbert: it only served to augment parental obstinacy.

Angry words passed between Mr. Davidson and his daughter's lover, which added fuel to the flame, and increased the mutual antipathy.

Mr. Davidson had the advantage of the position, being in his own house; and Herbert was obliged to retreat in a hasty manner. But he was not a person likely to be balked in his intentions by opposition; and he wrote a long letter to Matty, telling her of his determination to adhere to his plighted vows, unless she chose to annul the engagement.

He awaited the result for some time, in a state of suspense, and had just received Matty's answer.

It ran thus:—

“MY DEAREST LOVE,— You would have received an answer to your letter long before this, but I am so closely watched I have no opportunity for writing. Father has forbidden me to write to you, or receive any letters from you; and he keeps a very vigilant eye upon me, to see that nothing of the kind takes place. Aunt thinks just as he does about it, and watches me closely also. I don't think your letter ever would have reached me, but I happened to be the only one at home to receive the mail when it arrived. You don't know how sad it makes me feel to think I have no mother. If she was only living, I do not think she would oppose my wishes, or cause me so much unhappiness as father and aunt are inclined to do. Fanny Fletcher was a great comfort to me while here; but she has gone home now, and I have no person that I can make a confidant of my sorrows. But I have still another trouble. Father seems determined that I shall marry Mr. Farrington, one of our neighbors. He and his widowed mother own a very valuable plantation together; and father says, if I marry him, I can always be sure of being in comfortable circumstances. He says that half the ministers have to drag through the world on starvation salaries.

“Mr. Farrington torments me almost to death. He comes here every evening, and sometimes during the day.

“He sits and stares me in the face with his great eyes, without saying much. I try sometimes to read or sew while he is here; but he makes me feel so un-



comfortable, that I cannot accomplish any thing. He commenced coming before Fanny went home, and I concluded that his visits might be on her account.

"Oh, how I wish she was here now to be tormented by him!

"You wished to know if I intended to obey my father, and break off our engagement. You may be sure that I *will not* do so. I will tell you here, as I have told you a thousand times before, that I never have loved and never can love any person but you. They may imprison me, and keep me on bread and water, if they like; but I will not consent to renounce you!

"I long to hear from you; but you will have to be careful what you write, for the letter may fall into other hands than mine.

"Fanny has written to me that Kate Callender is married. Her marriage astonished me somewhat; but I was still more surprised that she had married Frederic Arnold.

"Of all us girls, she seemed the least inclined for matrimony; and yet she has entered into that happy state before any of us! I don't understand it at all. While we were nearly wild over Mr. Arnold's good looks and fine manners, Kate appeared to take no interest in him whatever. Then his attentions seemed so indiscriminate, I did not suppose any one of the girls could flatter themselves that they had secured him for a lover. How fortunate they must be if they have met with no parental obstacles in their pathway!

"If you know any thing concerning this affair, or

of Kate's whereabouts, please inform me; for I would like to write to her.

"I hardly know how to advise with regard to answering this letter; for I know there is a chance of its meeting father's eye. If it should, and if he should grow very angry over the subject, it might bring on apoplexy. I am sometimes afraid he will have something of the kind, he is so stout.

"I leave it to your own good judgment to decide in what manner to write; and, hoping you may feel the same confidence in me that I have in you, I remain,

"Your *dear, loving*

"MATTY."

Mr. Willard was in a dilemma as to answering this epistle. He certainly would have to be somewhat circumspect in the use of expressions, if his answer was likely to meet the parental eye. He did not care to make any declarations of tenderness and love, to be received with scoffs; neither did he wish to excite her father's anger by counselling her to disobedience. Not that he had any fears of "apoplexy." Oh, no! not the least! If Mr. Davidson chose to step out of the world in such a quiet, foolish manner as that, it was no concern of his. He finally concluded to write to Matty in a sort of business-style, knowing very well that she would understand his reasons for doing thus.

He made no reference to her letter, but commenced in the following manner:—

"DEAR MATTY,—I am very happy to state, that,



since my *agreeable* visit to your father's house, my prospects have somewhat improved. I am no longer the poor theological student, but am settled as pastor over a flourishing society, and receive for my services two thousand dollars per year. This is not bad for a beginning, and for a young man.

"There are plenty of *rich men's* daughters belonging to my society, that would not object, but would consider it an honor, to link their fates with mine; but I am not lovingly disposed towards them as yet.

"I had the honor of being present at Kate Callender's wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Thorning, our old school-teachers, were there also. I never looked upon a lover's bride. She was dressed richly and in good taste, and wore many jewels. I think Kate Callender was made to be adorned.

"I consider that she has made a fortunate marriage. Mr. Arnold will be likely to elevate her to a higher sphere,—one more befitting her nature and talent than her former position. Their home is to be in New York.

"I don't think the young couple met with any 'parental obstacle.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Callender were wise people, and interested in their daughter's welfare. They probably took into consideration the fact that the women in their part of the country far outnumbered the men, and that it would not be good policy to doom their daughter to an 'old maid's' life by quarrelling with her lover.

"I consider it my duty, as a minister of the gos-

pel, to practise forgiveness; and in this note I tender my kind regards to every member of your family. I remain ever your friend.

"HERBERT WILLARD."

This was rather a cool letter for a lover to write to his lady-love; but Herbert knew that Matty would understand his motives for writing in such a tone. If it should chance to fall into her father's hands instead of her own, as seemed probable, he would have no scruples, after reading it, to pass it over to his daughter. The father would probably regard it as a proof of the lover's indifference towards Matty, and would be very glad to give her an opportunity of realizing the fact herself. Then he had inserted a few hints which he wished might meet the fatherly eye in an indirect manner. They would probably have a better effect in that way, than if he expressed himself directly to him.

After Herbert had finished and sealed this letter, he began to examine the situation. It certainly did not appear to him at all encouraging. It looked as though communication was nearly cut off between himself and Matty. The distance between them was so great, he could cherish no hope of seeing or speaking with her. Then it was doubtful whether many or any of his letters would ever reach her. He knew Matty's yielding, good-natured disposition, and had some fears, as she was away from the influence of his own presence, that she might consent at last to her father's wishes. He did not consider that those people who

manifest so little self-will in most matters are often very determined when in love.

Then, to complete the gloom and dreariness of his picture, came the spectre of that young man who had the pleasure of enjoying, every evening, the presence of his dear Matty.

She had said little concerning him, but had intimated that he had large eyes, and looked at her a great deal. No wonder at that, Herbert thought: he was probably gazing upon her in speechless admiration. This view of the subject caused the matter to appear still more aggravating to his mind. He was not willing that any one should enjoy that agreeable pastime but himself.

Mr. Willard was sincerely in love; and he had not patience enough to bear this gloomy state of affairs.

He was self-willed and energetic, and at last thought of an expedient.

The plan he formed for promoting his happiness, if carried out, might not be in strict accordance with his character as a Christian minister; but, in this case, he could think of no other alternative.

He no sooner had his purpose well fixed in his mind, than he determined to carry it out in spite of all obstacles; and, in due course of time, it was *accomplished*.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN OVERCAST SKY.

TIME passed on, bearing in its course the usual current of human events. Each hour came laden with its joys, sorrows, and mysteries; bringing to some favored ones prosperity and gladness, and to others a burden of woe.

Mrs. Arnold is the bride of nearly three years, and is hardly yet one and twenty. She is a stately, handsome woman, and has an expression stamped upon her countenance of quiet-determination and self-reliance. Her husband, in whom she expected to find a strong staff for her support and dependence, has proved to be but a broken reed. Her dream of love is over. Love has gone; respect has gone: and it is from a sense of duty and moral obligation only that she now clings to that being whom she vowed to love and cherish.

Ah! what has produced the change? Selfishness and vice! These characteristics were rooted so firmly and deeply in Frederic Arnold's nature, that no mother's love nor wife's devotion could ever eradicate them.

He was that combination so often seen, of talent and depravity. Selfish and profligate, he combined that

mixture of strong passions with pleasing manners and a fine appearance.

The knowledge of the true character of her husband came slowly and surely to Mrs. Arnold's mind. Had the whole truth forced itself suddenly upon her, it might have broken her trusting heart. Three months had hardly passed, when his manner commenced to change towards his bride. His lavish expenditure had reduced his pecuniary means, and caused a fretfulness of temper. Never, for any length of time throughout his whole life, had he manifested industry or stability sufficient to insure the gratification of his own extravagant wants. Had he chosen to attend to the duties of his profession diligently, he could have realized an income sufficient to procure for himself and his wife comforts and luxuries; but it was not in the nature of the man to do this. He would sometimes, when in a complaining mood, say that he had no idea that a wife would be such an expensive burden to him.

This tone of reproach would sometimes arouse Mrs. Arnold's pride and indignation: it opened to her a new experience.

Though her childhood's home had been plain and simple, it was filled with love and comfort, and she had never seen any manifestations of a grudging spirit displayed there.

Though she enjoyed luxury, she was willing to give it all up when she found it could not be maintained, and proposed moving from their expensive home to a cheaper locality. Mr. Arnold objected at first; but

was obliged at last to make the change, which he did with many-grumbings.

They tried housekeeping for a while; but Mrs. Arnold was unused to drudgery, and ignorant of those little ways and means by which good managers learn to get along with a small expense: and she soon found out that it would be the wisest economy for them to continue boarding.

Strength is often found in adversity, and courage in despair; and the young wife's troubles served to develop her character. A weak, faint heart would have broken down with the weight of sorrows that accumulated around her; but hers was naturally strong and brave, and she bore her woes with astonishing magnanimity.

She found she must resort to her pen as a means of subsistence; and she resumed her literary labors with such a zeal and determination as she had never felt before.

The change in her husband continued for the worse. He was no longer the lover, but the severe, selfish, exacting husband: his looks and tones were altered, and words of endearment flowed no longer from his lips.

Because he had not the means for lavish expenditure and careless profusion, he became morose, and sought forgetfulness by plunging into dissipation.

Mrs. Arnold tried to reason with her husband, and influence him to pursue a different course of life; and sometimes he would seem repentant; become industrious for a while, and make promises of amendment: but

these would not be fulfilled, and he would return to his old dissolute life.

But the dark cloud had a little of the silver lining. Kate Arnold as a wife met with more success in her literary productions than the school-girl, Kate Callender, ever had known. Experience had always been the inspiration of her pen; and her married life had given her opportunity for thorough schooling. As a school-girl, she had written little sketches of the incidents that happened in her every-day life, as shown by thoughts on house-keeping and school-teaching. While a maiden in love, she had learned to portray the joys and sorrows of the heart. But her unfortunate experience in matrimony had taught her a *sterner* lesson,—"that the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." She described with remarkable truth and accuracy the hopeless wretchedness of domestic misery, and delineated in startling colors the workings of vice and the fiercer passions of man. Over all this she would often throw a gleam of light and hope, fresh from her naturally cheerful and sunny heart.

This occupation served her a double purpose: it prevented her from brooding over her misfortunes, and furnished her with the means of supplying her daily wants. It enabled her, also, to turn a deaf ear to the sometimes angry mutterings of her husband. He would often come in and commence fault-finding and complaining. If she appeared indifferent, and made no answer to his remarks, he would fly into a rage; and sometimes almost the first notice she would

have of his presence would be the crashing of a chair, or slamming of a door behind him.

Like a sensible, fearless woman, she reasoned with her misfortune. If her husband was absent, she would try to ignore him, and forget that she was bound to such depravity: if present, and inclined to be disrespectful and abusive towards her, as he often was, she would endeavor to become deaf and blind to his presence.

In this way she was *morally* divorcing and separating herself from the being with whom she had united her fate. Throughout all these troubles, Margaret Morrison remained a true and sympathizing friend. In her investigations of the subject of "woman's rights," she had managed to upheave a great many *woman's wrongs*; and she believed that most of the oppression and sorrow that women were obliged to endure in domestic as well as other matters were caused by their having no political power. She understood the true character of Mr. Arnold almost as well as his wife did; and he hated her for that very reason. He hinted to her more than once that he did not wish her to enter his doors; but she had contended against opposition too long to be affected by any ill opinion of his, and persisted in visiting her friend, notwithstanding his disapprobation.

There was no prospect of reformation in Frederic Arnold: on the contrary, his idleness and dissipation increased. He spent a great deal of time at the gaming-table; and sometimes, when he managed to keep the wine from his brain, he was a successful

gambler. Oh, how his wife despised these wages of sin! And she toiled on, determined that nothing but food honestly earned should pass her own lips.

Mr. Manning had, as usual, kept a watchful eye on his nephew's proceedings, and had finally cast him off and disinherited him for his bad conduct. Arnold had but little expectation to look forward to from that quarter now; and this disappointment increased his ill-nature.

Mrs. Arnold's unceasing exertions began to injure her health. One morning she arose sick, feverish, and weak, and was compelled to recline all day upon the lounge. She wished much that her friend Margaret might come in; but she did not come. After a while, her husband came home; but he brought with him no comfort or consolation.

He no sooner noticed her weak condition, than he said fretfully.

"If you would but get up, and set yourself about a woman's business, you would be well enough!"

Kate Arnold was weak and nervous; and she burst into tears at the heartless words. All the pent-up emotions with which her heart was filled broke out at last, and she wept bitterly.

"I have been thinking, for some time, that infernal scribbling would drive you mad; and now I perceive it has," he said.

It was some time before the poor wife could gather strength to speak; and then she asked him if he would send for Margaret Morrison to come in and stay with her a while. "No!" was the gruff answer. "I never

will have that old vixen in the house, when I can help it."

Mrs. Arnold tossed about in her bed all that night, with burning fever raging in her veins. She had hardly ever known what sickness was; and this feeling was something new to her. She would ask her husband for nothing: he appeared so ill-natured, and showed no inclination for making her more comfortable. Her sufferings were intense; and she prayed to God that she might not die there, without friendly care. How she longed for her home, and the presence of those loved ones who had never spoken to her an unkind word! She prayed that strength might be given her to reach that home; and she determined that she never again would place herself at the mercy of her selfish husband.

Her prayer was answered. She was able to make a little preparation the next morning, and started for her home. Her mind seemed to be in a bewildered state. The journey was a long one, and there were many changes to be made: she went through these in a mechanical sort of manner, without hardly realizing what she was doing. She arrived at last at her father's house, and her mother came out joyfully to meet her. Alas! there was a look of deep sadness and suffering upon her daughter's pale face she had never noticed before. The journey had wearied her, and exhausted what little energy she had left when she started. She was only able to speak a few words: "O mother! I'm sick! Give me a place to rest." They carried her into the house, and placed her in a

comfortable bed ; but she soon became unconscious of their tender care and watchfulness. She had a brain-fever and became delirious.

She would constantly rave about going home, and would keep repeating that she wanted a quiet place to die in. For a long time her life was despaired of. Loving friends would gather round her bedside, and bemoan with one another that this lovely, talented, young thing should pass away from earth. Her husband came, and wrung his hands and wept by her side : he had conscience enough left, perhaps, to feel penitence for the wrong he had done her. She would open her large brown eyes, and gaze on him with a look of consciousness for a moment, and then immediately commence her delirious ravings. Margaret Morrison left her *great unfinished work*, and came to watch over and nurse her friend : she loved her like a sister, and hardly left her bedside. Every thing was done for her that parental and friendly care could devise, and she began to show some slight symptoms of amendment.

Mr. Callender was an affectionate, tender-hearted man ; and he could not endure to be near his daughter during her frantic ravings. He would sit in a remote part of the house, as far as possible from the place where she lay ; and there in his loneliness he would brood over this great grief that had come to him. He would recall every little event of his darling's childhood, — how, when a gay, wild thing, she would cross and recross the fields with him while ploughing with the oxen : sometimes, in a spirit of mischief, she

would snatch the whip from his hands, and flourish it over the animals' heads ; and they would obey her bidding as well as his own. He remembered her, too, as she rode upon the hay-load with her head uncovered and her hair blown about by the winds, unmindful of her complexion. Sometimes she would have a fall from the load ; but she always landed "right side up," and she had no fears of venturing again.

Then he thought of the hopeful, happy spirit she manifested when he took her to the boarding-school ; and how she had dazzled them by her sharp wit upon her return. Then came memories of her engagement and marriage. She had gone from her sheltering home a handsome bride, with a look of trust and happiness upon her countenance. He had known little of her married life : Kate Arnold had made no complaint. It would have taken nothing from her burden of wretchedness for her parents to know of her situation ; and she told them none of her troubles.

After recalling this pleasant picture of the past, Mr. Callender would dwell upon the present : of his pride and joy now stretched upon a bed of sickness, sometimes held down there by strong hands.

He thought of those brown eyes that had often gazed upon him pleasantly or roguishly, now glaring about with the wildness of insanity, and recognizing no one.

He could not bear calmly this fearful contrast ; and he would bury his face in his hands, and weep like a child.



But Kate Arnold's time to die had not yet come. After a while she ceased her ravings, and relapsed into a state of stupor and *semi-consciousness*.

She soon began to recognize her friends; and one day, while Margaret was busy about her bed, she spoke to her in a low voice. Margaret leaned towards her to catch the sounds (as her voice was very faint and weak), as she said, —

“ I wish you would tell Frederic to leave me. You will understand why. I doubt whether I shall ever live under the same roof with him again.”

Margaret had longed to tell him this very thing. She believed him to be a hypocritical villain, and hated him.

She and his ill-used wife were the only persons in the vicinity that understood Frederic Arnold's real character.

She told him immediately what Kate had said, and made his departure rather more peremptory, by adding a few remarks expressive of her own opinion.

After some little demur on his own part, Frederic Arnold went away.

Mrs. Arnold's recovery was very slow. Few people would have recognized the blooming bride and happy school-girl in this thin form, that was daily propped up with pillows. The glossy hair had been cut close to her head; her face was pale and thin, and her large eyes had but little of their former lustre.

She had never realized the number and kindness of her friends till now. Comforts and luxuries were showered upon her from all sides. Margaret Mor-

rison remained with her, nursing her faithfully, and relieving Mr. Callender's family from too much anxious watching over her. Dr. Morrison was her kind physician. He would often go home and tell his wife that their daughter Margaret was at last showing symptoms of returning reason, by spending her time profitably and usefully by the bedside of her friend.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE MINISTER'S ELOPEMENT.

AFTER this lapse of time, we return to the affairs of the Rev. Herbert Willard. We find him in a much happier state of mind and circumstances than when we left him. He has secured that important requisite to a minister's happiness,—a *loving wife*. In her we recognize our old friend Matty, rosy and happy still. Mr. Willard's parishioners still value his services highly, and love and respect his wife also. They consider that their minister has shown excellent judgment in marrying a person possessed of so many agreeable qualities.

How he managed that important affair they never have known.

Should they happen to find out the particulars, we do not know, but only conjecture, whether he would be lowered in their estimation or not. Mr. Willard had notified his people that he should be absent for a short time from his pulpit, and engaged a young theological student to fill his place.

In about three weeks after his departure, he returned with his blushing, happy bride. Nobody

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thought of asking questions concerning her, or of doubting his right of possession. They supposed their minister had a right to marry, as well as any other man, if he chose. How he contrived to secure Matty Davidson for his wife, in spite of parental opposition, I *know*, and I *will tell*.

Though his plan might seem rash, he formed it in a cool, business-like way. He went once more like a man, and asked Mr. Davidson for his daughter, and was treated more insolently than ever by the father. He felt too sure of a victory to have many words with him, and departed from the house. Matty was not kept under lock and key, and he managed to get an opportunity to speak with her, and told her the plan he had formed for their mutual happiness. She was a girl of spirit. She had been annoyed a great deal of late by Mr. Farrington; and she was soon persuaded to consent to the arrangement of her lover. In one short hour she was whirled away from the protection of her father, from the staring admiration of the rich planter who was expecting to marry her, and made the happy wife of Herbert Willard. Mr. Davidson was in a terrible rage when he discovered his daughter's disappearance. He ordered every horse in his stable to be harnessed up, and started in pursuit of the runaway couple. He had not gone a great way before he learned of their marriage. Though very much enraged, he had some little sense left; and he knew that it was useless to follow them farther. His daughter was of a suitable age to select a husband for herself, whether it pleased him or not.

He was a vanquished foe: the enemy had *possession*; and, considering "discretion to be the better part of valor," he turned his horses' heads in the direction of his own home.

Matty, knowing her father's excitable temperament, was fearful lest some sad result might follow her sudden departure.

That happened which she had often surmised might. He died of apoplexy; but it was not till many long years after her marriage: so she experienced no conscientious pangs on that account.

Mrs. Willard never regretted her hasty marriage. She loved her husband too fondly to be cognizant of his faults. He was rather arbitrary and self-willed, but she preferred that he should have his own way. She thought he knew almost every thing that was worth knowing, and in that respect they both entertained the same opinion.

She proved herself to be of invaluable worth to her husband and his society. She had a little class in the sabbath school; was always willing to start and push forward charitable objects, and attended regularly, when able, all the society-meetings.

In return for this devotion and good will, she received many valuable testimonials in the form of elegant gifts from members of her husband's church.

But Mr. Willard, with all his worldly prosperity, was getting somewhat uneasy. He wished to "progress," and did not care to adhere strictly to the principles held by his sect; and, having such a good opinion of his own powers, he believed that he could originate

something that would be an improvement upon the old doctrine. His hearers would sometimes be mystified by these new ideas; but the majority of his society enjoyed them from the very fact that they were beyond their comprehension. As long as he expressed himself with beautiful imagery, and in glowing, eloquent language, they were willing to attribute the incomprehensible nature of his discourse to his superior talent. Mr. Willard departed from his theology merely because he wished to be original; not because he had obtained any new ideas.

If his ideas had come first, he would have made his purpose much clearer to his own mind and the minds of his hearers. But "new times demand new measures and new men;" and Mr. Willard, in spite of his eccentricities, found favor with a large portion of the community.

A temptation came to him one day. He received a call to become pastor over a flourishing flock in Brooklyn, N.Y.; and he could not find it in his heart to refuse the offer. The field was larger; in other words, the harvest was more abundant, and there was a richer crop of sinners to be gathered into the fold. He sent his resignation into his society; but the majority disliked to part with him, and did not wish to grant it: but there were still a few among them who liked the old style of preaching best; and his resignation was finally accepted.

Mr. Willard carried the unwelcome news to his wife, but just asked her a question: —

"How should you like to change our place of resi-

dence for another, where, perhaps, it may be more for our interest to reside?"

"In what manner do you mean?" Mrs. Willard asked in some surprise.

"I mean, dear Matty, that I have been offered a larger salary to take charge of a society in Brooklyn; and I don't think we ought to overlook our own welfare by refusing such an offer."

Mrs. Willard was not quite so worldly-minded, as far as the increase of salary was concerned, and answered, "But you know we have been very happy here; and that is of more consequence to us than wealth."

Mr. Willard spoke of another advantage. "Clergymen," he said, "in that vicinity, were advancing rather faster than in other places. He would be likely to meet with more people that would adopt and sympathize with his own peculiar views."

Mrs. Willard could not argue against this seeming advantage, as the subject was rather beyond her comprehension. She took it for granted that it must be all right if it met her husband's approval.

She disliked much to break the pleasant ties and associations of her daily life; but she had a good faculty for resigning herself to changes and inconveniences, and commenced cheerfully to make preparations for their departure.

Mrs. Willard had not heard from her father directly for a long time. He had written one letter to her, filled with indignation, soon after her marriage; and in it he had told her that he hoped her minister would

be able to take care of her, as she never should have any assistance from him. She would like to have had a pleasanter feeling existing between them; but she loved her husband perfectly, and this trouble fell lightly upon her.

To do him justice, we will say that Mr. Willard's society regretted much to part with him; for, with all his peculiarities and egotism, he had developed some very popular characteristics.

No less sad was the parting with his sweet-dispositioned wife; for she had proved herself to be an invaluable assistant, not only to her husband, but to his society.

And she disliked much to leave her many friends and happy home,—the only home of her own she had ever known, and where she had passed the pleasantest portion of her life; but the call of the wealthy, substantial society of Brooklyn was a loud one, and they departed, bearing with them many tokens of friendship and esteem.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### RECONCILIATION.

MRS. ARNOLD still remains at her father's house ; and we find her now with the old sparkle in her eye, and signs of health visible in her countenance. By slow degrees she had recovered, had realized the unwearied tenderness, the thoughtful care, of all her family and friends, and had learned, as she had never known before, what a wealth of love she possessed. But we find her in a compassionate, forgiving mood. Marriage has brought her one joy, at least. A blessing had been granted her, and her babe sleeps in his cradle by her side. One glance at that sweet, innocent face has caused her to forgive and forget all the misery she has endured.

Mr. Arnold has written to her often, and entreated her to share his home with him once more. He has filled his letters with promises of amendment, and all sorts of tender endearments. Her heart is too full of bliss for any other feeling. She has nearly forgotten her resentment and its cause, and has written to her husband that he may come and take her away. 'Twas those blue baby-eyes that taught the young mother her lesson of forgiveness.

### RECONCILIATION.

She has been reflecting, with some anxiety, whether there might not be little buds of selfishness enshrined within that darling form, which might some time germinate into angry passions; and, in such a case, would she feel justified in casting him off from her? These reflections determined her to make another effort to reform and save the father.

Mr. Arnold loved his wife as well as he was capable of loving anybody; and to win her back again was sufficient inducement for him to employ himself industriously for a while. He had hired and furnished some rooms in the outskirts of the city, and they were to commence housekeeping there.

Mrs. Callender had surmised, from her daughter's seeming indifference towards her husband, that there had been trouble of some sort between them. She never thought of placing the responsibility upon a person so pleasant and agreeable as Mr. Arnold seemed to be; and she somehow conjectured that the difficulty might have been caused by Kate's ignorance of domestic duties, or to her ambition for literary honors.

Hannah Callender was very domestic, and an excellent housekeeper; and it was arranged that she should accompany her sister home, and assist in the household duties.

This plan suited Mrs. Arnold much; for she knew very well that her little one would require a great deal of attention, and she would be unable to manage without assistance.

Mr. Arnold soon came, all smiles and blandishments. He seemed pleased with everybody,—his

wife, child, and all the family. His wife received him kindly and cordially. After her return to the city, Mrs. Arnold found things somewhat improved from the old system. She enjoyed the society of her sister much: they had some neat, tidy rooms, and Hannah conducted every thing like clock-work. She soon ascertained, however, that their income was not sufficient to meet expenses, and resumed her old duties with the pen. Her husband, as usual, was uncommunicative about his business; but she used to tell him often that she cared not how he spent his time, if it was only at some honest, respectable employment.

Margaret Morrison was astonished when she learned that her friend had returned to her husband's home. She could not imagine why she could tolerate again such a wretch as she knew Mr. Arnold to be; having herself witnessed some of the worst phases of his character, she never could entertain a good opinion concerning him. She concluded that it must be the "mysterious something" Kate Arnold had mentioned to her as having influenced her to marry; and it had probably induced her to return to her husband again after all his abuse.

Margaret was inclined to congratulate herself that she never had experienced any thing of that "mystery." She rather preferred to be "strong-minded," and bear all the sarcasms and invectives that were sometimes hurled against her sect, than be caught in such a net.

But she determined to stand by her friend through

good and bad fortune; and continued to visit her, in spite of the ill feeling that had existed between herself and Mr. Arnold.

Kate Arnold was a very careless writer; and she was obliged to endure some rather sharp criticism on that account.

She was showing Margaret Morrison a scorching criticism concerning one of her productions, and made the remark, —

"I don't know how I should be able to endure so much of this, if it was not for one consolation that I have.

"If my articles are well criticised, they must be well read; and that, of course, insures to me a pecuniary benefit.

"I don't wonder they say my productions lack 'harmony,' and 'clearness;' for I have no patience to revise them as I ought. My ideas come to my mind fast, and to express them is a pleasure; but, when it comes to conforming them to the rules of rhetoric, I find it a somewhat uninteresting and irksome task."

"You should adopt my system in that respect," answered Margaret. "I write occasionally, myself, for publication; that is, when I see a good opportunity for benefiting my cause: and, feeling the same repugnance that you have expressed towards correcting manuscript, I have secured the services of a friend who revises and corrects my articles. The expense of this is a trifle in comparison to the benefit I derive from the assistance."

"I wish I might have the good fortune to procure



just such aid as you have mentioned," answered Mrs. Arnold.

"I have no doubt but that this gentleman would be as willing to perform the service for you as for me. He has great literary culture and correct taste, and is himself manager of a periodical work. He is an author, and is likewise familiar with every step which an article has to pass through from the time it issues from the writer's brain till it is sent forth to the public. You have heard me mention his name often, — Mr. Richards, — as the gentleman who is inclined to regard favorably the cause of woman's suffrage."

Mrs. Arnold recollected the name; and she made an arrangement forthwith for seeing him, and consulting with him in regard to her own affairs.

Arthur Richards had commenced, in early life, his business-career in a publishing-house. He had been thoroughly educated in the rudiments of the business long before he aspired to become an author, and had thus learned to perform easily those labors of correction which by many authors are considered as disagreeable drudgery.

When he had listened to the proposal of Margaret Morrison for her friend, a pleasant, good-natured smile spread over his face as he said, —

"It would be taking upon myself something of a responsibility to promise to prepare articles for publication, when I am entirely ignorant of the manner in which they may be presented. I have performed the duty for you, Miss Morrison, because you do not require my services often; and I know very well, also,

that you are incapable of afflicting me with a very long dissertation."

Margaret and Mrs. Arnold both smiled as he expressed this somewhat doubtful compliment.

"I mean to intimate," he said by way of apology, "that when Miss Morrison undertakes to express an opinion concerning her favorite subject, she does it concisely and to the purpose, and is contented to stop when she has finished; which is more than I can say of many other dogmatists."

After some little conversation, it was finally arranged that Mrs. Arnold should send in her manuscript; and he would ascertain in that manner whether or not he could render her any assistance.

Mr. Richards possessed a rare critical taste, and proved himself of great aid to Kate Arnold. Somehow, he began to feel an interest in her writings, and inserted many of them in his own periodical work.

In the mean time, while there seemed to be a hopeful prospect that Mrs. Arnold might obtain considerable literary distinction, the aspect of her own home grew dark and dreary. Frederic Arnold was in a fault-finding mood much of the time, and Hannah Callender had but little patience to bear with him. He could smile, and smile, and be a villain, for a while: but no one could live with him for any length of time, and remain ignorant of his true character. One day, feeling dissatisfied with himself and everybody else, he became abusive in language, and commenced grumbling unreasonably with Hannah. This aroused her indignation; and she told him some

wholesome truths that she had kept pent up for a long time. She called him a drunkard and a gambler; and told him she could not endure to remain under the same roof, if it were not for the sympathy she felt for her sister.

Mr. Arnold became so enraged that he appeared like an insane man, and flung at her the vilest epithets he could use.

Mrs. Arnold was seated in an adjoining room, in an abstracted, absent-minded sort of manner, and engaged in writing.

Somehow, she thought that there was a din of some kind going on; but she did not realize what it was that had created such a disturbance.

Hannah aroused her from her meditations with a rough shake, and said, —

“I can’t imagine what you are made of, that you will let that brute abuse me in the way he has, and you sit here without saying one word.”

Hannah’s face was red with indignation, and the tears were in her eyes.

“What is it? I have not heard,” answered Mrs. Arnold.

“Are you deaf? Have you no ears? Well, it may be fortunate if you *have not* any hearing. But I have staid here and borne insult for your sake and little Charley’s as long as I can; and now I am intending to leave as soon as I can make my preparations. If I were tied to such a man as your husband is, one or the other of us would be glad to run away, or do something *desperate*!”

Mrs. Arnold disliked to part with her sister; but, considering the circumstances, she could not urge her to remain.

Hannah Callender had considerable discretion, and determined not to tell her parents how unpleasantly Kate was situated. She knew it would only cause them anxiety, and might not help the matter. But Mrs. Callender was inclined to be a little inquisitive, and often asked her daughter questions with regard to Kate’s domestic affairs that proved very puzzling to answer, unless she told the whole story. One day, Mrs. Callender said, —

“Don’t you think Kate would be happier, and get along better, if she would drop her writing, and take more interest in her housekeeping?”

This aroused Hannah, so that she felt in a mood for explaining the true state of things.

“Please don’t speak of Kate with reproach again, mother. There is trouble enough in that house; but she is not responsible for any of it.”

Hannah said this, and shut her mouth in a decided manner, that precluded further questioning.

Mrs. Callender had unwittingly drawn from her a secret which was likely to cause her considerable future uneasiness.

Affairs grew more dreary and discouraging with Mrs. Arnold after her sister’s departure. Her husband expected every thing to be arranged for his comfort, even when it was an impossibility. Though he would provide nothing for weeks at a time, he would be angry if his regular meals were not supplied him.

Kate Arnold was sustained through these discouragements by a strong, high purpose. She had determined to suffer and endure every thing before she would desert her husband.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE BROKEN LINK.

AFTER this long lapse of time, would that I had something more cheerful to record concerning the life of Mrs. Arnold! Her home is with the poor and lowly; the furniture is very scanty, and of the cheapest quality, and every thing around her betokens poverty. Though she has experienced much of woe and bitterness, her life has not been all sorrow.

Margaret Morrison has clung to her like a brave, true friend, through all her adversity, assisting her often with the labor of her own hands, and cheering her with hopeful, encouraging words. Then she has had baby's innocent smiles and childhood's roguish prattle, to keep alive a feeling of joy and tenderness in her heart, and to bring to her pen still *another inspiration*.

Though surrounded by trials, Kate Arnold feels as though she has had much cause for thankfulness. She has had her health; and, though very poor, neither herself nor child have ever hungered, or suffered for the comforts of life. She has taken upon herself the labors of an actress; and this, united with the proceeds of her pen, serves to keep her in comfortable circumstances.

She had always possessed a high order of dramatic talent; and Margaret Morrison, perceiving that the confined life she was leading in-doors would in time prove ruinous to her health, had proposed to her this change. Mrs. Arnold objected a little at first, on account of being obliged to leave her boy alone; but Margaret kindly volunteered to remain with him at all times when it was necessary.

A little training developed the talent she possessed, and she made an excellent actress; and she soon found that this occupation, besides being remunerative, served to draw away her mind from her domestic miseries.

But what shall we say of Arnold? Nothing hopeful, nothing encouraging! Down, down he sinks lower in vice, if such a thing is possible. Though the wife still clings to this load of degradation, Margaret Morrison, who is familiar with her experience and sufferings, knows that she will endure it but a little while longer. The young wife had determined to remain true to the promises she had made at the altar, till neither morality nor religion would require her to make the sacrifice any longer. She knew herself to be morally divorced and separated from her husband, and there was within her own soul a constant doubt as to whether it was not a greater sin to be continually tolerating this semblance of an obligation than to publicly disavow it.

Throughout her whole married life, Mrs. Arnold had seen the uncle of her husband but a few times. He had intruded into her apartments somewhat abruptly

one day, and had soon made himself known by saying, in a gruff manner,—

“I have come in here for the purpose of seeing the person who has been foolish enough to marry my nephew.”

A woman who has a bad husband usually knows it, and does not relish being reminded of it any better for that.

Mrs. Arnold had been at first inclined to feel indignation at this disagreeable salutation; but, as Mr. Manning appeared feeble in body and mind, she had suppressed it.

He had informed her of many things she had never known before; told her of the fate of Arnold's father and mother, and how he had tried every means in his power to reform his nephew; how he had hoped against hope, and had finally discarded him forever. He seemed to take considerable interest in little Charley Arnold. He called him to his side, and told him if he would grow up unlike his father in character, he would be his friend. The little fellow, though hardly four years old, understood what this meant. He had placed his little arms, in a comforting way, around his mother's neck many times, when his father was abusing her with slanderous language.

Mr. Manning had a kind heart, though his words and manners were rather gruff. He talked nervously and excitedly, and, during his conversation, would often thump his cane down on the floor in an emphatic manner.

Learning her husband's antecedents did not tend to

bring any thing of hope and encouragement to the wife's heart.

Margaret Morrison knew she had taken upon herself a great responsibility when she had promised to care for little Charley Arnold during his mother's absence; but she adhered faithfully to her promise. Mr. Arnold hated her, and she was obliged to be very much of the time in his presence.

She was well aware of the violence of his temper, as she had frequently seen him snatch pen and paper from his wife's hand, and upset the table, and break dishes, in some fit of rage. He had abused herself, too, with his tongue; but like all martyrs, by being continually obliged to contend against opposition, Margaret kept herself always in a state of defence.

Though morally courageous, she knew that there was a great physical disadvantage between herself and Mr. Arnold; for this reason, when alone with him, discreet Margaret chose rather to bridle her tongue, and treat him with the same indulgence one would use towards an insane man or an idiot, than to throw away any useless argument.

Mr. Richards continued to assist Kate Arnold somewhat in the preparation of manuscript; though she had less of this work to do than formerly, on account of her performances at the theatre. He had been detained late at his office one night, and was returning towards his home, when he met Mrs. Arnold. The lateness of the hour, and the sharp, frosty air, rendered it singular that a woman like her should have ventured into the cold, without some important ob-

ject to urge her forth. He immediately addressed her, and offered his company and protection.

Her manner seemed troubled and anxious; and she explained her errand by saying, that her boy was suffering from a severe attack of croup, and she had come out to obtain a doctor's prescription. She seemed disinclined to converse, and Mr. Richards accompanied her silently to her home. He was astonished when he reached the house, and noticed the appearance of poverty exhibited there. Kate Arnold had always appeared pleasant and cheerful, and neatly dressed; and he was entirely ignorant of her circumstances. She spoke of a manuscript that she would like to have him finish, as it would be utterly impossible for her to complete it, owing to the sickness of her child; and he entered the house to wait for it.

There, sitting over the stove, and holding in his hand a newspaper and in his mouth a cigar, was Frederic Arnold. He bore in his countenance unmistakable signs of vice and dissipation; and Mr. Richards could not but regard the man with a feeling of contempt, as he thought of his permitting his wife to go out alone on such a night, while he sat at home enjoying the fire. Arnold looked up angrily at the visitor, and said in the most sneering tone imaginable, "You find it in your way to be a gallant for the ladies, I see?"

"Yes, sir," answered Richards boldly. "I found your wife out upon the street alone; and the thought came at once into my mind, how I should dislike to see mother, sister, or wife of mine, if I had any, out at



such a time of night. Considering her safer under my protection than alone, I ventured to accompany her home."

Rage, hate, and jealousy, were expressed in Frederic Arnold's countenance as he answered, —

"When I wish to place my wife under your care, I will let you know."

Mrs. Arnold had heard nothing of all this. She had given Richards the manuscript, and then hurried to her sick boy, who lay in the adjoining room.

Mr. Arnold poured forth a stream of vile oaths, and then began to puff away fiercely at his cigar, after their visitor had departed. His wife noticed that the smoke affected seriously her child's breathing. She informed him of this circumstance, and asked him if he would not smoke in another room.

He made her no answer, but continued smoking. The poor mother was nearly distracted. The child's breathing became more difficult, and he would have serious fits of coughing.

She longed to snatch the dreadful cigar from her husband's hands, and throw it into the fire; but she knew very well that it would do no good: he would either get another, or revenge himself in some other way. At last Mr. Arnold arose, threw his chair over with a crash, and left the house, slamming the door behind him. She knew no cause for this anger, and had long ago ceased to ascribe any motives to his actions. The room where the child was sick was a small one, and there was but little means of ventilation; but she restored a better atmosphere, as far as she possibly could,

by opening the windows of the room her husband had just left. She applied all the remedies and gave all the medicines that the doctor had prescribed; but the symptoms seemed to become more alarming.

Through that dark, dreary night the anxious mother remained alone with her sick child, no friends near to assist or comfort her; for her husband had by his conduct driven them nearly all from her. And there, on that lonely night, as the long-abused wife sat in her agony and desolation, listening to the ringing cough of her sick child, the last frail link that bound her to the inhumanity of her husband was severed. Alone, with her head buried in the bed-covering, she made a solemn vow, — a vow made with such a determination and earnestness that no human power could ever make her retract it, or cause her to turn from her purpose.

Though her husband might come home penitent, though he might go down on his knees and crawl before her, even though he should reform in reality and permanently, she never could forgive or forget; and no power on earth should bind her longer to such a dreadful allegiance. She knew there was no virtue, but there was degradation, in continuing to reside with such a being as her husband. By leaving him she would violate no sanctity of marriage, would dis sever no holy bonds.

... Call this a plea for divorce; call me a "foe to society," a "free-lover," or what you like: but I will here express my opinion.

I believe marriage to be a civil contract, often per-



formed without priest or prayer. Two people are bound together by the law ; and the same law that binds them together can also dissolve the bond when *human happiness* and *safety* demand it. I acknowledge a sacredness and sanctity in marriage, and that it becomes a holy link, when, as the poet says,—

“ Two that are linked in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.”

But what kind of a bond or union do you call it when virtue is wedded to depravity ? when two people marry foolishly, blindly, and against reason ? Does not grace and refinement often ally itself to coarseness and brutality ? and can you ever make such qualities assimilate ?

You can command the wife to love and respect her husband, no matter how unlovable and repugnant he may be to her ; but can you make her do it ? I doubt it. She may continue to keep up the semblance. I respect the marriage-bond when it is *holy*, when it is *sacred* ; but there are often cases when both virtue and religion require it to be dissolved. . . . I am neither young nor old ; yet I have lived long enough to view the matters of this world with a *speculative*, unromantic eye ; and I will here append a few remarks for the benefit of the unmarried. You may have no interest, and may skip over what I am now writing, thinking it is prosy : but never mind ; I shall only have wasted a little more paper.

When a person enters into a business partnership,

he views all the advantages and disadvantages of the position ; he examines thoroughly the qualifications of his partner, and notes carefully every circumstance connected with the arrangement likely to insure success or defeat, and governs his actions accordingly. So, likewise, in buying a house or a horse, he shows the same cautiousness and business consideration. But when he comes to select a wife, where are his wits ? where is his reason ? Flown ! scattered ! Though in the former case he may dissolve the partnership if it prove unsatisfactory, and can sell his house or his horse if it does not suit his fancy, yet a wife chosen without regard to suitability or qualification is not so easily disposed of, no matter how much he may regret the transaction.

A lover is apt to compare his lady to a canary. He thinks he can place her in a cage, and she will there sing to him all day : he imagines that a little chickweed or a few cents' worth of canary-seed per diem will be sufficient for the internal wants of her little frame, and that, for her outward adornment, a glittering plumage will spring forth spontaneously, which she can keep in order by means of her little *bill*. But I am a woman,—I say it *boldly* yet *sorrowfully*,—and I can destroy your delusion. A poor woman, now-a-days, is in the hands of a milliner or dressmaker nearly all the time : she must be trimmed, puffed, ruffled, feathered, pointed, scalloped, and laced ; and, to supply all this flummery, you will find that she will draw heavily on *your bills*, whether it pleases you or not. But I can expose another thing with regard to these little

"loves," or "doves." I never knew one yet, no matter how brown and curly her hair, how soft, blue, and heavenly expressive her eyes, but what would eat great plates of soup, roast-beef, and plum-pudding. To be sure, there are some rare exceptions: a young girl while in love may not, at times, have a very sharp appetite; but you may be quite sure she will make up for this deficiency after she is married.

Then my young lady is equally deluded, and more so, perhaps. She imagines her lover has a noble, lordly air, when to every other person his appearance is graceless and "wooden;" she thinks him kind, devoted, and self-sacrificing (that is because she has never met him when he was hungry, or needing some buttons sewed on his clothing); she expects he will have an inexhaustible stock of money to meet those long milliners' and dressmakers' bills, and that it will be to him an indescribable pleasure to place it in her little hand. (?)

Take my advice, young unmarried people, and in your matrimonial affairs use the same sagacity and good sense you display in your business transactions!

Be speculative, shrewd, and wise!

You may say that you prefer to enjoy a little delusion and romance, even if you are *scorched*, than to take such advice.

Well, follow your own inclinations; and you may, in time, be anxiously inquiring for some "balm in Gilead."

I presume you all think I must be some sour old maid, or that I have been disappointed in my matri-

monial expectations. I will be a little confiding on that point. I have known something of "moonshine" in my day; and I am also familiar with the sunshine and clouds of the matrimonial horizon. But I am an egotist; and I shall never stop talking about myself if I once become interested in the subject. My dear readers, you will never know much more about my affairs than I choose to tell you. Where is my heroine? or where is my hero? I have nearly forgotten them.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JEALOUSY.

ARTHUR RICHARDS tried in vain to distract his thoughts from Mrs. Arnold: he could not forget her nervous, anxious manner, and the apparent poverty and misery of her situation. He knew that she received large remittances for her writings, and he had supposed her to be living in comfort and affluence. Mr. Richards was a gentleman, in every sense of the word. He was generous and self-sacrificing; his own comfort was ever secondary to that of a friend. The wounded soldier on the battle-field or suffering in the hospital, and his acquaintances in affliction, had good reason to remember him always with gratitude.

He had strong sympathies, and they were fairly roused for Mrs. Arnold. He determined to see Margaret Morrison, and consult with her as to what could be done to ameliorate her friend's distress. Margaret had been confined to her room for several days with a sore throat, and did not dare to venture out of doors. She felt sadly grieved when she heard of Kate Arnold's situation, and regretted much that she was unable to render her any assistance. She knew her circumstances, her poverty, and that she had provis-

### JEALOUSY.

ion only for immediate wants: the moment she was obliged to discontinue her labors, she had no resource whatever. Her friends and acquaintances had been driven away by the insolence of the husband: no one scarcely, but herself, dared to "beard the lion in his den."

"If Kate Arnold is alone with her husband and sick child, may God pity her!" she said to Richards.

"I never supposed your friend was in such unfortunate circumstances, till my own eyes witnessed her situation. She always seemed happy, and had a jolly, spirited manner of talking with me about her writings."

"Kate had spirit once, and I sometimes think she has got some of it now, and will not bear her persecutions much longer. I have known her through her whole life, from the time she was a little child. No one ever could have made me believe once that she would have borne patiently what she has."

Mr. Richards made some inquiries about Frederic Arnold; but Margaret said, for her friend's sake, she would prefer not to express her opinion concerning him.

They made arrangements together for immediate assistance. Margaret gave Mr. Richards what money she had to spare, and told him to see that Kate Arnold did not suffer for any thing.

Mrs. Arnold looked pale and worn when Mr. Richards called with the articles her friend had sent, and asked after the sick boy.

"He is a little better to-day, but that is usual.

He is very much distressed at night," answered the mother.

There was such a look of weariness about her, Mr. Richards said he would come and watch that night with the child, that she might obtain relief and rest.

Mrs. Arnold gladly accepted the offer. She knew he was kind-hearted, by what Margaret had said, and by the good feeling he had always manifested towards her.

Mr. Richards was a tender nurse. He had been among sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital; and the mother felt confidence at once that her child would receive very careful attention from his hands.

She gave him all necessary instructions with regard to the medicine: she saw Mr. Richards smooth her child's pillow, and arrange the bed-clothes comfortably, manifesting the thoughtful care of a woman; and then sought her much-needed repose. Mrs. Arnold, being nearly exhausted by her severe daily labors and anxious night-watchings, soon fell asleep.

She was aroused late in the night by a loud noise. Her husband had returned home, and was rattling hard against the windows and doors, and muttering incoherently. He had either forgotten to take a night-key with him, or was incapable of using one.

The wife arose instantly, opened the door for her husband, and lit a lamp that he might be enabled to see his way. He was, as usual at such times, somewhat under the effects of bad liquor, and grumbled and swore because he had been kept waiting. Mr. Richards had left his hat in the hall, and Arnold espied it, and asked

whose it was. Mrs. Arnold immediately told him; and that Mr. Richards had kindly offered to watch with their sick boy. Upon hearing this, his rage knew no bounds. He rushed to the room where Richards was, and poured upon him a torrent of abuse. Towards his wife he used the vilest and most insulting epithets he could devise. Hate and jealousy nearly consumed him. He went up towards his pale, trembling wife as though he would strike her down.

Richards restrained him with a strong hand; and there was no sign of fear or quailing in his eye as he said, —

"Mr. Arnold, had you spoken the vile, unjust language that you have used towards any other woman as pure-minded and innocent as I know your wife to be, I would have made you retract, or stretched you upon this floor." And then he added sarcastically, "As *her husband* you have, perhaps, a *legal right* to insult and abuse her; and I, under such circumstances (that I may appear properly to the eyes of the world), must remain a silent and inactive spectator."

Richards knew very well that his presence could do nothing towards quieting the state of affairs, and soon after left the house. He walked the streets a long time, in an agitated manner, trying to devise some way by which the unhappy wife might be rescued from her situation of wretchedness and danger.

Left to himself, and carried away by his increasing passion, Arnold walked the floor rapidly. Cowardly, revengeful, and jealous, he longed, with an insane intensity, to take the life of Richards. "If my bullet

does not miss its mark, I will have his heart's blood!" he muttered. He watched for an opportunity; and, like a snake, he glided up to his defenceless foe to strike him down: but he failed in his murderous intent,—*the first time.*

## CHAPTER XXV.

## AN OLD FRIEND BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. WILLARD had entered the ministry with somewhat selfish motives. He had chosen this profession as a profitable occupation; as a means of gratifying his ambition, and displaying his eloquence. But he had sincerity enough in his nature to wish to understand the *truth* himself, that he might make it known to his hearers. For this reason he perused his Bible with zeal and earnestness, made himself familiar with its teachings, and gradually *grew in grace*. To his eloquence, I am happy to state, he has added wisdom and truth, and is now faithfully performing his share of work in his Master's vineyard. The influence of his good-natured, common-sensical wife has done much towards eradicating his eccentricities and egotism: she has assisted him to become a good servant of the Lord. His society in Brooklyn have shown their appreciation of his services by increasing his salary, and enlarging and beautifying their house. He now occupies a prominent position among the "progressionists" and "free-religionists" of the day. Though some of our evangelical ministers say that his doctrine partakes more of the philosophy of Plato than



the religion of Jesus Christ, I think otherwise. He is preaching the truth as it appears to him, and is adapting himself to the mind and feeling of the age. We know well that the manner of presenting doctrines has changed, is still changing; for no Baptist or Orthodox clergymen would be tolerated in the pulpit should they undertake to exhort and threaten in the way they did fifty years ago.

Judging somewhat of the spirit of the worship in the olden time by the style of the psalms and hymns that were sung in those days, we can but arrive at the conclusion that Evangelicals have *progressed* remarkably in their manner of exhortation.

They certainly have become more enlightened, and express themselves much more mildly as regards the future punishment of sinners. The bottomless pit of to-day has been shorn of many of its terrors, and is a very different place from what it was a hundred years ago.

We quote here the following suggestion, taken from an old collection of Sternhold and Hopkins, regarding the treatment of those unfortunates who had not been changed in heart, and gathered into the fold:—

“And like an oven burn them, Lord,  
In fiery flame and fume:  
Thine anger shall destroy them all,  
And fire shall them consume.  
And thou shalt root out of the earth  
Their fruit that should increase;  
And from the number of thy folk  
Their seed shall end and cease.”

PSA. xxi.: *Sternhold and Hopkins.*

Here we have something in the style of horrible congratulations:—

“The just shall joy: it doth them good  
That God doth vengeance take;  
And they shall wash their feet in blood  
Of those who him forsake.

PSA. lviii. 10: *Sternhold and Hopkins.*

Though the language of the following sentiment is very simple, and far from the sublime, still, we can perceive a moral in it that may apply to the spirit of the present age:—

“He digs a ditch, and delves it deep,  
In hope to hurt his brother;  
But he shall fall into the pit  
That he digged up for other.”

If I ever have become, or ever should become, a good Universalist, I should ascribe the fact to the large and repugnant dose of Orthodoxy I imbibed in my earlier years.

Early impressions are lasting; and there is one of mine that I most certainly have not forgotten. When about the age of that heroic boy who acknowledged that he had cut his father's tree with a hatchet, but differing from him as regards my conscientious scruples, I told a lie. It was a juvenile lie, very weakly imbued with sin, and involved no person's good name or fortune,—nothing to be compared to the malicious fabrications I might invent at the present time, should I feel an inclination that way; for I believe, as some



person has said before me, that men and women are but children of a larger growth,—only a great deal worse. But that thoughtless untruth of mine caused me to feel an inexpressible terror, when my elder sister, with an expression of worldly wisdom in her young face, told me that I would surely be *burned up*. That sister possessed a lively imagination; and the description of the burning process lost none of its extravagant coloring in being detailed by her lips. And here, in justice to the dear, departed one, who has gone to her final resting-place, where the great Mystery is unveiled; in justice to the memory of that loved sister, of whom I can never speak or think without dropping a tear of sadness and regret,—I will add, that she received her instruction from older and wiser persons than herself, and, with all sincerity of purpose, endeavored to impress my mind with the same teachings.

But the world “has moved;” we are “marching on:” and I think there are very few, if any, persons of the present age who have a sufficiently *bad* taste to wish to revive either the old style of preaching, or to sing praises to the Lord in the tones and words of a hundred years ago.

Though doctrines may change, and the manner of expressing ideas, still the everlasting Truth remains the same.

Mrs. Willard found an abundance of happiness in her home and family. It is her nature to be happy. She is surrounded by six rosy, healthy children. She

has not as yet got the modern notion into her head that children will detract something from her own consequence: on the contrary, she believes that each one adds a great deal to her honor and glory. They are a mischievous, noisy set,—as ministers' children are apt to be, and a little more so; for the mother is indulgent, and their father is too much absorbed in his new theories, and in writing sermons, to pay much attention to their conduct.

Mrs. Willard has another cause for happiness: her father has become reconciled to her marriage. He was taken sick; and the quiet of the sick-room probably gave him an opportunity for reflection. He longed to see his only child; and, feeling as though he could forgive her this one act of disobedience, he sent for her to come home. She set out immediately, tended her father through his sickness till he recovered, and a mutual good feeling and reconciliation was restored between them. Mr. Davidson, like a sensible man, concluded that his daughter might have done much worse than to marry a minister of Mr. Willard's position and influence.

Rev. Herbert Willard's ministerial duties had not caused him to lose his appreciation of a good play. He went occasionally to the theatre, and also to private theatricals.

He came in one day, and informed his wife that “Romeo and Juliet” was to be performed that night, and asked her if she would not like to accompany him; and she consented.

“This is my favorite play, you know, Matty,” he

said; "and I never can listen to it without thinking of Kate Callender. I used to drill and scold the poor girl, till she would get vexed and out of patience; and then I was obliged to change my tactics, and flatter and coax her, or I should have lost my Juliet. By the way, she would have made an excellent actress, if she had but cultivated her dramatic talent."

Mr. Willard and his wife often spoke of their old schoolmate, Kate Callender. They had never forgotten her, though they had lost sight of her for some years. She had never written to Matty, nor answered Mr. Willard's letter; and they had supposed that she did not care to continue the friendship.

Mr. Willard listened to the play this time with an uncommon interest. Old reminiscences came back to his mind in an unusual, unaccountable manner. And now the actress comes to the third scene of the fifth act, where Juliet, awakening from her stupor, and still wandering, cries, "Where is my lord? Where is my Romeo?" Her manner was truly affecting, and public enthusiasm arose high: flowers were thrown to her from box, pit, and gallery, and fell in showers at her feet.

Mr. Willard appeared excited: he seized his wife by the arm in an abrupt manner, and exclaimed in a loud tone, expressive of wonder and conviction, —

"If that actress is not our old friend, Kate Callender, then my mind is surely wandering!"

Sure enough, it *was* Kate Arnold. Though she had changed in form, expression of countenance; and voice, there was something of her former manner

still remaining, that convinced Mr. Willard and his wife that she could be none other than their old schoolmate.

They made many speculations concerning the circumstance of meeting her upon the stage so unexpectedly, after such a long separation. The sight of their old friend aroused their former interest and attachment, and they determined to seek her out forthwith, by making inquiries concerning her whereabouts of the theatre-manager.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

**N**EARLY a year has elapsed since we last met with Kate Arnold; and we find her now in more comfortable and much happier circumstances. Released from the burden of shame, she can now feel something of freedom, and much of self-respect. Talented, respectable, and amiable, she is surrounded by friends, and has regained her proper position in society. From the purpose she formed over the sick-bed of her child she had never departed nor faltered.

She had waited only till her boy had recovered sufficiently to bear removal, and then quietly but determinedly made her preparations for departure. Though her husband had told her that he would shoot her down if she crossed the threshold, and though she had known full well that he was capable of carrying out this murderous threat, yet death for her was more to be desired than a life with him; and she never deviated from her course. She had believed that her own life and safety, and that of her darling boy, demanded of her to seek a place of protection.

She believes that she had been saved from a sick-bed, during her child's dangerous illness, by the timely

### SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

assistance and kindness of Arthur Richards together with Margaret Morrison.

They had provided every thing they could for her comfort during those dark days of tribulation.

And what reward did Richards receive for his kindness of heart?

He was shot and wounded by an enraged and jealous husband, because he had befriended his wife.

It is all well enough for a man to have kindness and sympathy in his nature; but he should never display these qualities towards a wife that has been neglected and ill treated by her husband.

As long as there are evil eyes and evil minds watching greedily for an opportunity to indulge in scandal, and ready to misconstrue actions and motives, a man should smother all *generous* and *honorable* feelings towards an oppressed and suffering woman. (?)

*O tempora! O mores!* Save us from such a state of society!

But Arthur Richards did not entertain this view of the subject. He had known Kate Arnold for a long time, and had taken no special interest in her affairs, — no more than he might feel towards any talented author; but when he had found her in affliction, and needing assistance, he had not supposed that he must restrain all noble impulses, and “pass by on the other side,” but had chosen to alleviate her distress.

Since her separation from her husband, he has had an opportunity of seeing her often, and has found out the intrinsic worth of her character. He knows her to be amiable and lovable. And what are his

feelings towards her now? He is not a man likely to conceal his true sentiments towards any one; and Margaret Morrison *can tell*. She has expressed her opinion plainly to him with regard to the character of Mr. Arnold, now that her friend is no longer allied to him; and Richards knows these relations are sundered forever. Margaret has in many respects acquired the shrewdness and research of a lawyer: she knows all about a married woman's rights and liabilities as regards property, and has constantly reminded Mrs. Arnold of the importance of securing a legal separation from her husband. Though she knows her friend can obtain a divorce at any time in her own city, and without leaving home, still, as her legal adviser, she recommends to her a different method of procedure. In a discussion on the subject, she said, —

“Remember that you are Kate Arnold, the actress and authoress; that you are a public character, and can have no private affairs. I know something of this annoyance myself; for, as a lecturer on woman's rights, I have been made an object of public ridicule and misrepresentation, and my words and ideas have been so distorted, you would have been unable to recognize my identity.

“If you should institute a proceeding for divorce in this city, your name would become a by-word in the bar-rooms and all the low places of resort. They will attribute to your course any thing but virtuous motives.

“Then there are newspaper editors here who expect to sell their papers by publishing such cases;

and they will make an *immorality* out of them if they possibly can, that they may better suit their purpose. To be sure, these things do not have any effect with regard to the opinion of people who know us: but still, everybody is not acquainted with our true character; and, when a slander once arises, it is not easily beaten down. I have had many trials, and have had to struggle hard against public opinion; but I have never had to bear with and battle against any thing more vexatious than a lie.”

“O Margaret! if you had only devoted yourself to authorship, you would have encountered something more annoying than that.”

“What do you mean?” said Margaret eagerly.

“You have never as yet written sufficiently to invite the attention of the critics. When you once begin to get up a reputation that way (and I think you will, in time), you will find they will instantly set upon you like a pack of howling wolves. You will be reminded forcibly of those words of Sterne: —

“Grant me patience, just Heavens! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most *tormenting*!”

“Ah, well!” answered Margaret. “I have learned, that the more I have to endure, so much the more I am strengthened; and, as I have not been frightened by the bow-wow of the dogs, I shall be able to withstand the howling of the wolves, should they commence an attack.”

But I am digressing. When these two people, Mar-

garet Morrison and Kate Arnold, get together, they make long speeches, and lead me away from my subject, or I lead them away, or we lead each other away: I don't know which is responsible. Now, I said some time ago, that Margaret Morrison knew what Mr. Richards's feelings were towards Kate Arnold; and, with the conceit of an author, I imagine my readers are *anxious* to know.

Somehow, Margaret loved to talk with Mr. Richards about Kate Arnold's affairs; and he always listened with great attention. In an indifferent sort of way, she had mentioned to him that Kate Arnold intended to be legally separated from her husband, and was somewhat startled by the effect produced by her words.

Richards had sprung up from his chair in an excited manner: he had taken both of her hands in his as no man had ever done before or has since, and had said in a husky voice, —

“ Good heavens! Should I ever live to see the day when Kate Arnold is a free woman, I *will* some time *marry* her; that is, if I can get her consent to marry so poor a man as I am, and one so undeserving of the rich-reward of her love.”

Margaret had been astonished by this extravagant demonstration at first; but she had soon conjectured that it was but another example of the workings of “ that mysterious power ” Kate had mentioned in former times.

*Wise Margaret! fortunate Margaret!* though ignorant of the mysterious power of love, you know every thing that it is for your interest to know.

Mr. Richards was impulsive, and incapable of dissembling; and the words of Margaret had caused hopes to arise that he could not suppress. If he was wrong in this, the wrong leaned strongly towards virtue: he was too sympathetic, too sincere, generous, and loving. He wished not to, and could not in this case, violate the sanctity of any domestic relation; and he would rather have sacrificed his own happiness than have done Mrs. Arnold harm either by thought or deed.

And what were Kate Arnold's feelings in the matter? She regarded Mr. Richards as any pure-minded woman might regard a person who had acted nobly and generously towards her in the hour of affliction. She had double cause for gratitude towards this man; for his kindness to her had nearly cost him his life: and though he could have arrested and brought the cowardly assassin to punishment, he had refrained from this, out of respect to her who still bore his name. Though we can hardly say that she entertained such a sentiment as *love* towards him, it was something akin to it. The fiery furnace of affliction she had passed through had purified her nature: it had taken from her something of the romance, vivacity, and daring spirit of her girlish days; but it had brought her tenderness, patience, and self-reliance.

During all this time, Frederic Arnold was skulking around, and persecuting his wife when he could. Sometimes he would send her threatening letters, and pretend he meant to take her child away from her, though he had no natural affection for him, and was incapable of providing for his wants. Though the wife



had buried her husband, and he was to her as one dead, in many respects, yet his evil spirit would spring up in her pathway to torment her on every possible occasion. Like a revengeful fiend, he was following her footsteps, and watching for an opportunity to blacken her future.

Among her numerous friends, Kate Arnold could now reckon the Rev. Herbert Willard and his wife. They had sought her out; and the friendly re-union was a joyous one, and will probably continue as long as their lives last. Mr. Willard, with all his dignity and high standing in society, was proud to acknowledge that Kate Arnold the actress was his friend; and even afterwards, when her name was slandered, when false motives were attributed to her conduct, he came bravely forth before the public, and, with words of truth and eloquence, vindicated the purity of her character and motives.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### UP WITH THE TIMES.

THE law now acknowledges that the last link is severed which bound Kate Arnold to her husband. Arthur Richards now expresses with more freedom the true feelings of his heart; and Kate Arnold knows that she has a right to listen to his words. Does she love him? If we call only that impulsive, fancy-tinted sentiment of her girlish days love, perhaps she does not. She cherishes for him a love and respect founded upon the sterling merit and integrity of his character; a feeling less romantic, but more sensible, calmer, sadder, more enduring, more under the guidance of reason, than her youthful love.

Ah, me! Would that I had not founded this tale upon fact! and I would please all my *moral, well-disposed* readers by not only marrying these two people together, but they should live a *long* life and a *happy* one. But a sadder task is in store for me, and a darker fate is for her. Would that this were a work of fiction! and then I should have the power, either by some dreadful pestilence or famine, by a stroke of the sword, or rather the pen, to annihilate from the page of my book that tiger who is watching an opportunity to



pounce upon his victims. My story is too *real*! too *true*!

These people, who are so well fitted to contribute to each other's life-long happiness, must have their fond hopes crushed, their bright dreams dispelled, and their lives blighted, by the fiend in human shape, who, with revengeful, blood-thirsty spirit, has determined to destroy them. I have but little more to say. While the friends of Kate Arnold were anticipating for her the dawning of brighter and better days, and while she herself was cherishing a hope of comfort and quiet joys for the future, the revengeful, cowardly assassin had armed himself with a deadly weapon, and was watching an opportunity to steal slyly and cautiously upon an innocent, defenceless man, and take away his life.

Frederic Arnold had shot Arthur Richards!

The sound came with a fearful force to the ears of that long-suffering woman. Upon hearing it, she uttered an agonizing cry, and fell senseless to the floor. They restored her to consciousness, and tried to comfort her by telling her the wound might not prove fatal, and there was a slight possibility of his recovery. But there was at her heart a feeling of hopeless woe, sadness, and desolation; and their words could give her but little encouragement.

She hurried, as soon as she was able, to the bedside of the dying man; and oh! how sad, how pitiful, was the meeting! It was heart-breaking and painful to witness the almost hopeless grief of Kate Arnold; and the injured man, for all his weakness and suffering

from his wound, placed his arms around her, and tried to cheer, and restore to her mind strength and consolation. Kate knew they could be together but a short time on this side of the grave; and she watched by his bedside with unwearying care.

Every thing that kind care and doctors' skill could do was done for the wounded man; but it was of no avail: he knew that death was slowly approaching.

His last care, his last breath, and his last dying words, were for the woman he loved so well. He knew all her sad history; and he also knew that his death would bring another grief to her already saddened and overburdened heart. He wished to make her his wife, that he might endow her with something of his worldly wealth, and give to her a name unstained by dishonor and crime. O Love! O Death! While the murdered man lay upon his bed, with his life-blood ebbing slowly away, and while his loved one sat by his side, with her trembling hand clasped in his, they were married. Amid sobs, tears, and sympathies, these two, so soon to be separated, were made one! But the lamp of life, which has sustained but a flickering blaze, goes out, and the widow's heart is shrouded in darkness.

They place the murdered man in his grave, and the grief-stricken widow is left to her bitter tears.

To such immeasurable woe we cannot offer the mockeries of consolation.

Can there be any person living, so destitute of justice, of virtue, of human sympathies and feeling, that would deny to this suffering woman the poor

boon of being the widow and bearing the name of the man who loved her and died for her? From a sea of iniquity, from the smoke and filth of bar-rooms, from the mouths of criminals and jail-birds, arises a denunciation against the afflicted widow, and a sympathy for the black-hearted assassin; and this cry, which has emanated from so vile a source, is echoed and encouraged by a certain class in the community, who, by their long familiarity with vice, have lost all faith in virtue. Then there are certain philanthropists who believe in the "sanctity of human life," not as regards a *murdered* man, but as regards the *murderer* who is in danger of the gallows. They make apologies, they create a sympathy; and, by their false teachings, the assassin has been encouraged to commit crimes: he tells you that "hanging is played out."

What taught him that doctrine? I answer the question by asserting that he got his idea from the lax administration of justice, and a mistaken leniency regarding preceding murder-trials; and he supposed that a forgiving and philanthropic public would open a way of escape for him, as they have for others.

To substantiate this point, I quote the following as regards the existing state of society in our large cities:—

"We are having a fearful record of crime to hand down to future generations. The honest citizen no longer feels secure, either in person or property. Locks and bolts are no longer a safeguard. Crime stalks abroad at noonday as well as at night, and defies the efforts of the police. Honest, peaceable,

law-abiding citizens are tired of being trampled under foot by lawless cut-throats. A man leads a life of crime, and is at last guilty of a capital offence. He is tried, convicted, and sentenced; and from that moment he becomes a hero. Ministers visit him, condole with him, and endeavor to prepare his soul for the journey through the valley of the great mystery beyond the veil; ladies (?) call upon him, laden with delicacies and good advice; the curious visit him, and extend sympathy to him; reporters interview him: and all, when they leave, shake him by the hand, saying, "Good-by; cheer up; keep up your spirits: maybe every thing will turn out right yet."

I believe in the sanctity of human life, and that the blood of the murdered and the safety of the living demand but "one punishment" for the assassin. But you may say there are exceptions: a man can murder sometimes, when he has *cause*, or *thinks* he has cause. For instance: if he happens to be of a jealous disposition, and a person appears friendly towards his wife, if he is evil minded and suspicious, he can murder that person or his wife, or both, as he pleases!

God forbid! I have a husband ("I that speak to you," or, rather, write to you,—for I have not taken to the stump yet), and *he might become* jealous; and I love this precious life of mine too well to advocate such a *dangerous fanaticism*. A murderer generally has cause for his crime: sometimes he wishes to rob his victim; but the usual cause is the rising of passion and hate in his own evil nature. And there is still another cause, or, rather, *excuse*; and that is insanity.

*Rage* is temporary insanity; and a wretch is often insane from that cause when he commits a murder: he prefers to be his own physician, and heal himself in the case, and therefore destroys the victim of his hatred.

On the twenty-fifth day of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, Arthur Richards received a death-wound from the effects of a pistol-ball discharged at him by Frederic Arnold.

This was the coroner's verdict, and no person can cherish a doubt of its truth.

We will read what the assassin says in his own defence, at his examination:—

"I await, for my *vindication*, the impartial trial guaranteed me by the laws of the State." How much of meaning and sarcasm there is conveyed in those few words! He judges of the future by the past; he expects excuses and apologies will be made for his conduct, and that he will be justified in having committed this murderous deed, by an *impartial judge* and *jury*. How much of encouragement and comfort he must have obtained from such a reflection before the fatal act was committed! And here, again, we obtain some clew to his motives: "While I fully appreciate my situation, and regard the future with becoming concern and solicitude, it may be that time will demonstrate that the sanctity and safety of more social and moral interests depend upon the success of my defence than identify or connect themselves with the maintenance of the prosecution." He gives us to understand that he committed that crime for the social and moral benefit of mankind!

God forbid that we should have any such reformers in our midst! Suppose we had an army of avengers going abroad and sweeping away every person who chanced to fall below the standard of *his victim* in morality and respectability!

In such a state of society we should not have sufficient of the living to bury the dead; and we poor mortals who might chance to survive such a painful catastrophe would probably, after wandering around a while over this deserted footstool, be glad to put an end to our lonely existence by plunging into some deep rolling river.

But to expatiate upon such a subject is not my *forte*, and not congenial to my taste. I have been drawn into this expression of opinion on account of the truthfulness of my story. I have no interest in this criminal, only as regards justice: his pardon or punishment will not raise his victim from the gloom of the grave, or the wretched widow from the darkness of despair.

But my task is nearly done; and I will inform my readers that this is a *work* of fact, not fiction, and my story is true in all its essential points. My characters are not the imaginary creatures of an author's brain; but they are living, breathing, and moving now (save one): they are all performing their parts in the duties of life; and, if you wish to hear more from them, you have only to keep watch of current events.

When the religious "progressionists" held their last meeting in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Herbert Willard was among them. He stood upon the platform

with Frothingham, Emerson, Higginson, and many others; but none expressed their opinions with more eloquence, clearness, and truth than he did on that occasion. Should you attend their next anniversary, you will probably have an opportunity of hearing his voice.

For Margaret Morrison I can prophesy *success*. Her cause is prospering. With unflinching courage and determination she has adhered to her first principles; and the friends of woman's suffrage have found in her a valuable co-worker. She is always with the vanguard; and wherever you find that little army of strong-minded women "marching on," there she is to be found in their midst. She, with others, has been besieging Congress this winter for the adoption of "The Sixteenth Amendment;" but congressmen were afflicted with such very "sore throats" (?), they were unable to make any fine speeches in favor of woman's suffrage. Margaret Morrison is strong-minded (I use this not derisively), strong-hearted, and high-souled. Her ambition is boundless: if the high office of the Presidency of the United States is offered her, she will accept it, and will manage our national affairs with reason and justice. Failing of this, she will equally grace the senatorial chair or judicial bench.

Margaret has never married; and she thinks that she has escaped a world of woe in never having experienced any thing of the "mysterious power of love," which she believes has wrought such a fearful effect upon the destiny of her friend.

Should you wish to learn more from Margaret Mor-

risson, take "The Woman's Journal," and there you will find articles from her pen. Would you like to see her, or listen to her voice? then attend the Woman's Conventions.

And what shall I say of the grief-stricken widow? Such woe as hers cannot be described by my pen. The same shot that laid Arthur Richards in his grave has prostrated her also. Whether she ever arises from her gloom and despondency again is doubtful. It is uncertain whether we ever again hear from her pen; for it has received this time too *sad* an *inspiration*. Add not to the woes of her bleeding heart by slander and false accusations.

I am happy to state that Fanny Fletcher behaved like a good, sensible girl, as regards her matrimonial matters, and is the happy wife of honest, manly John Callender. They had such a quiet wooing and wedding, I could make no sensation about them. There was no elopement, nor angry papa nor angry mamma (though I believe it is not usually *mamma*, but *pater familias*, that makes all the fuss) to cause a disturbance in their love-affairs. They have never had any unusual family jars, as yet, to mar their happiness; but they have had several little troublesome comforts, or comfortable troubles, to add to their joys. These little "well-springs of pleasure" are still of a youthful and unromantic age; and I will make no further allusion to them than to state that they pass their time happily in eating bread and molasses, and in the undisturbed occupation of making mud-pies.

Hannah Callender is the wife of an industrious, prosperous farmer, and is very pleasantly situated in life. She finds her husband congenial to her taste, and his plans, interest, and happiness are her greatest consideration. He does not "sit all day and hold her two hands in his, and gaze into her eyes" in a *disagreeable* manner; but he *loves* to see her making the *butter*, and gazes proudly upon her as she plunges her plump hands into the golden lump, and sprinkles over the salt; and, being of a somewhat *speculative*, business turn of mind, he calculates, at the same time, as to the number of pounds and the price per pound. Ah! but I perceive that it will not do for me to dwell any longer on this subject, lest I become more *truthful* than *interesting*, and mar the success of my story.

And now I finish this little book of mine, and send it to the public with a confident, hopeful feeling; believing, if it should meet with an unfavorable reception from my readers, it will be for the reason that I have founded its details *too much* upon *fact*, and that you dislike the truth. And for all such criticisms I have in reserve a *powerful force*, — my *vivid imagination*; and the next time you hear from me, I will, from its exhaustless resources, have produced such a *stupendous fiction*, that you, most generous public, will place me at once on the pinnacle of fame. With a light heart and *lighter* head, I bid you all adieu!