

noticeable in reference to the secondary and altogether subordinate guild of book-makers: the authors,—manufacturers of what, after all, we presume the Trade look upon as mere raw material, till the MS. has passed through their refining manipulation of reader's copy, proofs, and sheets; and folders' and binders' hot-pressing, stitching, boarding, and binding; with all the advertising mysteries of preparatory announcement, and final notices of the press. Here, for example, is a word in defence of the bookseller,—not in his lofty capacity as enthroned in The Row, and giving final judgment of life or no-life, to the still unprinted MS. of the trembling author, guilty of a first work,—but as the mere retailer, the trader in books. See what high functions pertain to this, the mere diaconate of such literary priesthood:

“The bookselling business is rather like a profession than a trade; but, unfortunately, book-buyers, as a whole, are too prone to overlook this in all its bearings, for when they are desirous of consulting the intelligent bookseller professionally, they too frequently haggle with him in a manner they would feel ashamed to do with their butcher or tailor. A clergyman, we will suppose, wants materials for particular sermons; a barrister, particulars respecting some case in hand; a member of Parliament, some details for his speech: off each one goes to the bookseller, occupies a great deal of his time, and, after half an hour's talk, feels himself at liberty to cheapen a five-shilling book. All our trade-readers can supply scores of instances where this has been the case, and where the time spent over the customer has in value greatly exceeded the profit on the purchase, even when the full price has been paid—how much more, then, when the discount has been applied for?”

If such are the acolytes, what must the sovereign pontiffs of the Row be: the Longmans and Murrays, Simpkins, Whittakers, and Rivingtons? To such the author must approach, with his unborn work, disposing his manuscript at their feet with all the trembling awe with which the ancient suppliant laid his sacrifice on the altar, and propitiated the priest ere he dared to consult the sacred oracle! From such tribunal Milton—one of the immortals,—accepted his award of five pounds for a *Paradise Lost*. And James and Horace Smith—representatives of the commoner order of literary mortals,—have told the tale of their modern experience with the oracle. Their famous “*Rejected Addresses*,” now in a twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth London edition, and with incalculable American re-prints, became at first *rejected* addresses, in a sense they had not dreamt of when choosing the title. Their story is worth laying to heart. “Alas,” says one of them, in the preface to the eighteenth edition, when con-