

Mrs. Million, far from being flattered by seeing such a grotesque reflection of herself, was infinitely more exed at the involuntary homage thus rendered by Bridget, than she could have been by her envy and spleen.

A new fancy now crept into the brain of our heroine. Mrs. Million had just got a piano from New York, and, as it was the only one in the town, and a great rarity in those days, it excited quite a sensation among the fashionable circles of Buckwheat. Perceiving this, and determined to be behind in nothing, Bridget resolved to get one, and a much more splendid one than Mrs. Million's. Accordingly the following conversation ensued between herself and Tom the next morning.

*Mrs. T.* My dear Mr. Trudge, I wish you had been at Mrs. Million's last night. She's got the beautifullest *pianny* in her parlor that you ever see. Now I want you to send to New York for one for me, and I want to have the beautifullest that can be got.

*Tom.* What's the use of sending to New York? Can't you get one here?

*Mrs. T.* Get one here, indeed! not a bit of it. Beside, nothing will do but one all the way from New York.

*Tom.* Well, well! I'll see about it.

*Mrs. T.* Well, let it be here on Thursday, for my *sorry*—that's a good man!

Here the conversation ended, and, on the appointed day, a huge tub, set on wheels, and painted green, was brought from New York, and trundled into the front entry of the Trudges. The tub contained a splendid group of *pecnies*, in full bloom.

"What *have* you got there?" said Mrs. Trudge to her husband, who

was standing by. "Why the *pianny*, to be sure," says Tom. "The *pianny*!" said his wife, throwing up her hands; "the *pianny*! What a ridiculous blunder! Oh, Tom, Tom, you'll break my heart! You've no more hedication than a heath-hen. I axed you to get me a *pianny*, and you have got a me a *pianny*."

Here Mrs. Trudge sobbed aloud, and it was a long time before poor Mr. Trudge could be made to understand the mistake he had made. He was at last compelled to order the piano, even though it cost four hundred dollars, and he considered the peace with his wife, which he thus purchased, to have been cheaply obtained.

Another vexation which Mrs. Trudge experienced, arose from her servants. Sometimes she was familiar, sometimes imperious and tyrannical. She therefore secured neither the respect nor affection of those around her. She was accordingly accustomed to indulge in the fashionable outcry against her "*help*."

An incident which throws some light upon this topic, it may be worth while to relate. Mrs. Million had recently introduced bells into her house, and Bridget followed suit. The servants conceived a dislike to being thus summoned into the presence of their mistress. It struck them not only as an innovation, but as a rude and harsh mode of calling them. Mrs. Trudge's manner was not calculated to allay this aversion, for while the bells were being put up, she seemed to assume a loftier tone than usual.

When they were at last arranged, she attired herself in a splendid satin dress, took a bottle of hartshorn, reclined luxuriously upon a sofa, and then pulled the bell-rope, which was near. She waited a little, but no one came at the summons. She pulled