

Bookseller tells us that Mr. Whitwell Elwyn,—formerly on the staff of the *Literary Gazette*,—now fills his chair. So also, all who are curious may cull from the *Bookseller's* gossip hints as to the editorial forces of *Bentley's New Quarterly*, the *Irish Literary Gazette*, the *Eclectic*, and a host of other periodicals, old and new.

Whatever editor or author specially desires to keep secret it forthwith becomes the duty of the *Bookseller* to hunt out and make public; for are not author and bookseller as naturally antagonistic as spider and fly, painter and picture-dealer, or architect and building committee? The monument of Dr. Johnson, in St. Paul's, is said, from its pose and barly proportions, to represent the author who felled the bookseller! Its vicinity to "The Row" has not, we fear, had all the moral weight on the fraternity haunting Ave Maria Lane, Amen Corner, and the neighbouring purlieus, that authors would desire. More recently an author, entertained at a booksellers' dinner, insisted on drinking Napoleon's memory, as one worthy to be had in reverence, at least by authors,—for did he not shoot a bookseller! No author's secret shall therefore be safe henceforth, if the *Bookseller* can ferret it out; and abundant thanks will reward the bibliopolic gossip for his zeal.

The world at large greatly covets a knowledge of all such literary secrets as are implied in anonymous publications; and, indeed, piqued by the lack of a full compliance with the cravings of its unreasonable curiosity, an "Eikon Basilike," a "Junius' Letters," or a "Vestiges of Creation," assume an importance far beyond their real worth. But for the best interests of literature: the independence of criticism, the perfect freedom of opinion, and the right of private judgment in scientific and literary as well as in theological expressions of heretical or unpopular opinions, we are inclined to believe that it is for the ultimate behoof of all, that so long as a writer chooses to publish anonymously—unless when dealing in personalities and slanders,—his right of withholding his name should be respected. The *Athenæum* may bandy words with the *Literary Gazette*, and receive its *quid pro quo*, and nobody the worse for it; but no man of good sense would willingly encourage the idea that instead of such literary abstractions, the beligerents are in reality Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. Shirley Brooks. This, however, our Canadian press has yet to a great extent to learn; and nothing tends more to