

GOOD NIGHT SONG.

Good night!
Wear a sleep's delight;
Now day so gently close,

J. G. HOLLAND.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was born at Melchertown, Mass., on the 24th day of July, 1819. His parents were poor and able to give him only the plain education that is to be found in the common schools of the Bay State.

The election of 1860 was a tidal wave and when its vast whirlpool had receded to ordinary water level, it was found to have washed into the Presidential chair of the nation, a great, awkward, uncouth old western lawyer, full of native sagacity and mother wit.

His later works all betray this lassitude, although their purity of thought alone would render them attractive even after the youthful fire of "Bitter Sweet" and "Katrina" had died.

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After visiting his parents he walked into Springfield and asked Samuel Bowles for employment on the Daily Republican. That gentleman had long felt himself an overworked man, besides which he felt the need of help for other reasons.

His life has been a useful one, and no life is a great one unless it is useful. Earnest and sincere in every line he wrote, he has left behind him no gloomy did not feel. In all his long labors he did not feel a line of questionable morality ever sophistries, no vague utterances of what came from his pen.

any other American writer. But all this time his busy pen kept the daily newspaper going with his quaint contributions under the signature of "Timothy Titcomb." These letters were highly commended by disinterested friends and he was urged to publish them in book form, which could not well be done at Springfield.

Holland did so, and after an hour's skirmishing with Mr. Scribner it was agreed that an edition of the "Timothy Titcomb" series should be published, ten thousand copies, and Holland was to receive twenty per cent. on the sales.

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your part," said Mr. Bowles. "You don't know the doctor, or you would not speak in that way about him. So far from being a Miss Nancy, as you would intimate, he is as plucky as a bull-terrier. He is an excellent shot and a better fisherman than you ever dared to be."

Mr. Bowles was hitting me on a very sensitive nerve when he said that; but ever since that time I have felt an untold longing to meet Dr. Holland. The opportunity never came. His love of nature crops out through all his works, especially in his later days when his wealth enabled him to eschew the drudgery of the editorial sanctum. Witness his lines to his dog Blanco:

"I look into your great brown eyes
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

Is there anything that tells more strongly the love of man for dumb brutes than that? Had Holland turned artist instead of poet, his love of dogs must have made him the Landseer of America. Listen to the Christian purity that pervades these lines:

"Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility?

In 1869, Dr. Holland concluded to see something of the Old World, and took a trip to Europe, which lasted two years. He conceived the idea of an illustrated magazine to surpass Harper's, and on his return he put it into execution. In this fortunate literary venture then known as Scribner's Magazine, and now, I regret to say, changed into the Century, he embarked his time and money and became a partner to the extent of one-third. In May, 1881, he sold out that interest to Roswell Smith and retired for the summer to his pretty little retreat known as Bonnicastle, built with the proceeds of the sale of his novel Arthur Bonnicastle, published in 1873.

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Always mindful of his humble origin, he was the unfaltering friend of the hard-faring poor. Young literary men found a cordial welcome under his hospitable roof; and even his rejection of articles written for Scribner by over-ambitious youthful scribes, carried with it no sting of humiliation to the unsuccessful applicant. He had humor and wit, plenty of both, but he never wounded the feelings of others by that merciless satire that is too often mistaken for wit.

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Marriage Ceremonies.

The ancient practice of marriage by capture which has left some traces in even our customs and sports—notably in the popular game of kiss-in-the-ring, a mimic representation of the great game of marriage—finds many illustrations in the Mongol life.

Rubraquis, who visited the hordes of Tartary, and was entertained in the tents of the immediate successors of Yenghis Khan, describes a Mongol marriage thus: "Therefore, when any man hath gained with another for a maid, the father of a damsel makes him a feast; in the meantime she flies away to some of her kinsfolk to hide herself. Then the father says to the bridegroom—'My daughter is yours; take her wheresoever you find her. Then he and his friends seek her till they find her; and having found her, he takes her by force and carries her to his own house.'

This simple form of marriage contract is still preserved among the Koraks and Tehtuchus tribes of north-eastern Siberia. There the damsel is pursued by her admirer, and hides herself among the porlogs, or cabins made of skins, which form the internal compartments of their dwellings.

The womankind assist her in her pretended evasion, and not until the bridegroom has caught his bride, and left the impression of his finger-nail upon her tender skin, is the betrothal properly completed. The analogous customs in ancient Roman marriages here strike one with the myth of the rape of the Sabines; but we need not go so far afield.

The custom of the Welsh wedding, up to a recent date, included a mimic pursuit of the bride, by the bridegroom, both on horseback; and in the English manner when the bridegroom invariably goes to seek his bride on the wedding morning. But the value of womankind in a pastoral life, where there is so much for her to do in the way of milking, cheese and butter making, and so on, brings a further element into the relationship.

A price must be paid for the future companion, and the kalim, or wedding portion, enters largely into the question. A more modern Mongol wedding is described by Hue, one of the Jesuit fathers. The religious ceremonies are those of Buddhism. The marriage is arranged by the parents, who settle the dower that is to be paid by the father of the bride by means of mediators.

When the contract has been concluded the father of the bridegroom, accompanied by his nearest relatives, carries the news to the family of the bride. They prostrate themselves before the domestic altar, and offer up a boiled sheep's head, milk, and a sash of white silk.

During the repast all the relations of the bride receive a piece of money, which they deposit in a vase filled with wine made of fermented milk (we have, or had a similar custom of hiding a ring or money in a wedding-cake,) the father of the bride drinks the milk and keeps the money.

The lamas, or priests, fix an auspicious day, when the bridegroom sends a deputation to escort the bride. There is a feigned opposition to the departure of the bride, who is placed on a horse and led three times (note the three mystic circles) around the paternal house, and then taken at a full gallop to the tent prepared for the purpose near the dwelling of her father-in-law.

All the Tartars of the neighborhood repair to the wedding-feast and offer their presents, which consists of beasts and eatables. These go to the father of the bridegroom, and often recoup him the sum he has paid for the son's bride.

Rather a shame, one would think, of the selfish papa, did we not reflect that he will have to support his son and daughter, or at all events set them up with sheep and cattle from his flocks and herds.

Willie's Courage. Willie Carr was one of those boys who never liked to be beaten at anything. Only dare him to do a thing, and he would do it, no matter how absurd and foolish it was. He had lately come to live at a town on the seacoast, and he and his school-fellows constantly amused themselves on half-holidays by climbing the cliffs, fishing, boating, and many other seaside pastimes.

with his wet clothes and all exhausted he was, there was not much chance for him. Higher and higher the water rose; the rock was under water; and there he sat, pale and shivering. Some of his comrades ran off for help, but poor Willie doubted if it would come in time. All his sins and follies rose before him like a cloud; he thought of his mother's anguish (for he was her only son) and how she would feel when she heard he had been drowned—drowned, and by his own folly. A large wave rolled over him—he tightened his grasp on the seaweed; another came, and then another; a mist rose before his eyes—he loosened his hold and all was dark.

Some hours later Willie was in his own little bed at home, and a lady with a sweet, pale face was bending over him. "Thank God!" she said. Willie heard it and opened his eyes. "Oh, mother!" he said, I am saved, then. I was so frightened, and when I thought of you, death seemed so terrible.

"Yes," she said; "you were saved by a boatman who heard your school-fellows' cry of distress; let us thank God for his mercy in saving you." Some time after Willie entered the navy; he had lost none of his courage and daring, but acted more under a sense of duty and less to gain man's applause.

He is now an officer, beloved by his men and respected by all who know him, for at the call of duty he is always first, and where danger is there you will always find him. [Sunday Magazine.

Dead March to Hel. "As soon as it is whispered of a man, 'he drinks,' he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation as 'He drinks?' When a man is three-fourths gone on the road he wants to impress you with the idea that he can stop at any time. He can't stop. I had a dear friend who gave thousands of dollars to Bible societies and asylums, but he was a slave to strong drink. He had two attacks of delirium tremens. When the doctor told him if he had a third attack he would die, he said 'Oh! I can stop at any time.' He is dead! Rum! The last thing he said was, 'Oh! I can stop at any time.' He could not stop! He could not stop. Sometimes a man is more frank. Such a one said, 'It is impossible for me to stop. If you said I couldn't have a drink till to-morrow night unless I had my fingers chopped off, I would say, 'Bring on your hatchet.' It is awful for a man to wake up and find himself a captive. Who will forget that scene in this church a few winters ago of a man who stood up in the church? The ushers led him to the door. Everybody saw that he was drunk. His poor wife took his coat and hat and led him out. He was formerly a minister in a sister congregation, and he preached in this city. Rum! Don't tell the inebriate there is no hell. He knows there is. He is in hell now. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. What reptiles crouch around his shivering feet! What demons stand by his pillow! Rum! is no fancy picture. It went on 'night. It is a death scene of you will die unless you stop.

"When an inebriate wakes up in the other world he will be thirsty. No matter how poor he was in this world he could get the five cents for a drink. But where will he get a drink in hell! Dives called for water, the inebriate calls for rum. If a fiend came here, went into a rum-shop, and went back into hell with a drop on the end of his wing, what a fight there would be for the drop! The inebriate in hell will not suffer for the loss of God, but would suffer for the loss of liquor.

"I don't like a sermon of generalities. I like personalities. I said a man could not stop, but I do say God can stop him. I went into a room in the Fourth Ward in New York where a religious service was held for reformed drunkards. Fifteen or twenty men were there giving their experiences. God had not only changed their mode of feeling, but had even taken away their thirst. I tell you unless you stop, in ten years you will fill a drunkard's grave. I must tell you this or I will have your blood upon my soul. One hundred millions of inebriates' souls will assemble on the judgment day and I want you to testify that I gave you warning when the skulls rattle the drunkard's bones on a winecask, playing the dead march of men."

ALL SORTS. The late William Penn once observed: "Excess in apparel is a costly folly." And yet William wore a hat with an excess of brim that was a sheer waste of material.

The armless man who plays the piano with his toes must be a disciple of Plato.—Boston Frolic. He makes his living, evidently as a music pedler.—Wit and Wisdom. Of course he endeavors to put the best foot foremost.

A student of faces finds his best school in the street cars. There side by side sit comfort, content, youth, age, misery, sorrow, bright hopes, and worn out energies. Parsons should find food for sermonizing in the street cars.

A son was born to Baron Von Stenben the other day. He was named after the American Secretary of State. Being possibly too young for the prefix "Von," he probably, as yet, to use German English, "was only Blaine Stenben." There is nothing like being graphic. A man who attempted to give an idea of eternity said: "Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

The scheme of polar exploration by balloon is very seriously discussed. It has its advantages. In the absence of fuel the voyagers could easily warm themselves by setting fire to the gas. That would leave nothing to be desired.