

panding of the things he sees, then he will be a very prince among essay-writers. Had the essay been a fashionable mode of composition in the 5th century B. C., there would be no essays like those of Herodotus. Montaigne and Herodotus are lineal relatives. Of quite another kind are the essays of De Quincey, and yet what essays are there like them? I know nothing finer, in point of style, in what I have read of the English language, than some portions of De Quincey's "Essay upon the English Mail Coach: in three parts." The incident at the end of the first part, describing "the ever-memorable charge of the 23rd Dragoons, a regiment which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat," (I give only my memory of the words,) and almost the whole of sections II and III,—"The Vision of Sudden Death,"—and "The Dream Fugue,"—are unequalled in English composition. And who that has read it will forget in a hurry the enthusiasm with which De Quincey, as an Oxford undergraduate, vindicated the right of the outside passengers to an equality of respect with the snobs who were shut up inside; and the gravity with which he strengthens his position by an appeal to the progress made through Peking by the Celestial Emperor in a grand state coach presented by George III, to his imperial brother? A coach was a thing unheard of in China, a thing never before seen. The trappings of the coachman's box were unusually gorgeous; and this, besides, was the position nearest to His Majesty's relatives, the Sun, and the Moon. Clearly then, this was the seat for the Emperor. And for the driver? O, any place is good enough for a wretch of a driver, let him get inside. And so, the driver clutching at the reins with one arm through each window, the imperial pleasure party sets out—and very shortly returns, and celebrates a "Te Deum" in gratitude that the Emperor has not "died of the disease of a broken neck."

It is not always an advantage to be on the inside. A nation which has lived for a long period entirely within the boundaries of civilization is likely, on the whole, to fall behind. Its colonies will soon outstrip it in many of the essential points of manhood. There is a great deal of truth in the remark of the Bishop of Tennessee, mentioned lately by Dean Alford, "that the English nation is too civilized, that it should 'ride' two thousand miles with him in his buggy through the western prairies, that it wants a little *honest barbarism*." Taking this strong assertion with proper modifications, it is undoubtedly true; and, if true of the English people, who by their commercial and colonial relations have been in frequent contact with young and crude life, how much more it applies to other old world countries.

I remember reading, some years ago, a short poem by James Russel

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