

that *s* never becomes *h*, when immediately after we may have to say that *replisitus* (*replicitus*) is syncopated into *repliktus* (*replictus*)? After the conclusion of the paper and the discussion that followed it, a resolution was passed appointing a committee to draw up a scheme for the reform of the present pronunciation of Latin, which should be submitted to the society at a subsequent meeting.

*Writing good English.*—Orthodox divines tell us that, though heresy may seem to be an error of the intellect alone, it really springs from some deep-seated moral disease. It would be possible in like manner to make out profound moral causes for the writing of bad English. For example, the sinful pride which scorns to look into a dictionary is doubtless answerable for much of the prevailing abuse of words. In old days, when a man met with a hard word, he went and looked it out in the dictionary. But novelists and essayists sneered at the people who took this sensible course until it came to be thought that to use a dictionary was to proclaim oneself a dunce. People now suppose that they understand long words, as a Cambridge man is said to have maintained that he understood Euclid's propositions, "by intuition." Vanity, of course—the vanity of using hard words, or fine words, or the slang in vogue—has much to do in producing bad English; so also has deliberate choice of bad models. This last it may be said is a mere error of judgment, of taste; but not so. A man who goes to church, says the responses, and reads his Bible, as a good Christian and Churchman should, becomes so habituated to noble and rhythmical English that no other will please him. If he neglects his Sunday duties, goes to music-halls to hear comic songs, and confines his reading to the penny papers, we leave it to religious tracts to say what is to become of him spiritually, but certain it is that for his literary style there can be no hope. And with him, as with other sinners, the difficulty will be to convince him of his sad estate. Seriously, to write good English is no such simple matter as is commonly supposed. To abstain from using words which one does not understand is perhaps the first and the earliest step towards the desired end.—*The Saturday Review*.

*Bodley's Librarian.*—The Bodleian Library, at Oxford, is second only to the Library of the British Museum in Great Britain. The office of Librarian in this institution is naturally a post of great importance, and was lately left vacant by the lamented death of H. O. Coxe. The position, to which a salary of £1,000 a year is attached, has been lately the object of keen competition, and has been assigned to Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, M.A., formerly Librarian of the Oxford Union, and, more recently, of the London Institution. Mr. Nicholson is also well known to readers of *The Academy*. The appointment was rather a surprise to some Oxford Dons who were in the field, but is believed to be in every way highly satisfactory. The choice of the Curators must be approved by Convocation, but in all likelihood this will be a purely formal matter.