

or people will never forget that you was once a pedler. Hold your head up, step large, swing yours arms bravely, and seem to be somebody. In short, pray do be genteel."

"Well, well, wife," Trudge would reply; "I'll do as well as I can." The dialogue would usually go on pretty much as follows.

*Mrs. T.* Do as well as you can! and is that all that you have to say for yourself? Oh, dear, dear! I'm afraid I shall never make nothin' on you. One can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear, as Shakspeare says! Oh, Tom, Tom, I wish you had a little more *jinnysquaw*!

*Tom.* Jinnysquaw! What the mischief's that?

*Mrs. T.* Just as if you didn't know what jinnysquaw was! Oh, my dear Tom! you are as ignorant as the whipping-post. Not know what jinnysquaw is! Oh, dear, dear! This comes of not knowing French. Why, jinnysquaw is a—a—a kind of something-or-other—that—nobody knows nothing about—that is to say—it is a kind of can't-tell-ish-ness. For instance, if a person has a very genteel air, they say, "*He's got the true jinnysquaw.*" All the people who have been to Paris talk a great deal about it; and I'll tell you as a secret, Tom—Dick Flint whispered in my ear, the other night at Mrs. Million's party, and he told me I had the real French jinnysquaw! Now what do you think of that?

*Tom.* What do I think of it! I think he's an impudent jackanapes, and you are a—!

*Mrs. T.* Hold your tongue, Tom—hold your tongue! Dick Flint's the height of fashion: everybody is running after him. He's been abroad sir—yes, he's been abroad, sir! That's more than you can say for yourself.

So, hold your tongue, and listen to me. Try to be a gentleman, as becomes your station. Hold up your head, carry a stiff upper lip, and keep up an important air. There should always be about a person of consequence, something which says, "Clear the road, for *I* am coming."

*Tom.* I suppose you mean the jinnysquaw.

This last observation was made by Tom with a quizzical look, as if he was poking fun at his spouse. But she took it in good part, for she was too well satisfied with herself to suspect that she could be the object of ridicule.

We have thus given some idea of certain vexations which marred the happiness of Squire Trudge. Nor was this the only evil of his lot. Though he had a sort of impression that he was so rich as to justify any degree of extravagance, yet he was sometimes disturbed by the sums of money which his ambitious wife lavished upon her follies.

Nor was that lady wholly without her annoyances, however she might seem to be floating upon a sea of bliss. She could not but feel the superiority of Mrs. Million, who was a woman of talent and education, and the only mode she had to supply her own deficiency, was to excel her rival in dash and splendor. Accordingly, she had fine horses and a splendid carriage. She gave parties, at which there was always an abundant feast. She appeared in the most costly dresses, and carried every fashion to its height.

While she affected to despise and hate Mrs. Million, she imitated her in everything. At last, she became so complete a caricature of that fashionable dame, that everybody discovered the ridiculous resemblance.