

say you to that ? it is local, and yet not too much centralised : it has an air of importance about it without being narrow-minded. There is an expansiveness about it, a power of comprehension. It seems to offer an open-armed embrace to the whole of that remarkable bit of territory which Mr. Anthony Trollope has done so much to immortalise.

B.—Well, never mind A. T. We are going to cut him out any how. It is a curious thing, by the way, that, present company excepted, the greatest living masters of prose and verse should both love the same initials, A. T.—: Anthony Trollope and Alfred Tennyson ; and that they should both excel in the same kind of way, in what is commonly called *naturalness* of style. Now this style, I take it, will soon become rather antiquated : the *sensational* is already worn threadbare ; the *immoral* I shall cheerfully leave to Miss Badone, who, by the bye, has just started a magazine on her own account : and I'm very glad I fell in with it the other day.

R.—Why so ?

B.—Why, because it gives me a point of departure for my magazine. I mean to steer straight for Miss B's. antipodes.

R.—You had better not put that in your prospectus, for Miss B. is still a power in the eyes of the public.

B.—A power of darkness, perhaps—I'll tell you what I saw in glancing over three numbers of her magazine.

R.—Not now, my good fellow : let us keep to our present subject. Are you satisfied about the name ?

B.—Perfectly. I fancy I see it now gleaming in green and yellow letters on the book-stand at Babblesbrook Station. The express train pulls-up for three minutes only, and as the magic name of *The County* is pronounced by the newsboy, a dozen heads and hands are forthwith thrust out of as many carriage windows ; the indispensable sixpence is cheerfully transferred to the palm of said newsboy, and the train rattles on, a dozen weary souls relieved of that painful *ennui*, which *Punch*, backed up by the *Standard*, and supported by Miss B.'s last No., had failed to dissipate.

R.—I really begin to think you believe the thing will answer, and that you are trying to make me as sanguine as yourself.

B.—Of course I am sanguine : nothing ever succeeded of which the originator was not sanguine.

R.—I beg your pardon : here is a notable instance to the contrary.

B.—Excuse me for interrupting you : but a general epigrammatic statement of that kind ought not to be called in question, because examples can always be adduced on both sides. The long and short of it is that,