

“d? If the latter, has enlightened liberal England much to boast of her chivalry? If the former, in what does the salvation consist?—We again say, that we make those hurried hints, because we think sense and principle are often sacrificed to tawdry verbiage; and that the style of the introduction is characteristic of Mr. Cooney’s genius, far as we can judge by his productions. It is in its intended elegant parts, a close imitation—often a parody—of the manner of Charles Philips, the once celebrated counsellor; which manner, with some beauties had many faults, and we find that its circumscribed popularity had evaporated even while the orator was in the prime and vigour of existence.—If our readers want illustration of this parallel, let them turn to Philips’s printed speeches, and to Mr. Cooneys book, and judge for themselves.

Having arrived at the period of England’s triumph, Mr. Cooney enquires how were such things accomplished; and answers “by her Colonies.” Several remarks follow, but we rest on one, unbecoming—in our opinion—the pen of a British subject. He says, “without foreign possessions * * * without extraneous resources. * * * “when we reflect upon the conduct and politics of Louis XIV. and Charles XII. Napoleon, and other inordinate spirits, we are almost sustained in saying, that instead of being what she now is, England might have been, at this very day, but a wretched Province, either basely hugging her chains, or gallantly striving to break them.”

The calumny is by no means sustained, for no Briton exists of “soul so dead,” as to suppose it possible that his Mother Country could in any circumstances “basely hug her chains?” Mr. Cooney himself does not believe so, but was merely led astray by the ignis fatuus of bastard rhetoric. We quote the concluding paragraph of this chapter.

“Is there an *Englishman*, alive to one virtuous feeling, illumined by one ray of patriotism, whose heart does not glow with gratitude, and swell with triumph, when he surveys the career, and contemplates the character of his nation. Europe owes its independence to her magnanimity; the fervour of her clemency melted the chains of the African; Christendom has been enlarged by her piety; her auspices have created new Worlds in the South; and liberty of conscience has been re-born from her Code. In a word honourable has been her course, and exalted is her position. Through centuries of fame has she travelled; and now she stands upon a column of her own architecture, around whose pedestal is written the history of its erection.”

“We are Englishmen some of us by birth; others by lineage; all of us in principles; and the avowal is our pride—the connexion our glory.