

The Editor's Round Table.

...The *Atlantic Monthly*, organ of the New England school of philosophy and letters, for the current month, is at hand. Like most Boston publications it is well printed, and notwithstanding its Americanisms, it is conducted with much ability. The papers on "Napoleon III," and "American Navigation" are written with considerable animation. One of the most amusing articles we have seen in a twelvemonth is the political essay styled "The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion," which bears the earmarks of Charles Sumner's pen. "Concerning Things Slowly Learnt," it is Henry Ward Beecher's bantling, and is distinguished by those peculiarities of style and sentiment for which he is notorious.

...The men who really are in advance of their age, rarely dabble in politics, save when great emergencies call for their presence. They prefer to work, slowly and steadily, in their legitimate occupations until the hour calls for the man. We have considerable respect for the men who are ahead of their age.

...In 1646 a very quaint collection of poetry was published in London, under the title of "New Litanie, King's Pamphlets." There is a stanza in one of these strong, ringing rhymes, that is quite apropos to the present day and generation. Here it is:—

"From meddling with those that are out of our reaches,
From a fighting priest, and a soldier that preaches,
From an ignorant that writes, or a woman who teaches.
Libra nos!" &c.

...Scorn is the fort where a lazy intellect goes and sleeps away its life.

...It is very wicked to poke fun at religion, but sometimes the religious papers are quite witty; though we are willing to believe it is unintentional. A writer on Providence in an exchange says:

"If a man drinks whiskey made by religious distillers, from corn raised by religious farmers, until delirium tremens interposes, please say he died of religious whiskey, but do not say that Divine Providence interfered."

...Magazine stories, sketches, verses and chit-chat, albeit they are not going to set the Atlantic Ocean on fire, have an interest all their own to the young. Women and children, and men, too, who can occasionally spare time from staring a \$5 note out of countenance, will read "such stuff," for all you can say to the contrary notwithstanding, Brother Gradgrind. As Ingomar the Barbarian, enquired of Parthenia what was the use of flowers, so do you want to know how anything is good that cannot be food and raiment, or a commodity of barter and sale. To you, we give Parthenia's answer? "Their use is in their beauty."

...The anony ac hath so become a creature of custom, is so interwoven with book, periodical and paper, to declaim against its use may shock the "Conservatives." Our objections to the use of the anonymous in print, are not first, secondly, thirdly and lastly, but in toto, and altogether. It is not brave in one man to attack another under a *nom de plume*; or without giving the writer's real name. We dislike the anony me in the retailer of gossip, for if his (or her) lucubrations be inserted in a journal of any status, it lends that an importance, which, if its originator were known, would, perhaps, possess none. It is injurious to letters, inasmuch as it fills our papers with amateur scribblings—effusions of those who do not love literature sufficiently well to struggle with it and for it, nor have yet sufficient good sense, (especially if they be "charming women") not to meddle with things they do not understand." William North says, "the Anonymy, is an invention to cheat authors out of their reputations." Moreover, it is an affectation, inasmuch as if a book succeeds, "modesty" does not prevent the author claiming his bantling.

...Your born author rarely hath a prosperous early day. Show us the first crude compositions of boy or girl, and let us tell you if the man or woman hath genius in them. It is not the youths who write prose like a Westminster reviewer, or jingle verses with the correctness of a Prof. Aytoun, that

write their names on the arches of fame. We distrust the tyro who writeth too easily. Genius hath a babyhood, and like first love, breatheth its virgin utterances with the incoherence of conflicting emotions.

...Amelia Welby of Louisville Ky, has written many sweet gems of song. The subjoined stanza has probably gone around the newspapers of the world many times:

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest,
With a low song her loved and cher'ed bed one,
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
For thus a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on, from their towers of bliss,
When innocence upon the breast of Love,
Is cradled in a mortal world like this.

...Doctors sometimes make jokes, and they are generally pleasanter than their pills. Here is a strictly Medical joke:—"The dead are never sick. Consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver."

...A reviewer in the *Atlantic Monthly* speaks of certain writers of popular newspaper stories, as having obtained "a world-wide obscurity." Some of those Athenians have never got even that.

...It is a profound truth, not generally realized, that all young women are lovely.

...Here is an anecdote showing how some men do business:—

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing, in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

...Kissing is to be conjugated. To the ticklish verb "to kiss" there is of course a proportionately ticklish grammar, and the conjugation is as follows:—"Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; sillybus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbus, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss every person in the room; erebus, to kiss in the dark. Kissing one's own sister has been aptly likened to eating a veal sandwich; carrying out the comparison, kissing one's cousin—except she be a particular cousin, one coming under the denomination of 'dangerous'—may be considered equivalent to discussing a beef sandwich; and the chaste salute, snatched from the lass we love, to the *piquante*, appetite-provoking combination of ham, mustard, and bread."

...A good story is told concerning the writing of a certain railroad manager. He had written to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of his letter but the signature, and took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation.

...The following should find a place in the American papers, over their blood-thirsty leading articles!

Battle is righteous only when the sword,
Nations oppressed, against their tyrants draw,
And every warfare is by heaven ignored,
Save that for life, and liberty and law!

...In another column will be found an article under the caption of Cliff Street vs: Printing House Square, the insertion of which we permit on the ground that, while the *Home Journal* will not meddle with politics, it is the right of a Canadian literary publication to defend a British subject, and a man of letters, from the assaults of an American paper of the same class, when travelling in a foreign country, and the assailed is clearly guiltless of provocation.

...When Margaret Fuller wrote, "Women in the Nineteenth Century" she produced a "sensation work," as our American cousins call it: she had taken some gold, and much foul alloy, distilled them in the alembic of her brilliant, but somewhat unhealthy understanding, giving the world glittering grains of truth, with much dazzling dross—so intermixed, he had a nice task, who could separate them. We notice a Boston firm is republishing her works.

...Mortimer Thompson, the notorious "Doesticks," whose extravagances of style have made him readers the world over, was lately married to Miss Grace Eldridge, "Fanny Fern's" eldest daughter. This is the second marriage of the humorist.

...The Canadian papers are getting ready for the approaching political contest, and will, for some time be dry reading to those who take no interest in the struggles between Cypher and Popkins. "It is like playing battledore and shuttlecock. Both are knocking about something with great energy. How eager the players, how noisy the battledores, how anxious the bystanders; yet think when this something falls to the ground it is only cork and feathers. This figure of speech is stolen. Our theatre-goers will be able to tell you from whom.

Job Printing.—"Job printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing week after week, ever since I burnt it; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."—*Boston Post.*

The old lady neglected to say he was miserably paid in some localities. "Job" does his work in Toronto for next to nothing, and finds himself into the bargain. He is a very patient man.

Poets' Column.



THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY T. M'KELLEN.

Robe the beautiful for the tomb—
We may no longer stay her;
She has pass'd away in budding bloom,
In vestal white array her.
One single auburn tress we crave
Before her face ye cover:
Why should the cold and grasping grave
Take all from those who love her?

Bear the beautiful to the tomb
While yet the sun is shining,
Ere the shadows and evening gloom
Denote the day's declining.
Bear her softly and slowly on—
Disturb no placid feature;
Deep the sleep she's fallen upon,
The last of a mortal creature.

Lay the beautiful in the tomb;
Beneath the weeping willow
Let the maiden have sleeping room,
And softly spread her pillow.
Angels hasten from realms of bliss,
Their watch above her keeping:
Dear to the heart of the Father is
The place where a child is sleeping.

Leave the beautiful in the tomb;
There may be others fairer;
Haughtier heads may wave a plume
With glory to the wearer;
But so beautiful and so good
—Think they who dearly held her—
Earth in 's loveliest sisterhood
May never have excell'd her.

THE ROMANNY GIRL.

BY G. H. BOKER.

The sun goes down, and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
Of gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls! you scorn our race:
You captives of poor, air-tight halls,
Wear out in doors your sickly days,
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you dames to task,
And say it frankly, without guile,
Then you are gypsies in the mask,
And I the lady all the while.

Go, keep your cheeks from out the rain,
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal;
My swarthy tint is in the grain,
The rocks and forest know it real.

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds give us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies.

You doubt we read the stars on high,
Na'thless we read your fortunes true;
The stars may hide in the upper sky,
But without glass we fathom you.

Biography.



THE LATE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.*

If not "the most remarkable man in a country" where every other citizen is a Colonel, Judge, LL.D., or at least an Esq., the subject of this article was the most thoroughly representative politician in the Northern American States. The virtues and vices that go to make up the party leaders and followers, in the "Model Republic," loomed up in the strongly individualised "Little Giant" of "the Great West."

It is no part of the duty of the writer of a biographical notice to kick a dead lion, any more than it is meet to act on the too generally received axiom that the grave buries all errors; and in the brief review which the publisher of the *Home Journal* has kindly permitted us to make of the eminent deceased, it shall be our aim rather to afford Canadians an accurate judgment of the influence Judge Douglas exercised on American politics, than to please his party followers on the other side of the line, or to gratify those prejudices which it is so natural for us to entertain here at home, regarding one whose senatorial toga was anything but free from partizan fleck.

The candidate of the Van Buren Democracy for Presidential honors in the campaign of 1860 was, in the strongest acceptance of the term, a self-made-man. In cultivation and the refinements of good society, any member of our lower house was perhaps his peer. He had all the sharp angles of character incident to men who have risen in an hour from obscurity to a conspicuous role in the drama of human action. His will was inflexible; his modes of procedure unscrupulous. The conclusions he reached were rather jumped at, by intuition, than attained by any deliberate process of logical reasoning or learned research. His knowledge was superficial, his manners coarse, his style of speaking energetic, his over-bearing impulse almost sublime. When he spoke, the galleries of the Senate and the floor of the Chamber, as well as the Lobbies were crowded to suffocation; and with American women he was almost a god. Masculine applied to him meant more than the gender of sex: his very voice vibrated with virile power.

The very excellent engraving of Mr. Douglas, which precedes this article, will convince the careful student of physiognomy that these are not merely reckless assertions; while those who have seen him in life will understand how very much the picture fails to convey. He was the Napoleon of the Democratic party, and his Waterloo was lost because he knew little or nothing of the spiritual element in the natures of the masses of his followers. With a marvellous insight into the baser passions of men, he was unacquainted with that better element, which is never destroyed, even in the most gangrened civilizations; and right and wrong conveying no other impression to his mind than failure and success, he fell into the very error of his followers, when he supposed principles could be sold with the same impunity as the cereals of his section and the manufactures of the East. Always plausible, he was never profound. Trusting to his passions, rather than to any abstract conclusions, he was a dextrous debater, but a very poor analyser of the very civilization

*The subject of this memoir died at his residence, in Chicago, on the 3rd instant.