

## THE PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

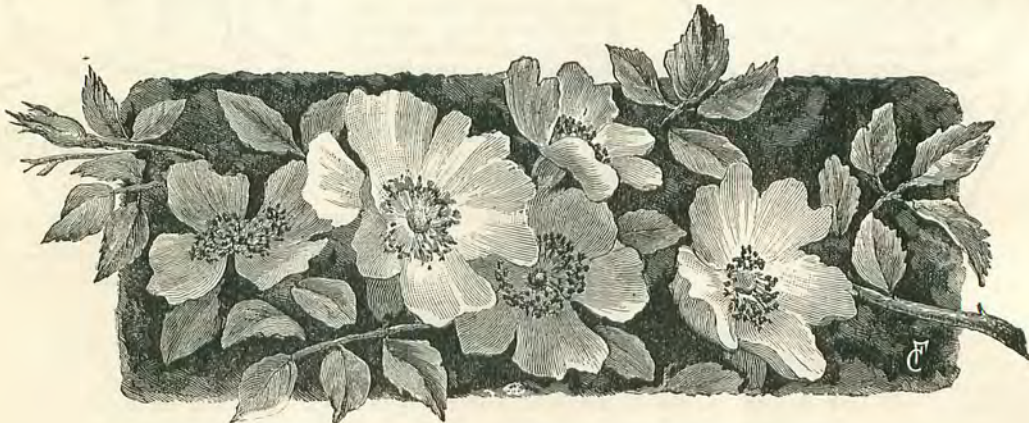
IN many cases the spelling of a proper name is no guide to its correct pronunciation. Each of these cases is a trap to the unwary. They see the name in print, but perhaps they have never heard it pronounced, or they may have heard it pronounced wrongly. Hence, when they have occasion to utter it themselves, they either adopt this erroneous pronunciation, or trust to the spelling of the word and the "light of nature," with equally erroneous results.

Now rude people will laugh at these little slips, and though the laugher may very likely be, on the whole, far worse educated, as well as far worse mannered, than the person laughed at, yet no one cares to be ridiculed even by a boor. The following annotated list of words, whose orthography furnishes no clue to their accepted pronunciation, may perhaps help to cheat the scoffers out of an ill-natured laugh. If so, so much the better.

Daventry is pronounced "Daintry." Indeed, 'tis so spelt in Shakespeare (1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3), where Falstaff says: "The shirt was stolen from mine host of St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daintry." Evesham is pronounced "Esham," and has been time

out of mind. Thus Taylor, the "water-poet" (who died in 1656), writes: "I came to the ancient towne of Evesham (corruptly called Esham)." Corrupt or not, the local pronunciation has prevailed, and you may safely follow it. Sawbridgenorth (in Essex) is pronounced "Sapsworth," improbable as that may seem; Madresfield Court (near Malvern), the seat of Lord Beauchamp, is pronounced "Matchfield," Lord Beauchamp's name "Beecham," and Malvern "Mawvern." Wimpole, the Cambridgeshire seat of Lord Hardwick, is pronounced "Wimple"; Pontefract (Yorkshire), generally shortened into Pomfret, is pronounced "Pumfret." Cirencester is pronounced "Sisseter" or "Sisster"; you may take your choice between the two. Gloucester is pronounced as it is always spelt in Shakespeare, "Gloster." Worcester is pronounced "Wooster," the "oo" like the "or" in "worsted," not like "woo." Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, is pronounced "Beaver"; Caius College, Cambridge, is pronounced "Keys," etc.; Derby is pronounced "Darby," at least by the "Upper Ten"; Hertford and Berkshire are pronounced "Harford" and

"Barkshire." (Hertford is, etymologically, Hartford—the ford of the hart.) Beaconsfield is pronounced "Beckonsfield"; Disraeli "Dizzzrayl," in three syllables, not four. Boleyn is pronounced "Bullen" (the "u" as in "bull"). It is indeed so spelt by Gray in the famous line: "And gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes." There is a branch of the unhappy queen's family still flourishing in Dorsetshire, who both write and call themselves Bullen. Lord Cassilis is called Lord "Cassils" by "those who know"; so Cholmondeley is "Chumley"; Marjoribanks, "Marchbanks"; Cowper, "Cooper"; Cecil, "Sessil"; Fiennes, "Fines"; and Cockburn, "Coburn"; while St. John is pronounced exactly as if written "Singe'un." Finally, let me add that the first syllable of Balzac's name rhymes with "gal," not "gall." This I mention because I once heard a writer for the *Times* call that famous novelist "Bawlsac." Ah! one more last word. Should anyone mispronounce any name or word in your hearing, the well-bred method of correction, if you must correct, is to take or make an opportunity of repeating the word or name rightly.



## "PASSING RICH WITH FORTY POUNDS A YEAR."

I AM a working woman; my holidays are like angels' visits, few and far between. So when, some four or five days ago, I unexpectedly found myself with a whole fortnight of leisure, I lost no time in packing my bag, and getting a wrap, waterproof, and extra pair of boots into my "hold-all." No superfluous gowns, or frail, bulky millinery, or crushable, space-demanding laces and frills. No, no! I wanted a real restful holiday, with as much freedom as possible. An hour later found me in a third-class railway carriage moving out of Sloyne Street Station, Wharfham.

The afternoon was not promising; we left the big town in a drizzle, and found the flat treeless country through which we passed in a cheerless, misty rain, that soon covered the windows and hid outside things. No matter, the journey was but a short one. I was going to Sandylees, an overgrown fishing village, some eighteen miles away. I would look over the "Deserted Village," which I had set my pupils to analyse and scan as a holiday task. Getting out my paper-backed "Goldsmith," I was presently finding quiet enjoyment in the exquisite little idyl, that seems to grow sweeter with each repetition.

I was lingering over the closing lines when the train stopped at that gathering of ram-

shackle sheds and cinder-laid platforms, named Sandylees Station. It was raining still, and in no uncertain fashion either, therefore the offered portage of a lad was quickly closed with, and his proffer of guidance to a modest lodging accepted.

"Endymion Cottage"—rather a fine name for a plain place—had a reputable air of its own, and its mistress showed the tiny, spotlessly-clean rooms in the snowiest of aprons and rosiest of cheeks. So it came to pass that within half an hour my baggage and outdoor coverings were deposited in the upper chamber, and I was seated in the rocking chair beside a newly-lit fire in my parlour, waiting for tea—that dedicatory feast which a woman always makes to the house god. Perhaps it would "clear up" later on, and I might get an evening walk.

Vain thought; the rain continued to fall steadily, and daylight, in apparent disgust, withdrew an hour earlier than usual; there was nothing for it but a fireside evening.

The first thought was, What is there to read? This sent me to a side table, where, ranged in neat order, on the steps and stairs principle, I found four volumes—"The Language of Flowers," "Adam's Private Thoughts," "Johnson's Dictionary," and

"Beckmann's History of Inventions." Now it so happened that none of these excellent books met my immediate desires; but stop—underneath there is a monthly of some kind, an old friend, surely! Yes, indeed, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for March, 1888. My eye ran down the contents on the cover, and was detained by, "Sixty Pounds Per Annum, and How I Live Upon It." I perfectly remembered the very able article; I had read it with the greatest pleasure and interest as it came out, and had, in common with hundreds of other readers, felt my indebtedness to the "Gentlewoman" who so cleverly showed us what can be done in London on sixty pounds a year. Now the title set me pondering. I no longer wished to read, so drew my chair up to the bright fire and fell a-musing.

"Sixty Pounds Per Annum, and How I Live Upon It." "Passing Rich with Forty Pounds a Year." "Sixty Pounds"—"Forty Pounds." One phrase somehow suggested the other. You see the "Deserted Village" was very fresh to my memory.

"Passing Rich with Forty Pounds a Year!" Was the expression simply a poetical embellishment which it was impossible to substantiate? What of the multitude of ladies who have to live on forty pounds a