

woman regularly, and I think old Printersink would give me credit to the extent of a little paper and blacking until the thing was fairly set afloat, as I believe it would be in three months.

R.—I am five years older than you and ten years wiser; and know better. I've been a clerk at Cash, Brothers & Co., for the last ten years, and have seen the *Verton Gazette* started, flutter through a precarious existence for five months, and then die a very natural death, to the great discomfiture of poor young Caxton, who lost his little all, and forthwith emigrated to New Zealand where he is now a keeper of sheep, surrounded by cackling little Caxtons.

B.—So much the better for him: but with regard to my project, I repeat, I'll knock the dulness out of this place. I'll give them something better to talk of than the weather; and the farmers, nay, the veriest clodhoppers who have attended village school for a twelve-month, shall have something to keep them awake over, or rather after, their cheese and ale.

R.—All this sounds very well: indeed the flowing style of your remarks convicts you of having read, for the very purpose of crushing me, some master of style within the last forty-eight hours.

B.—O, yes. You know how fond I am of those ancient worthies, Blair, Johnson, Addison and so on. And if those polished bits of satire served up in the *Spectator* and the *Rambler* used to go down so well with the public when about one man in fifty could read, *a fortiori* will my monthly budget, which shall contain something adapted to all tastes, be a great and lasting success.

R.—But you are not serious in saying that you intend to risk the whole or any portion of your next quarterly £15, less Income tax, in so hare-brained an undertaking.

B.—My dear Robinson, I'm not given to joking. I'm a man of few words, but as Capt. Cuttle's immortal friend (whose name I forget) says "them's my sentiments and I sticks to 'em."

R.—You are as obstinate as a woman, I see: and that's saying a great deal. But there is one little point you had better settle before going to print.

B.—There are many points, my friend, as many as in the first number of my publication: but what is the particular full stop you have in mind?

R.—You may call it a fool stop if you like. What I was thinking of is about the name.

B.—Ah! yes. That is one point on which I was about to ask your friendly advice, if you are friend enough to bear with me in my folly.

R.—Well you must of course be as unlike the unlucky *Gazette* as possible. That only professed to be a newspaper of a somewhat pretentious lite-