

Poetry.

TEACH US TO WAIT.

Why are we so impatient of delay,
Longing forever for the time to be?
Nor thus we live to-morrow and to-day,
Yea, and to-morrow we may never see.

Thirty Marriage Proposals.

A CALIFORNIA LOVE STORY.

"You don't say that is his wife?
Well, she is a stunner, and no mistake.
I confess to an overwhelming curiosity
concerning that marriage. Why, in
the State he was considered an in-
veterate bachelor. Somehow, he never
cared to go round with the girls as
the rest of us did; but always took his
mother every where and waited upon her
as though she had been the queen of
England. All the girls liked him, and
if he ever ventured where they were,
they would flutter round him, but it
was plain that he never gave them a
second thought.

"The pale light of our spluttering
candle added to the weirdness of the
scene, and when 'Jack the Wicked'
murmured, 'To your knees, boys, all at
once.' I guess we were all more than
half inclined to obey. The judge re-
covered himself the quickest, and ad-
vanced toward the door.
'I wish to see my brother, Will
Browning; I heard he was here,' said
the most musical voice I ever heard.
'He was here a few months ago,'
replied the judge, 'but we do not know
where he is now. How did you come,
and where are your friends?'
'I came through the valley and
shadow of death, I should think, for I
am nearly dead with hunger, and for
friends I have the poorest old teamster
you ever saw, though I thought it
was rare good luck when I found him,
and he engaged to take me up here to
Will. I paid him every cent of money
I had, and I haven't had a mouthful
for days but bad bacon. Is there any
hotel within a short distance? If not,
perhaps there is some good woman who
would let me stay with her until I can
get word to Will.

"You'd think that when we got there
we should be likely to talk over the
wonderful event, but we didn't; not a
word was spoken concerning it. But I
reckon there was considerable think-
ing done that night.
'By light we were all up and pacing
in front of the cabin. The teamster
had given notice of the charge he had
left with us, and all the other boys
were over there to learn how things
were. There wasn't a stroke of work
done in the camp that day, and not
much for a week.
'Then the judge called us together;
told us it wouldn't do; we were getting
demoralized; that Miss Browning was
unhappy because she felt she had inter-
rupted our arrangements; and we must
come right down to steady days' work
after that. Well, we tried to, but we
never could get back to old times.
There was a good deal of rivalry among
us, and some cutting things were said.
The judge sent letters in all directions
for Will, but three weeks had passed
without a word in reply. We had all
in turn offered to accompany Miss
Browning to San Francisco, but she
said she knew no one there; Will would
be sure to come before long, and would
be disappointed if she should leave;
besides, hadn't she eight of the very
best brothers in the world? She would
stay a while longer, and she would
help cook and mend for us, so as not
to burden us too much. She had a few
new books she had bought for Will,
and she would read to us evenings.
We came up an hour earlier than usual,
and our table was always ready for us,
and it had many an extra touch that
none but a woman would think of.
We were a silent set of men during the
day, but each did his best when we got
home. Stories were told, songs were
sung, and with her reading we were
all entranced. She always called us by
the names which were first given her,
and ever so many times she went
through the introduction, acting out
all the parts. It seemed funnier to her
than it did to us. She talked to South
Carolina about the beauties of the south-
ern sky, and of the flowers and trees,
which eclipsed anything at the North.
To Nutmeg she praised New England,
and she had some favorite topic to dis-
cuss with each of us.

part through, the judge sat down, com-
pletely overcome by his feelings. 'Why,
I am free to say that this was the long-
est prayer I ever heard. If the min-
ister had been suspended between
heaven and the other place, as we were,
he would have made fewer words, I
am sure.
'When it was over, he said: 'I am
here to solemnize a marriage between
Catherine F. Browning, for the torture
felt an inward chuckle over the torture
well, he was inflicting for it seemed an
hour) and James A. Woodruff. If any
of you know any cause or just imped-
ment why these two persons should
not be joined in holy matrimony you
are to declare it now, or else forever
hold your peace.'
'Jim had not stirred a step. The
minister took his hand and placed him
beside the bride. He walked up then,
and I guess the look he gave her satis-
fied her, for her face cleared up like a
summer sky after a rain.
'The brief service was soon over
that made the judge a happy benedict,
and us, perhaps, bachelors for life.
'Jim looked up so earnest at us:
'Boys, I do not deserve this happiness
as much as either of you; but it has
fallen to me, and I will do my best to
make her happy. Will you not wish
us God speed—and he held out his
hand. Each of us was man enough to
walk up and take it and the little
brown hand which had been given to
Jim.
'Then we had supper. There wasn't
much eaten, yet we all lived through
it; but none of us felt much hankering
after weddings, since, I reckon."

me so!" exclaimed the Judge. "Why,
I sold Rachel yesterday for \$1,200, to
go to Mobile.
'"When is she going?" asked William,
nervously.
'"She's gone already—went yesterday.
She'd be in Lynchburg in three days,
by the boat.'
'Broken hearted and crushed in spirit
William hurried back to Judge McLean
in Washington. The Judge heard his
story. Daniel Webster and John C.
Calhoun were in the Judge's room, and
they both took a deep interest.
'"Let's raise the money and send Wil-
liam after her," said the generous Web-
ster.
'"He would be seized a dozen times
as a fugitive," said the Judge, "and
they'd sell him, too."
'"I'll send my private secretary," said
Mr. Webster, and he did.
There was no telegraph then, nor
cars, but the Secretary took the Potomac
river boat, and with \$1,200, con-
tributed by William Jackson's friends
in the Department, overtook Rachel,
showed Mr. Calhoun's letter, endorsed
by several Virginians, bought her and
brought her back. Calhoun, Webster,
and Judge McLean saw them married
the next week.
THEIR SON ROBERT JACKSON.
Robert Jackson afterward waited on
Webster and Calhoun in their old age
at the old Indian Queen Hotel in Wash-
ington, now called the Metropolitan,
where in 1834 he met Mrs. Joseph C.
Luther, a present habitue of Congress
Hall, on her wedding tour. Mrs. Lu-
ther took Robert to Swansey, Massa-
chusetts, instructed him, and a few
years afterward he made an engagement
at the Union Hotel. During the win-
ter he catered for those eccentric bache-
lors in New York, Mr. T. H. Falle, Mr.
Edward Penfold, or Mr. Robert McCros-
ky. Only the former survives. He
catered for New Yorkers in the winter
at 206 Waverly place. Robert has per-
haps the largest acquaintance of any
one in Saratoga. He knows old Presi-
dents and sons of royalty, knows dis-
tinguished savants, poets, statesmen,
and historians. He lives in a beautiful
vine-clad cottage on Washington street,
in Saratoga, where the guests of Con-
gress Hall frequently call upon his wife,
who is one of the neatest housekeepers
in Saratoga.
BIOGRAPHY BOILED DOWN.
Plutarch—I only know of this gentle-
man by reputation. He is always spoke-
of in the plural number. "Plu-
tarch's Lives" is a common expression,
but how many there were of him I am
not prepared to say.
General Duke of Wellington—An of-
ficer of the British army. Mr. Long-
fellow makes honorable mention of him
as the "Warden of the Cinque Ports."
Cinque means five, and he was the pro-
tector of five principal points, usually
denominated Five Points. He lived to
a ripe old age and died.
Julius Caesar—Son of old man Caesar.
He was born at Rome in his infancy,
and upon arriving at the state of man-
hood became a Roman. He was a
fighter and a warrior of some note. His
friend Brutus one morning asked him
how many eggs he had eaten for break-
fast, and he replied "Etu Brute!" His
friend became enraged at being called
a brute, and stabbed Caesar quite dead.
Mahomet—Author of the Koran, an
exciting romance, which he wrote in
the Mammoth Cave at Mecca. He was
the author of a religious creed, with
which he stuffed Turkey, and tried to
get up a broil in Greece, but failed.
Many of his early followers suffered
great persecutions. Some of them were
burnt at the stake. He had three
temples—one at Mecca and one on each
side of his head.
Guy Fawkes—A warm-hearted, im-
pulsive Englishman, who believed the
Parliament too good for this earth, and
devised an expeditious method of ele-
vating the members to a better sphere.
He was interrupted in his good inten-
tions, but for which circumstance he
would, doubtless, have made a great
noise in the world. He was executed
for his disinterested benevolence, and
was subsequently burnt in a place called
Effigy.
Bonaparte I.—A harem-scarem sort
of a fellow, who occupied a position of
considerable responsibility in the
French nation. The impression went
abroad that he was ambitious, which
damaged his reputation materially. He
gained the respect and admiration of
the French nation because, happily, he
was not a Frenchman. When asked if
he thought he could govern France, he
replied, "Of Corsican." The close of
his life was not as bright as its begin-
ning, but there was some of it in a nar-
row compass.
Peter the Hermit—Peter was princi-
pally notorious for stirring up a little
difficulty between the Christians and
the Mohammedans, which extended
over a period of thirty years, resulting
in numerous excursions by land and
water, under the fascinating title of the
Crusades. The Hermit was an itiner-
ant lecturer, and had he lived in our
day would have turned his attention to
humor, thereby saving a deal of blood-
shed. The Crusades turned out like the
author of the creed they were intended
to annihilate—a false prophet.—The
Fut Contributor.
MARRIAGES IN SPAIN.—Marriages
in Spain are arranged by the parties
most concerned, and no fortune is nec-
essary on the part of the lady, the
hidalgos being very generous and dis-
interested in their love affairs. In
cases where there is a large property,
matches are sometimes made up
parents between an uncle and niece,
the object being to secure the money
to the latter. But the evil of such
unions is so visible that they are look-
ed upon with disfavor, and people
question the right of the Church to
grant dispensations under such circum-
stances. In the South of Spain it is
the custom for courtships to go on for
a number of years, the parents leaving
the young people at liberty to contin-
ue or to break off the engagement.—
The Echo.
What is the difference between a
fisherman and a lazy school-boy?—One
bait his hook, and the other hates his
hook.

Miscellaneous Items.

A more matter of form—Cutting a
dress.
What nation produces the most mar-
riages?—Fascination.
What grows bigger the more you
contract it?—Debt.
What man carries everything before
him?—The waiter.
A man who would maliciously set
fire to a barn," said good old Elder
Parson, "and burn up a stable full of
horses and cows, ought to be hanged to
death by a jackass, and I'd like to be
the one to do it."
A gentleman who had a very deaf
servant was advised by a friend to dis-
charge him. "No, no," replied the
gentleman, "with much good feeling,
"that poor creature" could never hear
of another situation."
When a man dies, says Mahomet, the
people ask, "What property has he
left behind him?" But the angels, as
they bend over his grave, inquire,
"What good deeds hast thou sent be-
fore thee?"
One of the ambassadors from Morocco
to England, having never seen snow
till he came there, and observing that
the boys gathered it up in their hands,
said, "It is no wonder the English are
so fat, since they wash themselves in
white rain."
A poor Irishman offered an old
sauceman for sale. His children gath-
ered round him, and inquired why he
parted with it. "Och, me honeyes,"
answered he, "I wouldn't be after
parting wid it, but for a little money
to buy something to put in it."
At a Sunday school, in Ripon, a
teacher asked a little boy if he knew
what the expression "sowing tares"
meant. "Courth I does," said he,
pulling the seat of his little trousers
round in front, "there's a tear my ma
sewed; I treated it sliding down hill."
A QUEER ANNOUNCEMENT.—The
Petersburg Index has this singular
item: "Win. Machen, for many years
past the Devil in our office, having
served his apprenticeship faithfully,
and conformed with the rules of the
office by treating all of his fellow crafts-
men, is this day declared a gentleman."
A poor emaciated Irishman, having
called in a physician in a forlorn hope,
the latter spread a large mustard plas-
ter, and put it on the poor fellow's lean
chest. "Fat, when he with tearful eyes
looked down on it, said: "Doctor, it
strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so
little mate."
Little six-year old Georgie having
been instructed by his aunt Katie to
pray for his papa, and being one even-
ing interrupted in his devotions, and
being told by her that he must now
pray for his mamma, replied: "Aunt
Katie, you just hold your horses, now.
Who's running this prayer, you or
me?"
A little girl came into my house
one day, and some apple parings lay on
a plate on the table. After sitting awhile
she said:
"I smell apples!"
"Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell
those apple parings on the plate."
"No no!" said she, "I ain't them
I smell; I smell whole apples!"
A learned counsel once said to a wit-
ness, "Sir, did I understand you to say
that you saw the defendant strike the
plaintiff?" "I know not what you
may have understood," said the wit-
ness, "but if my eyes served me prop-
erly, I certainly did witness a mancu-
vre that would warrant such a descrip-
tion."
A bishop burned with the desire to
become a cardinal. He envied the good
health of his treasurer, and said, "How
do you manage to be always well,
while I am always ill?" The treasurer
answered, "My lord, the reason is,
that you have always a hat in your
head, and I have always my head in
a hat."
A Jew, joking with a Christian,
struck him on the cheek, and said,
"Now turn the other, as your gospel
commands." But the Christian gave
him a sound drubbing. The Jew cried,
"This is not in the gospel." "Ay,"
said the Christian, "but it is in the
comment." "Curse the comment,"
said the Jew, "it is harder than the
text."
At one of the "labor Conventions"
held in Washington during the strike,
a contractor made a speech exhorting
his hearers to "work in the interests of
harmony and peace." Whereupon an
able-bodied striker sprang to his feet
with the exclamation, "Yes, sah! dat's
what we want; hominy and peas! but
who can get it wid a dollar an' a half
a day!"