

with a coat of arms—crest, a stag passant; that Miss Humphries has sported a new bonnet, which must have come from London; and that all the Creswells have gone into mourning—facts, the two latter, at least, which, but for some extraordinary vigilance, could not have transpired until the following Sunday, when the church bells would of course bring out the whole population, and, should the weather prove fine, all attired in their very best.

There is generally very great diversity in the buildings of a small town; one tall mansion will have minikin neighbours on each side, little better than stalls; others are low, and occupy a large portion of ground; and some are oddly squeezed into corners, as if every inch of land was of the greatest consequence. Upon walking down the principal streets, we see through the shops, and back-parlour windows, pretty gardens filled with many-coloured flowers, or a sudden opening gives a bright glimpse of country. The rural air, and the excessive cleanliness of those shops, render them very attractive; even that of the butcher losing all its offensiveness in the absence of many of the appurtenances connected with the trade in larger places.

The servants belonging to a provincial town form one of its curiosities; they are distinguished alike from those domesticated in the country families, and those who are found in the metropolis. The women perhaps have an advantage in the comparison; they are fresher looking, and dress quite as gaily, but in a more picturesque style; the crowns of their caps reach a higher altitude, and the ribbons are of a more gaudy description. The male servitors are, on the other hand, anything but smart, either in appearance or manners. Their awkwardness seems to bid defiance even to the powers of a drill-sergeant; and, though as much adicted as their metropolitan brethren to standing at street doors, they never acquire the indolent lounge of the latter. If out of livery, there is no mistaking the man for the master, unless the latter be a very vulgar person indeed. Now, in London, the butler is sometimes the finer looking gentleman of the two, while the footmen perform the duties of their office with a grace which seems perfectly marvellous.

Nothing incommoded by their long canes, they open the carriage doors, let down the steps, and present their arms to the ladies with the greatest possible ease and facility; they glide about dressing-rooms amongst the bijouterie, without raising alarm in the breasts of the beholders, performing the offices required of them with perfect command of countenance and action; the most ridiculous circumstance occurring in their presence would fail to move them to laughter, and they never speak except in a most respectful manner, and upon occasions of absolute necessity. In fact, they are so well bred in their official capacity, that it is rather a puzzle to know how they conduct themselves in private life, and whether the servants' hall is not equally as decorous as the drawing-room. Country servants, on the contrary, find it impossible to contain their merriment when anything ludicrous is said or done; they are loquacious upon every occasion, and nine times out of ten, are tolerably certain of extinguishing the candles should they attempt to snuff them, and of spilling the coals out of the skuttle when called upon to make up the fire. It is but justice, however, to recollect that what may be wanting in dexterity and polish, is compensated by fidelity and attachment—virtues of greater value. The country-town servant, who brews the beer, milks the cows, works in the garden, grooms the horse, drives the pony chaise, and waits at table, forms another species of person, an active hard-working man of much respectability. But it is the show-servants of some of the superior establishments who afford the best subjects for caricature, and may generally be ranked amongst the absurdities of the place.

The aristocratic principle is beautifully illustrated in places such as we allude to. The town and its suburbs are sectioned into compartments, of at least a dozen degrees of rank; all differing from each other, yet all nicely shading off down and down, from the most exalted to the most humble and poverty stricken. The members of each class, thus, visit among themselves and only recognise those below them at odd out-of-the-way times, or when their dignity may not be compromised by an appearance of familiarity. A stranger, therefore, paying a passing