

have two classes in name only, and that not until the second term. These classes have the same lessons each day and are combined in some subjects. Unless one class is distinctly in advance of the other, this plan is not of much benefit. There are bright and regular pupils and there are dull and irregular ones. They should be sifted in order that the one class may not retard the other, and the first will forge ahead while the second will drag. Promotion and degrading will be found an excellent lever with all. If there are two grades in one room the pupils fit to grade at the end of the first term generally get justice done there and are advanced, which is seldom done when it involves a change of room.

For the REVIEW.

Notes on English.

Here is a clipping from what professes to be an educational periodical, a 'sample copy' of which has just been received. I hope the REVIEW printer will let his readers have the little poetic gem *without italics*.

When a mounting skylark sings
In the sunlit summer morn,
I know that heaven is up on high,
And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings
In the moonlit summer even,
I know not if earth is merely earth,
Only that heaven is heaven.

— Christina Rossetti.

(a) Analyze the extract so as to show the clauses of which it is composed, stating their kind and connection.

(b) Classify the words in italics, and give their functions.

(c) Select the (I.) adjectival clauses, (II.) adverbial clauses, and show clearly their grammatical relation to the words with which they are connected in sense.

If any one thinks he can do justice to such an outrage on such an exquisite bit of poesy, let him do it by all means. I give it up.

The same periodical fills a gap at the foot of a column with this maxim of Locke's:—"The great thing to be minded in education is, what habits you settle." Do the grammar-fiends ever think of this when drilling their pupils into the habit of looking upon poetry as mere raw material for exercises in parsing and analysis and other grammar-mongering abominations!

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The following note on the figurative use of *chewing* may interest some student of our language and literature. It was handed in by a member of a Shakespeare class, in connection with the first passage quoted.

A FEW WORDS UPON CHEWING.

"Till then, my noble friend, *chew* upon this."

— *Julius Caesar*, I. 2. 111.

"He left a promise to return again

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."

— *As You Like It*, 4. 3. 100.

Perhaps if the commentators who stumbled over the meaning of the quotation from "*As You Like It*," had adopted the comparative method, and read these two passages in relation, the one from Julius Caesar might have assisted them. Then they might have found in Bacon's Essay on Studies, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be *chewed* and digested." In the Church of England collect, we pray that we may read, mark, learn and inwardly *digest* the scriptures, which certainly presupposes *chewing* them. I wonder if the saucy small boy in Shakespeare's day said to his mother, if she looked troubled, "What's *chewing* you, old lady?"

The "*As You Like It*" passage is usually misquoted, "*Chewing the cud*, etc." If readers will turn up their Shakespeares to verify this statement they may find the line reading "*chewing the cud*," but until forty years ago no edition of the play ever gave it that way. It was Staunton in 1858 who first changed the *food* of all the old texts into *cud*, and he has been followed by Dyce, Collier and Hudson. But long before 1858 the *cud* form was that in which the line was generally quoted. In the fourth chapter of *Waverley* (written in 1805), Scott quotes it so, and in his introduction to *Quentin Durward* (1823) he makes the strange statement that "all authorities" are in favour of that reading.

Except in the editions mentioned, the word *cud* does not occur anywhere in Shakespeare. And the same is true of *tobacco*, although this word is quite common in the plays of his contemporary, Ben Jonson.

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A correspondent asks about the pronunciation of the name of the last letter in our alphabet. *Our* alphabet is the English one, and the English pronunciation of *z* is *zed*. The last letter in the United States' alphabet seems to be *zee*. That probably goes quite well with *know* for *cow*, and *destrick* for *district*, and *shyule* for *school*, and *waarm* for *warm*. It is often amusing to see the pitying contempt for our ignorance of our own language which United States folks show when they hear us say *zed*. They seem to think us in the same state of educational darkness as the cockney found the country-people in. On his return to London he told his chums that these poor ignorant wretches didn't know any better than to call an 'oss, *a hooss*.

How long *z* has been called *zed* we shall not probably know for certain until that dim date in the distant