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A CHILD SHALL LEAD.

The doors of a great church stood open;
The worship was soon to begin;
Among, yet apart, from the people
Stole swiftly and guiltily in
A sorrowful girl—a transgressor—
Grown sick of the service of Sin.

In their places stood up the sweet singers,
And led in a Sabbath-day song;
On their virtuous knees knelt the good folk,
And prayed for salvation from Wrong.
The singing was tuneful and praiseful;
The praying was fervent and long.

A great man stood up in the pulpit
A very great sermon to preach—
A marvel of intricate thinking—
A marvel of scholarly speech;
And up in fine fancy he floated,
Away from all commonplace reach.

The girl, as I said, was a sinner;
She listened as well as she could,
With a heart that was hopeless and bitter,
To a service not half understood;
And she thought: "Oh! the song's for the happy,
And the prayer and the talk for the good!"

In the silence that waits for the blessing
Her face was so haggard and wild,
It smote with a feeling like pity
The heart of her neighbor—a child—
Who laid, with a child's tender impulse,
A hand on the bad hand—and smiled.

Dear touch of a baby! The woman
Grew suddenly, tearfully blind;
('Twas long since her hand had known pressure
Of fingers both sinless and kind;)
Swift out of her past came her childhood
Her soul in its error to find.

While the minister rested at evening,
Content with the work of the day;
While the fair little child on her pillow
Was dreaming the darkness away,
The sad girl, with penitent weeping,
Kneeled down by her bedside to pray.

Ah! sweetly the blessing of music
O'er care-laden spirits may roll,
And strongly the heart of the preacher
The thought of the hearer control;
But surely the heart of compassion
Appeals to the wanderer's soul!

MY WIFE'S SILK DRESS.

We'd only been married about six months, and the novelty hadn't begun to wear off. Fannie called me her "dear Charles," besides numberless pet names. It might have sounded rather foolish to old maids, bachelors and sober married folks, but to us, it was an altogether different thing. We loved each other then, as no words can express—my darling blue-eyed Fannie!

I was only twenty-two, and Fannie was just seventeen, so of course we had neither of us seen a great deal of the world; but I had never thought that Fannie could possibly love any one but her "dear Charles." Jealous of Fannie? bless me! But remember, my boy, it is just when one feels most secure in the love of a woman that she trips. Perhaps I should never have suspected anything, but for my particular friend Tibbs. He warned me first. You see Tibbs is a gentleman of leisure.

The week before I was married, Tibbs was busy all the while making preparations. Tibbs selected half the furniture for the house. He put it in order. The piano should stand there, the lounge here, and the whatnot should be in this corner. This splendid landscape must hang here, where the light was good, another painting in water-colors by my dear Fannie, should hang here, it would look *better* in the *shade*. Fannie couldn't exactly see that, but then as Mr. Tibbs was a particular friend of her dear Charles she had all confidence in him.

Tibbs was groomsman, of course. He was the first person that kissed my wife after the ceremony was performed. He took the first piece of our wedding-cake. He helped himself first at the marriage feast, and poor Mrs. Brown (my dear Fannie's mother), good old soul, being easily confounded and muddled in her ideas, became confused, and took Tibbs by the hand, and with great tears in her eyes begged him to be a good kind husband to her daughter; and Tibbs, one of the most accommodating men you ever saw, promised he would, and then my dear Fannie's mother gave him a great rousing kiss.

We were off upon our wedding tour a month. When we returned, Tibbs stood in the door of our new house to receive us. He kissed my wife again. Now Tibbs is a very particular friend of mine, but I don't like to have a *particular* friend make a regular practice of kissing my dear Fannie. But nevertheless I was very thankful to Tibbs for all his kindness to me.

But at last, when Fannie's birthday was approaching, I bethought me to make her some sort of a present. But what should I get her? That puzzled me. I was just passing Crumlet's, and through the blinds I saw Tibbs sitting in an easy-chair, with a paper in his hand.

"Ah, yes, there's Tibbs. He can decide the question."

Tibbs sprang up and grasped my hand, as though he hadn't seen me for a fortnight.

"Bless you, ole fellah, how are yer?"

"Lovely, my cherub, quite lovely, only it's rather warm."

"Jest so," said Tibbs, with such an angelic smile on his countenance.

"Ah, well—Tibbs!"

"Well, my dear Charlie."

"Fannie's birthday is approaching—of course she will expect a present. Of course she must have one. Now what would you advise. What sort of a present?"

"Present? Well, let me think," and Tibbs stroked his whiskers. "Why, a silk dress, a diamond necklace, any sort of jewelry, or poodle dog, silver mounted, a saddle horse, or a coach and four, or a—"

"Pshaw! Do you remember what my income tax was?"

"Well, I didn't know but you wanted to launch out! But what objection to the dress? A silk dress, I presume, would be just the article your wife would choose, if she were consulted upon this matter."

"I think you are right. Now I think of it, I remember hearing her say a week ago that she wished she had another silk. But bless me! Tibbs, I could never choose a dress."

"Well, perhaps I might."

That was just what I wanted. Tibbs had taste. We started right off to make the purchase. It took us some time (or Tibbs rather) to get the article that suited exactly.

"Just enough to make a dress, sir. Not another piece like it in the city. Sold all but this to the Figginses of New York. The lady who wears this sir, will cause all her female friends to howl with envy."

"I'll take it, durn me if I don't!" I hissed between my teeth.

"It's a splendid thing," remarked Tibbs, in an undertone.

And so I took it, and carried it down to the office, and locked it up in my desk until my dear Fannie's birthday arrived.

Well, when Fannie's birthday arrived I brought home the silk dress, and presented it to her; and I made a really fine presentation speech, at least Tibbs said I did, for he was there, and of course he ought to know. And Fannie, why, bless her soul! she was so surprised and gratified that she dropped the dress, fell into my arms, and gave me *such* a kiss! that I felt really more than repaid.

But now, my dear reader, I come to the most affecting part of my story. How could that beautiful blue silk dress ever have brought so much sorrow, such tears, such woes to me? I should never have dreamed it; but it did. Tibbs can testify to that.

I reside on Hollis street, in that large brick house with blue blinds, standing back from the street, with those great tall elms in front of it. There is an observatory upon the house, which you may have noticed, with four large windows in it of stained glass. Tibbs and I often go up there to smoke our cigars and discuss politics.

Directly opposite my house, in a small cottage, which stands very near the street, by the way, and which, during the summer months is completely covered with vines and flowers, lives Miss Flora Dudley, a lady of uncertain age. Tibbs boards with her. He has the front room up stairs, commanding a fine view of my house and grounds.

It was Wednesday morning, about ten o'clock. The weather was fair, and the wind was south—I always feel particularly good-natured when the wind blows from that point of the compass. There was a very bright smile upon my countenance. I held the morning paper in my hand, though I was not reading. I was seated in the back office, near the west window. Green was whistling "Old Dog Tray" with the "Mocking-bird" variations—something quite new—no one whistled it but Green, our head clerk. He knew I was in good humor, or he wouldn't have dared to whistle.

At this moment I heard the outer office door open, some one came in, and walked through. I turned around, and looked up just as Tibbs reached the door of the back office.

"Tibbs!" I cried, in alarm, "what has happened?"

I knew something had gone wrong for he was pale as death. I placed a chair for him, and raised the window, and then ran for a palm-leaf fan. When I returned, Tibbs had recovered his color somewhat, especially around his nose.

"Charles," said he in a deep hollow voice, that seemed to come from the tomb, "prepare yourself," and he took my hand in his.

"Tibbs—Ti—what! Sir? Speak!"

"Hush! I hardly dare. Can you bear it?"

Now I was somewhat excited, as you may suppose, and if Mr. Tibbs hadn't been my particular friend, I should have been tempted to pitch him out of the office for daring to disturb me in such a manner. If he'd got anything to communicate, why not out with it? I don't think there is any reason in frightening a man to death to prepare him for bad news.

"What do you mean?" I asked, not a little alarmed.

"Hush! Charles, my boy, listen." And Tibbs brought my ear down to his lips, and then whispered loud enough for the whole office to hear, "*She's false!*"

"False! Who the deuce is false?" I asked, regarding Tibbs with a vacant stare.

He had fallen back in his chair, completely overcome. His small leaden blue eyes rolled horribly, I thought he was in pain. I believe I had an idea that he had proposed to Miss Dudley and been rejected, though I must have been wandering in my mind to have supposed the latter.

"Whom do you refer to?"

"Fannie—your wife!" he gasped.

"No, no, not that? Fannie false!" I seized Tibbs by the whiskers. He howled with pain.

"Unsay those words, or by—"

"They're true. *I saw that dress!* 'Twas her, I'd swear."

I calmed myself with a great effort. Tibbs sat quietly in the chair, while I walked up and down the office. At last I stopped, and seated myself on the table, directly in front of Tibbs.

"Now, Mr. Tibbs, will you oblige me by telling your story, if you have any to tell?" and I frowned upon him. "Be short and concise."

"Well, sir," Tibbs began, "at nine o'clock this morning, I was sitting at the north window of my room, when I saw your wife come out of your house by the front way. She wore that blue silk dress that you gave her upon her birthday. She went down towards Crosby street, and I thought nothing more of the matter; but in about fifteen minutes I saw her return, hanging upon the arm of a gentleman—"

"Gentleman!"

"Well, a man. She wore a veil over her face now, but that did not hide her blue silk dress—you know there's not another like it in the city. I was astonished. What could I do but follow them? I did. They went up Hollis street to Eaton street, then turned down that, and stopped at a large house of very respectable appearance, five doors from the corner. When they went up the steps, I rushed forward just in time to see them disappear through the door. The woman raised her veil just as they were going in, and I saw—"

"Who?"

"*Your wife!*

"Could you swear?"

"I could."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Tibbs. Excuse me if I was rather rude when you first came in. You are my only friend now!" And I turned away to hide my emotion. Men's hearts, some say, never break, but mine seemed broken then. It mattered little what became of me then. If I could only have died believing her true!

"Well?" Tibbs started from his seat. "What will you do, Charlie?"

"Do? Nothing. If she loves another—if she is false to me, do you suppose I can ever make her love me again? Can she ever be what she was to me? No. I only wish to remember her as I thought her, before this unhappy day."

"And you'll not probe the matter to the bottom?" Tibbs seemed very anxious.

"No. Why should I? You have told enough," I replied.

"Yes, but—well, Charlie, although I saw your wife walking the street with a stranger, and although I saw her enter a strange house, still there may be some palliating circumstances. I should look into the matter. Be cautious, though. Say nothing to your wife, but watch!" And Tibbs grasped my hand, and gave me a glance of pity, took his hat, and left the office.

It did not seem very singular that my wife did not take dinner with me. I inquired for her, and learned that she was in her room. The servant said she had a severe headache. I looked at the girl, trying to discover something by her countenance. I thought there was a half-smile upon her lips. Was she trying to deceive me—was she in the plot? It really seemed so. Half in sorrow, half in anger, I rushed from the house. Fannie would certainly think it strange that I had not come to see her, if only for a moment. I had never left the house before, morning, noon or night, without giving Fannie a kiss. No—well, I could not meet her then.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. I was seated again in the back office. The door was locked, and I had given orders to Green to allow no one to disturb me.

I was sitting by the table with my face buried in my hands, when I heard a slight tap on the door. I did not answer it. The rap was repeated louder, and then I heard the voice of my friend Mr. Tibbs.

"Charlie!"

"What is it?" I asked, rising and opening the door.

Tibbs came in hurriedly.

"Take your hat, Charlie, and follow me. I've seen them again going towards Crosby street. If we hurry we can follow them back."

Hardly knowing what I did, I seized my hat and followed Tibbs out of the office, up the street, till we came to the drug store at the corner of Hollis street.

"Let's step in here and wait," said Tibbs, pulling me into the drug store after him,

We stood looking through the glass door at every woman who passed up Crosby street for at least half an hour but nothing was to be seen of the strange gentleman and my wife.

"I think I'll go back to the office," I said, at last. "I could not look upon her. My Fannie false? God help me!"

"But you must see her." And Tibbs put his hand on my arm. "Wait—there! there she is—there they are now—look!"

I turned and looked in the direction indicated. Yes, there she was. I knew the dress. It was my dress—the one I had presented to her upon her birthday morn. I could have sworn to the dress. And her form, just her height, her slender figure and her graceful carriage. A stray golden curl peeped out from under her hat—my wife had beautiful golden hair. Alas! it was too true. My own eyes had seen her. Fannie indeed was false to me, for walking beside her was a tall elegant gentleman with black hair and heavy dark whiskers. He was dressed in a suit of black throughout, wore a silk hat and a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, but singular enough he wore a white neckcloth. Could it be a minister?

"Are you satisfied?" asked my friend Tibbs. "You see she has her veil down."

"I am satisfied," I replied. "I should know Fannie among a thousand—and that dress, too."

How lovingly she hung upon his arm. How confidingly she seemed to be looking up into the face of the man beside her. My heart was torn with jealous pangs. Could Fannie be so false?

Just at this moment they turned the corner of Hollis street, walking rapidly.

"Now we will follow them," whispered Tibbs, opening the door and dragging me into the street.

I did not reply. I did not care. Tibbs held me by the arm, and we walked on together up the street after the guilty couple, keeping all the while at a safe distance so as not to attract their notice. We passed my house. I looked up, but saw no one. The curtains were down at my wife's windows. Following on we saw them turn down into Eaton street. When we turned the corner there was no one in sight. They had disappeared.

"Fifth door," whispered Tibbs, dragging me along.

We stopped in front of the house. Tibbs walked up the stone steps and rang the bell. I never thought what he intended to do, I was so bewildered and confused. I noticed a name on the doorplate. Tibbs read it, and when the servant opened the door he inquired for Mr. Bristone.

We were ushered into the drawing-room at once. The gentleman with the heavy black whiskers bowed as we entered the room, though seemingly much surprised at our visit. He smiled blandly, though, particularly I thought when he noticed me. I grew enraged at once. To rob me of my wife and then to laugh in my face! That I felt was adding insult to injury. My feelings were all aroused. I could bear this no longer. Before Tibbs could speak a word I sprang forward and grasped the ministerial gentleman by the throat.

"Where is my wife, you villain?" I shouted.

The gentleman turned pale and tried to draw back, but I held him in a grasp like a vice. He tried to shout for help, but my hand was on his throat in a deathlike clutch, and he could only gasp for breath.

Tibbs tried to pull me away, but he could not. My antagonist and I both fell with violence to the floor, and just at that moment I heard the shriek of a woman. 'Twas a wild horrid yell. I looked up. Heavens! I loosed my hold upon the strange gentleman and sprang to my feet.

"It is not my wife!" I yelled, dancing for very joy about the room. "My own Fannie is true to me! Tibbs, Tibbs, rejoice with me!" I shouted.

I can't describe the scene that followed. Tibbs undertook to explain, and at last succeeded, and Mr. and Mrs. Bristone laughed heartily, though that gentleman thought that the affair had been rather unpleasant for him, and so we bade them good-day.

"Well," said Tibbs, "it seems there is another blue silk in town just like your wife's."

"Yes, but I say, Tibbs, we wont say anything about this to Fannie."

"Of course not," replied Tibbs, with a very solemn countenance.

But somehow or other it did leak out. I think Mrs. Bristone must have told Fannie, for both she and her husband called at our house not long after. I happened to be at the office at the time, but when I returned that evening, Fannie came to the door, and when she put up her little rose-bud of a mouth for a kiss, she asked, smiling:

"Charlie, have you seen my blue silk walking out with the Episcopal minister lately?"

"O Fannie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Of course I can, you dear old simpleton."

And—well, I've never been jealous of Fannie since; but Mr. Bristone said the other day that he was always afraid to walk out with his wife when she wore that blue silk.

HOW WE TALK.

My attention was first called to the subject of our dialects on entering college at Princeton. The college gathered its students from various parts of the land; great varieties of speech were soon made evident. The recitation after dinner was called by some the *afternoon* recitation, by others the *evening* recitation. The hour at which it was held was, according to some, half-past three (*a* as in *far*); according to others, (*a* as in *fat*). It was heard, as some said, by a *chooter;* as others said, by a *tooter;* while according to others still, the person was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather something between them, namely, a *tewter*. The little word *here*, in answering to the calling of the roll. One would say *here* (*r* full), another *heah*, another *heaw*, and another *yhur*. It soon became evident that such differences marked the different sections of the country from which the students came.

The dialects of our country arise in great part, no doubt, from our diversity of local and national origin. The dialects of the mother-country are, to some extent, preserved and perpetuated here. We have, too, many Scotticisms and Scotch-Irishisms. Then, besides the *mother*-country, the *father*-land is represented among us, as also, to some extent, France, Holland and other nations.

A knowledge of our dialects gives important hints in regard to the early colonization of our country, and in regard to the various movements of the different elements of our population from the first until now. The second respect in which a knowledge of our dialects is important is to be found in the connection subsisting between language and manner of life.

Let us see, then, first, how our history is illustrated by our dialects. Any one going into the neighborhood of New York City will speedily be made aware that the descendants of the Dutch are about him. He will discover it from the names of the people, from the names of localities in the country and streets in the city, and from the use of Dutch words which he has not heard elsewhere. Among the people to whom he is introduced he will find an extraordinary number of "Vans"—Van Dyke, Van Bokkelin, Van Buren, Van Benskoven. The localities of Hoboken and Staten Island, and Cortlandt street, New York, and Schermerhorn street, in Brooklyn, will constantly be heard. He will find himself making an excursion on the Harlem Railroad and crossing Spuyten Duyvel Creek. If it is winter he will be eating "crullers," or Dutch doughnuts; if it is summer, he will be resting after dinner in the cool "stoop" or porch of the Dutch farmhouse. And, when Sunday comes, it will surely be the "dominie" whom he will hear preach. Now, in the prevalence of such names and words may the existence of the descendants of the Dutch be detected and their movements be traced wherever they have gone in our land. By glancing at a map of our country we see the footprints of the French in the geographical names which are heard every day. Whence are the names Vincennes and Terre Haute in Indiana, and Fon Du Lac and Prairie Du Chien in the Northwest but from the early French settlers? The single world "prairie," in universal use to describe the immense natural meadows of the West, is a sufficient testimony that the French were the first Europeans to explore the regions to which they belongs. Why is it that Illinois is spelled with a final "s," yet pronounced without it? Would not this indicate that the French were the first to make the acquaintance of the Illinois indians and to write their name? We may infer with certainty the early establishment and permanent abode of a French population in "Missouri" from the geographical names. See the number of saints—St. Louis, St. Charles, St. Genevieve and St. Joseph. See such other names as Des Moines on the north and Cape Girardin on the south. In St. Louis they measure land not by "acre" but by "arpens." This admixture of French is undoubtedly much larger in the people of the South than in those of the North. And, accordingly, we find the Southern dialects assimilating to the peculiarities of the French language. This is seen particularly in the disposition to throw the accent of words *forward* at the South, and the opposite disposition at the North. Thus, at the South the vulgar almost invariably say *presi'dent* and *test'ament* and *excite'ment* and *gentle'men*. So in words of two syllables, the accent is frequently placed on the last syllable, when at the North it would be placed on the first. The tendency North in such cases to draw the accent back when it probably is thrown forward, appears in whole classes of words. Thus in words of three syllables, persons are disposed to say *illu'strate* for *illustrate*, and *oppo'nent* for *opponent*, and *in'quiry* for *inquiry*. So in words of two syllables, there is a disposition to say *re'cess* for *recess*.

A more important variety of our speech is that which is of Scotch-Irish origin. The dialect of Pennsylvania is mainly Scotch-Irish. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the first settlers of Pennsylvania were largely of the class of English Quakers; and that subsequently the Germans have come in in almost overwhelming force. From Eastern Pennsylvania the Scotch-Irish spread abroad, going up the Cumberland Valley into Virginia, and crossing the Alleghanies both in Pennsylvania and Virginia. Their dialect is broadly defined, both as against the people of New York on the north and the people of Old Virginia on the south and east. No one at all acquainted with the Scotch-Irish dialect would be at a loss to identify the main peculiarities of speech exhibited in all the region indicated. The Pennsylvanian says "strenth" and "lenth" for strength and length. He says "cannle" and "hannle" and "bunnle," for candle, and handle, and bundle. He says "I want out" and "I want down." for "I want to get out" and "I want to get down." He says he will wait "on" you when he means that he will wait "for" you. If a person has had a slight sickness, and has speedily gotten over it, the Pennsylvanian will say of him that "he took sick," but it was only "a brash," and he soon got "quite better." The Pennsylvanian often uses "nor" for "than" after a comparative adjective. One thing is "more nor another," or "better nor another." So "till" is often substituted for "to" in the Pennsylvania dialect. A horse comes till the stable, or a boy till the school-house. The word "into" is much used for "in" in Pennsylvania. A horse will be said to have a white spot into his forehead, or a field to have a fine of spring water into it. The Pennsylvanians use the word "whenever" to signify "as soon as." Thus it will be said, "whenever the carriage came, the lady got in." In Pennsylvania they "lift a collection," and "take up church," and ride to town "in a machine," with a "horse-beast" drawing the machine. Moreover, if the horse is a lively animal, what some call "skittish," he will be called in Pennsylvania a "wild beast." Now, all these peculiarities are evidently of Scotch-Irish origin, and by means of them, and others like them, we can trace in our country the movements and the influence of this element of population.

There is a feature of our dialect which, historically considered, seems a complete puzzle. New Englaud and the population to the west of her, and then Virginia, agree in an extensive use of the Italian sound of the vowel *a*, and also in the suppressed sound of the letter *r;* while between these regions—to wit, in all the region of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Northern Maryland—the narrower sound *a* prevails, and a fuller consonantal sound of *r*. Thus in New England and Virginia they say (*a* in *far*) "calm" and "balm," and "laugh" and "grass," and "past" and "command;" while in the region between they say (*a* in *fat*) calm, balm, laugh, grass, past, and command. So in New England and Virginia they say "fo-ah," "mo-ah," "caud," "betteh;" while in the region between they say "four, more, cord," and "better."

So the people carry their peculiarities of speech along with them wherever they go. And we may trace the streams of migration as they flow through the land by the dialects of the different portions of the newer countries. It is interesting to find that the great laws which have governed the migrations of nations since the beginning of history have controlled the more limited movements of the different portions of our own population. Since the beginning, migrations have been chiefly on parallels of latitude. Movements to the north or to the south, movements on meridian lines, have been incidental to these. They have been little more than eddyings on the margin of the great tidal current.

But not only have the migrations of nations been chiefly on parallels of latitude, they have been, since the period of recorded history, mainly migrations westward instead of eastward. Not only in modern times is it true that—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way!"

The very first notice of any movement of the earth's population is in the following language, in the early chapters of the book of Genesis: "And it came to pass as they journeyed from the east that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." The whole movement of the race since the dawn of its historic existence has been a movement towards the setting sun.

Well, so has it been in our country. The movements of the people have been chiefly westward upon parallels of latitude. The best illustration of this law is probably that afforded by Ohio. In traveling across the State of Ohio from north to south, we find we pass through three distinct layers of population. The layer on the north is essentially New England; that across the middle of the State is equally Pennsylvanian; then that upon the south is a mixture mainly of New Jersey and Virginia and Kentucky people. The dialectic differences make known these zones of population beyond mistake.

It remains to speak briefly of our dialects as illustrative of manners and customs of life. All that will be said on this branch of the subject will be in the way of giving as specimens a few such illustrations.

In New England they make use of the points of the compass in designating the direction of movements and the relation of localities to an extent not known in other parts of the land. They do not so much use the terms forward and backward, to the right hand and to the left, as the terms north and south and east and west. If a traveler inquires his way, he will be told to take the road leading east until it forks, then take the north fork, etc. The habit extends to the most limited movements—not merely those about one's own premises or house, but even those about the same room in the house The piano will even be said sometimes to stand on the north side of the parlor; while the proper place for the principal arm-chair will be a little to the south of the centre table.

Now, it is not difficult to connect this habit with a peculiarity in the life of New England people. As compared with the rest of the nation, they are maritime in their character. Perhaps New England has twice as many of her people afloat on the seas as the whole country besides. And sailor-language must, in New England more than elsewhere, prevail on shore. And with the sailor the compass is, of course, the constant guide in matters of local direction. And so, all along the coast, it is much more the habit of the people than in the interior to watch the changes of the wind and weather. On almost every court house and church and barn and out-house of every sort, in New England and New Jersey, is seen a weather-vane of some kind, with perhaps the point of the compass indicated. Almost any man alongshore will at any time tell you the various directions the wind has been blowing for several days past, and in his narrative he will use the phraseology of the sea. "Day before yesterday," he will tell you, "the wind was blowing *nothe*-east, while yesterday it had hauled to *sou*-west."

The Yankee, as everybody knows, is of a curious and inquisitive disposition. And this disposition evinces itself not only in the extraordinary manner of questions which he asks, but in some of his frequent and peculiar expressions. Tell him what you may, however interesting, how wonderful, and you do but stimulate him to seek for further knowledge. He still exclaims: "Du tell!" "I want to know!" Yet the genuine Yankee is modest, and, while anxious for information, is fearful lest meanwhile he should weary or annoy the one he questions. And his modesty is seen in the very form of his inquiries. He does not come plump against you, and thrust his questions at you like so many pointed weapons, compelling you to put yourself in battle array, and enter upon conversational combat. Rather he gently puts forth a statement, to which you may respond or not, as you please. Indeed, he even makes his statement in a negative form, so as to touch you more lightly. If he chances on you in traveling, and desires to know where you live, "Wal, I s'pose you don't come from West Brookfield!" or from what other place he may think you do come from. The following inquiry after a lost hat is probably an extreme case: "Nobody an't seen nothin' of no old hat nowhere?"

In New England the words pretty and ugly, instead of being limited to physical attributes, as in common elsewhere, are mainly employed to describe moral and intellectual character. Young ladies, however plain or uncomely of feature, if they are pleasant in their manners, and entertaining in their conversation, will be called in New England "very pretty girls." A New England gentleman, living in the South, told me that he was once completely nonplussed when about to call upon some ladies, by the remark of his companion, who was a Southerner, that the ladies, although unquestionably "ugly," were yet of amiable disposition. An ugly person in New England is an "unamiable" person, and a person of simply unagreeable features is a "homely" person.

Connecticut is called "the land of steady habits," but it may be that New Jersey has equal claims to this honorable designation. In these days, when boys so suddenly become men, when parental authority is so much set at naught, perhaps the older communities of New Jersey exhibit as fair specimens of general good order and of family subordination as are to be found anywhere in the land. And to this we have testimony in a peculiarity of dialect among the old-time people in portions of that State. They show a deference to persons of station or worth, or to strangers, by speaking to them in the third person. Instead of saying, "How do "you" do?" in inquiring after your health, they will say, "How does "he" do?" or perhaps will use your name, and say to you, "How does Mr. Brown do?" And such persons are particular to demand of their children that they shall say "he" and "she" in addressing their father and mother, and would be as ready to chastise them for daring to say "you" as for any other token of disrespect. It is, however, an ominous fact that this usage is fast disappearing. The usage is only a remnant of those courtly times which have themselves well-nigh disappeared.

Perhaps a sufficient number of illustrations has been given of the connection of our sectional habits with our modes of speech, yet it would hardly answer to dismiss the subject without some reference to our Westernisms of life and speech. Such words as "clearings," and "diggins," and "openings," point out sufficiently the new character of the Western country.

There is that, however, in Western language which is yet more significant of peculiarity in Western life. Western people are much in the habit of using words in odd and unexpected ways, and of instituting grotesque comparisons, and of indulging in picturesque expressions. They indulge in a sort of wild freedom of speech which seems very truly to harmonize with the freedom of life belonging to a new country. For example, they prefer to call whisky "corn-juice," because therein is the conception of the "make" of the article. And when they go further and call it "chain-lightning," they very vividly set forth the style of its working. They say of a man whose pretensions have been exposed, or who has egregiously failed in carrying out his plans, that he has "flatted out." Then a man of stanch character is not only "there," but, further and especially, he is so safe that "he will do to tie to." A Western man in traveling, when he happens to see a church, and desires to know who is its pastor, will ask the question. "Who runs the concern?" It is common everywhere to hear the word "badly" used for "much" or "greatly." Thus, a man caught in a shower will say that he wants an umbrella very "badly." But see the emphasis which the Western man obtains by a little twisting of the expression. He says, "I want an umbrella *'the worst kind.'*"

Yet, if at the same time we study the dialects of other countries, we shall find that the people of this whole land are one in language, in a higher and more perfect sense than is true of any other nation—one also in race, history, literature, religion, geography—and that nowhere under the sun are seen so many unities among a people, of such high and controlling sort, as exist in reference to the American people.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Varieties.

—The Turks are great orators. They never have a horse race without an opening speech three hours long.

—An engineer of Springfield, Massachusetts, has put into successful operation a "twine telephone," which extends across the Connecticut River, a distance of 1426 feet.

—The largest estate ever left in California, that of the late William S. O'Brien, has just been officially appraised and filed at over $4,650,000, exclusive of mining stocks.

—Gold has been struck in the Magdala mine shaft, which is the deepest in the colony of Victoria, at the depth of 1,988 feet below the surface. This discovery is causing great excitement in Australia.

—In 1809, street lamps were used in Pall Mall, London, and in 1813 Westminster Bridge was lighted by gas.—But even Sir Humphrey Davy (he wasn't "Sir" Humphrey then, though) laughed at the idea, and when they put gas into the House of Commons all the pipes were placed half a foot from the walls, so that the heat shouldn't set fire to the building.

—Pearl-diving has been vigorously prosecuted by divers during the past season in the Clyde, between Bothwell Bridge and Low Blantyre. A considerable number of the "finds" are of a rich pinkish tint; but many of the specimens are of a darkish hue, and of little value. Nevertheless, to judge from the number of divers engaged in the pursuit, the trade seems to be a profitable one, as merchants follow the divers, and a ready market is obtained even for the more inferior sorts.

—Monkeys are famed as adepts in mimicry, and a British doctor in Java recently received an unpleasant proof of their imitative propensities. The doctor had a large monkey, tame and very clever which was generally its master's companion in the dissecting-room whilst he pursued his anatomical studies. Jacko used always to watch the proceedings attentively, and one day, when alone with his master, seized the unlucky doctor, popped him upon the dissecting-table, and was just going to put his lessons to practical use, when the doctor's cries brought the people of the house to the spot just in time to save the doctor from immediate vivisection.

—Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, who has been longer on the bench than any of his associates, when he left Portland for Washington, a few days since, had not had a day's rest for the summer, except on the Fourth of July, when he celebrated his golden wedding at his son's house in Portland. He is seventy-six years old, but has this summer written and delivered forty most important equity opinions, requiring the examination of from two hundred to seven hundred pages of printed testimony each, and during July wrote seventeen opinions in twenty-one days.

—Dean Stanley was graduated from Oxford University in 1838, and during the twelve following years resided there, being at one time tutor to the Prince of Wales. In 1851 he became Canon of Canterbury, and from 1856 to 1864 was Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. From this position he was transferred to the eminent place he now holds. He is well known by his "History of the Jewish Church," his "Life of Thomas Arnold," and his "Memorials of Westminster Abbe." In 1847 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews.

—A pleasant little anecdote of the Crown Prince of Germany is told by Mrs. Hooper. It was at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war that the King and Prince passed through Homburg on their way to the field. A young American girl, staying with her parents at one of the hotels, hung a large American flag from her balcony, and as the royal couple passed, waved an enthusiastic handkerchief. The King and his son looked up and bowed, and, like the courteous gentleman he is, the Prince summoned an aide-de-camp and gave an order, which was passed down the line—an order for each regiment as it went by to salute the stars and stripes.

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