

UNDER THE ENGLISH CROWN

brothers." In another place, I went into the shop of my landlord to say good-bye before leaving. He filled a large bag of chocolates from the counter. "For the lady," he said graciously. "For the lady"?—these are our own ways of doing business.

From trifles such as these, as well as by their faces and manners, I could always distinguish between the Welsh and English. In addition, neither would have been pleased to be mistaken for the other; for if they have only one political existence they have two widely different temperaments, and the degree of sympathy and goodwill existing between them is very small. The most insignificant native looks upon himself as infinitely superior to the English Prime Minister, and as belonging to a greater and nobler race than "this aristocracy of yesterday, the issue of bastards, adventurers, and assassins." On the other hand, the English struck me as looking down upon the Welsh—so different from themselves—and as taking pleasure in belittling them. They speak of the latter as vain, untruthful, blundering, and totally wanting in the finer instincts of life. The differences between the two become more marked as one goes into