

a minute, but the rich American gets no nearer the goal of his desire than when he first turned his energies to the amassing of his millions, his literal conquest of mammon, for the purpose of buying admission to the aristocratic circles of Great Britain and Europe, availing him naught. Foiled, he becomes a bitter enemy of aristocracy. Oftener than anywhere else the rich American meets his social Waterloo in London. Undoubtedly it is his social impotence that makes him hate so cordially the nation from whose loins he sprang.

While he is in the impecunious stage, too, the Yankee is an inveterate enemy of Great Britain. He sneers at royalty and wildly expostulates against the increasing American habit of coronet-hunting. He glories in the avowed and specific unfriendliness of America for the British nation as contained in the oath of allegiance which aliens are obliged to take on coming to this country to become citizens; finds exquisite delight in the inflammatory utterances of a Maud Gonne and a McBride and takes the Boer cause seriously to heart. He it is who has made of Washington a demigod and laid the trains for the politician to fire. To him must be accredited the successful task of perpetuating the animosities of 1776 and of replenishing the dying embers of Irish hatred for the English. We find him in the Senate and in the House of Representatives at Washington; in the legislatures of the various states, in high places in American educational institutions, in the editorial chairs of many prominent American dailies. The anti-British element in the United States is not confined to the Irish agitators or politicians spasmodically seeking the "Irish vote." It is composed of individuals who are

active at all times and who have a very large audience. The politician confines his tirades against the Mother Country to the few weeks preceding an election; the agitator to an occasional harangue in a public hall when the Irish campaign fund is low and an appeal is necessary to this "g-r-r-eat nation," as Dooley says, "f'r a wad of th' long g-r-r-reen;" but the editor is a busy individual, and the daily press, with some few notable exceptions such as the *New York Evening Post*, takes keen delight in magnifying each item of news which involves Great Britain in difficulties with foreign nations or indicates that the Boers have had some temporary advantage over the commands engaged with them. The quip of a Boer lecturer now touring the United States, which excites the loudest applause of the crowds which flock to hear him, shows the temper of the people and the contempt with which they regard the very name of the nation which is hugging the delusion that there is a more neighbourly feeling between the two countries. This lecturer supplements his talk with stereopticon views. One of these shows the Boers charging on the British across a plain. "That does not look," he shouts triumphantly, "as though the Boers were cowards and guerillas. It is not always, you see, that the Boers fight behind rocks and the English behind the Irish." And the vast audiences roar their approval of the lecturer's wit. Neither are these audiences composed of the ignorant and the Irish element. There's a little of each, but the great mass of those whose voices and purses cheer the Boer lecturer's heart are of those on whom Great Britain depends as her friendly neighbours. Englishmen never made a greater mistake.

