

the bride by a lady friend, the strange present being accompanied by this quatrain:

"This trifling gift accept from me;
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine, use the brushy part;
In storms the other end."

The sentiments of another of the gentler sex were equally humorously and tersely conveyed when she thus expressed herself regarding matrimony: "Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you? you wretches!"

Slightly ironical with regard to the fair creatures was one of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration: "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself." This reminds us that an old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following: "Marriage—the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth." But this was somewhat atoned for by a more gallant wedding guest, who, at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily wished them unspeakable bliss.

To talk humorously on such occasions requires thought before speech, lest one should be considered more amusing than complimentary. To quote a case in point. A gentleman was walking down the street the other day with his friend, Jackson, when they met a clergyman. The reverend gentleman, though possessed of a large brain, has but a diminutive body to support it. Quite recently he had united himself, for good or ill, to a buxom widow. The minister blushed a little as they passed. "What is the meaning of that, Jackson?" asked his companion. "Well, you see," was the reply, "we had a tea-fight at the minister's shortly after he was married. I was called upon to make a speech. You know you are expected to be humorous on such occasions, so I referred in a casual way to the minister as the widow's mite. He has acted strangely ever since."

A farmer was at an agricultural banquet at which a round of successful generals were being toasted. Some gave one famous name and some another. When it came to his turn to add to the list, he said: "I'll give ye Sanders Pirgivic, o' Crichtondean, for he had a sair fecht wi' the world a' his life—an honest man wi' a big family!" That was a novel, if homely sentiment.

Appropriate, but not very enlivening or comforting, must have appeared the toast lately said to have been proposed at a banquet given to a writer of comedies in honor of his latest work. A waggish guest rose to his feet and said: "The au-

thor's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

This toast was given at a recent convivial gathering: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench." As pithy, and, if anything, still more to the point, was the following, given at a dinner of shoemakers: "May we have all the women in the world to shoe, and all the men to boot."

These last expressions of sentiment must, we imagine, be after the style recommended by Charles Lamb when he gave some advice about speech-making to this effect: "A speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience;" and he tells how, being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, and said 'Gentlemen,' and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.—Chambers' Journal.

A MODERN PYGMALION.

(From London Truth.)

This is the tragedy of a hunchback—not a hunchback of amazing strength; like the foundling of "Notre Dame de Paris;" not a "poisonous hunchback's toad," like Richard Duke of Gloucester; not a hunchback with long nose, goggle eyes, and protruding breast, like the genial gentleman who from Fleet-street jokes his weekly fun at the world. Our hunchback was very much other than these.

Pygmalion Smith (for I owe it to many now living to conceal the true names of the persons of my tragedy) was a hunchback of no ordinary type. True, his spine, like Pope's, was an animated note of interrogation. This he had in common with all his race. But his legs and arms were strong and supple beyond the average of other men, and his head, neck and face were of the noblest type that Nature knows of. Added to this, the heart of a transcendent genius beat beneath his crumpled chest.

At the time of which I write, Pygmalion Smith had proved himself to be the foremost of living sculptors. Of an obscure peasant-farmer stock, at the age of thirty this man found himself sought out, courted and flattered by the men and women of taste of our most exclusive aristocracy. Dukes deferred to him, Duchesses showed a desire to pet him; but Pygmalion would have none of that. He was conscious of his own superiority, and refused to be treated like a tame bear. He never once let abated his independence, but, if people were content to worship him, well and good. He rather liked it. And this uncompromising self-reliance had made a thing possible, which certainly at the time had

taken the world by surprise, but in which it had acquiesced, when accomplished, with a quite becoming resignation. This Pygmalion Smith, of obscure peasant birth and breeding, had wooed and won the most beautiful debutante of a season, the granddaughter of an Earl, the rage of every inflammable butterfly of the ball-room.

Hermione Farrington, which name conceals the identity of the most lovely and dainty of the debutantes of our century's eighth decade, was something more than a pink-and-white dressed-up doll. She was a genuine woman, high-spirited, and fired by the loftiest ideals. As a child she had hated dolls and fluffy lambs, that squeaked when hit about their middles, and to her the toad, which she visited daily, and kept in a hole in the garden, was worth a world of dolls, a flock of fluffy silences. For long hours Hermione and that solemn toad would sit and gaze at one another, until a wonderful fairy story wove itself in her brain, in which she became the toad's bride. What story wove itself, on the other hand, in the old toad's brain as he sat and gazed in her beautiful face we have no means of knowing; and now Hermione was the bride of a hunchback, and she knew that her "Richard," however much any Queen Margaret might call him "hunchback's toad," wore "yet a precious jewel in his head."

She was immensely proud of her husband, and loved him as only a faithful single-hearted woman could, and he, poor sensitive fellow that he was, loved her passionately, jealously, nay, almost despairingly, for how could so peerless a beauty, so unrivalled a woman, he asked himself, see more in him to love than in many another? How could it be other than a passing caprice which had led her to bestow herself upon him? Nature had designed her for marriage with an Antinous, and he was at best but a "pocket Hercules." Any how he could and would do this much for her. He would make such a transcending marble portraiture of her that, so long as the Dying Gladiator had lasted, so long should her beauty last to gladden and delight the world.

Now Pygmalion held, with some, that true art depends not upon choice of subject or choice of dress, but wholly upon the treatment which subject and dress meet with at the hands of the artist. He, therefore, determined that this portrait of Hermione should be a piece of true modern realism. And, as he had been carried away by his first passion, when he saw her dressed in a white lace ball-gown, with bare arms and neck, thrown back tired from the dance, half recumbent on a sofa, so he determined that her portrait should go down to posterity. The canons of classic art might be against him, but what cared Pygmalion? Transcendently beau-