

wealthy sunshine-friend, and the politician bent on "serving his country," he thus handles the author; though, as will be seen—with an author's experience,—he has a niche reserved for the critic too:—

Whene'er an author shows you meekly
 His last new book,
 And says all critics, daily, weekly,
 Its faults o'erlook,
 And praise it far beyond its merits—
 On this decide,
 He ranks himself with choicest spirits,
 And bursts with pride.

Whene'er a critic o'er his duties
 Still snarls and snaps;
 Affirms all faults, and speaks of beauties
 With cold "perhaps,"
 Hunts for small flaws with keenest pleasure
 From day to day;
 The man's a donkey; know his measure;
 And let him bray.

In reference to all such matters the "Bookseller" is the organ of the trade. Its monthly obituaries record the demise of bibliopolic notabilities; and its historical narratives tell of the grand achievements of publishing and bookselling enterprise. Moreover, as such, it professes to have glimpses behind the curtain; to know who the great unknowns are; and from time to time to let its readers into the secret. Since the death of T. K. Hervey a certain change has been noticable in the tone of the *Athenæum*, ascribable to the consequent changes in editorial generalship. A paragraph in the "Bookseller," for February, admits us into the *Athenæum*'s editorial sanctum, in its zeal on behalf of the occupant:

"The *Saturday Review*," says our Trade organ, "is supposed to be edited by a gentleman who has long been connected with the press—Mr. Cooke, formerly of the *Morning Chronicle*,—and he might be supposed to understand what is due from one literary gentleman towards another; yet, in the *Review* for February 12th, we find the editor of the *Athenæum*, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, designated as 'dull, pompous, factious, ill-informed, and inaccurate'; also as a 'garbler of historical evidence.' Has not the editor any control over the 'gentlemen' who condescend to write in the *Saturday Review*?"

So then, Mr. Hepworth Dixon is the new editor of the *Athenæum*. This at least accounts for the style in which Macaulay has been handled of late in the columns of that literary periodical. Again