

He would admit one story or even two at a time, but they positively must be good ones, and, moreover, neither irreligious nor immoral. The present chronicler does not undertake to define what a good story is, but must be content with stating that Brown knew. Another thing which contributed to the success of his scheme was that, in selecting his manuscripts for the press, he was never forgetful in dealing with his contributors of the golden rule *nil invita Minerva*. If a poor scribbler, whose brain products were spun out to the highest possible attenuation, tried to thrust his wiredrawn imbecilities upon Brown's subscribers, the editor, mindful of their interests, felt obliged to turn a deaf ear to his importunity. Rather than be so unfaithful to his trust, B—— would even fall back upon his own resources, and sit down to a quiet chat, (steering clear, however, of the country parson and his pony,) with his friends. A good letter, he well knew, may be written out of nothing, that is, nothing external to the writer, in the way of facts to be communicated, if only the writer can put himself *en rapport* with the person to or for whom he is writing. This, in our humble opinion, was the secret of our friend the editor's success. Whether in original writing, or in selecting ready-made matter for his readers, Brown felt that he sympathised with them and they with him. The same kind of magnetism, so to speak, would have made him, had such been his vocation, a successful preacher. He was not, therefore, over anxious to conciliate people of all opinions, by imparting a neutral tint and savour of nothing in particular to his productions. He had decided views on some subjects. He abhorred cant, and laughed at prejudice; and had the hardihood to say so. He could not, for the life of him, be got to express any admiration for the present fashion of ladies' head-dress, or any love for so-called charitable bazaars. And so it came to pass that some of his views in theology, social science, and so forth, were regarded as slightly unorthodox; and an old lady or so was known to have shaken her head somewhat ominously, predicting that no good could come of a publication so little *prononcé* in favour of her particular form of religionism. Her nieces, however, would go on reading *The County*, and its talented editor was enabled, ere long, to retire with honour from his clerkship in the Verdleton Bank.