

The County is, or which comes to the same thing, shall be, an established fact, and its green and yellow covers shall be the ornament, that which they embrace the solace——

R.—Of the world in general. But you must have a good design for your wrapper. Let us talk of that next.

B.—Well, I am not much of a draughtsman; but I should think a Phoenix bearing a lighted torch, with the magic title *The County* in large small letters, issuing from the smoke of said torch, would be about the thing.

R.—Don't you think that might possibly suggest to a discerning public that the project, as well as your design, might end in smoke?

B.—Ah! I never thought of that. Perhaps the smoke, and for aught I know, the Phoenix too, had better be left out; but I shall leave that to you.

R.—Very well. The next thing is to canvass for subscribers. You must represent, in the clearest and most forcible manner, the urgent need of a magazine, and of such a magazine as *The County*.

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But, not to be tedious to our indulgent readers, it may be well to state shortly, the momentous issues of the foregoing dialogue. Brown was, undoubtedly, a bold young man; but not bolder than many who have gone before him. The magazine duly appeared, with or without the Phoenix, and gradually won its way into public favour. Its ground of acceptance was variety, attained, as the talented editor flattered himself, without pandering to the depraved taste, which obtains in literature, as in all else, for mere sweets. More than one magazine of the period was sweetmeat and nothing else, in the shape of a complication of more or less pretty or uninteresting tales, a certain amount of which, and no more, was dealt out in monthly instalments. Now Brown, our typical editor, had the wit to perceive that, of the periodical-reading public, not more than one individual in ten can read through more than one or two stories at a time, cut into lengths, without disgust. Brown, therefore, was careful not to overdo the public in this respect. Of all things in the world, he knew, there is nothing easier than to write a story; I don't say a good one, but one which a sufficient number of readers may be found to glance at. The chronicler of the present veracious narrative thinks he could turn out such an one by the yard, or furlong if necessary; but he would be very sorry to inflict such trash upon the public. Similarly Brown, being unable to secure out of his moderate means the services of Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. Anthony Trollope, was determined to condense the story-telling department within reasonable limits.

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