

lie so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his own thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our occupations grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clearer to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city (Boston). These are not trifles, nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture."

Dr. David Masson in an article on "Slipshod Literature," gives some hints which, though intended for written language, are equally applicable to spoken. After remarking on mixed metaphor and similar looseness, he continues:—

"Pshaw! technicalities all! the mere minutiae of the grammarian and the critic of expression! Nothing of the kind, good reader! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interflowing; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed as good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed, usefully enough, between matter and expression, between thought and style; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called style resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the successive particles