

[From "How to Talk."]

COMMON ERRORS CORRECTED.

[Concluded.]

FALSE PRONUNCIATION.

Mischievous has the accent on the first syllable. Be careful not to say mischievous. The following words are often wrongly accented. Place the accent on the syllables printed in bold face:

Ac-cept-a-ble.	Em-py-re-an.
Moun-tain-ous.	Be-el ze-bub.
Com-prom-ised.	In-cho-ate.
Ma-sac-red (red like <i>erd</i>).	Man-tu-a (a like <i>ah</i>)
Ho-ri-zon.	Pom-pe-ii.
Lo-gic-i-cal (log like	Con-nol-sieur.
Judge).	Ju-di-ca-ture.
Ex-tem-po-re.	In-dig-e-nous (dig like
In-ven-to-ry.	dij).
Chas-tise-ment.	Res-pite (ite like <i>it</i>).
Main-ten-ance.	Blas-phe-mous.
Su-per-nu-ous.	Mis-cel-la-ny.
Con-tra-ry.	Pen-in-su-lar.
For-mid-a-ble.	An-tip-odes.
Ca-the-dral.	Sar-da-na-pa-lus.
Ac-cen-sory.	E-pis-co-pal.
Ar-is-toe-ra-cy.	Ca-mel-o-pard.
Ir-re-sis-ti-ble.	Ly-ce-um.
In-di-sol-u-ble.	Char-ac-ter-ized.
In-di-so-lu-ble.	Com-bat-ants.
Per-emp-to-ri-ly.	Sub-al-tern.
Con-grat-u-la-to-ry.	Im-pe-tus.
In-con-tro-vert-i-ble.	Hel-e-na.
Hy-me-ne-al.	As-si-du-i-ty.
Ge-o-met-ri-cal.	Com-plai-sant.

'I read his ad-ver-tise-ment in the Times' Authority preponderates in favor of the foregoing accentuation, and custom in favor of accenting the third syllable. We say ad-ver-tise-ment; you may pronounce it either way, according to your choice.

We have given the generally acknowledged pronunciation of *indisputable* and *indissoluble*, but must enter our protest against that bending of the organs of speech to the etymology of words, which such a pronunciation requires. Ease of utterance should be one of the fundamental principles of pronunciation. Let the words bend to the vocal organs, and not the vocal organs to the words. It is much easier to say *in-dis-pu-ta-ble* than in *dis-pu-ta-ble*, and *in-dis-sol-u-ble* than in *dis-so-lu-ble*.

Covetous should not be pronounced *cov-et-yus*, but *cov-et-us*.

'Dearly beloved brethren.' Be-lov-ed, in this case, but when placed after the noun it is pronounced in two syllables; as, 'Nelly was be-loved by all who knew her.'

The great valley of the Mississippi is very fertile. The last syllable of fertile rhymes with *pill* and not with *mile*. *Ile* is long, however, in *exile*, *senile*, *reconcile*, and *camomile*, the last syllables of which rhyme with *mile*.

Exaggerate nothing, and be careful not to sound the syllables *ag-ger* to rhyme with *dagger*. *Ex-aj-er-ate* is the right pronunciation.

Allow us to suggest that you should pronounce the syllable *aug* in this word to rhyme with *mug*, and the syllable *gest* like *jest*. Never pronounce the word *subjest*.

Barbarous is a very *bar-ba-rous* pronunciation. 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Prog-ress, and not pro-gress.

He was not *drown-ed*, but *drowned*.

'Mrs. Peterson is *matron* of the establishment.' *Ma-tron*, not *mat ron*.

'This national feeling, or patriotism, is a very rational sentiment.' *Na-tion-al*, *pa-tri-ot-ism*, and *ra-tion-al*.

It is a common fault to add a gratuitous *r* to words ending with a vowel, such as *Emmer*, *Louisar*, *Juli r*, and to make *draw*, *law*, *saw*, *flaw*, with all others of the same class, rhyme with *weary*; to omit the *r* in such words as *corks*, *ferks*, *curtains*, *morsel*, etc.; in the word *perhaps*, when they conscientiously pronounce the *h*; or to convert it into the sound of a *y* when it comes between two vowels, as in the name *Harriet*, and in the words *superior*, *interior*, etc., frequently pronounced *Aah yet*, *su-pe-yor*, *in-te-yor*, etc.

'Mr. Ashton is very particular and singularly regular in his habits,' and you should be particularly careful not to omit the *u* in the foregoing italicized words.

Strength should not be pronounced *strenth*.

The word *di-a-mond* has three syllables.

Granary is generally pronounced so as to rhyme with *tannery*, but we prefer to pronounce it as if written *grain-er-y*. Authorities differ.

Observe that there is a *g* in the word *physiognomy*, and always sound it.

Nom-i-na-tive is a word of four syllables. It is neither *nom-na-tive* nor *nom-a-tive*.

If you get nothing else, get an education, and do not pronounce *get git*.

The word *attacked* has only two *t*'s in it.

Do not call an unmarried man a *bachelor*. *Bachelor* is a sufficiently disagreeable designation.

Leisure should not rhyme with *measure*. Pronounce *lei* as *lee*.

Yolk is the yellow part of an egg. Pronounce it as it is written. It was formerly spelled *yolk*, and pronounced *yoke*.

Gather should rhyme with *lather*.

Drought, properly pronounced, rhymes with *sprout*.

Tour should be pronounced so as to rhyme with *poor*. It is often wrongly pronounced *lower*.

'Webster's Dictionary' *Dick-shun-a-ry*, not *dix-on-a-ry*, as it is frequently pronounced.

'Horace Greeley is editor of the Tribune.' *Trib-une*, and not *Try-bune*.

Obliged is not properly pronounced *ableeged*.

Be careful not to omit the first *r* in *partridge*; observe, also, that *parsley* is not *pasley*.

Pronounce *bonnet* as it is spelled, and not *bun-nel*.

District is frequently pronounced *deestriect* by those who ought to know better.

Cupola is sometimes wrongly pronounced *cu-palo*.

Genealogy and *mineralogy*: observe that the third syllable in these words is *al*, and not *ol*.

Catch should be pronounced so as to rhyme with *match*.

Tapestry is not pronounced *tape-es-try*, but *tap-is-try*.

The words of some persons have no corners. The consonants glide one into the other, and many of the words get attached together; as, 'Twas a nour afterward th'the boat upset and before w'ad time t'aul in or see 'ow far off the shore was, so th'twen we found ourselves adrift, etc.' A neat speaker would say,—An hour afterward, and before we had time to judge what was our distance from the shore, or to haul in the canvas, the boat upset; and then, finding ourselves adrift, etc.

PROVINCIALISMS—THE COCKNEY DIALECT.

The London or Cockney dialect prevails extensively in the United States, especially in our commercial cities. We have even that most offensive peculiarity, the interchange of the *v* and the *u*; as, 'Miss *Vilkins* often talks on the battery.' 'They eat *winegar* on their *veal*' (veal). The following dialogue is said to have passed between a citizen and his servant:

'William, I wants my vig.'

'Vitch vig, sir?'

'Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box vitch I vore last Vensday to the vestry.'

'Heggs hare scarce, but I vave some very fine ones hut 'ome.'

Scrimadge for *skirmish*, and to *scrowdge* for to *crowd*, are sometimes heard in New York; also *obstropolous* for *obstreperous*; and *margent*, *sermont*, and *verment*, for *margin*, *sermon*, and *vermin*.

The cockney adds the sound of *t* to a great many words in which it is not properly found; as, *clot* and *closter*, for *close* and *closer*; *sinst* for *since*, and *wonst* for *once*.

He sometimes makes an unnecessary syllable; as, *beast-es* for *beasts*, and *post-es* for *posts*; places the accent on the wrong syllable; as, *char-ac-ter* for *char-acter*, and *con-tra-ry* for *con-trary*; confounds words of similar sound or form; using *successfully* for *successfully*, *contagious* for *contiguous*, *argufy* for *signify*, *conquest* for *concourse*, *refuge* for *refuse*, *aggravate* for *irritate*, etc.

The Cockney and his American cousins also use—

The t'other, for the other.	And so, for so.
Worse, for worse.	As how, for —
Him, for his.	For to, for to.
Ourn, for our.	B cause why, for why.
Hisselt, for himself.	Ruinat, for ruined.
Seed, for saw.	Musicianer, for musician.
Known, for knew.	Attacted, for attacked.
Comed, for came.	A few while, for a little while.
Fit, for fought.	Fetch a walk, for take a walk.
Lit, for lighted.	To remember, for to remind.
Went, for gone.	Gone dead, for dead.
Nohow, for nohow.	This here, for this.
Nowheres, for nowhere.	That there, for that.
Somethink, for something.	
Can us, for can we.	

They also say, 'I don't know nothing about it,' after the form of the French, *Je ne sais pas*.

'There is,' Parry Gwynne says, 'a vicious mode of amalgamating the final *s* of a word (and sometimes the final *c*, when preceded and followed by a vowel) with the first letter of the next word, if that letter happens to be a *y*, in such a manner as to produce the sound of *sh* or of *usu* in *usual*; as, 'A *nish* young man,' 'What *makesh* you laugh?' 'If he *offendsh* you, don't speak to him,' 'Ash you please,' 'Net *justh* yet,' 'We always *passh* your house in going to call on *Missh* Yates—she lives near *Palash* Yard,' and so on through all the possibilities of such a combination. This is decided, unmitigated *Cockneyism*, having its parallel in nothing except the broken English of the sons of Abraham; and to adopt it in conversation is certainly 'not speaking like a Christian.'

THE YANKEE DIALECT.

The Yankee *allots* or *lots* upon some pleasure or profit which he calculates in his store for him; carries on full *chisel*; has great *goings on* to him sometimes; *flares up* and gets *mad* [angry] and is *ugly* [bad tempered]; has *pretty considerable spunk*; is *plaguy* cute in making *curious notions*; and is generally *clever* [obliging] *smart*, *spry*, and *tight* [close in pecuniary matters]. He readily gets the hang of things, and the way he goes ahead is a caution. *anyhow* you can fix it; there's no two ways about it.

He says *I guess* when he means *I think*; uses the word *awful* in the sense of *ugly* and *very great*; *ary* for *either*; *back and forth* for *back and forward*; *blows up* his *help* instead of scolding them; *swaps* jack-knives and horses; is seldom *green* enough to get into a *fix*; generally goes the whole figure, and holds on 'till the cows come home,' but occasionally his enterprises *fizzle out*, and he is obliged to *fork over* the *dimes* and *back out*, or be *smashed up*.

He puts up *handy* houses and raises *likely* boys and *poaty* girls, some of whom *know how* to milk a *cow* [know how to milk a cow].

THE NEW YORK DIALECT.

The New Yorker *dickers* [barters] with the people of all countries, and receives the *words* as well as the *wares* of all nations.

He takes great pleasure into processions and shows; patronizes *humbugs*, and while he *pulls the wool over his neighbor's eyes*, begs you will not let on [mention it].

He does not talk like the Yankee does, but sometimes mutilates the English language the *worst* kind, sayin' *shillin'* or *shil'n*, *comin'*, *goin'*, *readin'*, *writin'*, etc.; and when he has nothing more to say he *dries up* [becomes silent].

When at *loggerheads* with his neighbor, he sometimes *backs down*, *caves in*, or *flunks out*, and fails in business, and becomes bankrupt by *bursting up*.

He persists in calling an omnibus a *stage*; thinks Boston 'notions' not *much worth*, and when he accidentally jostles you, says apologetically, 'I did not go far to do it [intend to do it].'

The New Yorker is emphatically a *fast* man, and when a *hoy* likes to run with the *masheene* [machine, that is, fire-engine] and don't mind getting his clothes *mussed*, or getting into a *muss* himself.

THE WESTERN DIALECT.

The Western man pulls up stakes and emigrates to new *diggings*; *blazes* trees [marks them] to indicate the trail; *squats* on the public lands; takes up a *quarter section*; soon makes a clearing by *deadening* [girdling] the tree; and grows *breadstuffs*.

He likes to go to *log rollings*, and to listen to *stump speeches*, and, in extreme cases, advocates *Lynch law*.

He will call you *stranger*, and at the same time very familiarly ask, 'What *might* your name be?' and 'Where do you hail from?'

The true Western man knows the value of *hot-tom lands*, but is always ready to sell out his *bet-terments* [improvements] and make tracks for a new location.

He considers himself *smart*; but some things are above his *bend*, and, in spite of his *grit*, he *flunks out* [retires].

He is no more *green* than the Yankee, though he lives in the *back woods*, but sometimes, like his dog, *barks up the wrong tree*.

THE SOUTHERN DIALECT.

The Southerner does nothing like the Yankee or the New Yorker does, but says, with the latter, that he will take the *balance* when he means the *remainder*, and uses *will* in the place of *shall*, and *shall* in the place of *will*, like the Frenchman who fell into the Thames.

He makes a powerful *crap* of corn, and a *right smart chance* [a large quantity] of potatoes and cabbages, and reckons that there is a *heap* of 'possums among the *'simmon* [persimmon] trees near the *brunch* [brook].

Do not for do not; sun up, for sunrise (and why not sun up as well as sun down?); *tote*, for carry; *plunder*, for luggage; *rock*, for stone; *done gone*, for ruined; and *used to could*, for *could formerly*, are current vulgarisms in some portions of the South.

Some Southerners give the sound of *ai* in fair to *ea* in such words as *appear*, and pronounce *far* so as to rhyme with *air*. They also call *card*, *heard* (*keahrd*), and *car*, *kear*.

VULGARISMS AND SLANG.

Carefully avoid using vulgar and unmeaning words and phrases and slang; as, *You don't say so!* *Anyhow*, *Over head and ears*, *Kick up*, *Walk into*, etc.

'Mr. Bowery and another *gent* were with me.' We must class this detestable contraction with the vulgarisms, though it is often met in good company. Always say a *gentleman*. *Pants* should be put in the same category. Say *pantaloons*.

The things called *pants*, in certain documents, were never made for gentlemen, but *gents*. [O. W. Holmes.]

The following are a few of the current vulgarisms of the day:

Better nor that, for better Kiver, for cover.	Gal, for girl.
than that.	Change mys-elf, for change lit on, for met with.
Change mys-elf, for change lit on, for met with.	my clothes.
my clothes.	Sparrowgrass, for asparagus.
Sparrowgrass, for asparagus.	Laid their heads together, Aint, for is not.
Laid their heads together, Aint, for is not.	for consuted.
for consuted.	I seem, for I saw.
I seem, for I saw.	Not a whit, for in no degree.
Not a whit, for in no degree.	Chimley and chimibly, for First-rate, for very good.
Chimley and chimibly, for First-rate, for very good.	Mild, for mile.
Mild, for mile.	Crik, for creek.
Crik, for creek.	Young ones, for children.
Young ones, for children.	Put out, for incommode.
Put out, for incommode.	Bagonet, for bayonet.
Bagonet, for bayonet.	Potecary, for apothecary.
Potecary, for apothecary.	Lalock, for lilac.
Lalock, for lilac.	Sallet, or salad.
Sallet, or salad.	Hadn't ought, for ought not.
Hadn't ought, for ought not.	Winder, for win-ow.
Winder, for win-ow.	Piller, for pillow.
Piller, for pillow.	Willer, for willow.
Willer, for willow.	

Such words as *pell mell*, *bamboozle*, *helter skelter*, *hurly-burly*, *topsy turvy*, though sometimes allowable, should generally be avoided.

'It was the boy as is playing there.' Who is playing.

'The apple what you gave me.' Say which.

'How's yourself to day?' is a vulgar form of salutation. *How are you?* is much better.

MISCELLANEOUS MISTAKES.

'It is really curious, the course which cannon balls will sometimes take.'—[Abernethy]—'Course' is a noun in the nominative case, but has no verb. He should have written, *The course* which cannon-balls will sometimes take is really curious.

And though by Heaven's severe decree, She suffers hourly more than me.

More than I—that is, than I do.

Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou.—[Milton.]

Like thee.

Nonelike he the light rista on the maddened bull can throw.

None amid the mountain kanyons track like he the stealthy roe. —[Bayard Taylor.]

Like him in both lines.

The connection between the pronoun and its antecedent should always be kept in view in the construction of sentences.

In narrating an accident some time since, it was stated that a poor woman was run over by a cart aged sixty. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot and put it in!'

Another swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy which he swallowed,' which seems to mean the boy, not the money.

You address letters to persons, but direct them to places. We sometimes address letters to Davies & Roberts, but direct them to Fowler & Wells ('Care of Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York'), who very obligingly delivered them to the persons designated.

'Have you seen the Miss Browns lately?' Say, the Misses Brown.

'Bills are requested to be paid quarterly.' It

would be better, we think, to request the persons who owe the bills, to pay them.

'He acted bolder than I expected.' Say, more boldly.

'Over a thousand persons were present.' Say, more than a thousand, or upward of a thousand.

ROMANCE OF THE FIGURE 17.—Straws, jun., the Paris correspondent of the Boston Courier, writes:

'There is yet romance in the Bois; stabs are still made in the region of the heart, purses are still emptied; but now for the last romance of the figure 17. A young Roman, accompanied by a rosy Parisienne is observed daily in the Bois, riding behind a pair of iron gray horses. Nothing singular in this, certainly, but the panel of the calash displays an elaborate coat of arms, with the cipher 17 raised in gold on a blue ground. A crown is likewise discovered, for M. Carradini (such is the hero's name) is a Roman count.

Anything peculiar in that figure 17, think you? Listen. The father of the count arrived in Rome at the age of 17, with 17 baiocchi in his pocket. From a *garçon de café* he rose to the position of porter, and then became a cicerone. With his earnings, amounting to 1,700 crowns, he opened a small *café*. Selling it at a later period for 17,000, he built a hotel, which he kept for 17 years.

He next became interested in the grain trade, made 17 voyages to the East, amassed a colossal fortune within a second period of 17 years, and finally retired to Odessa.

Remarking the happy influence of the figure 17 upon his destinies, he applied it to everything. All his business transactions—all his voyages were commenced on the 17th of the month; he owned 17 vessels, bought 17 chateaux. Strange to say, he died at the age of 77, leaving 17 millions to his three children.

His eldest son bought a Roman title for the sole purpose of displaying a coat of arms which should immortalize the famous number. In order to propitiate the presiding genius of his father, he married a young girl of 17 on the 17th of December last. He had long searched the Champs Elysees for a site where his hotel (in contemplation) could have the number 17. Perseverance has rewarded his efforts—he has found just such a spot in the Rue des Vignes—17 friends dine with him weekly, and he is determined that neither his wife nor himself shall outlive the 77 years of his father. This is an "ower true tale."

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A DOG.—A lady of some property, residing in the Rue des Vignes, at Vaugirard, was possessed of a huge mastiff, which, being very savage, had to be constantly kept chained up, but which she prized because it had belonged to her late husband.

One morning, according to custom, she took the animal his food, but he seemed more indolent than usual, and she gave him a beating. Watching an opportunity he suddenly rushed on her, threw her down, dragged off the greater part of her clothes, and bit her dreadfully in the breast, arm, and one of the legs—in fact, tearing away fragments of the flesh.

The lady's cries attracted some of the neighbors to the spot, and they rescued her. Although suffering dreadfully, and faint from loss of blood, she requested them to strangle the animal. They accordingly passed a cord round the dog's neck, and removing his collar, prepared to effect the operation; but he tugged so violently at the cord that he broke it, and rushed towards the room into which the lady had been conveyed. The door was closed on him, and he tried to force it open, but in vain. He then attempted to enter by the window, but failed.

On this, barking furiously, he rushed towards the people who remained in the courtyard, but they were able to escape by the door and to close it.

The commissary of police, who had been sent for, (a Frenchman sends for the commissary of police if he cuts his little finger) now arrived, accompanied by some gendarmes, and he made them kill the animal.

Medical assistance having been obtained for the unfortunate lady, it was found that she was in a fearful state, but hopes are entertained that she may recover. The dog was, after death, examined by a veterinary surgeon, and he declared that he was neither mad nor laboring under any malady; he further declared that in his belief the animal must have had a sort of instinctive hatred of his mistress, and must have been driven to fury by her beating him.

THE VALUE OF AN INFANT.—On New Year's morning, while a number of men were drinking in one of the gin palaces not far from the Whitehaven Market place, a collier's wife came in and offered for sale her infant child. One of the company, a carter, agreed to purchase the child for a shilling, which was no sooner said than done, whereupon the carter paid the money and took the child home with him, and had it fed.

When the father of the child returned from his work at night, and heard that his child had thus been disposed of by its mother, he immediately sent a policeman to a house in the New Town, where he was informed his 'bairn' had been taken to when sold. The carter was found engaged in nursing the 'shilling's worth.' The father demanded the child. The carter said 'he'd bout it, an' paid for't, so it mun be his.' The father again demanded the child, and agreed to give the man a shilling, which, it was alleged, had been paid to the mother for the infant that morning. By this means the child was restored to its fond mother once more.