

however much the president of America may incline to cultivate peace with all nations, he would nevertheless gladly seize the first favourable moment, his nation consenting\*, to put forth the dormant powers of the youthful republic, and drive (if successful) colonial government and European ascendancy across the Atlantic. The events of the last war—the language of the great majority in congress—the tone of the public prints and other favourite political periodicals—the declared sentiments of the people—the very elevation of *Andrew Jackson* to the presidency, afford unquestionable proofs of the public feeling concerning British domination on this continent. Federalists and anti-federalists; southern-men and northern-men, think alike on this important question. Mr. Adams's celebrated message to congress of December, 1823, and the *Panama documents* since

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\* The nature of the monarchical form of government, with its attendant distinctions in rank, we may suppose is nearly as repugnant to their tastes as democracy is to ours. The eternal recollections, too, of all the past quarrels between us, in which—probably for want of any other history—they indulge not only as an occasional pleasure, but impose upon themselves as a periodical duty, and celebrate, accordingly, with all sorts of national rancour, at a yearly festival, render the Revolutionary war in which they succeeded, nearly as fertile a source of irritation to them, with reference to poor Old England, though the issue was successful, as its disasters formerly were to us, who failed.—But there is this very material, and, I take the liberty of saying, characteristic, difference between the two cases: we have long ago forgotten and forgiven—out and out—all that has passed, and absolutely think so little about it, that I believe, on my conscience, not one man in a thousand amongst us knows a word of these matters, with which they are apt to imagine us so much occupied. Whereas, in America, as I have said before, the full, true, and particular account of the angry dispute between us—the knowledge of which ought to have been buried long ago—is carefully taught at school, cherished in youth, and afterwards carried, in manhood, in every ramification of public and private life.—*Dasil Hall's Travels.*