

German grammarian, and, properly considered, constitutes perhaps the noblest and fullest homage which could be paid to the great position of England among the nations now, in this eventful and unparalleled year, when, amid a world reeling with revolutions and transformation, the power and authority, the peace and prosperity of the Queen's people go on augmenting, irresistible, unquestioned, towards some vast future destiny, which cannot be frustrated or diminished except by the failure of British patriotism and British spirit.

The writer we have quoted, however, very usefully and wisely asks whether something ought not to be done this Jubilee Year to preserve unimpaired and immortal the "Queen's English." Latin—the imperial language of the Masters of the then known world—stood once precisely in the position of the English of to-day, but every student knows how it became corrupted in mingling with different races and uses, so that the mother tongue was at last "dead," and Spaniards, Portuguese, Frenchmen, Italians, Roumanians, and others now talk a broken and altered Latin without mutual comprehension. This in some measure springs from local carelessness on the part of people who have no idea of the nobleness of pure speech, and who speak in the way of which we are given the subjoined example. "One may enter a good London restaurant and hear the average well-dressed person discourse as follows: 'Beesliot (a beastly hot day). Ah, st'awb'izn k'een (ah, strawberries and cream). Ven nice, eysh think (very nice, I should think). S'ileyg vew sam? (shall I give you some?) St'awbiz vef fine thish yah (strawberries very fine this year). Ha suthinta drink withem? (have something to drink with them?) Pawi? She'y? (port? sherry?).' Sowdernmilk? (soda and

milk?).'" Against slipshod conversation like this no lover of pure language can contend. But it does not do so much harm as the ignorance of those who daily admit into written English such solecisms as "scientist," and "reliable," and the Americanisms which reek of the bar and the mine, and which actually pride themselves upon being without classical or grammatical authority. Great cities are great sinners in respect of debasing and defacing a national language. One can see in Clautus and Terence how the Romans clipped and mutilated the magnificent vocabulary of Scipio and Cicero, and East London has done her worst to efface the vigorous aspirate, to alter the "a" into "i" in such words as "day" and "lady," and to introduce slang expressions which are occasionally picturesque, but seldom deserving of perpetuation. There is so much of this vulgar corruption of the mother tongue going on in America, in Australia, and among the literary men who have not enjoyed the corrective benefit of a classical training, that it may quite easily become the phenomenon of a hundred years hence that English-speaking races will not easily understand each other. It is feared that this change is already commencing, that the language of Shakespeare and Tennyson will soon become a literary language, like the ecclesiastical diction of the modern Papal Bulls, in the midst of the various and different Latin tongues spoken around. We shall some day, we are warned, be as little able to understand an American or an Australian in London as the unlettered Spaniard is able to read Virgil, or the uneducated Parisian to appreciate the grace and taste of Horace.

It is proposed by the ingenious propounder of these linguistic anxieties that all sorts of precautions shall be adopted to make this year of