

It was not to be expected that the descendants of those who have escaped from the tender mercies of the Stuarts, and the press-gangs of George the Third, would have entertained a very loving remembrance of their former masters. Perhaps, if the truth were known, the people of the United Kingdom have an equal sympathy for the Americans, as may be inferred from the large number of emigrants that settle among them year by year.

It may seem paradoxical to say that the last war was partly brought about by American sympathy for the English people. Yet this was the case, for they, too, had read Dibdin's songs, and they loved "Poor Jack." They vowed it was a shame to press him, instead of paying and treating him properly, and that he should find an asylum under their flag. The two parties came out to fight, and bloody work they had of it, but the day was won. Poor Jack will never be pressed again. He has too many and too warm-hearted friends for that. But when he is wanted, those who want him, must find the means of paying for him, either by taking besom in hand and sweeping out the idlers, or taxing some such luxury as "patrimonial timber." Better to lay the axe to the lord's oak, than the lash to the back of the slave.

The quarrel, however, was but a family one, which had been going on for many years; indeed, ever since old Cromwell's time. Do not call them Americans. As we are the Englishmen of King Charles, they are the Englishmen of John Milton. The numerous towns they called by his name, attest how they honour the memory of that blind old man.