

favourable notices, ingeniously culled from damnatory reviews; and a thousand other tricks of *The Trade*: have all been told long ago. But we see that the *Westminster Reviewer*, for April, in his "*Morals of Trade*," leaves out "*THE TRADE*" par excellence, to turn against the authors and their immoralities.

A deplorable picture he does draw of mercantile and trading morals, filling the ample canvass so thoroughly that we would gladly believe there is no room left for the author to be dragged into such company. "The remark of Dr. Darwin, that the law of the animal creation is, 'Eat and be eaten,' may be paralleled with respect to our trading community, of which the law appears to be, 'Cheat and be cheated!'" Unhappily the accusation does not appear for the first time in this *Westminster* article. The reviewer might have taken his motto from Tennyson's "*Maud*," with a singular appropriateness to the present condition of Europe:—

Is it peace or war? Better war! loud war by land and by sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.  
For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.

The author of "*The Morals of Trade*," has nothing to say against the booksellers, or if he has he keeps it to himself. But after noticing imagined comments on the misdoings of the mercantile world, from the Solicitor, the Barrister, and other representatives of professional respectability, not, in his estimation so entirely without sin as to justify them in casting the first stone, the Reviewer proceeds: "Does the condemnation come through the press? The condemned may remind those who write, of the fact, that it is not quite honest to utter a positive verdict on a book merely glanced through, or to pen glowing eulogies on the mediocre work of a friend, while slighting the good one of an enemy; and may further ask, whether those who, at the dictation of an employer, write what they do not think, are not guilty of the serious offence of adulterating public opinion."

It would seem indeed to be the fashion, among critical penmen of the present day, to make a special set at the author's weak points. Here, for example, is Dr. Charles Mackay's last effusion of the kind, in his satirical poem styled "*SAFE PREDICTIONS!*" After making his safe predictions of the patriot, the disconsolate widow, the