

'When I reflect on the numerous gifts which nature and education must accumulate in one person, and know what unceasing exertions are made by him in the fulfilment of his herculean task, I am stung almost to madness, on hearing how the ignorant and malicious speak of a thing so much above their comprehension as editorial responsibility. In France, in Spain, and Portugal, the road to fame, to honor, and to place, lies through the newspaper press; but in England, where journalism is alone conducted on sound principles, and where no one employed looks for any reward beyond that derived from a legitimate source, the public sneer when the word editor is mentioned, and while men bend implicitly to its will, affect to undervalue the person who directs it.'

We would recommend the chapter from which the foregoing passage is extracted, to the careful consideration of all, in the habit of condemning the efforts of the conductors of a Newspaper, or a Magazine. If they would but reflect upon the labour and anxiety endured by those individuals, contrasted with the inadequate amount of support and encouragement they receive from the public, they might be less ready to censure the endeavours made in their service.

Mr. Honan has retired from the onerous service of Foreign Correspondent to the English press, and is now repairing his shattered health in rest and retirement. He promises, should his first volume be acceptable to the literary world, to furnish another, with sketches of his previous campaigns in equally interesting localities. We imagine he will receive encouragement enough to fulfil his promise. He has been a pleasant companion through the scenes he has introduced us to, and we will gladly take another journey with him when he is so inclined. An Irishman and a Roman Catholic, his work is free from prejudice and bigotry, and he makes the dry detail of information light, by the pleasant sparkles of wit and humour his versatile fancy throws over it.

THE KIND WORD.

It cheers the sorrowing pilgrim's heart;
 Gives vigour to his trembling step;
 Bids fear, and doubt, and tears depart;
 And care its anxious load forget.
 What music in its sound is heard!
 Oh! who that speaks it can regret—
 The kind word?

It cheers the menial's toilsome hours,
 And makes his arduous labours light;
 It strews the thorny path with flowers,
 The weak inspires with vig'rous might!
 Who then that hath its accents heard,
 Would cease to speak with glad delight—
 The kind word?