

solves itself into a world. And then, while informing his readers, that Elizabeth encouraged enterprise and extended her dominions, our author hunts down the artifice of personification! Science becomes a *guide*, Territory a retreating *chimera*, and Obscurity *some power* in whose recesses *we* established dominions. However "fancy free" Elizabeth's "maiden meditations" might have been, we suspect that she never saw what she was about according to Mr. Cooney's translation of her acts.

The paragraph which follows that respecting Columbus, has rhetorical ornament of another description. It contains three sentences, and five examples of Antithesis. Ornate enough certainly. We have England, neither acknowledging an *obstacle*, nor recognizing a *difficulty*;—neither calculating *danger*, nor measuring *distance*;—she is taught the *value* of commerce, and the *necessity* of its cultivation;—she *saw* powers *enriched* by possession, and she *determined* to *rival* them; the *decree went forth*, and the *monopoly was destroyed*. Here, in one small clause, we have half a dozen pair of balances, carefully adjusted, no doubt, as any steel-yards, in the country; but what do they weigh?—This loose, sketchy, verbose style, to speak within the bounds of moderation, is surely too meretricious a garb for the chaste and dignified histrionic muse.

Succeeding paragraphs, of this introductory chapter, are couched in similar terms; and the grain of information is so hidden among the verbiage, that we would be led to think the latter was all important with the author; and that the sentiments which he wished to convey, were merely dovetailed in as a very secondary and inconsequential matter.

We necessarily pass over a heap of false ornament—paste—where even gems would be unsuitable; but cannot refrain from quoting one or two specimens which immediately follow. What would Martin Scriblerus think of such metaphors as these: speaking of the French Court and Revolution, our author says, "*bloated with pride*, remonstrance could not *reach their vanity*," "*Louis reclined upon his Throne*, unconscious of the bloody grave that was *yawning at his feet*," "*murder became a science*, and every ruffian a *professor*." Wading through several tautologous and feebly-fine paragraphs, we come to Napoleon; and the dead Lion is indeed sadly used by our Goliath of the pen. Hear him. "*Napoleon aspired to universal dominion*, and the withering curse of his cupidity descended upon *every thing*, and blighted *all* it touched." This is scarcely magnanimous, Mr. Cooney; altho handling a dead Emperor of the French in an English history, having no fear of contradiction, or of libel before your eyes, still, still truth and some-