

visit to the place, must take infinite care how he calls upon any one in, or attaches himself to, the wrong circle; for there, to a certainty, he must remain. No power or address can save him, or, in other words drag him upwards, after making the false step—that is, always providing, and being it understood, that he is not an unmarried man with a competence or fortune. For, then, the case is entirely altered; the higher order, somehow or other, having always lots of daughters of a marriageable quality, whom they are anxious to see established in life, and for whose sake they are willing for a time to make a concession to the spirit of democracy.

Sometimes a very slender line of demarcation separates the visitable from the unvisitable; a sort of suburb is considered quite distinct from the town, and goes by a different name; and the houses standing separate, with gardens around them, the inhabitants are to all intents and purposes entitled to the benefits of such a position. But, while one end of the town is thus rendered fashionable, the other, even though divided by a bridge, enjoys not the same privilege; the houses may be as good, the gardens as spacious, yet those who dwell there must be content to call themselves town's-people, and to limit their ambition to the society which the place affords. Should it happen that a person of low origin, thriving in business, who has realised a fortune, chooses to retire from trade, and to establish himself in a good house in the town, in all probability he will not be visited; but if another individual in the same rank in life should acquire wealth elsewhere, no great matter how, and return to spend it in the place of his nativity, he will find no difficulty in getting into society.

Some persevering individuals, however, belonging to families which have no pretensions to dignity of birth, generally are found to rise to eminence in a country town; and should the name happen to be odd as well as vulgar, such as Cabbage, or Hoggins, or Snugs, or Ruggleton, the nature of the origin becomes manifest. There will be Mr. Ruggleton the banker, a very great man indeed; Mr. John Ruggleton the lawyer, very nearly, if not quite as great; then comes one Richard Ruggleton, scarcely acknowledged by his

proud relations, who keeps a secondary inn; James Ruggleton, a butcher, no connection at all, according to the statements of the grand people; while in some of the, shabbiest lanes and alleys, a barber's pole will be seen protruding from the door of an extremely small shop, with Thomas Ruggleton written beneath it; and a little lower down, a placard of board, with the following inscription painted nskew in white letters—"Mangling done here by Ann Ruggleton." The only roof uuder which these scions of the same stock meet, is the church. The Misses Ruggleton *par distinction*, the banker's daughters, walk up the principal aisle, attended by a servant in a bright blue livery coat, with bright yellow plush accessories, carrying their prayer-books; the lawyer's family are followed by a boy in pepper and salt, cuffed and collared with red, it not having been yet discovered the family liveries should always be the same; the inkkeeper's daughters walk in by themselves, and unluckily occupy a pew whence they can bow to their grand relations; the butcher's daughters sit in greater obscurity behind, but near to their cousins of the Dog and Duck, with whom they are upon terms of the closest intimacy, while the poorer sort establish themselves in the meaner order of seats. Ann Ruggleton thinks it hard that she cannot get the custom of these fine people, who are all of her own kith and kin, and whom she remembers to have been no better off than herself. The barber has turned radical, and abuses the aristocracy on account of the treatment which he has received from relations who look down upon him, and the butcher is sometimes restive; he is only conciliated at elections, and is hardly to be persuaded into voting the right way. A few other members of the family, such as the milliners, and the post-office Ruggletons, are content to visit their rich relations clandestinely as it were, that is, when they have no other company; they are wise enough to know that the rules imposed upon society are of a very despotic nature, and that the gentry of the town would object to meet them while they continued in the situation from which their relatives had raised themselves. In fact, while each complains of the pride of the other, the greater number are more or less