

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE AND THE PRINCIPLE OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

VOLUME XXVI.

MONTROSE, PENN'A. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1851.

NUMBER 4.

For the Susquehanna Register.
On Receiving a Rose.
WHICH BLOOMED LATE IN AUTUMN—PLUCKED IN A
KNOW FROST.
Ah! faded rose, thy falling leaves
And withered stem! tell sad tales
Of autumn blasts, whose breath bereaves
Thy fragile form of life, and pales
The glowing hue of thy red cheek—
Divinely fair.
Why didst thou open thy petals now,
When winter howling in the North,
With icy laurels on his brow,
Drives his mad tempests fiercely forth
Toward the sunny south to seek?
New mischief there!
Thus oft we suffer love to bloom
In our young hearts when all seems fair,
But Disappointment builds a tomb
And buries fond affection there.
Then howls a mournful requiem o'er
Its early prey.
Ah! faded rose, dost thou thus speak
A warning for my youthful years!
Must cruel fate such vengeance wreak
On my sad heart, though sighs and tears
Like tempests rise, or torrents pour
Its force to stay!
Kind Heaven, not thus for me ordain
That love so soon within my breast
Should wither, and the frigid reign
Of dear misanthropy invest.
My aching heart, and turn to ice
Each faculty.
Let love in early Spring-time grow—
In Summer bloom—in Autumn fade—
In Winter die; and when laid low,
Grant, God, that by its side be laid
My own frail form, that both may rise
And dwell with thee!
Hornellville, Dec. 3, 1840. ESTINE.

For the Register.
To — C —
I dreamed of thee— that same glad smile
Still dwelt upon thy face,
And played around thy lips the while
With its peculiar grace.
The music of thine own loved voice
Fell softly on my ear—
The same sweet tones—in years gone by—
That I was wont to hear.
It walked an echo in my soul—
As erst it still had power
To banish sadness— backwards roll
The clouds which darken lower.
A thousand grateful memories
Upon those accents hung—
All blending with those sunny days,
When Hope the future sung.
On Fancy's pinions, floating back,
I was a child again,
And deemed that life was fraught with joy,
As free from care as I am.
Once more, in childish confidence,
I listened to thy prayer;
Breathed with such heart-felt eloquence,
I felt that God was there.
Again I saw the tear-drop start
And tremble in thine eye,
Which mirrored all thy loving heart,
Glowing with sympathy.
'Twas blissful, yet it might not last;
And like a fitful gleam
Of sunlight, soon the joy was passed.
I sighed that 'twas a dream.
Dimock, January, 1851. KATZ.

From the Boston Traveller.
WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.
A TALK OVER TEA.
Mr. Warren left his counting room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along for he knew, by long experience, that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust his hat after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.
"Why, Harry, is it you?"
"Don't you know, Charles? where did you drop down from?"
"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charles Morton. "You, Warren, are creeping along as usual. It's an age since I met you. How goes the world with you?"
"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know—wife and four children."
"Ah, indeed! No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you since we were in Virginia together."
"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."
"With all my heart," said Morton. "I will then see the wife and children, too. Have the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"
"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty, once, though; she was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."
"By this time at his own door," Mr. Warren, with some secret indignity, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was indeed, to meet him; but if the truth must be told, he would quite as soon it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have been glad to have dined with great rejoicing, but to see wife, children, house and table in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could now command.
"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking chair, Charles; you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking chair, have you? Stop!—a little dust on it. Out came his pocket handkerchief and he wiped it, not a little but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he, "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks—will you?"
Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the household might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen to ascertain which way the wind blew there. If Betty, the old family servant and maid of all work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Betty," said he in a conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"
She seemed to understand as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.
"Call why the veal steaks to be sure, you sent home, I don't see what else we could have."
"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked in the same gentle tone.
"I s'pose there is a pie somewhere."
"Well, Betty, I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."
Betty looked like a thunder cloud. "You'll have to wait a good while, I guess, then, the fire is all out."
"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; here, I'll get it while you cut the ham, now do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs quite like you when you are a mind to."
Where Mrs. Warren?
"In her chamber," Betty spoke, Betty, unskillfully, adding in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear—"where she always is."
He did hear it, however, and with a foreboding heart he went to his wife's chamber.
The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side was an ominous bowl of water, with wet cloths in it.
"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"
"I'll! What a question to ask! I told you half a dozen times this morning, I had one of my head aches; that's all you mind about me."
"I am sorry, but I thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall not you feel able to come down to dinner?"
"No, I am sure I shall never want anything to eat again; it seems as if these head aches would kill me."
"Where are the children?"
"I don't know, I am sure, I can't look after them when I am sick. If Betty can't do that, she had better not try to do anything."
"I wish you would make an effort, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us, Charles Morton, of whom you have often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children."
"Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you know I was sick? I don't do for me, I have just had my head up if I was to try, and closing her eyes she pressed both hands on her temples."
Mr. Warren said, no more; he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had spoken out his honest feelings he would have said—what a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife, my servants, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and something is the matter continually; if it is not one thing it is another, and I am weary of it."
He found his friend still in the arm chair, busily reading a scrap book which was on the table; for dancing in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth, and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist it, and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap book which bro't to remembrance an old scrape they had together, but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles, seemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more manly courage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger man.
"By George, Charles," said he, "something like the Harry Warren of other days, it does one good to hear your old horse laugh again." An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.
"We are not going to starve you out, Charles,"

could avoid; she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now Betty was no house-keeper; she could do hard-work but not head-work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had without thinking of tomorrow. It was no business to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of a family, required a good income. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but it was not equal to filling up four barrels which had holes in the bottom. He began to run behind, and to become discouraged. He got into debt, and then going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not fill his wife's wishes—if he did she only cried, and said she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could when her health was so poor. She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain. He therefore formed his own plan to silence.
One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with pain of her sick-head aches. Finding this one by one, she went to sleep again, and it was quite late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself for her leisure, she went to the dining room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her which she partook of alone—neither husband or children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just as I suppose for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her chamber and ammonia; (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Ten times came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper and went to bed. Eight—nine—ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty, who she sent to get her. Here it is ten o'clock and he has not come yet!
"I declare, Mrs. Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twasn't he yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance, because he said he had the money by him and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, Betty says he, if I should not be at home one of these nights you need go to the night watchman. He has got to go on his business and may not get back. You need just keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Mrs. Warren, says he, she'll worry. There's the very words he said. Now I'll bet, that's where he has gone, and we may as well lock up and go to bed; he won't be here to-night."
More in anger than sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. She thought of it all night long, but she could not get it out of her mind. Mr. W. had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her head aches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him stay in the house. The heavy tread of the watchman was heard; she then gave him up, and nursing her wrath to keep it warm, at length fell asleep.
It seemed as if she had but just fallen asleep, when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, and slamming back the shutters to let in the grey light of morning. Mrs. Warren, said she, do for gracious sake, what this means. Here she was, she was looking over a full hour before time, and he sat down to his breakfast and she sat on top and this letter for you, from Mr. Warren. Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it.
"Dear Mr. Juliette—Don't be frightened now, into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened or is going to happen that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can.
My business has been running behindhand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It was a rooming accident, and I got so far behind that I could not get it out of my mind so far as to get to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy and offered me a fair price. "But what shall I do?" said I. "Go to California," says he; "there is a splendid chance for you—a ship calls next week. He said so much that I got up with his advice. I can't pay up all my debts, but your house went for two years in advance, and Betty your quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out and fifty dollars over, which I enclose to you. It will answer for the present. You can buy and let your house and go home to your mother if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this I shall be far on my way. I love you, Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes mainly that I have taken this step. You could never do it if you were poor. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. I keep up a good heart now, depend upon it I shall come home a rich man; gold is plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to die, like that of the children who struck all and their own sorrow. Betty had a hard time of that day. However, she stood at her post bravely, with coaxing and scolding she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back rich as Croesus, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune; he was just the man for it; that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still, Mrs. Warren passed from the State in one of still melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty, and then Betty was all the while well; and if they had any thing to eat, it was all very well; and if they had anything but general that required more effort than she chose to make. The children learned to keep out of her way; she could bear her, she said, and they did not like to be with her. Still she had been so long inefficient in her family, that she was

much missed; they were accustomed to do without her.
One day Betty came in as usual for money—Mrs. Warren went to her purse and to her utter amazement found that she had but one ten dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and with the empty purse in her hand she sank down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a bottom to her purse—and, who was to re-fill it! She had been so absorbed by her own selfish sorrows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What should she do? Where should she go? Reasoned by this Here came before her an empty purse. What should she do? She would go home, to her mother. She would not go home to her mother; the children would kill the old folks. But she must go home to her mother. No, she wouldn't go home to her mother; a poor, deserted wife, with four children on her hands; the shame of it would kill her; she would let first. But what could she do? What could she do? I'll keep school. Oh! I should die, shut up in a hot room with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders! What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while. I hate house-keeping. I cannot bear care. Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down and herself onto the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread and I must get it for them." Ah! now, those tears fell one by one. They softened her parching heart, and refreshed it as summer rain the thirsty earth.
"I will not go home, said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will see that before my poor father is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.
Juliette Atwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character, when Harry Warren word her. The seed of her future misery, however had been carefully sown by her over-indulgent mother. If anything ailed Juliette, it was a great affair. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor father, and that when after her marriage, her health should be somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meddle it. As we have seen, she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Atwood, must come forth to Juliette Warren. This kind heart and strong arm which had so long supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no one but herself to depend upon.
"I will take boarders," This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were near by, he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren set down and awaited his return. The young men accepted the offer; and wished to come the next day. This was pressing matters hard. Mrs. Warren calculated on some weeks at least, for preparations; she knew she must get used to effort; but here was she, she must take the boarders at their time or lose them. She decided to take them.
Betty as yet knew not a word about the matter. Would she consent to remain, anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, to remain and work so much harder. Then she had her own way so long, would she bear a mistress? If she should go, how was her place to be supplied? She had been so long in the family, she knew every thing they had and where it was kept. Mrs. Warren felt her position. Indeed she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand nor foot without Betty. Yet if she would go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was, her boarders engaged. More than anything else, she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much because, when she set out on her first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time passed. So she wound up her resolution once more and called Betty.
"Mam! said she.
"I want to see you a few minutes, Betty."
"I am busy now, I'll come by and by."
"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."
The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedience.
"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor.
Mrs. Warren's heart sank. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I've got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar this morning."
"The land! Well, I've been expecting it this some time. I s'pose now you will go home to your mother."
"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow, said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.
"Well, if that ain't a pretty piece of work," said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors; "and you'll have to take care of you and the children, and a house full of boarders into the bargain, do you! I s'pose, Mrs. Warren, you won't slave myself to death so for nobody."
"I did not think you would," said Mrs. Warren slowly and sadly. "I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. I will go to the one now. You will stay, Betty, long enough to teach the way round, won't you?"
Betty looked thunder-struck; she could not immediately speak.
"And you sick all the time," said she at last—
"You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and a seeing to dinner with one of your head aches, I should like to know?"
"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty, but I cannot help it; it must be done. I have made up my mind to it. You will stay with us a fortnight, won't you? I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long; let me see, now, ever since Henry was born; you seem like one of us. Still I must do the best I can. Do, for my sake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break to a new hand. I will go right out now and see what I can do."
Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.
"Well, if this ain't pretty times," said Betty, her face becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew hoarse. "You think, Mrs. Warren, that I am really going off to leave you to such a pickle? I can work as hard as you any day, and if we can't both of us together get victuals and drink for the children, why, we'll give it up. When I am gone you can get another girl, if you are a mind to." Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.
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One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with pain of her sick-head aches. Finding this one by one, she went to sleep again, and it was quite late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself for her leisure, she went to the dining room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her which she partook of alone—neither husband or children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just as I suppose for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her chamber and ammonia; (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Ten times came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper and went to bed. Eight—nine—ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty, who she sent to get her. Here it is ten o'clock and he has not come yet!
"I declare, Mrs. Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twasn't he yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance, because he said he had the money by him and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, Betty says he, if I should not be at home one of these nights you need go to the night watchman. He has got to go on his business and may not get back. You need just keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Mrs. Warren, says he, she'll worry. There's the very words he said. Now I'll bet, that's where he has gone, and we may as well lock up and go to bed; he won't be here to-night."
More in anger than sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. She thought of it all night long, but she could not get it out of her mind. Mr. W. had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her head aches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him stay in the house. The heavy tread of the watchman was heard; she then gave him up, and nursing her wrath to keep it warm, at length fell asleep.
It seemed as if she had but just fallen asleep, when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, and slamming back the shutters to let in the grey light of morning. Mrs. Warren, said she, do for gracious sake, what this means. Here she was, she was looking over a full hour before time, and he sat down to his breakfast and she sat on top and this letter for you, from Mr. Warren. Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it.
"Dear Mr. Juliette—Don't be frightened now, into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened or is going to happen that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can.
My business has been running behindhand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It was a rooming accident, and I got so far behind that I could not get it out of my mind so far as to get to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy and offered me a fair price. "But what shall I do?" said I. "Go to California," says he; "there is a splendid chance for you—a ship calls next week. He said so much that I got up with his advice. I can't pay up all my debts, but your house went for two years in advance, and Betty your quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out and fifty dollars over, which I enclose to you. It will answer for the present. You can buy and let your house and go home to your mother if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this I shall be far on my way. I love you, Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes mainly that I have taken this step. You could never do it if you were poor. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. I keep up a good heart now, depend upon it I shall come home a rich man; gold is plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to die, like that of the children who struck all and their own sorrow. Betty had a hard time of that day. However, she stood at her post bravely, with coaxing and scolding she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back rich as Croesus, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune; he was just the man for it; that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still, Mrs. Warren passed from the State in one of still melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty, and then Betty was all the while well; and if they had any thing to eat, it was all very well; and if they had anything but general that required more effort than she chose to make. The children learned to keep out of her way; she could bear her, she said, and they did not like to be with her. Still she had been so long inefficient in her family, that she was

much missed; they were accustomed to do without her.
One day Betty came in as usual for money—Mrs. Warren went to her purse and to her utter amazement found that she had but one ten dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and with the empty purse in her hand she sank down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a bottom to her purse—and, who was to re-fill it! She had been so absorbed by her own selfish sorrows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What should she do? Where should she go? Reasoned by this Here came before her an empty purse. What should she do? She would go home, to her mother. She would not go home to her mother; the children would kill the old folks. But she must go home to her mother. No, she wouldn't go home to her mother; a poor, deserted wife, with four children on her hands; the shame of it would kill her; she would let first. But what could she do? What could she do? I'll keep school. Oh! I should die, shut up in a hot room with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders! What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while. I hate house-keeping. I cannot bear care. Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down and herself onto the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread and I must get it for them." Ah! now, those tears fell one by one. They softened her parching heart, and refreshed it as summer rain the thirsty earth.
"I will not go home, said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will see that before my poor father is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.
Juliette Atwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character, when Harry Warren word her. The seed of her future misery, however had been carefully sown by her over-indulgent mother. If anything ailed Juliette, it was a great affair. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor father, and that when after her marriage, her health should be somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meddle it. As we have seen, she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Atwood, must come forth to Juliette Warren. This kind heart and strong arm which had so long supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no one but herself to depend upon.
"I will take boarders," This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were near by, he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren set down and awaited his return. The young men accepted the offer; and wished to come the next day. This was pressing matters hard. Mrs. Warren calculated on some weeks at least, for preparations; she knew she must get used to effort; but here was she, she must take the boarders at their time or lose them. She decided to take them.
Betty as yet knew not a word about the matter. Would she consent to remain, anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, to remain and work so much harder. Then she had her own way so long, would she bear a mistress? If she should go, how was her place to be supplied? She had been so long in the family, she knew every thing they had and where it was kept. Mrs. Warren felt her position. Indeed she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand nor foot without Betty. Yet if she would go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was, her boarders engaged. More than anything else, she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much because, when she set out on her first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time passed. So she wound up her resolution once more and called Betty.
"Mam! said she.
"I want to see you a few minutes, Betty."
"I am busy now, I'll come by and by."
"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."
The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedience.
"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor.
Mrs. Warren's heart sank. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I've got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar this morning."
"The land! Well, I've been expecting it this some time. I s'pose now you will go home to your mother."
"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow, said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.
"Well, if that ain't a pretty piece of work," said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors; "and you'll have to take care of you and the children, and a house full of boarders into the bargain, do you! I s'pose, Mrs. Warren, you won't slave myself to death so for nobody."
"I did not think you would," said Mrs. Warren slowly and sadly. "I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. I will go to the one now. You will stay, Betty, long enough to teach the way round, won't you?"
Betty looked thunder-struck; she could not immediately speak.
"And you sick all the time," said she at last—
"You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and a seeing to dinner with one of your head aches, I should like to know?"
"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty, but I cannot help it; it must be done. I have made up my mind to it. You will stay with us a fortnight, won't you? I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long; let me see, now, ever since Henry was born; you seem like one of us. Still I must do the best I can. Do, for my sake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break to a new hand. I will go right out now and see what I can do."
Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.
"Well, if this ain't pretty times," said Betty, her face becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew hoarse. "You think, Mrs. Warren, that I am really going off to leave you to such a pickle? I can work as hard as you any day, and if we can't both of us together get victuals and drink for the children, why, we'll give it up. When I am gone you can get another girl, if you are a mind to." Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.
"I believe that I can, and I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will see that before my poor father is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.
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So Betty remained and took hold of her new labors courageously. This was an indescribable relief to Mrs. Warren. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful whether she could have gone on without her.
Her house filled up rapidly, and unwearied exertions and care were necessary to keep it in order. After some severe struggles with her old habits of indulgence and indolence, she came off conqueror. She found out there was such a thing as keeping illness confined within its proper sphere—that is, to the body, while the mind might go free. She found out that throbbing temples and disordered nerves could be made to obey as well as rule. At those times when, if left to the dictates of her own poor feelings, she would have scarcely dragged one step about her day's work, and briskly, too. Every victory gained made her stronger. Then, in addition to this moral renovation, her health really improved. She found out there was no doctor for her like "Have Do." Her cheeks became ruddy and her eyes bright, and her mind awake to cheerfulness and activity in the pleasant way which was now about her. Juliette Warren, in a few months, was very much changed, as one would have seen could be gone, with Betty to her chamber, when, for the first time since the boarders came, she carried up a vital to her, and found her on the bed with her mending basket by her, thinking out work in hand, trying between the paroxysms of pain, to set a few stitches.
"The land! Well, I've been expecting it this some time. I s'pose now you will go home to your mother."
"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow, said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.
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