THE GEORGETOWN NEWS.

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GEORGETOWN NEWS.

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Little Children and the Work they Do.

The evening coach was full—"so full that it was an imposition on the passengers;" so said Miss Trimmer, who with two or three pattern hats and a box of artificial flowers, was the last one to enter, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which she put her fellow passengers.

The village squire—never too amiable—was returning from court, where he had been non-suited in a case involving about one-fiftieth part of his estate; of course, he was morose and impatient.

A worn-looking woman was trying to quiet a restless baby by tossing it up where there was not room to toss a bird, because a simpering school girl on the next seat had whispered aloud to her very young gallant that "babies were a nuisance in a stage-coach, and that she should think any one would rather stay at home than travel with one." Poor, unfortunate baby! poor, sensitive, widowed mother! Theirs was no pleasure trip; they were going, uncertain of a welcome, to a rich relative of the newly dead, the only one on earth of whom they could ask for aid. Comfort or pity the mother did not look for.

It was between these and the surly Squire that Miss Trimmer inserted herself. At the cruel remark of the incipient belle, the widow turned her head to wipe away a tear, when her innocent half-yearling grasped with her plump hand a huge bunch of honeysuckles and carnation pinks which dangled from the near side of Miss Trimmer's bonnet.

"Will no one take pity on me?" shrieked the bearer of the flower burden. "Will no gentleman shield me from annoyances?"

"Yes, madam, I will," answered an old gentleman who sat in a corner, resting his chin upon the ivory head of his cane.

The lady was soon safely installed in the seat farthest removed from the vicious baby and the old man in her place.

Now this cramped-up child was a perfect democrat. She did not know that she was poor and fatherless; nor that, when he lived, her father was a hard working brick-layer. She knew nothing of all this, and seemed to think she had as good a right to shout and crow as any other baby, and to pull flowers out of bonnets, too, if she would.

Her first effort was to secure his white beard, but that was immovable. She next reached out her hand for the seals, and last grasped the cane.

"Well, little imp," cried the dear old man, "if you want to get at my seals, you had better come a little nearer."

So he took the willing chub from the weary mother, and installed her on his own knee. The poor woman straightened herself and drew a long breath, as if relieved from a burden she had not strength to bear.

"You look tired, madam; have you come far to-day?" asked the merciful man.

"I've held the baby, sir, thirty-six hours in the cars, before I got into the coach," she answered with a quivering lip.

"I don't see how any one can take care of a tiresome baby," again whispered the little Miss.

"Somebody held us all once, and took care of us too, my child," replied the old gentleman, whose ears were too keen to lose her remark. "Children must be taken care of; they have their work to do, and they generally do it faithfully." And he rattled his seals and key again for the happy child.

The mother cast a look of unmingled gratitude on her benefactor—yes, benefactor he was, though he had never given a crust nor a copper—for kind words are often better than either. This good man alone, of all the passengers—save the unconscious baby—seemed to be at his ease.

At length the horses stood still, and all seemed pleased at the prospect of having the company thinned. Miss Trimmer looked hopefully at the widow and baby, but they did not move. An anxious, care-worn gentleman began to unwedge himself preparatory to alighting. Then, in the deepening twilight, there bounded from the dwelling, beside which the coach had halted, a curly-headed boy of four years.

"O, pa, pa," as the paternal head emerged from the coach door, "I've good news for you; you can't guess what has happened to-day!" And clapping his chubby hands and dancing for joy, he exclaimed, "O, papa, the baby's got a tooth!"

There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in the coach. The passengers all laughed heartily at the vast importance of the news from that little world, *home*. Miss Trimmer put her head out of the coach window and exclaimed, "What a darling little fellow!" The coachman forgot to crack his whip for a whole minute, as he gazed at the happy boy. The father turned round, smiled, raised his hat and said "good-bye" to his fellow travelers. The surly Squire laughed and drew home his feet, which had all the way been stretched out on the widow's territory, to her great inconvenience, saying, "Beg your pardon, ma'am." Even Miss Trimmer was softened, for she opened the cover of her reticule and gave the offending baby a stick of candy, saying,—"Poor little thing, she must have something to amuse her."

"Well," cried the laughing school girl, "I do love children after all—they are so funny I can't help it!"

"Never try to help it, child," said the baby's benefactor. "They ought to be loved, for they do a great deal for us grown folks. Now don't you see, that rosy boy, with the news of the great acquisition to his family treasures—a tooth for the baby—has changed a coach full of anxious and ill-tempered people, into cheerful and even kind-hearted company? Don't you see how he has made friends for my little companion here who is too young to speak for herself? Why, we are all better now for riding with this little one, and my word for it, you'll think of her after you go home, too." Then, turning to the widow, he asked her to whose house she was going. When she answered him he said: "Oh, it's too far to ride to-night with the poor tired baby—stop and rest with us—grandmother will give even a strange baby a welcome—for we've just buried our pet at home—my daughter's little one. She made the house very cheerful for us, but she's gone; but not forgotten! No; I believe grandmother loves all babies better since *she* died; so don't be afraid of intruding.

Moved by such kindness, the widow, in an under tone, told her painful errand to her new friend.

"Ah, ha," he said, "well, your relative is a kind man, if you go to him just the right way; and folks say I know how to manage him as well as any. In the morning I'll drive you over there and present your case in the most judicious manner. Never fear; he will be kind to you; so keep up a good heart, my poor friend."

Overcome by such unlooked-for kindness, she wept out the tears which had all day been gathering in their fountain, under the cold looks and sarcastic words of those around her.

Miss Trimmer, who when not in a hurry or a crowd, was really a kind-hearted woman, looked compassionately at the faint effort the young widow made toward wearing black for the dead.

"Won't you call at my shop with the lady, as you go by in the morning, Mr. Bond?" she asked; "I should like to speak with her;" and again she glanced at the straw hat, with its band of thin black ribbon, with an expression which promised a new one.

"Well, here we are, my friend," cried the old man, as the coach stopped before an old brown mansion, "and there is grandmother in the door waiting for us."

The little belle offered to hold the baby while the mother alighted, and the softened Squire handed out her carpet bag and basket.

"Good night"—crack went the whip—and the cheerful travelers rode on to their own homes. Light and warmth, and a cordial welcome for the night, and prosperity on the morrow, awaited the lonely widow; "and all," so said her noble friend, "because a baby had a tooth, and his little brother told of it!" [Salem Register.

An Affecting Scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a passenger came to Col. S., requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. S. awoke me, and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines which I always carried in the forest; but I learned soon there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

'She is a strange child,' said the Col.; 'her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river.—They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvelous intellect. She seems sometimes to be the only hope of her father.'

We had reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot be easily forgotten. There were looks and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over the pillow. Her eyes were dark, piercing, and as they met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition?

'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest tones of an Eolian. You may imagine that her answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice:

'Father, I am cold; lie down beside me;' and the old man lay down beside his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, 'Dear father, dear father.'

'My child,' said the old man, 'doth the flood seem deep to thee?'

'Nay, father, for my soul is strong.'

'Seest thou the opposite shore?'

'I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure.'

'Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?'

'I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. Mother's voice, too, father—oh, I heard it then!'

'Doth she speak to thee?'

'She speaketh in tones most heavenly!'

'Doth she smile?'

'An angel smiles! But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?'

THE only cure for love is a shilling's worth of poison taken inwardly.

Why I Didn't Marry Her.

I was sitting last summer smoking a cigar with my friend Tom Fairbanks. It was at Rockaway, and we were laughing in our own room, with our feet elevated on a window bench. Best way in the world of sitting, that. Wonder if ladies ever try it when no one is near. Guess they do.—We had smoked two cigars and commenced on a third. There's something strange in a cigar—it makes one cool in hot weather and warm in cold weather, and there is a great deal in enjoying it with a crony.—Tom was a fast friend of mine, and a fine fellow—yes a fine fellow, there's something in him. He was fond of society and a great favorite among the ladies, and now as I looked over the dancing waves and mused; cigars promoted reflection, they're a real moral institution, and that's why the clergy patronize them I suppose—as I smoked and mused I wondered why he had never been caught in any of the nets spread for him. There was a tall dark-eyed beauty who had made a great impression on his heart. He had danced and flirted through a whole New York season with her, and from the way in which they both denied it, I had really believed them engaged. But Tom had suddenly drawn off, and left the young lady to point her toes and curl her ringlets for some one else. I had never known the reason of this, and with my mind full of these thoughts, I suddenly turned to Tom, and asked him how it was he didn't marry Flora Goodman.

Tom took the cigar from his mouth, looked at me, arched his eyebrows, and then commenced puffing again.

"No, but tell me, you were very much taken in that quarter once."

Tom made no reply but to throw open his collar a little more—Tom and I had mounted Byron collars since we came to Rockaway. There seemed no getting anything out of him.

"Did the lady cut you, Tom?"

I thought this would rouse him. "No," was the emphatic response.

He then knocked the ashes off the cigar, saying, "And so you want to know why I didn't marry Miss Goodman?"

"Yes, I thought papa had been spoken to, and the bridal dresses ordered."

"No, I never had anything to do with Mr. Goodman farther than to settle myself in his chair when he left the parlor clear for me in the evening. Flora generally sat on an ottoman—long-waisted people look better on ottomans you know."

"Well, you didn't tire of long waists, did you? I thought you admired everything about Miss Flora."

"So I did then; that's my reflection now. And she was a very beautiful girl—a very fine one in many respects."

"And she had the 'go' about her, too—something very stylish. What's the reason she did not suit you Tom?"

"She did, in all but one thing."

"You were very long finding that out, then."

"It was something I saw, that let me into the secret."

"Well out with it, or I'll duck you the very next time we go bathing."

"You shall have the story. You may call me foolish to take notice of such things but I'm a little peculiar sometimes. I waited on Miss Goodman to a party. I had ordered a magnificent boquet, and talked to my washerwoman an extra half hour about the 'getting up' of my linen. I had my moustache trimmed and got a new pair of patent leathers. I really looked well that night. Though I believe there is no connection save the alliteration between sensibility and scrubbing brushes, even the house maid gazed at me with a sort of pathetic admiration, as I came down stairs.—I saw Flora more enchanting, and I glanced around Mr. Goodman's richly furnished drawing rooms thinking it would be quite comfortable to walk in and hang up my hat there. I handed Miss Flora into the carriage as tenderly as possible. She kept me waiting a long time in the dressing room, a thing I abominate, but I was enough of a lover then to be as patient as Job. I tucked the young lady under my arm, and we descended to the parlor. Joe, don't you wish the old fashion would come back when the gentleman handed the lady at arm's length, by the tips of her extended fingers. There was an opportunity for some display of one's bringing up—a slow finished courtesy, and a finished bow."

"Well enough for you fellows that are so proud of your figures," said I, "but some of us are glad to get through the ceremony any way wiithout displaying our awkward shoulders, and in-the-way arms, and if I might hint it, some ladies would not make it a very graceful operation."

"Oh! if it were the fashion it would be taught as a science; part of one's course at dancing school."

"You are not yet to learn, Tom, that there are some limbs, male and female, that can never be made to work easy—the dancing master cannot impart grace where nature has not properly prepared the material."

"Well, at any rate, we made our entree in style that night. Flora's smile and bend were faultless, and I can make a pretty good bow. The evening passed—Flora's behavior to myself and others, hit the ladylike thing to a nicety. Her courtesies were shown so gracefully and so generally as to exhibit no marked preference, and yet there was an air, a slight manner, visible only to myself, in her way of receiving my attentions, that was flattering in the extreme. Supper came. Terrapins and champagne make one feel very complaisant; but I was not quite so much exalted as not to notice everything Flora did. She was standing near an old gentleman, quite an aged man, over seventy I should think, with a kind benevolent face. He seemed attracted by her beauty, and was talking to her with a pleased expression of interest that made one love as well as reverence the silver hairs upon his temples. But she seemed uneasy. She did not attend to what he was saying. He was no dandified youth who might ask her to ride, or take her to Maillard's, or send her a boquet, and so he was not worth wasting her time on.

Suddenly she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence with "I beg your pardon, sir," and turning her back upon him, commenced conversation with a fellow who walks Broadway with his gloves half off to show his diamond rings. As she took his arm to promenade, she caught the old gentleman's look, surprised, hurt and aggrieved. But no expression of regret came over her countenance. Her head was carried as easily as before, and her glance as bright. It was enough for me. I never forgot Flora Goodman's rudeness to that old man. To say the least, there is nothing more ungraceful in a young lady than any lack of respect or attention to old age, and it shows a great want of something, a radical defect somewhere. The jig was up for that night; and that, my dear fellow, is why I did not marry Flora Goodman."

THE HOLLY TREE INN.—In his Christmas and New Year story for 1856, Dickens tells his own (and some other people's) experience of inns in various parts of the world. Here is the American inn, depicted with too much truth, as well as just a trifle too much sarcasm:

"After a draught of sparkling beer from a foaming glass jug, and a glance of recognition through the windows of the student beer houses at Heidelberg and elsewhere, I put out to sea for the inns of America with their four hundred beds apiece, and their eight or nine hundred ladies and gentlemen at dinner every day.

Again I stood in the bar-rooms thereof taking my evening cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail. Again I listened to my friend the General—whom I had known for five minutes, in the course of which period he had made me intimate for life with two Majors, who again had made me intimate for life with three Colonels, who again had made me brother to twenty-two civilians—again, I say, I listened to my friend the General, leisurely expounding the resources of the establishment, as to gentlemen's morning room, sir; ladies' morning room, sir; gentlemen's evening room, sir; ladies' evening room, sir; ladies' and gentlemen's reuniting room, sir; music room, sir; reading room, sir; over four hundred sleeping rooms, sir; and the entire planned and finished within twelve calendar months from the first clearing off of the old incumbrances on the plot, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, sir. Again I found as to my individual way of thinking, that the greater, the more gorgeous, and the more dollarous the establishment was, the less desirable it was. Nevertheless, again I drank my cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail, in all good will, to my friend the General, and my friends the Majors, Colonels and civilians, all; full well knowing that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large hearted, and good people."

IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.—Hon. Edward Everett, in a great speech at a Webster Festival, made the following admirable remarks upon the importance of recreation to our people,—

The Americans, as a people—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn-out man is *re-created*, made over again, by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent—eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two—the Anglo-American population has overworked itself. From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the power of the body and the power of the mind are in spasmodic, merciless activity.—There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements, but noble athletic sports, manly outdoor exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country.

NEW AMALGAMATOR.—The Grass Valley Telegraph gives a description of a new amalgamator, which has lately been brought into use at that place. The Telegraph says:

The principle is equally applicable to placer diggings as to quartz. The trial thus far has proved highly satisfactory. It is placed outside of all the other amalgamating apparatus, where the tailings are suffered to fall upon the ground and pass away from the mill. The construction of the machine is such as to be susceptible of multiplication to an indefinite extent, and requires but a moderate fall. So fine is the gold saved by this machine, that it only yields a fraction over $5 to the ounce of amalgum, the most of which would float away upon the water. We shall give a full description of the machine, probably, in our next issue.

"IT is a solemn thing to be married" said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said the little girl, her niece.

A Cosmopolitan Horse.

We had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile on the road before a long, lean, lank, sharp-featured Yankee rose from his seat at the forward end of the car, and, pushing himself down by my side, exclaimed:

'Putty cold day?'

'Yes.'

'K'nsid'ble of a storm.'

'Yes.'

'Ahem! D'yeou live in Cleveland?'

'No.'

'O! ye don't, do ye! Wall, I 'spect Cleveland's k'sid'ble of a place.'

'Yes, it's a beautiful city.'

'Sho! 'tis, hey? Wall, 'spect 'tis. Are ye 'quainted in Cleveland?'

'Yes, some—have been visiting there for a number of weeks.'

'Wall, neow, I want to know! Wonder ef yeou don't know J'siah Hornell. He went to Cleveland last fall to buy apples, and got skinned like blazes! D'ye ever see him?'

'Guess not; wasn't there at that time.'

'Sho! Where d'yeou live?'

'I am a cosmopolitan.'

'Sho! and the Yankee looked as if he did not know exactly where that town was situated, but was too shrewd to expose his ignorance by inquiring; so, after a moment's reflection, he continued:

'Pretty smart place, that?'

'What?'

'Why, that town yeou're from.'

'O, yes—fine place. Were you ever there?'

'No; I's never there myself. Bought a horse once 'twas raised there, and after abeout two months—'

'Tickets, gentlemen,' exclaimed the conductor, entering the car, warming up the spirits of the passengers with his merry face, and destroying the story of the cosmopolitan horse at the same moment.

Feeling a little uneasy, probably about being questioned too closely relative to the horse, the Yankee, soon after delivering his ticket seated himself in the forward car, and pumped out a couple of old maids until the arrival of the train at Sandusky, where he, in company with about eighty others, took passage for Cinncinnati.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.—In the whole range of biography or history an example of woman's devotion does not present itself than that which we find in the life of Francis Hubert, the naturalist. When quite young he was sent by his parents to the village of Stain for the recovery of his health, and while rusticating he made the acquaintance of Marie Lullin, a beautiful girl of seventeen, who was equally attracted to young Hubert. The acquaintance had scarcely commenced when Hubert was threatened with the loss of eyesight—which subsequently took place. In proportion, however, as the misfortune of the partner whom she had chosen became certain, she regarded herself as bound never to forsake him, and to the threats of parents and entreaties of friends she remained impregnable, and the moment she attained her majority, she presented herself at the altar, leading, so to speak, the spouse whom she had chosen when he was happy and attractive. She proved a wife worth having.

ROUNDING A PERIOD.—A subscriber in the West, remitting his annual subscription—appends the following: "Squire J—recently aspired to represent this county in the next Legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seizes all favorable opportunities to address the million. A few nights since, there was a caucus at the school-house, when Squire J— delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows: 'I say, fellow-citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who cannot put his hand on his heart, and thank God that nothing is rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—' 'With cracker crumbs in it,' shouted out the shrill voice of a person anious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous, and it is doubtful if the Squire gets the nomination. It is supposed the cracker crumb man is the father of a small family, and has experienced the delights of such a bed."

SAILING OF THE STEAMERS.—The steamers J. L. Stephens and Cortes got off yesterday about 3 o'clock, and carried about 800 passengers and nearly $2,000,000 of treasure. The departures at present do not much more than half equal the arrivals—a fortunate state of things for California. In this connection it should also be borne in mind that this is the season when a much more than usual number of citizens depart for visits to the east. All things considered, therefore, it is evident that our population is steadily increasing. [Alta, 21st.

"MADAM, can you give me a glass of grog?" said a traveler in Arkansas, as he entered a log cabin on the road side. "I haint got a drop, stranger." "But a gentleman told me just now that you had lately received a barrel." "Why, goodness gracious! what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children when we are out of milk?"

IMMENSE mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit, is the source of all distinction.

THE vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.