

of a rule which we have just laid down as appropriate to historical writing. That is, that an historian should not intrude his *personal* authority without [good cause into his pages, any more than an historical painter should intrude his personal features on his canvass. The pen and the pencil of the artist may be directed to produce certain impressions of the holder, but this should be indirectly and in a generic manner. The works should appear as if they sprung all perfect from the head of Minerva; the writer and the painter should be carefully excluded from the connoisseur's attention, and should patiently wait for their reward. The contrary of this, would be as disparaging to the artist's judgment and taste, as it would be depreciating to the dignity and gravity of his subject. In the first five lines of the *first paragraph* of the Introduction, then, as a breach of this rule, we have five personal pronouns of the *first person*—we, us, we, our, we,—this we merely allude to, in setting out, as indicative of the very colloquial and weak style, of a large portion of this Historical Work.

But if the opening is not as dignified as some standards would require, the author soon gets on stilts high as our hearts can wish, and commences his retrospect of English history, as he says, "from a view of the injustice of some late measures of Colonial policy; as well as from a dignified conception of *our own* co-relative situation."

The commercial importance of Venice and Genoa, and the insignificance of England, at the close of the fifteenth century, are described; as is the favourable change which occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We spoke of fancy in a previous paragraph, as not becoming, except under great controul, in historical writings; we here find some finely worked specimens which we imagine go to prove our position. Writing of Columbus, Mr. Cooney says,

"At his touch the western boundary receded; and then Empires and Kingdoms issued from the sea, while the mist that overshadowed it resolved itself into a world. These discoveries inflamed the zeal of the queen, and roused the energies of the nation; and having once inhaled the spirit of enterprise, we enlisted science for our guide—pursued territory into its last retreat; and in the recesses of obscurity, established new dominions."

The Historian here seems to us to take greater licence than is generally allowed to the poet. The intrepid, but toil-worn, and almost despairing Navigator, is metamorphosed into a sporting magician, before whose *touch*, presto, the western boundary recedes; amphibious empires and kingdoms appear; and the *mists* of the clear-skyed Columbia—like a meeting of the Political Union—re-