

reader unconsciously ceases to distinguish between the lesson and the "story-part;" tales of heroes, in which the charm of fancy is allowed to play around historic fact, so as to colour, but not dim, its truth, and which are made the basis for inculcating some brave strong lesson of honour or duty, or of Christian forgiveness in contrast with heathen revenge. Not from these, and such as these, does the evil come. It lies in the numerous publications best termed juvenile novels, which, instead of bringing a girl's imagination into healthy play, load it with scenes and characters totally unlike those which surround her in her quiet home and school-room life, besides being frequently either false in colouring, or most undesirable to be laid before the opening faculties of a simple child.—*Englishwoman's Journal*.

3. ON ERRORS IN SPEAKING AND WRITING.

My first remark shall be, on the trick now so universal across the Atlantic, and becoming in some quarters common among us in England, of leaving out the "u" in the termination "*our*"; writing *honor*, *favor*, *neighbor*, *Savior*, &c. Now the objection to this is not only that it makes very ugly words, totally unlike anything in the English language before, but that it obliterates all trace of the derivation and history of the word. It is true that *honor* and *favor* are derived originally from Latin words spelt exactly the same; but it is also true that we did not get them direct from the Latin, but through the French forms, which ended in "*eur*." Sometimes words come through as many as three steps before they reach us—

"'Twas Greek at first; that Greek was Latin made:
That Latin, French; that French to English straid."

Lay and *lie* seem not yet to be settled. Few things are more absurd than the confusion of these two words.

To *lay* is a verb active transitive; a hen *lays* eggs. To *lie* is a verb neuter; a sluggard *lies* in bed. Whenever the verb *lay* occurs, something must be supplied after it; the proper rejoinder to "Sir, there it *lays*," would be "*lays what?*" The reason of the confusion has been, that the past tense of the neuter verb *lie* is *lay*, looking very like part of the active verb: "I *lay* in bed this morning." But this, again, is perverted into *laid*, which belongs to the other verb.

There seems to be some doubt occasionally felt about the apostrophe which marks the genitive case singular. One not uncommonly sees outside an inn that "fly's" and "gig's" are to be let. In a country town, blessed with more than one railway, I have seen an omnibus with "RAILWAY STATION'S" painted in emblazonry on its side.

"Sanitary" and "Sanatory" are but just beginning to be rightly understood. "Sanitary," from "*sanitas*," Latin for soundness or health, means appertaining to *health*; "sanatory," from *sano*, to cure, means appertaining to *healing* or *curing*. "The town is in such a bad *sanitary* condition, that some *sanatory* measures must be undertaken."

First and foremost let me notice that worst of faults, the leaving out where it ought to be, and putting in where it ought not to be, the aspirate. This is a vulgarism not confined to this or that province of England, nor especially prevalent in one county or another, but common throughout England to persons of low breeding and inferior education, principally to the inhabitants of towns. Nothing so surely stamps a man as below the mark in intelligence, self-respect, and energy, as this unfortunate habit; in intelligence, because, if he were but moderately keen in perception, he would see how it marks him; in self-respect and energy, because, if he had these, he would long ago have set to work and cured it. Hundreds of stories are current about the absurd consequences of this vulgarism. You perhaps have heard of the barber who, while operating on a gentleman, expressed his opinion that, after all, the cholera was in the "*hair*." "Then," observed the customer, "you ought to be very careful what brushes you use." "Oh, Sir," replied the barber laughing, "I didn't mean the *air* of the *ed*, but the *hair* of the *hatmosphere*."

I have known cases where the fault has been thoroughly eradicated, at the cost, it is true, of considerable pains and diligence. But there are certain words with regard to which the bad habit lingers in persons not otherwise liable to it. We still sometimes, even in good society, hear "*ospital*," "*erb*," and "*umble*,"—all of them very offensive, but the last of them by far the worst.

The English Prayer-book has at once settled the pronunciation of this word for us, by causing us to give to God our "*humble* and *hearty* thanks" in the general thanksgiving. *Umb*le and *hearty* no man can pronounce without a pain in his throat; and "*umblanarty*" he certainly never was meant to say; *humble* and *hearty* is the only pronunciation which will suit the alliterative style of the prayer, which has in it, "not only with our *lips*, but in our *lives*." If it be urged that we have "*an humble* and contrite heart," I answer, so

have we "*the strength of an horse*," but no one supposes that we were meant to say "*a norse*." The following are even more decisive: "*holy and humble men of heart*;" "*thy humble servants*," not *thine*. And the question is again settled in our times, by the satire of Dickens in "*David Copperfield*." "I am well aware that I am the umblest person going," said Uriah Heep, modestly, "let the other be who he may. My mother is likewise a very umble person. We live in an umble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was umble, he was a sexton."

Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short will do. Call a spade a spade, not a *well-known oblong instrument of manual husbandry*; let home be *home*, not a *residence*; a place a *place*, not a *locality*; and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and, in the estimation of men who are qualified to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say: and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are.—*Dean Alford*.

4. CATALOGUE OF EXISTING BOOKS.

A French bibliophilist has made this calculation: "The learned Struve has written that it would be easier to transport Mt. Atlas than to write a universal bibliography, that is, a catalogue of all existing works, and that this catalogue would fill 150 folio volumes. I believe that 300 volumes would be found inadequate. There are above 3,500,000 printed works, and supposing that each of these is composed of three volumes, and that 300 copies of each were printed, the number of volumes would be above 3,313,000,000; but at least two-thirds of this enormous mass have been destroyed, consequently we have left in all the private and public libraries in the world only 1,104,588,000 volumes. If all these volumes were placed side by side, they would form a straight line of 23,010 miles."

5. THE NEW BOOKS OF 1863.

According to the *Publishers' Circular*, 3,878 is the number of titles of publications issued in the past year. This falls in a trifling degree short of the number in 1862, which amounted, after similar deductions, to exactly 3,913. These figures, however, though interesting in some respects, afford really little indication of the relative prosperity of the trade in different years. Of course, if the number of titles of new works fell greatly in any particular year, it could not but indicate some real depression. But the true index of prosperity does not lie in the number of titles, which remain pretty nearly stationary from year to year, but in that far less easily ascertainable indication, the number of issues.

6. ENGLISH EXPORT OF BOOKS.

The export of English books to the States of America fell from £140,000 worth in 1859 to less than half that value in 1861, and the returns now published show that in 1862, it was little over £50,000. The export to Australia has also fallen off considerably; in 1859 it exceeded £126,000, in 1861 it was but £110,900, in 1862 only £97,000. The export of English books to France has risen greatly; in 1859 it only amounted to £9,569, in 1862 it was £16,355. To British North America we send books in a year to the value of about £23,000, to the West Indies £17,000, and the export to India and that set down as being made to Egypt amount to about £125,000. The value of our books exported in the year 1860 was as high as £494,845; in 1861 it fell to £445,358, and in 1862 to £415,203; but in the first 11 months of 1863 it had recovered to £408,957. Our imports of books in 1862 were of the value of £101,053.

7. LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The Southern States of the American Republic have hitherto done very little in literature. A recent exception has lately appeared in London, being "*The Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin*," a history of the fourteenth century, by D. F. Jamison, of South Carolina. The "*Reader*," reviewing this work, says: "Mr. D. F. Jamison, of South Carolina, has, he tells us, devoted eight years of his life to a research into chronicles and manuscripts