CHAPTER I.

OUR INDIVIDUAL RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

ENGLISHMEN, and their admirers, have so carefully stowed away English supremacy in a nice glass box, guarded at every angle by portentous «hands off,» as successfully to protect it from the too close scrutiny of the masses. Indeed, whilst it continues the custom of the Miss Nancies, and old women of the fashionable and literary worlds of America to extravagantly worship the English idol, we comprehensively refuse to acknowledge the superstition. The American, in spite of England's supposed superiority, will pronounce guilty of treason any of his country-men who dare to stand by themselves. He is scrilegious enough to treat the Anglicized Republicans, as the conquerer Antiochus, in the opinion of the Jews, when he boldly entered their temple ordered a sow to be sacrificed on the burnt-offering, and polluted the Holy of Holies by having the blood of the unclean animal scattered about the sacred edifice.

Before I had ever travelled beyond the confines of the

United States, I have always entertained no great love for Englishmen, and all that I saw during my first visit to Europe, and what I have seen since, has not served to increase my affection for them. Yet, on reflection, I experience a very, very uncertain sensations at my own rashness, in expressing a somewhat unfavorable opinion of Englishmen and their manners. It might have been, as a distinguished Review sagely remarked, an unbearable degree of presumption in an unknown individual from Arkansas, to pronounce judgment on the refinements of English society. But being accustomed to attack rampant bears at home, I suppose the innocent cavortings of the British Lion seemed much less terrible to me, than to some of my more civilized countrymen, who had never seen angry beasts out of cages. Although the roar of this pampered Lion of England has long since ceased to affect my ears, yet I do not complain, in order to make those individuals ashamed of themselves, who pretend to a refined excess either of fashion or gentility. I am sorry to observe that it is becoming more and more the fashion, especially among " travelled " Americans, to pet the British beast. In defiance of his surly ways, they are eternally trying by flattery to coax him into good humor, as the boys throw apples and gingerbread to his prototype of the menagerie. He never fails to repay their officious kindness with snarling disapprobation, and always attacks the hand that pats him. But instead of treating him like other refractory brutes, they pusillanimously strive to soothe him by a forbearance he cannot appreciate. They never laugh loudly, for fear of being considered ill-natured, lest he should suspect them of a playful disposition.

What beast-tamer, in his senses, ever dreamed of subdu-