

Mr. Combe's views, which were entirely in unison with those of the author of the 'Vestiges.' But what is more conclusive than all this, is the fact that during the whole of that correspondence the person to whom we have referred invariably assumed Mr. Combe to be, and addressed him as the author of the 'Vestiges,' and this was never denied, or in any way contradicted by Mr. Combe. From these facts, and from that time forth, it became a settled conviction in his mind that Mr. George Combe was the author of the 'Vestiges'—and we are not surprised at it. It is upon this authority that the Catalogue of the British Museum has been altered, and the book will now be found under the head of George Combe." The person thus mysteriously intimated as one "whose name is second to none in the world of science," is understood to be Professor Owen. But the question he thus deals with is no scientific one, and we, for one, differ from him entirely as to any internal evidence of such authorship, in the style. If Combe be the author, death, we presume, must be held to put an end to that claim of courtesy which requires us to respect such author's secret. But the denial has been made in the most explicit terms, by Mr. Robert Cox, and others best qualified to do so. George Combe is certainly not the author of the "Vestiges." Its style is not his. Neither is it that of Robert Chambers. But under the old Edinburgh theory of its authorship, it is by no means improbable that George Combe is a *vestige* of the joint *creator* of the book; as Robert Chambers has long been suspected, and Professor Nichol long believed to be.

Returning to the *Bookseller*: its Trade Gossip; Monthly Obituary; Literary and Historical Sketches; and Notices of Books: are all interesting, well got up, and show things from a new point of view. It is well that the Trade should have its literary mouth-piece, if it be for nothing else than to show the author what it thinks of him. The tailor fully believes he makes the man, though popular proverb has long required nine tailors to complete such creation. We learn now that it is the bookseller who makes the author,—for which he ought only to be too thankful, without complaining of transatlantic booksellers' reprintings, and the like processes by which the hungry author is sometimes forced into the condition to inquire, in the words of old Eliphaz the Temanite:—Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind?

D. W.