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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra, laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet—"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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EDWARD MANSFIELD,

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POETRY.

The Winter of the Heart.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

I loved thee in the Spring time
The fresh and bonnie Spring,
When birds are whistling in the wood
Or flitting on the wing;
My wild affections sprang to life
Like fountains in those hours;
My heart expanded with the buds
And opened with the flowers.

The Spring hath kindred feelings
With those just knowing love;
We see it in the tendril's clasp,
And learn it from the dove;
And when all bright and beauteous things
Their precepts taught to me,
I gave away a woman's heart,
A woman's trust to thee.

The chilling winds are stealing
A melancholy march,
And snowy coronets bedeck
The linden and the larch;
With Spring's gay songsters and its flowers
I saw my hopes depart,
And the Winter time of Nature
Is the Winter of my Heart.

SELECTED TALE

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUNNY SIDE."

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 a hat, after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.

"Why, Harry, is it you?"

"'Pon my word, Charley! 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 want to see the wife, and children, too. Has 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 sickness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time Mr. Warren had reached his own door, and, with some secret misgivings, 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 have been quite as well pleased if 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 killed the fatted calf, with great rejoicing; but to set 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, Charley; you have not forgotten your old tricks, of claiming the rocking chair, have you? Stop—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket handkerchief, and wiped off 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 house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertained 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.

"Got! why the veal steaks, to be sure, you sent home; I don't know what else we could have."

"Have you any thing 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 hams 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 want 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 hams and eggs quite like you, when you have a mind to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber. I s'pose," said Betty sulkily; adding, in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ears—"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 disheveled 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 clotnes in it.

"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"

"Ill? what a question to ask! I told you half-a dozen times, this morning, I had one of my bad head-aches; that's just all you mind about me!"

"I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall you not feel able to come down to dinner?"

"No, I am sure I shall never want any thing to eat again: it seems as if these headaches would kill me."

"Where are the children?"

"I don't know, I am sure, I can't look after the children when I am sick! If Betty can't do that she had better not try to do any thing."

"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 so 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 knew I was sick? I don't believe I could hold my head up, if I were 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 he spoken out his honest feelings, he would have said, "What a misfortune for a young man to have an ailing wife! My servants rule, 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 weary of it!"

He found his friend still in the arm chair, busily reading a scrap-book which was on the table. Fun danced in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth; and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he bursted 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 brought to remembrance an old scrape they had together—but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles seemed to vanished 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, Charley," 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 sometime before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

"We are not going to starve you out, Charley," said he, "but my wife is not able to be about to-day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up, by way of remembrance."

Much to his delight, the bell rang.—He was saved the trouble of bearding the lion twice in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend a troope of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them, and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them; and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

"Which of them looks like the mother, Harry?"

"The boy nearest you, I think," was the short reply; then, as if obliged to add, by way of apology, "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to-day, but she has one of her bad headaches."

"She is a-coming," says one of the children; "she says she s'pose she must."

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He saw that something was wrong in his friend's domestic life. Had he, then, married, unfortunately? "I shall be sorry for him, if he has," thought Morton; "he deserves a good wife; a better hearted fellow never breathed."

Warren's sunshine was fast vanishing, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say, was well-cooked; yet his table needed the lady. No clean napkins were there; no nice salters and shining spoons graced it; no order and elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it; and the gentlemen would have enjoyed it, if the children had not been so troublesome.

When dinner was about half over, Mrs Warren made her appearance. Walking in languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed. Her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression, and her eyebrows were elevated. She looked as if she felt miserable. "Ah, Juliette," said Mr. Warren, slightly coloring, "I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Morton."

Mrs. Warren bowed.

"You have been suffering with a headache to-day," said Mr. Morton.

"Yes, I suffer nearly all the time," was the reply; "if it is not one thing, it is another. I am almost discouraged."

"Oh, no, Juliette, it is some time since you had a bad turn," said her husband.

"Only last week," was her short reply. "Your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick."

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thurst; but there was no heart in it. All sociality vanished with Mrs Warren's presence, and all peace, too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr Morton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humour, in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and firmer than ever was his determination to run no such hazards himself.

So much of Mr. Warren's day had been occupied with his friend, that it was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful there! But, much as he loved his family, he found neither rest nor pleasure at home. Work for them he would, like a dog, from morning to night; but, when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night, it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the sofa and taken his book; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

"Do you feel any better, Juliette?"

"Better—no! It seems to me as if I would go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head, or do something. I thought you never would come home."

The air of the sick-room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed.

This was more easily said than done; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the last little urchin into his nest. "Now, go to sleep, boys," said he; "your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear a work from you."

"Seems to me, mother is always sick," said Henry.

"Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still;—remember that, will you!"

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper. He went to the dining-room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold; his toast was cold, and a dim lamp cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however was used to such things; indeed, he hardly expected anything different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted. After nine it was, the clock was on the point of striking ten, when he re-entered it. Camphor and ammonia were as strong as ever, and the headache, too, to all appearance.

"Can I do anything for you, Juliette?"

"*Do anything!* I might die, for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all?"

"You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way; and, tired as I was, I never got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both aritated and hurt.—Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she had made; but being sick so much was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, bursting into tears; "I have as much I can bear, without being found fault with."

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette; but a man can't do more than he can do."

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When, at length, they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed, and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that she must suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her vanished; she spoke at all time in a distressed tone of voice, a doleful expression became habitual with her. She made no exertion which she could avoid; she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now, Betty was no housekeeper; she could do hard work, but not head work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had, without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her business to be bothering 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 quite equal to filling up flour-barrels which had a hole 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 tell his wife of his troubles—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 therfore formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick headaches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was very late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her which she partook of alone—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, he had returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose, because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way, I guess, for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him) and her bandages and ice-water. Tea-time 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. "Betty, where can Mr. Warren be? Here it is ten o'clock, and he has not come yet."

"I declare, *Miss* Warren, I don't know what can have become of him.—There, now, I do remember. 'Twan't but 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, 'if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I wont tell *Miss* Warren,' says he; 'she'l worry.' Them'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 will not be here to-nigh."

More in anger than in sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr, Warren had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her headaches. 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 in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple; no sound but 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 gay light of morning—"*Miss* Warren," said she, "do, for gracious, see what this means. Here was the market-boy athumping me up a full hour before time, and he set down his basket and run like shot; and I opened it, and what should I see right on top but this letter for you, from Mr Warren! Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it."

Mrs. Warren, trembling with impatience broke the seal, and read as follows;—

"DEAREST 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 wore upon me dreadfully, and I made up my mind at last that I could not stand it so for a great while. I never liked to talk 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 by, and offered me a fair price. 'But what shall I do?' said I. 'Go to California,' says he; 'there is a splended chance for you—a ship sails next week.' He said so much that I took up with his advice. I sold out, paid up all my debts, paid your house-rent for two years in advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out, and fifty dollars over, which I enclose for you. It will answer for the present. You can by and by 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 if we are prospered.

"I love you, Juliette, and my children and it is for your sakes, mainly, that I have taken this step. You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. 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 dig. I have a strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me, and tell Betty I won't forget her if she will do well by you while I am gone. Believe me that I am still yours, affectionately,

"HARRY WARREN."

The reading of this letter, as might be imagined, was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shrieks, and floods of tears, and ringing of hands. At one time, Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then again, she would soften down into grief, like that of the children, who mourned over him as over one dead. Between them all and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it 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 little corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back rich as Crœsus, 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 this state into one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest in her house or children. She gave money to Betty, and let her do as she pleased with it. If they had anything to eat it was all very well; and if they had nothing, it was just the same. She neither went out nor saw any one at home. Her time was spent between the sofa and bed. If she tried to divert herself with anything, it was with very light reading, but generally even that required more effort than she chose to make. The children learned to keep out of her way; she could bear no noise, she said, and they did not like to be with her.—Still, she had been so long inefficient in her family, that she was not 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 refill 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? Roused by this stirring necessity, her mind begin to work with vigor. Plan succeeded plan, and thought after thought succeeded each other in wild confusion. 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 beg first. But what could she do? Here gaped before her an empty purse. "What can I do? I'll keep school.—O! I should die, shut up in a hot room, with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep a 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, too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread, and *I* must get it for them." Ah! now those tears fall for them; the first tears which had fallen for any one but self. 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 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 set about it before my last dollar is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.

Juliette Harwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character when Henry Warren wooed her. The seeds 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 nursed, and tended, and babied, and never allowed to exert herself at all. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor feelings; so that when, after her marriage, her health really became somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meet it. As we have seen, she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harwood must come forth to Juliette Warren. That 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 sat 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 preparation—she knew she must get used to effort, but here it was—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 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 everything they had, and where it was kept." Mrs. Warren felt her ignorance. She would have to go to Betty to ask about everything. Indeed, she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand or foot without Betty. Yet, if she would go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was—her boarders were 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 to much because, woman-like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time pressed.—So she wound up her resolution once more, and called Betty.

"Marm!" said she.