

ter often modifies and embellishes the expression he quotes, but the alteration is not always for the better. He may, for instance, describe the conflagration we have referred to as "the devouring elephant," but this is a questionable improvement.

Unnecessary quotations from foreign tongues are another modern development of slang. There are persons who habitually interlard their conversation or writing with such expressions as *mauvaise honte*, *sang-froid*, etc., all of which have adequate equivalents in English, and some of which belong only to that dialect of French which Chaucer calls the "scole of Stratford atte Bowe." If the language which Shakspeare found sufficient does not satisfy these people, it must be because they are very imperfectly acquainted with it. This literary disease has been well burlesqued by Mark Twain in his "Tramp Abroad."

But perhaps the worst offence against good taste is the introduction of foreign idioms into the English language. When a man says "Cela va

sans dire" instead of "That's taken for granted," we think he wants to shew us his acquaintance with a few words of French; but when he says "That goes without saying," we can only conclude that he wants to display his French, but dare not trust himself to pronounce it. Still, such a man may deserve our pity; but he who uses such expressions as "Apropos of boots," or "Let us return to our muttons," rouses more violent emotions.

Here a remark may be necessary to guard against misapprehension. We are all liable to let fall occasional phrases such as those I have been criticising, and the offence, if it is one, is very venial. What I think we *should* discourage is the *deliberate* and *habitual* employment of such expressions, and especially the stereotyping of them in print. We must, on the one hand, recognise the natural and inevitable growth of the language; and, on the other, do our best to preserve intact that "well of English undefiled" which is one of the noblest inheritances that our fathers have left us.

## SUNRISE.

(From *Drummond of Hawthornden*.)

Phœbus, arise!  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white and red;  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's  
bed,  
That she may thy career with roses spread;  
The nightingales thy coming each-where  
Make an eternal spring! [sing;  
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;  
Spread forth thy golden head  
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,  
And emperor-like decore  
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
Chase hence the ugly night  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious  
light.

Undis ab imis erige lumina,  
Et, Phœbe, cœlos jam decora nigros,  
Et pingue tu nubes fugaces  
Mille trahens radiis colores.

Educe matrem Memnonis e toro,  
Quæ fundat unquam purpureas rosas  
In cursum; et æterno canoras  
Vere modos Philomela cantet.

Terræque vitam, Cynthia, da, precor,  
Gemmis adorna nunc nitidas comas,  
Tetræque deformesque noctis  
Pelle cito tenebras ab orbe.

Grimsby.

OLD RUGBEIAN.