

intense against England. The conclusion of Father Burke's last lecture, where he quotes with great gusto Macaulay's New Zealander; the battle of Dorking; the Alabama settlement; the probability of Ireland yet becoming a state of the American Union, etc. is proof of this. The difficulty of the English in Ireland is a snake scotched not killed.

There are many topics descanted upon in Froude's work which we have not room to notice. It is an admirable contribution to the understanding of the Irish question, if it does not solve the problem. Those who want to know the history of the English in Ireland should possess themselves of this book, and they would do well also to get Father Burke's rejoinder. The Monk sometimes makes good points; but we are bound to say that he serves up much exploded statement as history which, though it might do very well before an admiring audience, will not serve his cause in the long run. His chief force is in reply to the sentiment and morality of the historian's positions, whose historical facts are incontrovertible. The ventilation which the subject has received will do good. The opinion expressed in many quarters that Father Burke had the best of the argument will be entertained chiefly by those who, ignorant of the facts, have read only the Monk's lectures, but have not perused Mr. Froude's book.

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## AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

I HAD a call from the Editor this New Year's Eve. I can see him now, as he stood with his left elbow resting on the mantelpiece and his head leaning upon his hand. He had an uneasy, hunted, grieved look that I had never seen—at least in such intensity—upon his countenance before.

I saw at once that the poor fellow was in a state of mind. By subtlety I led him on to the free unburdening of his soul,—the first, best medicine to the wounded spirit.

Standing there—at his feet the inseparable red satchel, bursting with MSS.; his coat out-swelling in great lumps and humps, from that overcrowding of the pockets called literary; and with eyes set in fixed, unmeaning stare at the crumbling ashes on the hearth,