

were contrasted; the former being due to the centrifugal extension of the original roots by their prefixes, suffixes and infixes, by which they were adapted to signify more numerous and more delicate expressions of thought. But by tracing back in languages the identities of roots, the simplicity of their primitive natures was made out. The evidences of the languages of savages bore strongly on this point. The comprehensiveness of language was indicated by the two millions of words which are recognized in the English language; but Shakespeare has expressed all the effects and the results of his numerous plays and characters by the use of fifteen thousand. Tracing all these words back to their original sources, they are reduced to eight hundred roots, and these again in turn are reducible to one hundred and twenty concepts. The science of thought was imposed upon the science of language, and the origin of roots from imitative sounds, such as the bellowing of bulls, and the barking of dogs, was deemed insufficient for the general expression of thoughts by language; and the effects and results following upon action were preferably regarded as giving rise to the conceptions by which language and thought had been linked together.

—A new paper out West has started under difficulties. It tells its own story as follows:—"We begin the publication of the *Roccy Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistague was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. This is no joque of ours—it's a serious aphphair."

—When asked to write her autobiography, George Eliot once said:—"The only thing I should care to dwell on would be the absolute despair I suffered from, of ever being able to achieve anything. No one could ever have felt greater despair; and a knowledge of this might be a help to some struggler."

—An interesting discovery has very recently been made in the direct line between Pompeii and Nocera. The digging of a well in a vineyard revealed the existence of a street of tombs, about one thousand feet east of the amphitheatre of Pompeii. If the whole street is as closely lined with tombs as in the portion laid bare, it will be one of the most important discoveries lately made in that part of the world, but, unfortunately, money is wanting, so that the excavation is going on very slowly. Most of the tombs are covered with rude inscriptions painted in red, many of them being in the nature of advertisements, the tombs thus serving the purpose of a newspaper along the much frequented road. The exact date