

tion, may foster and perpetuate a popular mispronunciation. The rhyming of "love" and "move" is harmless, because there is nowhere a tendency to sound these words alike. The rhyming of "love" with "grove" is not quite so unobjectionable, because "love" is a rare provincialism, as well as the usual pronunciation of foreigners. The rhyming of "tone" and "none" is actually mischievous, because it tends to spread a very common vulgarism.

It would be a hard task to determine how far certain familiar lines have added to the vitality of mispronunciations. How far, for example, is the prevalence of one of the quaintest vagaries of his native brogue attributable to the great popularity of Oliver Goldsmith's "Traveller," of which the following is the second couplet :

"Or onward, where the rude Carinthian *boor*
Against the houseless stranger shuts the
door."

In less widely-read poems, Mrs. Browning and Owen Meredith follow suit :

"For where my worthiness is *poor*
My will stands richly at the *door* ;"

and,

"Her carriage drew up to the bookseller's
door,
Where they publish those nice little books
for the poor."

Has the question of the far-famed crow—

"Unto his *mate*,
"What shall we do for bread to *eat* ?"—

nothing to do with the frequency of another Irishism? Would any one misaccentuate "contrary" on the second syllable but for the immortal "Mistress Mary, quite contrary," of the nursery rhyme? Or is the sublime muse of Mother Goose only embodying a current error in this line, as she evidently is in the tale of Mother Hubbard's unhappy dog, which expected a "bone," but got "none."

There are a few people, who, whether from ignorance, contrariety, or an ultra-Quaker view of the nature of truth, persist in sounding "wander," "wan," "war," as they are spelt. How much has the number of these persons been increased by such oft-repeated distichs as those that follow?—

"Goosey, goosey, *gander*,
Where do you *wander* ?"

and,

"His face with age was *wan*
And skeletons of nations
Were around that lonely *man.*"

in Campbell's "Last Man," and

"But hark! through the far-flashing light-
ning of *war*,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and
far?"

in his still more universally known "Lochiel's Warning." Other desperate assaults have been made on the orthodox pronunciation of "war," by

"Dalhousie, the great god of *war*,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of *Mar* !"

by Byron's

"Young hussar,
The whiskered votary of love and war ;"

by Mrs. Hemans'

"King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his
war ;"

and by many equally redoubted champions; so that the wonder is, not that the wrong sound of the word should be heard in some northern counties of England, but that the right sound should be heard anywhere.

In a well-known hymn (not by a New Englander, despite this internal evidence), "home" is the slovenly partner of "come :"

"The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !"

And "Owen Meredith," in his "Babylonia" (was it to delight his