

We would like to call the attention of our readers to an article on slang which appeared in a recent number of the *Niagara Index*. Even university men will do well to consider how much truth is in it for them.

"American invention of all the means for promoting the welfare of, and, what seems paradoxical, degrading and pernicious to the social body, is proverbial. But in the fertility and even exuberance of the faculty, for creating new and highly figurative additions to their language. Americans stands par excellence, alone. This may be attributed to the desire of change, of novelty, of driving off the music of monotony, so distinctive of the true American character, that, rather than be thought lacking in progress, it loses cast in the follies of extravagance. In his energetic and life-long pursuit of the omnipotent greenback, he has no time for refining his vernacular, or rendering it chaste and elegant. The press, the stage, the social circle, in fact all the channels of public intercourse teem with the pert, pointed, current sayings of the day. The majority of persons in our populous cities, receive with avidity and applaud all the light, superficial nonsense, that is dressed up in that tawdry garb of vulgarity, denominated slang. The youth drinks in with greedy ear the smart talk of the companion who draws attention by his swaggering display. To be posted on the latest productions is considered an infallible mark of being up with the age. It amounts to a catastrophe to be thought behind it. Fast life demands fast language. On the contrary if one delivers himself of an elevated sentiment in an elegant manner, a look of pretended horror is depicted on every countenance. But if persons caught by the tinsel of such diction, would trace its low and vulgar source, the offensiveness of its use, and difficulty of overcoming its practice, they would shun its use and occasion as the most loathsome infection. Too often we hear people of refinement and station allowing themselves this unworthy method of expression."

Love of my later youth, thy steady flame
Is stabler, if less brilliant, than the rash
And fleeting passions of a year ago,
Now burnt to ash.

In thy calm presence I can banish care,
With thy sweet aid my lumbering muse invoke,
With thee I raise fair castles in the air
That end in smoke.

Unbroken in our bliss, e'en though I bring
A heart at once another's and thine own,
To thy chaste lips no other's kisses cling
But mine alone.

Let others scoff and futile insult fling,
Blind to thy matchless grace, thy beauty ripe,
Unmoved I listen and serenely sing
My old briar pipe.

G. U. M.